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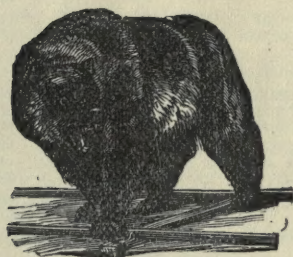
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

VOL. XXVI.—SECOND SERIES

EDITED BY
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN

JULY-DECEMBER, 1895



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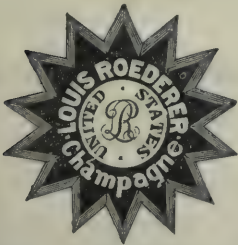
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STATEMENT OF

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1894.

Capital Stock	-	-	\$300,000		Surplus	-	-	\$75,000
Deposits to December 31, 1894	-	-	-	-	\$3,011,355.84			

J. WEST MARTIN, President

WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President

A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

-BOARD OF DIRECTORS-

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532 CALIFORNIA ST., Corner of Webb.

FOR THE HALF YEAR ENDING with the 30th of June, 1895, a Dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, the 1st of July, 1895.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
The German Savings and Loan Society
 526 CALIFORNIA STREET.

FOR THE HALF YEAR ENDING June 30th, 1895, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1st, 1895.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION
532 CALIFORNIA STREET

DEPOSITS, December 31st, 1894	- - - - -	\$23,713,041.00
PAID UP CAPITAL AND SURPLUS	- - - - -	1,825,670.00

ALBERT MILLER, President E. B. POND, Vice-President LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

DIRECTORS

GEO. W. BEAVER	JOSEPH G. EASTLAND	THOMAS MAGEE	GEORGE C. BOARDMAN
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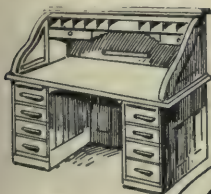
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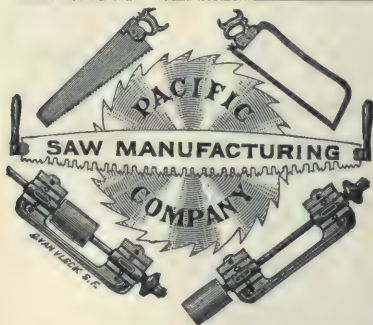
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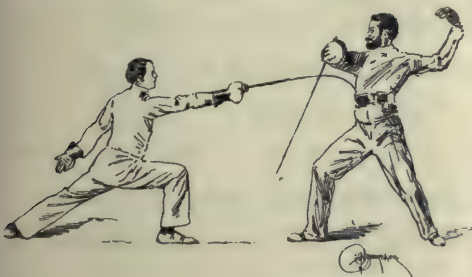
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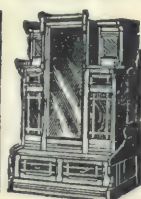
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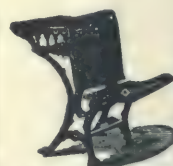
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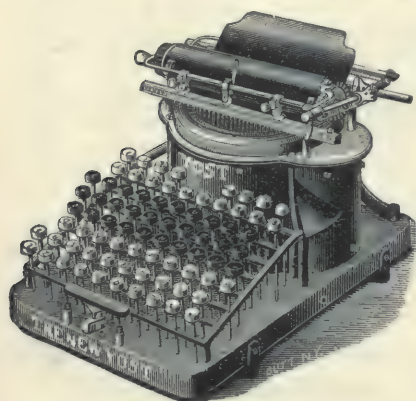
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Wash drawing by Gordon Ross, Examiner staff.

AT THE WHEEL.

Some San Francisco Illustrators.



Pen Sketch by Arthur Dodge, Chronicle staff.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Some San Francisco Illustrators

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVI. (Second Series.)—July, 1895.—No. 151.

AS TALKED IN THE
SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR

"I AM sixty-four to-day,
boys," said the Par-
son. Then he drew himself

up so there was but the faintest suspicion of a stoop
in his broad shoulders and awaited our congratulations.

The crown of his hat just cleared the lintel of the Sanctum
door. Strength and bodily confidence pervaded his person
and the flush of health and exercise glowed in his clean
shaven face. His hair was white, but his eye was as

bright and alert as a schoolboy's. Not until he gave the military salute did
we recollect the ugly saber cut concealed beneath his immaculate shirt bosom.
We always referred to it as the Sanctum's "V.C." The Parson, however, was
prouder of the fact that his four years at the front had left no cause, in his own estima-
tion, that would call for a pension, than that he had brought this glory to the
Sanctum. There was a grain of vanity in the good man's consciousness of perfect
health and unimpaired vitality that we were secretly proud of, although the Con-
tributor never failed to remark solicitously on occasions, "I wish you could have
seen the Parson in such and such a year — healthy — you would n't know he was
the same man."

Then we would all look sympathetically towards the "invalid" and mourn that
we could not have known him in his prime.

The Parson was a sturdy shepherd, both mentally and physically, and had it ever
come to the point of holding his aristocratic flock together by sheer force of muscle he
would have been equal to the trial. It would have taken a strong sheep indeed to
twist out of his powerful hands.

The Parson believes that no man is so busy or driven that he cannot afford an
hour a day to physical drill; that that much time given to Indian clubs, dumbbells,
or to his own hobby — fencing — is invested at compound interest. It had not taken

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

him long to convert the Sanctum and turn it into a fencing class, but with the outside world, even with his own flock, he had not made the least impression. I have heard him preach and lecture again and again on the Gospel of Exercise — only to have his pleased audiences agree with him from first to last, without a thought of ever giving his method a trial. We had only to mention that the Parson was looking well to start him off on this well built hobby.

The Parson. "Looking well, am I? I am sixty-four to-day, remember, and I can sleep and eat like a baby. I can chase a street car two blocks without losing my breath and tramp from here to Menlo and back without an effort, or I can work in my study if necessary from six in the morning until twelve at night, and not feel it. Do you know why? Because I devote one hour of every day, save Sunday, of my life to good hard exercise. I bring ever muscle of my body and brain into action and for the time being I forget my trials, my business, my work, in a grand *salle d'armes*. During that hour I had rather touché Professeur Ansot than pen the best sermon ever written. Or if it is a lesson instead of a bout, I am prouder of my self control as I stand before the dancing point of his foil than I am of the biggest marriage fee that I ever received. And then to stop before you are tired, dripping with perspiration, the blood bounding through your body, your muscles all quivering with excitement, and go out into the street with head up and shoulders thrown back, it is glorious! Tell me, cannot you do better work in the office or in the study after that! Look around among our friends,—hollow chests and stooping shoulders greet you everywhere. In the spring this one must have a tonic, in the fall that one must go to the country for rest. The one spends more money for medicine than I do for fencing lessons and the other more time in his one trip than I do with my hour a day the year round. What is the result on their part? Nothing. Why, four years ago the Editor got la grippe, he took a sea voyage and a hogshhead of medicine. It went away for the summer, and returned the next winter. You all said he was going into a decline. I am not preaching, but you know the result. I got him down to Ansot's and started him in fencing, an hour a day. The grippe fled. Look at him now. He can do two men's work. His two years' fencing has made a man of him, although I confess he has n't become much of a fencer."

I bowed and threw my glove at the reverend man's patent leathers.

"This generation is brought up wrong. No attention is paid to health. It has flaccid muscles and weak lungs. The American father imagines that the Indian club belongs to the specialty man on the variety stage and the fencing foil to the pages of Dumas's novels. Consequently the American boy is sent to school to develop his brain and abuse his body. He studied trigonometry for discipline without knowing that there is more discipline in a parry and three times as much mathematics in a touché. The English know better. They walk and ride and exercise conscientiously, and they do not have the dyspepsia or insomnia. When I advise a business friend to take an hour a day for exercise he replies, 'I wish I could, but I have n't time.' Has n't time! Mark my word, that man will be old at 40, wear out at 50, and die at 55. The ten or fifteen years that he will spend in his grave before I shall join him would have been plenty of time. Look at the patent medicines in our stores. What country on earth has as many? Of them all, which ones have we inherited from Greece or Rome or even France? Do you think that there would be any sale for these concoctions of iron and cod liver oil, if it were fashionable for our young

ladies and gentlemen to walk and ride and fence. Bah ! Not one per cent of them have strength enough to pick themselves up if they fall down, and none of them know the pleasure of being able to enjoy the good things of this world."

The Reader. "Not even the Parson's sermons."

The Parson. "Why, when I was abroad —"

The Office Boy. "There is a lady outside who wishes to know if you can use a poem on the California Poppy?"

The Reader. "Tell the lady that the demand for poems on the California Poppy and Mount Shasta is weak to-day. We are running the Yosemite and the Golden Gate for a change."

The Parson. "You may smile at my five weeks abroad, but it was a vigorous trip. I started with a party of thirty and by the time we arrived at the base of the Pyramids there were only nine left. We had tired the weaklings out. My physical training stood me in good stead. Three of the nine attempted the Great Pyramid, but only two of us succeeded. Do not you think that I was paid for my hour every morning by the view I got at its top and the proud consciousness that I had won where so many others had failed? There are many men, — yes, and women, — who claim that they have scaled the great Pyramid of Cheops. Collectively, I admire them, particularly the women ; individually, all but the athletes like myself must pardon me if I am politely skeptical. The ledges that I walked along between my Bedouins, the blocks of granite the height of a man, that I was dragged up over, and the corners and crevices I edged into, would put the walls of one of our cañons to shame. But the reward! I had waited until I was sixty, but it was mine at last. The Pyramids, the Sphinx, 'staring right on, with calm, eternal eye,' Heliopolis, the city of the sun,—the On of Genesis,—Cairo with its thousand domes and minarets, the sacred Nile, the red desert of Lybia, where there is no shade save what the chameleon casts, the tombs of the Mamelukes, the Island of Roda, where the great law-giver was found, lay stretched below me like the panoramic map of the Sunday School room of my childhood. Away to the right was Goshen, the land to which the silver-haired patriarch Jacob and his sons came. Farther, Ur of the Chaldees, from out of which Abraham journeyed in the time of famine. To the south, Ghizeh and Memphis, only a mass of scattered ruins to tell of their former greatness."

The Artist. "Very pretty. Accept my humble congratulations and wishes for many happy returns of this day."

The Poet. "And from me —"

A green old age, unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days."

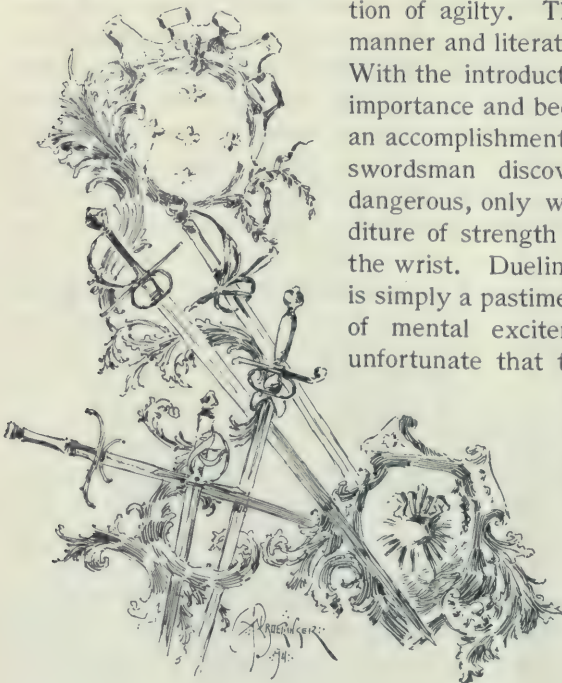
The Occasional Visitor. "I shall take up fencing at once, if it will enable me to ascend the Great Pyramid when I am sixty and have breath enough left to see any thing but a dizzy whirl before my eyes."

THEN we fell to talking about fencing as an art, not strictly as a means of exercise. It is rather a remarkable thing that the theory of fencing has reached all but absolute perfection at this day when the art has become practically useless. Had D'Artagnan known how to use his rapier as Ansot of San Francisco or Senac

of New York, he would have had less difficulty with the bravos of his court. In fact Dumas, Ainsworth, Sir Walter Scott, and Stanley Weyman, in order that their heroes may be victors on all occasions, make them masters of the modern fencing school,—an anachronism as absurd as it is foolish. The duel of the days of "Ivanhoe" and "The Three Musketeers" was a question more of brute strength and agility than of skill or science. The duel with rapiers in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries was far from the graceful, picturesque performance that authors and artists would have us believe. The charming sword play that one usually sees in Hamlet is innocently ridiculous. It was learned by the modern actor of the fencing master of the day, and adapted to a play that was supposed to describe a Danish court in the Middle Ages. Hamlet might as well be in full evening dress and patent-leathers as to salute Laertes with the lunge, reversing of the point, saluting in *carte* and *tierce*, etc. Such fencing was not even perfected fifty years ago. The principles which are the A B C of sword-play today were absolutely unknown in the days of dueling and would have established the reputation of the courtier in the time of Louis XV. The history of the sword is a history of the evolution of man. The rough, unskillful fighting of the Middle Ages, which has been so wrongfully idealized by author and artist, was wholly in keeping with the reign of brute force in social life as well as politics. The mighty arm and the mighty weapon went together, although the weakling of today could have silenced both. The mace or glaive and armor played an equal part with the sword, and the strongest won. With the Renaissance came the wild, frantic, and vicious reign of the rapier. Armor was laid aside and the cavalier strove to outwit his antagonist instead of beating him down. There were no parries or thrusts, only a mad whirl and exhibi-

tion of agility. The sword play corresponded to the manner and literature of the time—it lacked balance. With the introduction of fire-arms, the sword lost its importance and became an article of dress, and its use an accomplishment like dancing. Not till then did the swordsman discover that the sword became really dangerous, only when handled with the least expenditure of strength and managed almost entirely by the wrist. Dueling is a thing of the past, and fencing is simply a pastime that combines the greatest amount of mental excitement with bodily exercise. It is unfortunate that the use of the foil became obsolete when dueling became a crime. It can be made a game of skill that delights the brain as well as tasks the muscles.

The Office Boy. "Proof."





From a photo by Crandall.

DON ANTONIO CORONEL AND HIS WIFE DOÑA MARIANA.

OUR SPANISH AMERICAN FAMILIES.

IN THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

DREAMS of Arcadia have formed material for the poet of many lands. We even find the practical man of business of countries leading in war and commerce giving thought to this ideal pastoral life as a state impossible, yet ardently longed for.

It remained for California—land of gold though she was—to furnish to the world the realization of this vision of peace. Land of balmy air, soft skies,

gentle seas. Here, in the old days, lived a people who were not possessed by greed of gain; with simple faith carrying their religion into their daily pleasures as well as sorrows, brotherly toward one another, contented, healthful, beautiful, joyous,—such were the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of early California. An utter anomaly to the energetic, restless, discontented, money-making Anglo-Saxon, who came down upon them in their happiness, wondered for a moment with careless contempt at motives and desires

they comprehended not, then engulfed them in the rush of modern civilization, beneath which they sank as pastoral people will when met by an inrushing wave of a commercial and manufacturing race.

A few rose again above the flood and held their own in a steadfast immobility — never aggressively. These few we know, some two score or more. Beneath the surface — ah, there lie a numerous host, sad relics of bygone times. In our cities, in poverty, wretchedness, and alas! too often in dissipation, or happier fate, in cañon or on hillside where woodman's ax is heard, one may find men wearily, sadly, often faithfully performing their daily labor who were born heirs to leagues of land where ranged mighty herds of cattle and horses,—men, who as boys perhaps played their games of quoits with golden slugs — “piezas” — from the Indian baskets sitting about the court-yards of their fathers' houses.

To understand the past and present status of the Spanish families of our State it is necessary to go back for a moment

to the time when our land first enters the domain of recorded history. The careless writer — and his name is Legion — has been quite in the habit of deciding off hand, that as the Pacific Coast under Spanish rule did not grow rapidly in population, commerce, and manufactories, as it has certainly done since the American occupation,—therefore the difference is due to the inherent indolence and lack of ambition in the Spanish character as against the thrift and energy of the Anglo-Saxon. Let us see if this be so. Were the inhabitants of Great Britain the first to take advantage of the new field of enterprise, to explore, colonize, and conquer? Before the first permanent English speaking colony had its birth in the old Dominion near the Atlantic coast, the Spanish had permanent settlements, not only in Florida, but in the very heart of the dry lands of the West. They had discovered, conquered, and partly colonized America from Kansas to Buenos Ayres and from ocean to ocean. Balboa had made his gallant march across the continent, discovered the Pacific Ocean,



THE CASTRO HACIENDA



From a photo by Taber.

JUAN B. CASTRO.

and there built and launched the first ships of the new world.

In 1524 were founded in Mexico the first schools; and by 1540 so many of the Indians could read that a book was made for them in their own language. In 1536 — eighty-four years before Jamestown was settled — came the first printing press to America. The oldest book that was known to come from it was printed in the City of Mexico in 1539, the first music in 1584, and in a few years

there was a school of Indian authors, a long list of whose names I might give.

Says Lummis: "The early Spanish spirit of finding out was almost superhuman."

All this would prove that laziness and lack of ambition is not a necessary constituent of the Spanish character; therefore we must look elsewhere for the cause of the trouble, and we find it in a great measure in the conditions under which the different settlements were made.

England was a careless parent, her children, neglected by the mother country, forced to earn their living while yet young, though having thus a sorry youth, still, early developed strength, energy, and ambition to do for themselves and be free from parental rule. Spain, though she even fed and clothed her colonists, kept them strictly dependent upon her for the smallest as well as the greatest needs, discouraging freedom of thought as well as action, governing by a mass of rules to which was exacted

instructions. All commerce had to be carried in Spanish vessels, so why should the settlers build ships? Trade between sister colonies was forbidden, and no foreign vessel could enter a harbor of a Spanish possession or land a man without carrying a special permit. To prevent colonists trading with foreigners, death and forfeiture of property were the penalties. To strengthen further her peculiar trade policy, Spain forbade the cultivation in the colonies of such raw products as came into direct competi-



THE DE LA GUERRA MANSION, THE OLDEST IN SANTA BARBARA.

implicit obedience. She thus kept a strong hold upon her most remote settlements, which rendered it difficult, almost impossible, for the colonists to develop into independent citizenship. Spanish trade restrictions were deadly to the young colonies and at length almost suicidal to the parent land. No trade was allowed with other countries, and only with Spain herself through the one port of Seville, where it was rigidly inspected by the "House of Trade"—that board of regulators with the narrowest ideas and

tion with home industries. The culture of hemp, tobacco, olives, grapes in vineyard, and many other articles, came under this list.

Both the Atlantic and Pacific coast colonies made, or seemed to make, religion their first thought, but with this difference, the aim of the padres was to convert and civilize the Indian, the New England settlers to enjoy religious liberty for themselves and their children, without taking the natives into account. The result of the earnest self-sacrificing work



¹DOÑA VALLEJO.

of the padres was to introduce a system of semi-slavery destructive to independence and self help, for slavery here, as elsewhere, only retarded the development of thrift and public spirit in the ruling class. The New Englanders, avoiding as much as possible contact with the natives, had only themselves to depend upon and in the endeavor to wrest living from the soil in the antagonistic climate of the North Atlantic States developed energy, fortitude, and a certain cunning in making the most of circumstances.

The condition of the Indian under either civilization was deplorable in the
Widow of General Vallejo.—Born Francisca Benicia Arrillo.

end, although, until the secularization of the missions, the work of the padres in civilizing and christianizing the savages, was the most wonderful missionary success since the time of the Apostles. There are various opinions as to whether the Church's treatment of the Indian was advantageous.² If the fact be admitted that the land in the progress of events would be occupied, the Indian conquered, history fails to show a better treatment of the conquered race. When the missions were started, Spain had in view their secularization in ten years, supposing the natives would then be sufficiently civilized to take land and become good

²See "The Decline of the Mission Indians," *OVERLAND* for December, 1894, and January, 1895.



DON PIO PICO AND HIS WIFE.

citizens. In dealing with the subject the authorities seemed to forget how long is the process of evolution of any of our civilized nations from barbarism. The pastoral, agricultural, industrial stages should each be allowed two or more generations; to expect to run the whole gamut in ten, twenty, or even double those years was utter folly.

The term "secularization" in reference to the missions is often misunderstood. The grants given by the Spanish crown for the use of the mission fathers were only temporary bequests, although they embraced a chain of the best land from San Diego to San Francisco, on which

¹Last Mexican Governor of California.

the padres erected buildings that took years to complete and were made to last, and devoted themselves to increasing the flocks, herds, groves, vineyards, buildings, and water systems. Despite all their labors they, or rather their Church, could not claim any of the land. It was the idea of the Spanish government that when the Indians had been civilized and christianized they would settle upon as much of the mission lands as they required for themselves, and would take care of. The mission buildings and their dependencies alone should belong to the Church of Rome, with enough of the revenues from the sale of mission lands and property to pay a parish priest and cost of worship. All remaining property was to revert to the government, the padres themselves being expected to lay down their wealth and authority and pass to new fields of work.

The earliest settlers who gathered about the missions or founded the pueblos were generally of the uneducated class. When in 1786 Lieutenant José Dario Argüello was appointed commissioner to confer on the colonists of the pueblo of Los An-



GENERAL FREMONT'S HEADQUARTERS—LOS ANGELES.

geles full right and title to their lands, he found that not one of the twenty-seven could sign his name. Later, came men of education, cadets of good families of Spain. These, obtaining large grants of land, began the business of stock-raising. In the towns the majority of the settlers were old soldiers, the educated class being the officers and their families. There were neither school-masters nor doctors in the country, and in lack of the latter, the people turned to the Indians for remedies. To this day hillside and common are to the native Californian replete with medicinal herbs, unknown to us, the curative properties of which are often wonderful.

In time, trade restrictions were gradually ameliorated, though an enormous tariff still fettered commerce. As soon as there was a prospect of market for their products many of the ranchos became "haciendas," hundreds of acres being put under cultivation. In disposition the Californian was kind and jovial. He labored little save on horseback, yet, properly to attend to his leagues of land covered with thousands of cattle and horses, which were attended by a small sheltered, and supplied with dress and accouterments, required an active life from the patron, his sons, and major domo.

The hospitality of both ranchos and missions was unbounded. One could travel the length of the land and no money asked for, nor would it be received if offered; horses were furnished from one rancho or mission to another; food



¹ARCADIA BANDINI DE BAKER.

and housing were given with ever a hearty welcome. In a gentleman's home it was customary to leave in the guest chamber a heap of silver coin covered by a cloth; from this, if the visitor were in need, he was expected to supply his immediate wants. It was considered a disgraceful act for any member of the household to count the guest silver. In 1829 a young American traveling with a Spanish party from Monterey to Los Angeles astonished all by offering money for fruit and other courtesies. A young Spanish girl voiced the general feeling when she exclaimed in contempt, "Los Ingleses pagan por todos,"—The English pay for every thing.

There were neither courts nor juries in the land; the word of a Californian was the only bond required. Even the

¹ Oldest daughter of Don Juan Bandini.



DON JOSÉ CASTRO.

wary Yankee traders who frequented the coast, when foreign commerce was finally allowed, trusted them freely from one season to the next. An incident illustrating this trait is told by the Aguirre family. Don José Aguirre, who owned a trading vessel, once had as super-cargo a young man who was a stranger to Californian customs. While the ship, with cargo, lay in San Pedro harbor, the master being absent, Augustin Machado, a ranchero of considerable wealth in land and herds, but who could neither read

nor write, went on board to do some purchasing, his carts awaiting him on shore. When he had made his choice and was about having the goods conveyed to land, the supercargo asked him for either payment or guaranty. Machado did not at first understand that he was being distrusted; no such demand had ever before been made of any ranchero, where the buyer offered no money he being credited without hesitation. When at length it dawned upon the Californian, he drew a hair from his

beard, and gravely handing it to the young man, said with dignity, "Deliver this to Señor Aguirre and tell him it is a hair from the beard of Augustin Machado,—you will find it a sufficient guaranty." The supercargo, crestfallen, placed the hair in the leaves of his account book and allowed the goods to be removed. Upon Aguirre's return he was deeply chagrined at the insult that had been offered to his friend.

The only form of dwelling in early California was the adobe with tiled roof; they were well calculated to keep out wind and heat, and are today in many respects the most suitable houses for the climate. Fancy can not paint anything more comfortable and agreeable than a well built, well ventilated adobe, surrounding a court in which are singing birds, falling waters, the perfume and bright colors of favorite flowers, while, to make the dream complete, from the gallery that encloses the whole structure, should come the sound of a guitar. The musician is dressed in jacket, sash, and slashed breeches, under his wide sombrero a black silk handkerchief tied smoothly about his head. Beside him on the wooden bench the grave and handsome señoras sit, while on the brick-paved floor dances a graceful señorita in full skirts and bright-hued reboso, her long dark braids falling down her back, over one ear a red rose snuggled amid the short curls, for the benefit of the handsome youth in picturesque array, her partner in *la danza*. Music, flowers, the tap, tap, of little slippers, the jingle of spurs, and perhaps, by good fortune, the moon furnishing the soft light for the scene,—and we have Alta California in the golden days of old.

The interiors of the adobes were plainly furnished, the chief luxury was generally found in the bed furnishings, the decorations of *la cama* being the pride of

the señora, no matter how simple her domicile. Mr. H. H. Bancroft says,—

It would be difficult to find in any age or place, a community that got more out of life, with less trouble, wear, and wickedness, than the inhabitants of pastoral California.

Even their commonest dress had a holiday air. The bullion-ornamented hats, the gay colors of the jackets and breeches; over all, when occasion required, that mantle *par excellence*,—the *manga*. The gowns of the women of the higher class were of silk or satin in rich brocades. One señora, who was married early in the fifties, told me she had in her trousseau forty dresses of silk or satin. Of these gowns, the material of which might last a lifetime, she has but the remnants of two, one of brocaded satin the other corded silk, either of which puts to shame the flimsier products of today. I asked her what had become of all her dresses, shawls, and scarfs. She replied: "My father died, I could only wear black, so I gave them away to my friends. I had always possessed everything I desired, and had no idea there would come a time when I should need to deny myself any article of dress I fancied."

San Diego was considered the gayest town, noted for its entertainments. Only the year after the Church had prohibited, under penalty of excommunication, indulgence in that "new and scandalous dance, the waltz," it was brought into the colony from Europe, by Don Juan Bandini, being first danced in San Diego, afterward becoming a favorite amusement throughout the territory. The dwellers in Santa Barbara were said to take a more serious view of life, the mission lending its influence to society, which was dominated in a great measure by the powerful family of De la Guerra y Noriega.

Meriendas, or picnics, were a favorite

DON JOSE BANDINI.¹

amusement, dancing, music, and games, employing the time. The refreshments were served hot and consisted of tamales, enchiladas, roast capons, and generally a calf roasted whole on the spot. *Dulces*, or Spanish preserves, and wines, native or imported, completed the repast. One of the gallants of the time said that "dancing, music, religion, and amiability, were the regular occupations of the ladies of California." House servants were easily controlled, looking with reverence on *patron* and *patrona*, whom they seemed to feel were responsible for their well doing and being, much the same as for the children of the house. They were often allowed to enter into conversation while waiting at table,—a custom that still obtains in the old families where the service is of long standing, much to the astonishment of visitors of other nationalities, especially English. The Spanish have a saying, "*Un buen criado sabe cuando callar y cuando meter su cuchara*," A good servant knows when to be silent and when to put in his spoon.

On the ranches, at least in the south-

¹Captain of "La Reina" at Trafalgar and father of Don Juan Bandini.

ern part of the State, the relation between mistress and Indian servant reminds one much of the Kentucky households before the war. Shortly after my marriage, a member of my husband's family offered, if I would go to her ranch to give me an Indian girl to assist in household duties, I faltered my thanks while visions of a certain fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States rose in my mind. Later when this lady's daughter married and came to live near me, she brought from her home a young Indian. The girl was intelligent, knew very well she could leave her mistress when she pleased, but was only too glad to live with "one of the family," to be well fed, clothed, and more than all, to be able every few months to visit with her mistress the home ranch, where the civilized savage thoroughly enjoyed displaying her honor to her less favored relations. Shortly after arriving in Los Angeles the girl was sent to the public school. Balbina had hitherto been encumbered with but one name, but when, on demand of the teacher, she found that another was necessary, she promptly gave that of her mistress's husband,—and thereby came trouble, for this gentleman had a sister in the same school, a daughter of Virginia and Castile, whose pride was injured by this modest appropriation of Balbina's. The matter was finally settled by the culprit's taking the name of her mistress's family, which she did with much satisfaction, considering it the grander of the two.

Some of the great ranchos were like feudal estates. One of the largest land owners was General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo. His possessions numbered 3 leagues, over 146,000 acres, 15,000 head of cattle, 8,000 horses, and 2,000 sheep while of workmen there were 300, besides women and children. General

Vallejo was one of several brothers of an old Castilian family, men of prominence and education, but he, in his greatness, overtopped them all. Born in 1808, in Monterey, his common school education was supplemented by a course of study with W. E. Hartnell, an Englishman of San José, who aided in the education of a number of the young Californians of that day. From his youth Vallejo showed literary tastes, early gathering a library that was wonderful to be found in so isolated a spot. One of his first demands from a newly arrived trading vessel was for "Libros." Apropos of this fact, at one time these purchases included books by Tom Paine, Voltaire, and other such writers. These Vallejo kept under lock and key, allowing no one but his nephew Alvarado to share their contents. A friend of the latter betrayed the existence of these incendiary volumes to the padres and the chief sinner was summoned and desired to hand over for *auto da fè* the forbidden literature, but as he declined the sacrifice, both he and Alvarado were laid under the ban of "excommunication mayor." After a time, the rigid priests, finding that the delinquents still enjoyed their acquisition seemingly impervious to the banishment from religious rites, removed the ban.

At the age of thirty-two Vallejo was chief military commander of California, the man to whom his fellow countrymen turned in every emergency. He brought the first printing press into the territory, set up with his own hands his orders and proclamations, and printed and bound several pamphlets. He was one who was in favor of annexation to the United States in the revolutionary troubles that preceded in California the Mexican War. He founded the towns of Sonoma and Genicia, and later, his offers to the State that the capital should be located at Vallejo were munificent; he even began the



¹SANTIAGO ARGUELLO.

erection of public buildings, but was disappointed in that as in most else. The pledges given were broken; the capital was removed to Sacramento; squatters settled on his two chief ranchos, and becoming powerful in their union in a common cause, succeeded in overthrowing his title to these, the chief part of his property. Broken in fortune, wounded in spirit, the rest of his life was spent in the small, but delightful home of "Lachryma Montis," near Sonoma. The dwelling on this rancho cost sixty thousand dollars, material for it being brought from all parts of the world. The beautiful spring, "Tears of the Mountain," was walled up, forming a lake from which came water for the numerous fountains. In one part of the grounds was a chalet brought from Switzerland, in another a pavilion of iron, glass, and bamboo, imported from China at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. When his larger and more lucrative ranchos were lost, General Vallejo had no longer the means to keep up these grounds, but his home was here until his death, which occurred in 1890. "In his younger days," says Mr. Bancroft, "he was a model of

¹Comandante San Diego.

chivalry, a true Amadis de Gaul, and when age had stiffened his joints somewhat, he had lost nothing of his gallantry and was as ready with his poetry as his philosophy. Let Spanish speaking Californians honor him for he was their chief in devotion to a noble cause. Let English speaking Californians honor him, for without the means of some, he did more than others for the lasting benefit of his country. Let all the world honor him, for he was thrice worthy the praise of all."

General Vallejo's unselfish, unwearying aid in collecting native material for Mr. Bancroft's great work gave especial warmth to the above encomium. The Vallejo manuscripts and letters alone, formed twenty-seven thick volumes of historical material, each of the dimensions of a quarto dictionary. General Vallejo and wife, who was a member of the Carrillo family, and consequently of fine appearance, had twelve children. That interesting account of "Ranch and Mission Life in California" which appeared in the *Century* for '91, was from the pen of the General's niece, Guadalupe Vallejo. It is a pity that one who writes so well, and must have such rich store of facts, romance, and tradition, to draw from should not oftener favor the public.

Second in historical importance to Vallejo was his nephew, Juan B. Alvarado. In 1836, he led a revolution which ended in making him governor, which honor Mexico thought best, finally, to confirm. He was so unfortunate as to be ruler when news of the decree for the secularization of the missions first reached California. Although he did not take advantage of the situation to enrich himself, he was much blamed for the manner in which the matter was managed. Of him Mr. Bancroft says, "Alvarado might have taken his place beside emi-

nent statesmen in a world's congress." As for literary ability his contribution to the history of California delighted all who had the good fortune to read it. Able as a statesman, as a governor displaying strength of character and keenness of discernment, yet Alvarado lost the greater part of his own estates in the trouble following the American occupation.

General José Castro, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Mexican army at the time of the war, was third among the Californians of the north. According to the best historians, he has been badly abused by American writers, a great part of the crimes or faults laid to his charge being quite unfounded. He made what resistance was possible against the Americans, and was defeated through no lack of brave endeavor on his part; to his friends he was true, and as a public officer, honest. He was the most eminent member of the largest family in the territory.

In the South, the men most actively before the public, were the Carrillo brothers of Santa Barbara and the Pico *hermanos* of Los Angeles, while of high birth, superior education, and possessing the gifts of statemanship and diplomatic ability, were Captain Noriega de la Guerra of Santa Barbara and Don Juan Bandini of San Diego.

Carlos Antonio Carrillo was an officer of the Mexican army and later, a member of the Mexican Congress, where he worked in the interests of the missions, and his speech there upon the mission question was the first production of a native Californian printed in book form. At one time Don Carlos was appointed by Mexico governor of the Territory, but was unable to wrest the office from the revolutionist Alvarado. The unsuccessful Governor however was very popular among his countrymen, being distinguished for his courteous manners.

His brother, Don José, was a most able politician, held numerous offices, and was the leader of the southern faction. Both the Carrillo brothers married into the Pico family.

Captain José de la Guerra y Noriega, of Spanish birth, was founder of the De la Guerra family of Santa Barbara. Immensely wealthy, he owned nearly half a hundred leagues of land, 20,000 head of cattle, 12,000 horses. Both he and his wife, who was a Carrillo, were devoted to the Church and its interests. He was called the "defender of the poor," she, "that most charitable lady." An American lady visiting Santa Barbara early in the century, said upon her return that she found in California two things supremely good, "La Señora Noriega and grapes." William Heath Davis tells how Captain Noriega when about to make payment for goods from Davis's ship would take him to the attic of his house where he kept his treasure, the room being used for that purpose alone. In the apartment were two old Spanish chairs and ranged about were twelve or fifteen *coras*—Indian baskets—the largest holding half a bushel, all of which contained gold, many nearly full. Mr. Davis also tells how the Noriega boys managed to tap the supply by removing two or three tiles from the roof beneath which stood the gold filled baskets. They then drew out, with an improvised rake, as much as they desired. A unique way of getting at the paternal bank account.

This manner of keeping gold was not uncommon. Doctor Nicholas Den, an Irishman who married an Ortega and settled in Santa Barbara, had at one time need of a loan; he was about leaving for Los Angeles to arrange for it, when Father Narciso of the Mission sent his Indian servant to him with a four gallon cora full of gold and the message, "When he wanted help he should call on his priest."

Pablo de la Guerra, son of Captain Noriega, worthily carried the family honors, holding several positions of importance. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1849, was State Senator for four terms, and District Judge from 1864 until just before his death, which occurred in 1874. The family retains its prominence: to their manuscripts and recollections Mr. Bancroft holds himself indebted for much important historical material.

Another notable man of Santa Barbara was Captain Ygnacio Del Valle, at first an officer of the Mexican army, afterward holding honorable positions under the American civil government. His wife is noted for her charities. It is said she never refuses to go to one in distress; often she is called from her bed to minister to some sorrowing creature. She is noted for her strength of character and strict integrity. The family has lost nothing of its position through Reginaldo, the present head of the house, who while yet quite young, was State Senator, where his record was most honorable. Recently his name was presented to President Cleveland for the position of minister to Mexico. The qualifications of the young Californian pleased the President greatly, but he claimed he could not make the appointment as our present minister to Brazil is from California. Mr. Del Valle is well qualified to represent us in the sister republic as he speaks the two languages fluently and is well versed in the laws and characteristics of the two countries.

A native of Santa Barbara who has brought honor to his native town, State, and land, is Romualdo Pacheco, son of a Spanish gentleman. The boy Romualdo after enduring the tortures of California schools was sent to Honolulu to be educated; and in 1861 went to Europe on a tour of travel and observation. In

1864-65 his family met with losses from those fatally dry years that reduced the wealth of many native families. Notwithstanding these reverses, young Pacheco rose to prominence, became governor of the State, member of Congress and minister to Guatemala. He now resides in Mexico where he has large land interests.

General Nicholas Cobarrubias, a native of France but a Mexican citizen, who early settled in Santa Barbara, was a politician of eminence; elegant in manner, of good education, speaking English, Spanish, and French, fluently, he was most suitably chosen to carry to Washington the electoral vote of 1852. New York, on his arrival, went wild over having in her midst a Mexican general, a California grandee. Tammany appointed a committee to escort him to Washington, where he was still further lionized. His son, also named Nicholas, holds at present the position of United States Marshal.

In San Diego in the early days the leading citizen, according to Frémont and other writers, was Don Juan Bandini. General Frémont says of him:—

Señor Bandini was a native of Spain, of Andalusia; of slight, thin person, sarcastic and cynical in speech, often the shape in which a keen intelligence, morbid because without outlet, expresses itself. He realized for himself and family the isolation to which the slumber of this remote place condemned them.

Mr. Bandini was a member of the Mexican Congress, where he was noted for his eloquence. By profession he was a lawyer, and under the American rule refused a judgeship. He gave all possible assistance in settling the affairs of the missions, serving as administrator of San Gabriel. In 1854 there appeared from his pen a series of clear and forcible articles on the land question, and his documents, letters, and manuscript his-

tory of the Pacific Coast, were of especial importance to Mr. Bancroft in his work. Don Juan was educated in Spain where, as well as in Italy, he was connected with families of high rank. He came to America with his father, Captain José Bandini, an officer of the Spanish navy, who was commander of the Spanish man of war *La Reina* at the battle of Trafalgar. The Captain is buried in the Mission Church, San Gabriel.

Mr. Bandini owned the Jarapa rancho, where Riverside now stands, and in Lower California, the Ensenada, Tecate, and Guadalupe. Like many colonists, especially those of Spanish birth, he had long felt irritated at Mexico's treatment of California, he, therefore, when war came saw with satisfaction the success of the Americans, to which, indeed, he contributed generously. When in 1846 Commodore Stockton arrived in San Diego he found himself almost in a state of siege, suffering for supplies and being also in need of horses and oxen for land operations. It was then Don Juan came to the rescue, and taking a strong force down to his rancho of Guadalupe, he furnished our soldiers with five hundred head of cattle, two hundred horses, and eight carretas drawn by oxen. Upon the return Mrs. Bandini and family accompanied the party. During the journey the officer in command discovered that he had neglected to bring a flag to grace his entry into San Diego, and Mrs. Bandini made from the clothes of her little ones—their hasty departure not giving time to gather other luggage—the first American flag made on this Coast. That night Doña Refugio was serenaded by the full bands of the Congress and Savannah, and the next day the commander and his officers called to thank her for her gift, which is now preserved in Washington among the relics of the Mexican War. Commodore

Stockton, by the invitation of its master, made his headquarters in a portion of the Bandini residence, which was extensive. Its large dancing hall was in especial requisition during the stay of the American officers, although Don Juan was always a frequent and delightful entertainer. One of his dances would cost, says Mr. Bancroft's History, as much as a thousand dollars, but as his income was at the time eighteen thousand a month it was not considered reckless expenditure. The field glass used by Commodore Stockton during his conquest of California, he presented to Mr. Bandini, and it is preserved in the family, being the property of his son, Mr. Arturo Bandini of Pasadena.

Of the descendants of Don Juan Bandini, Arcadia, his eldest daughter, is perhaps the best known. Her beauty was of the rarest, — even to the present day she retains such remains of it that one meeting her cannot realize the flight of time. In Southern California she was a queen in the early days, having no rival. Early she became the wife of Don Abel Stearns, one of the pioneers and leading Americans of the country. His features though noble, were too strongly marked for the California idea of beauty. The vaqueros on his many ranchos had the following verse, which was common as any proverb in the southern country : —

Cantaban dos palomitas
Sentadas en un laurel,
Tan bonita Doña Arcadia
Tan feo Don Abel.

This they were in no wise loth should reach the ears of their master, as the tribute to his wife delighted him, while the contrary remarks about himself did not in the least disconcert him. A lady tourist was relating recently how she, a girl of twelve years, was in Los Angeles in the early fifties with her father, an officer of the United States army, and it

was her delight to be allowed to see Doña Arcadia Bandini Stearns when dressed for a ball, that it was a sight to remember with pleasure because of her great beauty and good taste. The delightful hospitality of the Stearns mansion is mentioned by every writer who visited Los Angeles.

Doña Arcadia is now the widow of Colonel R. S. Baker, and resides in Los Angeles, where she has much property. On her mother's side of the house she is a representative of the Estudillos, a family of eminence of whom her grandfather Don José Estudillo was head in the southern counties. He was long collector of the port of San Diego and held other offices both under Mexican and American rule, being known as a man of unblemished reputation and wide influence. His daughters, who were beautiful, married into the leading families of the State. His son José while still young was a banker in San Diego, later he became county treasurer, and finally his party gave him the same position under the State government.

The San Diego family of Arguellos were descendants of Lieutenant José Dario Arguello, an officer of the Spanish army, who came to America in 1781. He had a large family, the touching little story — a fact — of one daughter, Bret Harte has given to the world in his poem of Concepcion de Arguello, which is one of the best poetical romances of this Coast. His heroine had the shapely neck and arms and luxuriant hair for which her family were famous. Her niece, Mrs. Bandini, has told me how when after death Doña Concepcion lay upon *la mesa* her beautiful hair enveloped her from head to foot, like a veil, and then fell to the floor, so long was it. One son of Lieutenant Arguello, Don Luis, was governor of California; another, Santiago, was comandante of San Diego.

Don Santiago married while yet very young Doña Pilar Ortega of the Refugio Rancho, Santa Barbara. Like many another California couple their bridal tour was to San Diego, but instead of journeying in a palace car, she rode the whole way behind her husband on his famous roan horse. This couple had twenty-one children; it was said of the Comandante that he used to ride out with his sixteen sons, all over six feet high, handsome, fair-haired men of the pure Castilian type. The Arguellos are of the true *sangre azul* of Spain. The family books in their possession contain their history back to the time of a nephew of Charlemagne, who settled in Spain near Burgos. These quaint volumes bear the proud boast of the nobles of Castile, "Blood free from taint of Jew or Moor," the margins of the parchment are illuminated with the arms, quarterings, and style of dress, of each succeeding generation.

Refugio, one of the daughters of Comandante Arguello, and second wife of Don Juan Bandini, was particularly worthy of her noble birth. Beautiful, of queenly bearing and unfailing courtesy, sweet Lady of Refuge, she was fittingly named. No one appealed to her sympathy in vain. She was the wisest of patronas. It was no small matter to rule a household on one of the great ranchos. Doña Refugio had sixteen to eighteen Indian maids in her sewing room at one time and she in their midst, had to rule them as servants and look after them as children, to see that the lace makers, in gossiping did not make misstitches in the delicate linen intrusted to them, that the makers of household garments gave a good fit with strong seams. When contentions arose she had not only to use authority, but pour oil on the troubled waters, that no rancor should lie dormant to burst into flame when she was not by.

In the morning she it was, who going to the door would cry in kind, encouraging tones, "To the brooms! To the brooms, muchachas!" adding, if it were foggy, "such a fine morning for the brooms, little ones," and the draggled skirted Indian girls would flock to the corner where stood the huge round brooms, and fall to work on the bare, hard ground that surrounded the house, sweeping it clean as a floor for nearly quarter of an acre. A drift of dirt left by some careless one would be sure to meet the eye of the Patrona and she would call in gently chiding tones, "No bueno, Maria!" or, "Where are thine eyes, Margarita?" She, it was, who apportioned the stores for the under ranchos when the carts came to the *residencia*, or home rancho, for supplies, and she knew to an exactness what each required. It was not possible to deceive the Patrona, they all agreed, but they loved while they stood in awe of her. Left by her husband's death the head of a large family, she ever held the love and esteem of her own and her step-children, there seemed no difference in their intercourse.

I dwell longer upon her history, not only because it is a labor of love, but because she was a type of those times now fast passing away. With education much neglected, she spoke little English, yet had such wonderful memory, sweet voice, and grace of gesture, that her reproductions of Spanish tales and dramas, or stories of early times, were some of the most interesting experiences of my life. Born in Santa Barbara in 1817, Mrs. Bandini died in Los Angeles at the age of seventy-four, loved and mourned by a multitude of relatives, friends, and dependents.

One of the most accomplished gentlemen of early California was Don Miguel de Pedrona, a citizen of San Diego and member of one of the noblest families of

Madrid. In the war between Mexico and the United States he commanded troops under Stockton, giving valuable aid to the American cause. His son Miguel married the daughter of Lieutenant Burton of the American army of occupation, and settled near San Diego, where they had extensive land claims.

Don José Antonio Aguirre, a Spaniard exiled from Mexico for his stanch adherence to his native land, came to California, where he became one of its leading merchants, known and respected from the southern to the northern line. His son Martin was at one time sheriff of Los Angeles County, a most efficient officer, noted for his bravery, yet ever ready to use gentle methods with the refractory citizens that came under his care.

The San Pasqual Rancho, where Pasadena now stands, was owned by Captain Manuel Garfias and his wife, the latter a member of the wealthy Avila family. Of their two sons—the first white children born in Pasadena's precincts—one, Manuel, died recently in Honduras, where he was colonel of a Mexican regiment. He was a young man of great promise, whose bravery and readiness had gained him rapid promotion and the warmest praise from President Diaz. The other brother, a lawyer, was one of Mexico's commissioners to the Columbian Exposition.

A family prominent through the Territory was that of Lugo. Don Antonio Maria Lugo of Los Angeles County, it was said, could ride from San Diego to Sonoma, a distance of seven hundred miles, and sleep every night on his own lands, and change horses every day from his own herds. At ninety he was still straight, of military carriage. It was the aim of young horsemen to acquire his style of riding, which was designated, "El cuerpo de Lugo." He had many

children and made the boast of a patriarch, "Yo he cumplido mi deber á mi pais." He left a name unsullied and many hearts mourned his death, but his leagues of land had in a great measure passed to the new comers; his "cattle on a thousand hills" had vanished, and he was at the close of life a comparatively poor man. The question arises would it have been better for his descendants had his nature been less nobly generous, more cunning, his love for money greater than his love for man,— "quien Sabe?" The daughters of the Lugos were sought in marriage by the best families of the State. It was a boast that they were even courted in the cradle, as when the young officer, Colonel Ignacio Vallejo, being in San Luis Obispo on the occasion of the birth of a daughter to the Lugos, asked her father the hand of the day old baby, provided, when the time came to fulfil the contract, the señorita should be willing. This seemingly absurd betrothal took place. The child grew up to be an intelligent as well as attractive young woman, married her betrothed, and became the mother of many children, among them Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo.

Of two other extensive land owners in the South, Don Manuel Dominguez, owner of the San Pedro Rancho, was one of the few who met the trials of the transition period and came off conqueror, keeping his lands and fortunes intact, while his neighbor, Don José Sepulveda of the San Joaquin Rancho, though he lost much of his property, had "hostages to fortune" in his bright sons whom he sent East to be educated. Ignacio became a lawyer of ability; when scarcely past his majority was Judge of Los Angeles County, discharging his duties so creditably that he was raised to the dignity first of District and finally Superior Judge. His brother Andronico is a politician of prominence.

Don Eulogio de Celis was a native of Spain, who settled in Los Angeles sometime in the forties, where he added to an already large fortune. His children were educated in Europe, but made Los Angeles their home. The oldest son, Eulogio, long ably edited the Spanish paper of Southern California. He was a student, a brilliant conversationalist, and was well fitted to take a creditable part in the world of politics. It is lamentable that he was contented with the limited facilities afforded by the Los Angeles of those days. A younger brother, Don Miguel de Celis, an artist and decorator of the Royal Chapel, Madrid, died recently in Los Angeles.

One of the foremost Spanish Americans of the State was Don Antonio Coronel, at one time Mayor of Los Angeles County, treasurer of both county and State, member of the State Board of Agriculture, and one of the founders of the Historical Society, in which he did efficient work in preserving records and ancient landmarks. He was greatly liked by the Americans, who found him always ready to assist them in gaining information about early times and customs.

Don Augustin Olvera, for many years Judge of Los Angeles County, came to the Territory in company with the Coronel family and others in 1834. He soon became prominent in all matters relating to the welfare and improvement of his adopted country, and was one of the commissioners who arranged the treaty of Cahuenga.

The Yorba is a large and still wealthy family of the southern counties. Its founder, Don Barnardo, called in history, "that head and front of all that is useful and elegant," died in 1858, leaving great wealth and many descendants. One granddaughter married J. de Barth Shorb, Esq., of San Gabriel. Their interesting family unite the characteristics of one of

Maryland's old families with those of the Spanish American race and are prominent in the social world.

Don Pio Pico, last Mexican governor of California, was born in 1801 near San Gabriel. While a young man he defied Church and State by aiding his niece—a Carillo—to elope with her Yankee lover, though governor and padre forbade the bans. Don Pico had a reputation for being soft-hearted, and it is said his laws in favor of women of the colony, gave even the gentlest dame courage to take her husband by the beard. Governor Pico ruled with wisdom and good sense, though much has been said against his mission policy, but as they fell to his charge after they had been well plundered by his predecessor, he had to make the best of a bad situation. His earnest efforts to win Padre Duran, president of the mission, to cooperate with him in the best methods then possible to bring to a close the process of secularization, met at first with no success, the good father refusing to share in the "tremendous responsibility about to be incurred before God and man." Later, however, he was won over by the arguments of Don Juan Bandini, to give his hearty assistance. Don Pio died in 1894. His brother, Don Andres, was commander of the native forces at the battle of San Pasqual, where he defeated Kearney, and he it was who concluded with Frémont the treaty of Cahuenga which brought to a close hostilities in California.

With the Picos closes the account of the possessions and customs of the families of California most often mentioned by historians and writers upon the period preceding the Mexican war. Other native Californians there were, equal in wealth and position, but who were not so prominently before the public as to form matter of history.

Of the causes, that in one generation

led to the downfall and poverty of families possessing such fabulous wealth, the land trouble must be admitted as chief. The foundation of these fortunes was in the great tracts of fertile soil obtained often from the government only for the asking; of the wilderness they were so anxious should be occupied, the authorities were only too willing to make large concessions to would-be settlers of the better class. Sometimes the gift was made with little or no legal contract, and generally the Mexican government was fatally lax in designating the boundary lines of her grants. The secularization of the missions increased the trouble a hundred fold, leaving so many leagues of the best lands with no owner save the poor Indian, whose rights, then as now, no one was bound to respect.

The years preceding the American occupation were a period of turmoil in the lonely province on the Pacific Coast. The Californians, weary of misrule, wishing to be governed by one of themselves, quite regularly revolted and sent home the ruler foisted upon them by the home government. There was a strong desire for a separation from Mexico, which had never done them justice, though the leaders must have been aware that in such case their territory was too sparsely settled long to continue an independent state, and they must have felt the necessity of an alliance with some stronger power as an event that might occur in the near future. Had our government then managed with more generosity and wisdom, it is probable that this princely domain would have come to us peacefully with nothing but fraternal feelings on either side, and this sensitive, hospitable people would have been spared the bitterness of defeat—a bitterness more galling to such a high-spirited, impulsive race than to the more stolid Anglo-Saxon. The Californians would have looked upon

the Americans, not as conquerors, who in their strength had relentlessly crushed a smaller power, bringing sorrow and loss to many homes of the brave defenders, but as brothers to be received with hospitality. Land disagreements would have been more easily settled, race prejudices less keen, and the two people in reasonable time amalgamated.

But it was not to be. Our government, with possible war with Mexico in view, with the certain determination not to allow England to gain an interest in California, empowered its agent here to sound the leaders and win them if possible to favor annexation to the United States. This was managed secretly and wisely and there seemed to be a strong feeling among them in favor of joining the Eastern republic. Then came offenses,—how, or by whom, it is useless to inquire; at this day the wounds are still too fresh, the actors in the drama still many of them alive. No doubt, the Americans who were here—that is, the later comers—were anxious to gain the country for the United States. “But,” says Mr. Bancroft, “so kindly were they treated, so obviously unfounded were the rumors of intended oppressions occasionally circulated, that no pretext for rising could be found; there was not, in 1845, the slightest disposition to oppress foreigners.” No doubt there were misrepresentations, perhaps too readily believed, the “wish being father to the thought,” but whatever the excuse, the uprising of the Americans, the action of our government in beginning hostilities, was most deplorable, and the results of this general mismanagement are felt to-day and will continue to be felt for at least another generation.

After the conquest, the Californians, feeling hopeless and chagrined, were glad to be let alone. They had not buoyancy to rise promptly from defeat, the assur-

ance to hold their own against the Americans, whose wholesome self-conceit is proof against the darts of "too outrageous fortune." Americans naturally poured in rapidly, expecting that under existing laws they would be able soon to secure tracts of land, and loud were their complaints against the great and indefinite grants covering most of the fertile water-supplied country, all in the hands of the natives whom many of them looked upon as encumberers of the soil. To quote one of these land-hungry new arrivals, a man of prominence, "Let the settlers apply where they may, the result is invariably the same, they are repulsed with an indignant, 'This is all mine.' " Had the situation been more amicable, no doubt many friendly arrangements would have been made. Many *rancheros* did give land freely to Americans whom they fancied.

The indefiniteness of boundaries was an intense aggravation to the new comers, used to the exactness of English land laws. One native when questioned as to his domain answered, "That mountain at the east is the southeast corner of my rancho, the timbered country which you see in the distance is my northwest corner, the other corners of my land are rather indefinitely marked at present, but I shall have the rope applied to them also, as soon as the *alcalde* is at leisure."

Such an answer was hardly to be borne by men who had — one might say — burned their ships behind them, having with infinite hardships brought their families to the Pacific Coast, and then saw no chance of maintaining them, while many Californians claimed more land than they could use, or, the Americans imagined, had any title to. Yet it was an anarchist idea of the most advanced type that some of the Anglo-Saxons advocated, — namely, to call a

legislature that should declare the country in effect an unoccupied wilderness, where claims could be located without regard to native owners. Such an assembly was not convened, but many proceeded to act on the suggestion, and thus was the beginning of squatter sovereignty and land troubles innumerable, in which the original owners were generally worsted.

By 1849 the southern part of the State where lived the majority of the Spanish-speaking people, showed signs of demoralization. Trade was at a stand still. The land owners had a too well founded dread as to the future of their property, which made them suspicious, sometimes actively hostile, toward their conquerors. The life of the Spanish American who would gain a livelihood in the mines was intolerable. At best all was turbulence in "the diggings"; the only law seemingly observed being "every man for himself and" — When the "hindmost" man happened to be of the conquered race his Satanic Majesty not only "caught" him, but was supposed to have possessed him from the first. Royce, in speaking of the Mexican grants, which he calls the "Complex spider web of land titles," says:

This delicate web that our strength could seemingly so easily have trampled out of existence soon became an iron web. The more we struggled, the more we became involved in its meshes. Infinitely more sorrow, not to speak of bloodshed, has it cost us to get rid of our obligations to the California land owners than it would have cost to grant them all their original claims, just or unjust. Misery, retarded progress, bloodshed, litigation without end, all these have resulted from the fact that we tried, as much as we did, to defraud the Californian of the rights we guaranteed to him at the moment of conquest.

When our government finally enacted a law for the settlement of the land difficulties, what was its nature? It provided that commissioners be appointed to ex-

amine all California land claims, these claims to be presented within a stated period; claims not presented to the Board within the time named, to be no longer regarded but the lands in question considered as belonging to the public domain; all claimants to appear before the Board as suitors against the United States, which, by its attorneys, was formally to resist their claims in every case. There was, indeed, the possibility of appeal to the United States District Court, or still further, the Supreme Court itself. *All land titles, whether in dispute or not, were regarded as called in question by the United States.* The poor Californians—no business men, at best—were thus forced into the most uncertain and soul-harrassing business, fighting for what was their own, in courts the laws and language of which they did not understand. Their property, meantime, was rendered hard to sell, and taxation fell most heavily upon them. Often, they could only pay their lawyers with promissory notes, which in the end meant the land itself. With squatters, too, they had continual troubles. The government had put them in the position of presumably fraudulent claimants. It was a "believing a man to be guilty till he is proved innocent," so foreign to our professed belief in the rights of humanity, in justice to all.

The result was a hopeless feeling of irritation, a sense of shame at ill treatment that could not be resented. It seems strange that so many of the old families hold the creditable positions they do, rather than that so many became demoralized and poverty stricken. Imagine our California of today under like conditions, such unjust laws given by a conquering foreign power, though where such invaders should come from, unless it be the Moon or Mars, it is hard to tell, as no civilized people of today would so treat a brother nation. How

many of our property owners would hold their own against such odds, and we are a nation of typical business men.

Our government's instructions to its agent here in 1845 were: "Assure these people, if they desire to unite their destinies to ours they will be received as brethren." If this was fraternal treatment they received it was that accorded to an Esau or an Ishmael.

The devices by which unprincipled men got the better of individual property owners would make a volume in the history of the land troubles. Guadalupe Vallejo in her "Ranch and Mission Life in Alta California," tells how a leading American squatter came to her father, J. J. Vallejo, and said: "There is a large piece of your land where the cattle run loose and your vaqueros are all gone to the mines. I will fence the field for you at my own expense if you will give me half of it." Vallejo agreed, but when the American had enclosed it he entered it as government land and kept it all.

One of the most exasperating features to the northern rancheros at the influx of Americans was the stealing of cattle. "Men who are now prosperous farmers and merchants," says Señorita Vallejo, "were guilty of selling Spanish beef without looking at the brand." J. J. Vallejo lost nearly one hundred thousand head in this manner, yet where some of the thieves were caught by vigilantes, and he was summoned to appear against them, he would not go, saying though he "wished them punished he did not want them hung," and they were set free. Long afterward one of them sent him conscience money from New York, where he was living in good circumstances.

William Heath Davis thought he saw a fine spot for a town where Oakland now stands. He proposed to the owner of the ranch, Don Vicente Peralta, to give him five thousand dollars cash for a

two thirds interest in the land, promising to build at his own expense a Catholic church, construct a wharf, and run a ferry boat from San Francisco to the spot. After some consideration Don Vicente decided that he could not bring himself to part with the land. Some years later, when nearly one hundred thousand of his cattle had been killed by rifles at night and sold in the San Francisco markets, and the best portion of his rancho was taken up by squatters, he deeply repented his short-sighted policy. Thus it often was the native Californian had little ambition to acquire a fortune, and a certain attachment to the land that made him reluctant to give up his possessions.

The Estudillos of San Leandro were sufferers in much the same way. Their land was taken up piece by piece, even the streams were fenced in from the owner's cattle. Suits of ejectment were of no avail until, by the advice of an American friend, they ceded an interest in the rancho to an alien, a Frenchman. This took the matter to the Circuit Court and decision was rendered in favor of the plaintiffs. So, in one instance by diplomacy, a native family held their own.

There is a story told of a smart ranchero who took advantage of a weak description of his land to add thousands of valuable acres to the tract. Three of his corners were clearly defined, on the fourth there stood an old hut that served as the junction of the south and west lines, each boundary being about three miles in length, the shape as well as extent not being well known to the authorities; so it occurred to the owner that it would be a very good plan to move the hut which served as so prominent a landmark to a point two miles farther to the southwest, which would include some fine grazing land that he desired and no one but the government claimed. He

made the change, added six square miles to his possessions, for all of which when the government survey was made, he received a patent. If this story be true it stands alone for such shrewdness and cunning on that side the land question. The beautiful San Pablo rancho¹ near Berkeley has been in litigation for forty years. It was tied up by a dispute among the Californian heirs themselves and hinged in a measure on a mother's rights under Mexican laws, but involved many Americans who had purchased from various members of the Castro family. The chief native owner was the wife of Ex-Governor Alvarado. The contest is but recently settled and the land with its valuable water fronts, will no doubt build up rapidly.

By no means the least obstacle in the way of the advancement of the native Californian has been from the lack of fitting educational facilities. It was not until children born in California had themselves become parents, that anything was done to establish public schools, and that child was fortunate whose parents were willing and able to instruct him in reading and writing. From this time there were various attempts to start primary schools, generally under the charge of some retired sergeant whose trade of war did not fit him in the best manner for training the tender mind. Of these schools the following is a description:

A long, narrow, badly lighted room, no adornment save a huge green cross or picture of some saint which hung beside the master's table. The teacher, himself an old soldier, in fantastic dress, often with an ill-tempered visage. As the scholar reluctantly entered its chilling atmosphere he walked the length of the apartment, kneeled before the cross or saint, recited aloud the benedicto, crossed himself, then tremblingly approached the master, saying "La Mano, Señor Maestro," when that grave functionary, with a

¹"See story of the San Pablo Rancho," *OVERLAND* for November, 1891.

grunt, would extend his hand to be kissed. During the day the ferule, and that instrument of torture, the hempen scourge with its iron points, were in frequent use. Says General Vallejo of these schools:—"They were a heaping up of horrors, a torture for childhood. In my mind rises up such bitter remembrances of the sad consequences due to the education which our masters gave us that the recollection is absolutely painful. They were the chambers where were done to death the sentiment of dignity which perished amid a thousand tortures, physical and moral."

Later the boys' schools were somewhat improved but those for girls were still only primary. A Californian who was a student in Los Angeles in the sixties relates that not only were the boys so unruly that teachers were battered, frightened, and generally worsted, but there was a time when a committee had to be detailed to examine boys and take from them knives and other weapons, that there might be no deadly affrays. Yet these desperate lads many of them grew up to be intelligent and law-abiding citizens. Thus the men of California received an education, though the road they traveled to reach it was a rough one and the end not commensurate with their abilities, but the women were left behind. Both the influence of the Church and the opportunities offered were discouraging to domestically inclined girls, and the majority of the mothers of the men and women of today, though fluent conversationalists, possessing a marked degree of intelligence, yet have little education.

It is said to take two generations, mothers and fathers having equal advantages, to make a literary atmosphere in

the home. Of this atmosphere the Spanish American as yet knows little, but the day is rapidly approaching when he will be no longer hampered by this drawback. Then, with his unparalleled health and perfect physique, with mental culture and attainments equal to his purely American brother, the Spanish American, or Anglo-Spaniard,—for the races are already so intermingled that they can not be treated separately,—has a future opening before him in this land where nature is at peace with man, too glorious for prophecy. Like the ancient Greeks, simple in tastes, athletic, healthy, living much in the open air, with chances, powers, appliances, the ancients dreamed not of, acknowledging only the one God whom "ignorantly" the Greeks worshiped, to what may they not attain? In the words of General Mariano Vallejo in his centennial speech delivered in San Francisco, October 8, 1876:—

What shall be the destiny which the Supreme Benefactor has prepared for this portion of our beautiful native land for the next coming hundred years? I entertain the full conviction that the hand of the Great Creator, by which is guided the progress and happiness of mankind, will carry us to the highest degree of excellence in all the branches of knowledge. Then, it is to be hoped, that those who will celebrate that day, taking a retrospective view of the present epoch, will remember with gratitude what this generation, by divine aid, has established for them to carry on until they reach moral, intellectual, and physical perfection.

Helen Elliott Bandini.

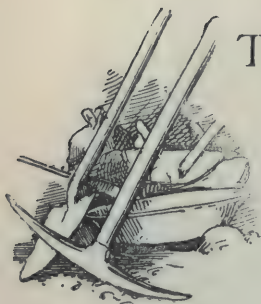
In the preparation of the above article I am indebted for aid to the works of H. H. Bancroft, "The Spanish Institutions of the Southwest," by Blackmar, "California," by Josiah Royce, and the writings of Charles Lummis, W. H. Davis, and Alfred Robinson. H. E. B.



THE BANDINI HOMESTEAD, COMMODORE STOCKTON'S HEADQUARTERS, SAN DIEGO.

THE COEUR D'ALENE RIOTS, 1892.

THE STORY OF A GREAT STRIKE.



THE mining district known familiarly as the "Coeur d'Alénes," Northern Idaho, is some thirty miles long, with an average width of three to four miles. The entire region is mountainous, covered with pine, cedar, and tamarack. Streams rise in the eastern portion, flow through narrow gorges westward, and uniting in the Coeur d'Aléne River, empty into Lake Coeur d'Aléne. There is only sufficient space for the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads to run their branch lines through the cañon parallel to the water courses, from end to end of the district.

The three principal means of communication with the outside world are: eastward, via the Northern Pacific railroad through Mullan to De Smet, Montana, where connection is made with the main line of the Northern Pacific; westward, by the Union Pacific railway to Tekoa, Washington, where connections are made either south to Boise, the capital of Idaho, or westward to Spokane, the principal commercial and railway center of Eastern Washington; or by the narrow gauge line of the Northern Pacific to The Mission, where connection by steamboat is made down the Coeur d'Aléne river and lake to Coeur d'Aléne City, Idaho, thence by broad gauge Northern Pacific railroad to Hauser, at which junction the main line east or west can be taken. In addition to these modern means of travel, the old Mullan stage road from Spokane could be utilized in an emergency, and a trail from Burke through Thompson Pass to

Thompson Falls, Montana, on the main line of the Northern Pacific was possible for pack train, horse, and foot. Scattered through the district are extensive mines of galena and silver. In the region about Murray, on Prichard Creek, are numerous gold properties.¹

The greater part of the miners employed were members of the Coeur d'Aléne Miners' Union, a branch of the Butte, Montana, Miners' Union, probably the most powerful and wealthy labor organization in the Northwest,—and had been on a strike for nearly a year. Their causes of dissatisfaction may be classified under three heads:—

First, reduction of wages;

Second, being obliged to trade at the company's store;

Third, the unmarried men being forced to board at the company's boarding house. The questions of trading at the company's store and boarding at the company's boarding house were local complaints, and pertained mainly to two localities, Wardner and Gem, and could not be considered as grievous. In fact, these adjuncts were established more to supply the wants of the men than as sources of profit, so the vital cause of the

¹ The aggregate assessed value of the mills and concentrators in the district in 1892 was \$1,350,000. The principal silver and lead mines were the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, value \$2,000,000. The Emma and Last Chance, value \$500,000; the Sierra Nevada, \$300,000; the Stem Winder, \$200,000,—about Wardner. The Consolidated, \$200,000; the Frisco, \$500,000; the Gem, \$500,000; the Black Bear, \$500,000; the Standard, \$500,000; the Union, \$500,000; the Granite, \$500,000; the Custer, \$500,000,—these mines were located in the cañons centering about Wallace, none more than seven miles distant. The Morning and Hunter, \$500,000 each, near Mullan. The Poorman and Tiger, value \$500,000 each, at Burke—where branch lines of the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads terminated. The total estimated valuation of these properties was \$10,050,000.

strike was the reduction of wages made by the mine owners, from three dollars and a half to three dollars per day. The miners claimed that all men working under ground should have three dollars and fifty cents per day, the mine owners offering that to actual miners, and three dollars to carmen and shovelers.

Up to July first, upwards of a million dollars in wages alone had been lost to the community. During this time the unemployed men and their families were supported by voluntary contributions of provisions and remittances of money from the Butte Miners' Union. Several vain attempts at settlement of the questions at variance had been made.

The Miners' Union, as a retaliatory measure against the Mine Owners' Association, endeavored to have Congress pass an act abolishing the tariff on lead-silver ores.

The Mine Owners' Association, having in mind the valuable aid given the civil authorities in Pennsylvania, during the Mollie Maguire troubles by Pinkerton detectives, employed one of their men, who was known in the Coeur d'Alénes as Seringo,—his real name was C. L. Allison. This man ingratiated himself with the miners and joined one of the Unions,—which in fact, was almost a necessity for every miner desirous of retaining work in the region. Seringo, who was an extremely adroit man, was soon elected Secretary of the Gem Miners' Union. Thus the Mine Owners' Association was enabled to obtain records of the meetings and keep well posted upon the plans and actions of the Union.

In the spring the Association of Mine Owners decided to start work, but the members of the Miners' Union refused to work, saying they would be traitors to their mates if they resumed under the conditions offered. New men were then brought in from other mining sections,

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even as far East as Michigan. Some of these new comers joined the different branch unions, and others were frightened away.

Early in April two men, William M. Pipkin and George L. Wolf, non-union men working at three dollars and a half a day at the Hidden Treasure Mine near Burke, were driven out of town by a party of which one John Tobin was said to be the leader. This gang was believed to be composed mainly of Union men. These unfortunates were marched up the gulch to the accompaniment of a tin can serenade, were refused provisions, and ordered to get over into Montana. They left the country by the Thompson Falls trail and were two days without food or shelter.

The mine owners were also threatened and the following copy of a letter received by one of the most influential firms will give an excellent idea of the general tenor of the threats:—

April 4, 1892.

Cambell and Finch,

You are standing on the edge of a precipice and if you dont look out you will go over it. You have done what we are agoing to prevent any capital doing in this man's country.

We are 17 strong and the miners' union are too slow for us. We have nothing to do with the union and are going to take the thing in our own hands. You had better pack your traps and go to some other country or you will find a hoter one. You want to put the working the miner down with the chinese and dagos. Your life is not worth 1 cent if you try it enny longer. look out for when we strike we strike hard. Your company dont know what you are doing the people are on the side of the miners. this is a warning the next will be destruction and the next hell.

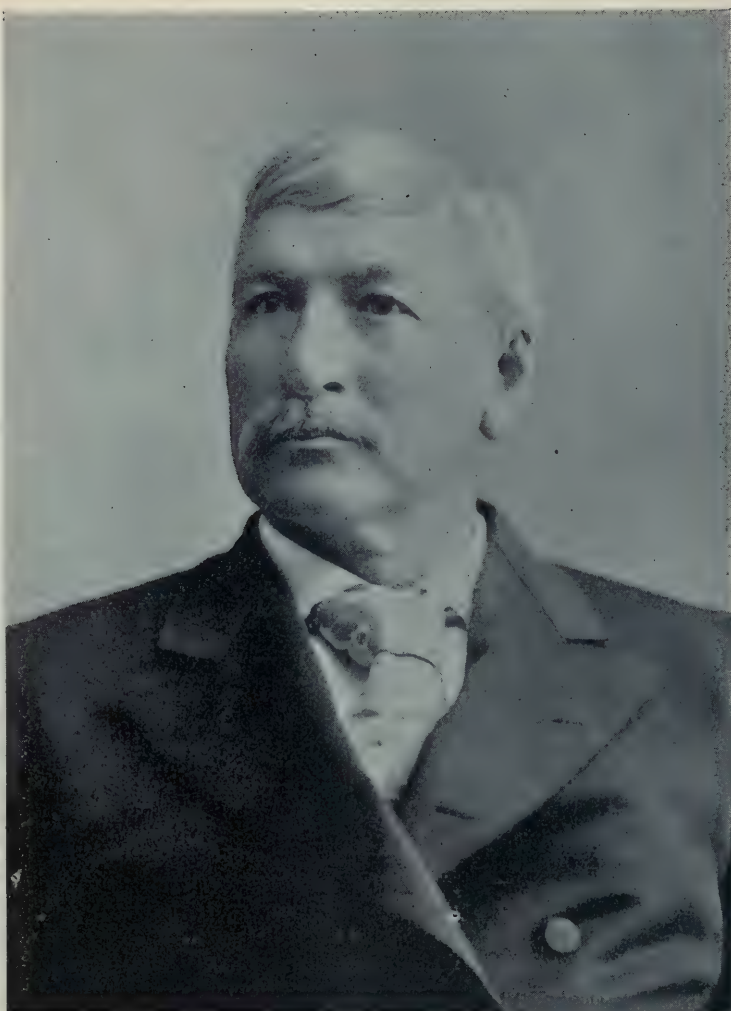
When the hell is raised look out for your officers and judges will do you no good

M— No. 1.

We have made up our minds to wate a week. then we come

We will have no slaves in Idaho.

M— No. 2.



GENERAL JAMES F. CURTIS,
COLONEL COMMANDING IDAHO NATIONAL GUARD.

The Mine Owners' Association on May 7th, obtained from Judge J. H. Beatty of the U. S. District Court for Idaho a temporary restraining order, restraining defendants from in any way interfering with the operation of plaintiff company, or from preventing any one entering the service of said company. Warrants were issued on May 10th. United States Marshal Joseph Pinkham, served them in person May 12th. The news created intense excitement. Some of the non-union men remained in the country, nerved by the action of the

Court, and started up work upon the Bunker Hill and Sullivan at Wardner, and the Gem and Frisco at Gem, about three miles from Wallace.

On June 4th, the governor of Idaho issued a warning proclamation:—

Whereas: it has come to the knowledge of the Executive of this State by the affidavits and petitions of reputable citizens and property owners of the county of Shoshone, and from other well considered sources, that there now exist in the county of Shoshone, State of Idaho, combinations of men concerting and conspiring for unlawful purposes. . . .

This proclamation of Governor Norman

B. Willey was treated with contempt, and matters gradually drifted from bad to worse. On June 6, in the United States Circuit Court at Boise, (the Hon. Albert Hagan, in behalf of the mine owners,) Attorney Frank Ganahl, for respondents, argued that a virtual injunction had been issued under guise of an order to show cause, and that the Court at the time the injunction was issued had no authority for the proceeding. July 10, Judge Beatty declined to dissolve the injunction. This decision further incensed the Union miners.

The leaders of the Miners' Union and the representatives of the Butte Union were informed at Wallace, by General James F. Curtis, Inspector General upon the staff of the Governor and acting in his behalf, that any overt act of violence would meet immediate attention and punishment at the hands of the State authorities. General Curtis, who had been sent to Shoshone County in May, to observe matters and to report such steps as might become necessary, was peculiarly well fitted for his duties by long experience in the West. Prior to the Rebellion he had served two years as chief of police of San Francisco, and through the Civil War was Colonel of the Fourth California Infantry. He had been brevetted Brigadier General in '65 by President Johnson.

It was well known that cases of rifles and ammunition had been received, addressed to the president of the Miners' Union at Wallace, and also that the mine owners had armed guards to protect their new men, so a collision was imminent. A reign of terrorism and ostracism had existed throughout Shoshone County for months. No Chinese were allowed in the Coeur d'Alénes. Respectable citizens suffered insult and intimidation, and the existing civil authority was powerless to check or punish ruffianism; in fact, the

Miners' Union, having the sympathy of the local peace officers and a majority of the people, acted as if they alone owned the country. So-called "scabs" were ordered to leave the country, owners of mines were threatened with violence and the destruction of their property, and a vendetta was pronounced upon nearly all of them.

In this emergency, General Curtis wired the Governor from Wallace, that only an armed force could cope with the conditions; that the militia was inadequate, and that a force of United States troops would be required without delay. These statements were rapidly verified within the next few days.

July 10, an altercation ending in a free fight occurred at Gem, and the impending crisis broke. On the morning of the 11th, an armed band of Miners' Union men collected at the Gem, attacked and destroyed the Frisco Mill, which was valued at \$200,000, blowing it up with giant powder, which was exploded down the penstock. Killed, one employee; wounded, twenty; prisoners, seventy. From there the gang proceeded to the Gem Mill, half a mile distant, and demanded its surrender. The guard was armed with Winchesters, and though outnumbered, stood the rioters off, killing five and wounding fourteen. The owners to save the lives of their workmen and their property from destruction surrendered to the mob, which was about four hundred strong. The terms of surrender were that the Winchesters and two thousand rounds of ammunition should be placed in the hands of disinterested parties, and that the non-union men should be shipped out of the country the next day. Within an hour thereafter, while endeavoring to move the arms to Wallace for safe keeping, the committee when opposite the Granite Mill was overpowered and the arms taken by the mob.



There was a company of State troops, A, Second Regiment of Infantry, I.N.G., stationed at Wallace, under command of one Captain W. E. Hood. Ten stands of their arms had been stolen from the armory the previous Saturday night, July 9th. Captain Hood himself left town, and could not be found. The available strength of the company for the emergency was practically nil. General Curtis immediately reported the fact to the Governor by telegraph, and on the 11th telegraphed recommending the immediate disbanding of the company, upon the technical ground that it had fallen below the minimum authorized strength, and was utterly ineffective and unwilling to act. The remaining arms of the company in the meantime were locked up in the vault of the First National Bank, of Wallace.

The Sheriff of Shoshone County, R. A. Cunningham, reported to General Curtis in Wallace, that he could not raise sufficient civil posse to enforce law and order, had no arms, and must call on the Governor for the assistance of the State troops. It was altogether useless to

summon the power of the county, as most of the people were in sympathy with the strikers, the remainder practically unarmed and consequently afraid to act. In this emergency, General Curtis; C. W. O'Neil, District Attorney, First Judicial District; Sheriff R. A. Cunningham; and George T. Crane and John L. Livers, County Commissioners, all united in sending a telegram to this effect to Governor Willey, then in Boise City, six hundred miles away.

The mob in the meantime, inflated with its success over the non-union men, escorting one hundred and ten of them, and infuriated over the death of five of their own members, whose bodies they guarded, moved down the cañon from Gem three miles to Wallace, where they paraded the streets heavily armed.

General Curtis again telegraphed that Federal troops would be an absolute necessity, also that the telegraph wires were being cut by the strikers. W. B. Heyburn, attorney for the Mine Owners, telegraphed from Spokane City to the Governor for help, reporting that the armed Union men were preparing to at-

tack Wardner that night, that the wires were cut below Wallace and a massacre might be anticipated. The rioters sent bogus telegrams, purporting to have been written by V. M. Clement, manager of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company, urging the Governor not to send in troops, so as to avert unnecessary bloodshed. Judge Hagan and Heyburn, learning of this fact, telegraphed from Spokane City, to Attorney-General George H. Roberts at Boise, that the pretended telegrams from Clement were bogus, to forward the troops, and inform the authorities at once.

The strikers took a body of unarmed non-union miners, estimated at about a hundred and fifty, to the mouth of Fourth of July Cañon, near Cataldo, twelve miles below Wardner Junction,—where they were waiting for a steamboat to take them out of the country. At dusk a squad of armed men charged down the railroad track upon them, yelling and discharging their rifles. The refugees scattered, running for the brush along the river, swimming the stream, and hiding in the gulches. About three hours after this, the belated steamer came along and picked up all the refugees that could be



COMPANY A, FIRST REGIMENT, IDAHO NATIONAL GUARD.¹

On the night of the 12th, the mob moved down the cañon from Wallace, stealing hand cars en route, to Wardner Junction, twelve miles below, and under threats of attacking different mines and destroying the mills, obtained the surrender of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, Sierra Nevada, and Last Chance mines. Great quantities of explosives were placed in the Bunker Hill and Sullivan concentrator, and under threats of its destruction non-union miners were discharged and work stopped.

¹In camp at Wallace, Idaho.

found. They were wet, cold, and in a pitiable state of excitement.

Many had been driven down Fourth of July Canon, two were known to have been killed, many were robbed, and a number wounded. As to whether the Miners' Union, or a gang of thugs committed these acts of violence, has never been definitely ascertained. Grossly exaggerated stories of these atrocities were published in the press at the time.

Troop G, Fourth U. S. Cavalry, under command of Second Lieutenant E. A. Helmick, Fourth Infantry, marched from

Fort Sherman, through the Fourth of July Cañon and back, making a careful search. No bodies were discovered, and the tales of burned human bones were proved to have been a hoax.

Early on the 13th, the non-union miners, lately engaged in the Wardner mines, estimated to number three hundred, were sent out of the country on a Union Pacific train guarded by armed strikers. These unfortunates sought refuge in the town of Tekoa, Washington.

Thus far the strikers had obtained a series of uninterrupted victories. They had only to demand and receive. They had driven the non-union men out of the country; the most valuable mines and mills of the district were in their possession and the inhabitants of the principal towns terrorized.

Governor Willey, upon receipt of General Curtis's telegram, wired President Harrison on July 11th, that the State Legislature was not in session, and could not be convened promptly; that the civil authority was wholly inadequate to maintain peace; that while he would immediately order the available military force of the State into the field, it was far too few in numbers to cope successfully with the mob,—and he asked for Federal troops.

In response the Governor was notified by the acting Secretary of War, July 12th, that troops would be at once sent to his assistance and to communicate with Brigadier-General Ruger, commanding the Department of the Columbia. The State troops consisted of twelve companies, none properly equipped for field service, scattered at great distances apart in the different towns of the State,—which, it should be borne in mind, comprises an area nearly equal to the States of New York and Pennsylvania, with a population of but one hundred thousand.

Except the Wallace company, which had been tried and found wanting, all were far south and remote from the scene of trouble.

On the 12th the Governor ordered six companies¹ to proceed to the scene of trouble.

On July 13th,—acting upon the following dispatch,—

WALLACE, July 13th.

Governor N. B. Willey:—Pursuant to section four of the revised statutes, we urgently make application to your excellency for the enforcement of the provisions of sections 7,400 to 7,408 of the revised statutes. C. W. O'NEIL, District Atty. of Shoshone County.

H. S. GREGORY, Probate Judge,—

the Governor issued his proclamation declaring martial law in the county of Shoshone.

General Ruger received orders by telegram from the Major General commanding the army, to send the available infantry force from Fort Sherman to the scene of the disturbance, with directions to report to the Governor of the State. He was also authorized to increase the force if necessary. Pursuant to these instructions, Colonel William P. Carlin, Fourth Infantry, left Fort Sherman with companies A, D, F, and H, Fourth Infantry, in the afternoon of July 12th, and reached the Cataldo Bridge the next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. The six companies of the First Regiment, Idaho N. G., 191 strong out of a total of 196, arrived at Cataldo at 12.15 P. M., the same day, and reported to General James F. Curtis.

In the meantime, other troops were being rushed forward by rail. A battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Theaker, companies B, C, D, E, and F, left Vancouver Barracks, 507 miles west, on

¹Co. F, Capt. Johns, Hailey; Co. A, Capt. C. C. Stevenson, Boise; Co. B, Capt. Degitz, Weiser; Co. M, Capt. Moody, Vollmar; Co. L, Capt. Haymond, Genesee; Co. K, Capt. J. H. McCallie, Moscow.



GOVERNOR NORMAN B. WILLEY,
GOVERNOR OF IDAHO, 1892.

the 13th, and arrived at the scene of trouble at noon on the 14th. A battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry under command of Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Page, companies B, D, F, G and H, left Fort Keogh, 642 miles east, the evening of the 13th, and arrived at Mullan on the 15th. A battalion of the Fourth Infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Cook, companies B, E, and G, left Fort Spokane, 189 miles northwest, on the morning of the 13th, made a forced march of twenty-six miles in eight hours to the nearest railroad point,—this being the only battalion ordered to the scene of trouble not having direct railway communication,—took the train at Davenport, and reached Cataldo at 5:55 P. M., on the evening of the fourteenth, passing at Tekoa the non-union men that had been driven out of the Coeur d'Alénes the day before, and who were congregated about the station, a motley crowd,—foreigners for the most

part, some cursing, some bewailing,—a class not calculated to excite much sympathy either by their appearance or actions.

At Harrison a battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, from Fort Missoula, under Captain W. I. Sanborn, F, G, and H, was passed. These were colored troops, and were as soldierly a battalion as ever wore the blue. They had been ordered from Fort Missoula on the 12th, being the last battalion to join General Carlin's command, although the first on the scene of action, and the one suffering the greatest inconvenience in obeying their orders for the concentration.

The colored troops were extremely objectionable to the lawless element, but by their discipline and cheerful performance of duties won the encomiums of their superiors and comrades in arms, and quickly forced the unruly to appreciate the fact that they were not to be trifled with.

On July 14, General Carlin advanced from Cataldo, leaving a guard to protect the telegraph operator there, to Wardner Junction, where he established his headquarters.¹

General Curtis, commanding the Idaho troops, placed his headquarters at Wallace, telegraphed Governor Willey, "We control the situation," and issued the following order, which was published and posted throughout the district:—

¹ The following was the disposition of Carlin's command:—Co. H, 4th Infantry, to guard the mines of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan and Sierra Nevada up the gulch at Wardner. Co. F, 4th Infantry, to guard the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Concentrator, half a mile below Wardner Junction. Co's A, B, G, and E, 4th Infantry, F, G, and H, 25th Infantry, and four companies of the Idaho N. G., making a total of eleven companies, were camped at Wardner Junction. One company of the Idaho N. G. was sent forward to Osborne. Four companies 14th Infantry, under Lt.-Col. Theaker, were placed in Wallace. Co. B, of the 14th Infantry was sent to Burke. Co. D, of the 4th Infantry and one company of the Idaho N. G. were stationed at Gem. The 22nd Infantry, leaving one company at Mullan, moved westward with the remaining four companies to Wallace, where under command of Lt.-Col. Page they went into camp.

Headquarters Idaho National Guard, Wallace, July 15th, 1892. To the officers and members of Coeur d'Aléne Miners' Union, whether permanent or temporary:—You are hereby commanded to surrender yourselves and your arms to the commanding officers of troops at your respective localities. Protection under the law will be guaranteed; all good citizens of this county are requested and commanded to aid in identifying and arresting those who do not surrender.

Acting for the Governor.

JAMES F. CURTIS,

Colonel I. N. G., Commanding.

the hands of the rioters, none were ever surrendered, nor were any ever found by search parties.

Early in the morning of the 15th Company B, Fourth Infantry, was sent back to Tekoa, and returned the afternoon of the same day escorting the evicted "scabs." At Wardner Junction, the men disembarked from the train, and under a heavy escort, were marched back up the gulch to the Wardner mines, where they resumed work. The entire



BATTALION 22D U. S. INFANTRY—LIEUTENANT COLONEL J. H. PAGE, COMMANDING.¹

To the troops in Shoshone County General Curtis published a terse and forcible order. "If any person is apprehended in the act of blowing up railroad bridges or property, or mills or houses or other property, with dynamite, or placing it in position, shoot him on the spot."

It was a significant fact that no man surrendered, and although over 800 Winchesters were positively known to be in

force of troops at Wardner Junction was held under arms, ready to defend the non-union men, but the rioters made no demonstration, although congregated in great numbers about the railroad station and very sullen in their demeanor. That evening, and thereafter, arrests were made of all known members of the Miners' Union at Wardner, Wallace, Gem, Burke, Mullan, and wherever else they could be apprehended.

¹From Fort Keogh, Montana—at Wallace, Idaho.

There being no adequate prison facilities at Wardner Junction, a one story frame building opposite the Union Pacific station, which had been originally intended for a small general merchandise store, was utilized. It was soon overcrowded with prisoners. At Wallace, two empty cottages and a large wooden store house were pressed into service as prison pens.

All saloons in the district were closed and the towns patrolled day and night.

The President of the United States issued a proclamation, which was received on July 16th. Copies were printed, both of this proclamation and the Governor's, together with an extract of Section 7407, Revised Statutes of Idaho. These were posted conspicuously throughout the district. Very many were immediately torn down or defaced, and apparently were of little effect.

It became so evident that Sheriff Cunningham was acting in the interest of his friends, the strikers, to whom he owed his election, that General Curtis removed him from office,—also Thomas Argyle, City Marshal of Wallace, and John Steffes, Marshal at Wardner, on account of their inefficiency, incapability, and unwillingness to act.

General Curtis issued the following order:—

H'DQ'RS. IDAHO NATIONAL GUARD. }
WALLACE, IDAHO, July 15th, 1892. }

Special Order No. 3.

Dr. W. S. Sims of Wallace, Idaho, is hereby appointed Acting Sheriff of the County of Shoshone, State of Idaho, and is empowered with all the authority of that office under Martial Law, now in force in said county.

By Order. JAMES F. CURTIS,

Col. Idaho National Guards, Commanding.

Doctor Sims was a surgeon of high repute, a Southerner by birth, and a man of great personal courage and force, whose services were invaluable during the insurrection.

The civil courts were not interfered with and were in session for the hearing of criminal and civil cases. Honorable Junius Holleman, Judge of the First Judicial District of Idaho, was called upon to decide the legality of Governor Willey's proclamation declaring martial law. It occurred in this way: in a criminal case pending before the court, at Murray, Idaho, a motion was made by James H. Hawley, attorney for defense, to quash an indictment, inasmuch as the grand jury had been impaneled by Sheriff Sims, who was claimed to have been appointed to office without due authority of law.

After a masterly argument before the court, which continued for two days, made by Captain J. G. Ballance, 22d U. S. Infantry, in which all the powers of martial law were exhaustively presented, the court decided that the proclamation was valid and that Sims was not only the *de facto* but also the *de jure* Sheriff. It was known to a few only, that had the decision of the court been adverse, the functions of all civil courts in the district would have been immediately suspended. The argument of Captain Ballance was to the effect that during the existence of martial law the courts were only permitted to exercise their functions so long as they were subordinate to the military power.

July 16th the Mine Owners' Association agreed that the miners could board and trade where they pleased hereafter.

The railroad authorities were directed on the 15th and 16th of July not to sell tickets or transport passengers through the county of Shoshone without passes from military headquarters. All trains were searched by troops and all persons attempting to evade the order were summarily ejected from the trains. This precaution was taken to prevent the escape of participants in the riots.

By the 16th, three hundred prisoners had been apprehended, those arrested at Burke, Gem, and Mullan, being sent to Wallace to be guarded. Their subsistence devolved for the time being upon the State, and Quartermaster General A. J. Pinkham, I. N. G., was charged with providing the necessary rations, blankets, lights, and medical stores. Upon the 18th many dependent families of Union men and others applied to the authorities for subsistence.

Upon the 25th, the Hailey and Boise companies returned by rail to their respective homes, acting as escort to twenty-five of the prisoners prominent in the various unions, who were taken to Boise and lodged in jail, pending trial upon information filed July 19, in the U. S. Circuit Court by Hon. Fremont Wood, charging about eighty-five of them with contempt of court.

The trial commenced August 2, and terminated on the 11th. Robinson,



HEADQUARTERS U. S. TROOPS, 4TH AND 25TH INFANTRY, AT WARDNER JUNCTION.

On the 19th, reports having been received that a party of about a hundred armed rioters were lurking in the mountains near the Montana line, Generals Curtis and Carlin, escorted by two companies of infantry, made an armed reconnaissance to Saltese, where they found nothing material, and a telegram to Governor Toole of Montana, for permission to pursue the rioters across the State line being met with refusal, the troops returned to Wallace and Wardner.

Hugh McGee, O'Brien, Poynton, Doyle, Peterson, Eaton, Nicholson, Fitzgerald, Dean, Heeney, and Boyce, were found guilty of contempt of court, and sentenced to be confined in the county jail of Ada County, for terms varying from four to eight months each. The others were discharged.

The Weiser and Genesee companies, I. N. G. left for home the 26th of July. On the 27th, the Vollmar company and the battalions of the Twenty-fifth U. S.

Infantry, from Wardner Junction, and the Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, from Wallace, left for their respective posts, via Mullan, where they had the satisfaction of seeing the American flag floating proudly at the staff head instead of being at the half staff as it had been placed by dastards.

Upon the 29th, the prisoners at Wardner and Wallace were turned over to the custody of the U. S. Deputy Marshal, thus relieving the State of the expense

trial, it was recommended that they be released on parole.

In nearly every instance the prisoners refused to sign the parole, the clause requiring them to report at all times when ordered to do so being considered by them an undue restraint upon their liberty. Their lack of confidence in the integrity of purpose of the lawful authorities made abortive this attempt materially to reduce the number of prisoners under guard.



WALLACE, IDAHO—WEST END.

and throwing the cost of their further maintenance upon the United States government. Hearings were held in July, by Judge Advocate General Geo. M. Parsons, I. N. G., at Wallace, and Captain S. C. John, I. N. G., acting assistant Judge Advocate General, at Wardner, as to the complicity of the prisoners in the recent riots. When it did not appear that there was sufficient evidence against them to warrant their being held for further examination and

On Aug. 11 the remaining prisoners at Wardner Junction, forty-eight in number, were placed in box cars, and guarded by Companies E and H, Fourth Infantry, were brought to Wallace and confined in the prison there, the pen at Wardner being abandoned for sanitary reasons. The troops reported for duty to Lieutenant-Colonel Theaker, Fourteenth Infantry, commanding at Wallace.

The owners of the mines were anxious to open their properties and to transact

their legitimate business and on that account were lenient in their treatment of many of the men. Although an agreement was made between the mine owners that none of the rioters should be reemployed, still it was found that the Tiger and Poorman management at Burke, which was considered the most dangerous camp in the district, and where the Unions were strongest, were evading the agreement, and their mines were re-

and all mining work therein will cease after 12 o'clock midnight, Saturday Aug. 20th, 1892, until further orders.

II. The "Tiger Mine" will "shut down" and all mining work therein will cease after 12 o'clock midnight Saturday, Aug. 20th 1892, until further orders.

By order Col. J. F. Curtis.

T. J. Cable, Lt. I. N. G., Asst. Adj. Genl.

Under this order these mines were kept closed until September 1st, when they were allowed to reopen, new men having been introduced to replace those objec-



BURKE, IDAHO.¹

opened by the employment of many of the most violent of the strikers. So unfair to the other mine owners and so destructive of discipline was it, that it was deemed necessary to close these two large properties, and the following order was issued:—

Headquarters I. N. G.,

Wallace, Idaho, Aug. 16, '92.

Special Orders No. 53.

I. The "Poorman Mine" will "shut down"

¹ Showing Tiger and Poorman Mines.

tionable to the authorities and the Poorman mine being placed under an entirely new management.

On August 13 very early in the morning a very desperate character, Webb Leasure, who was charged with the murder of Ivory Beau (the first man killed at Gem), together with some of his intimates, who were also wanted, was captured in a saloon at Mullan by First Lieutenant H. P. McCain, Fourteenth United

States Infantry, who with a detachment of troops accompanied by Sheriff Sims had left Wallace at one o'clock in the morning, by special train, and accomplished single handed without bloodshed the arrest of this desperado, who had openly boasted that he would never be taken alive. The mine owners were greatly pleased over this capture and offered Lieutenant McCain a handsome purse of money as a token of their ap-

I.N.G. of Boise, was given direct supervision of policing the town, and prosecuted his duties vigorously. His business-like methods quickly abolished the nuisances, and it may be safely stated that when he had finished the work, Wallace was the cleanest, neatest, and best behaved town in Idaho.

Complaint having been made by some of the prisoners to the Department of Justice at Washington as to their condi-



FRISCO MILL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

preciation, but he declined the proffered gift, stating that in making the arrest he had merely performed his duty. This was probably the feat of most personal daring on the part of an officer during the insurrection.

The sanitary condition of the town of Wallace was very bad, and the extreme hot weather caused the most noxious odors to pervade the atmosphere. First Lieutenant C. H. Turner, Company A,

and treatment, Special Agent F. B. Crossthwaite was sent out to make an immediate report by wire. He found that while everything was not as comfortable as might have been desired at first, when several hundred men were rushed into a temporary place of confinement necessarily arranged hastily, wrongs had been righted as fast as possible, and the entire prison was as good in average condition as fifty per cent of the prisons of the

country; that the prisoners were provided with good water and wholesome food in abundance, and were in no manner ill treated.

Whereupon General Curtis requested General Carlin to convene a board of officers to investigate and report upon the rumors and inquiries concerning the treatment of prisoners in the jail at Wallace. The board, consisting of Captain W. H. Bisbee, Fourth Infantry, Captain John Murphy, Fourteenth Infantry, Captain J. H. McCallie, I.N.G., Company K, Moscow, and Second Lieutenant Hermann Hall, Fourth Infantry, met August 20. After taking testimony and making a personal examination of the prison, it rendered an opinion that under the general

rule of confined prisoners, subject to prison restraint, no ill or mal-treatment had been exhibited; that all prisoners were treated fairly alike; and that prisoner Breen was not an exception, being in one of the new cells. This finding was approved by General Carlin, and a true copy furnished the commanding officer of the I. N. G.

August 22nd, Company K, I. N. G., the last company of State troops, was relieved from duty. It and all the other companies that had served in the district received a letter of thanks from Governor Willey for their services, personal sacrifices, and the military spirit shown in the discharge of trying duties to which they were all unaccustomed.

A plan of legal procedure was arranged for the prisoners remaining in custody. They were taken before U. S. Commissioner Hoffman, — at Wallace, — who issued warrants of arrest as the individual cases were brought to the bar. Those bound over were delivered to the custody of the U. S. Marshal, and no further paroles were given. Many who could furnish the requisite bonds were admitted to bail. The prisoners were allowed to exercise daily in the prison yard and could see from there the guard mount of the troops each morning. One of their number, John Tobin, who was extremely popular among them and had been in the English service, organized a drill and guard mount. The prisoners made themselves wooden guns, and decorated their clothing with stripes, chevrons, and shoulder-straps, of flannel. Tobin himself



WARDNER, IDAHO.

was resplendent, having ingeniously fashioned a holster from an old piece of leather, which was worn on the right hip and a curved knob of wood shaped like the butt of a revolver protruded therefrom, imitating excellently an army officer's appearance in the field. Late every pleasant afternoon, he would put his men through a drill ending with a guard mount, giving all the commands prescribed for an adjutant in a distinct voice except those designating the non-commissioned officers when assigned to their posts, since, as these commands were always given in a tone only audible a few feet away, he had not been able to hear and memorize them as he had the others,—this was the only flaw in his burlesque. As a rule, his men drilled exceedingly well, but sometimes when depressed and out of sorts, they would not respond quickly to his commands. Then he would convulse the crowd that habitually made an afternoon pilgrimage to witness this performance by exclaiming, "I am disgusted with yees, ye don't drill any better than the Idaho militia." This sally of Irish wit never failed to evoke applause and merriment.

September 3, U. S. Commissioner Hoffman held thirty prisoners for trial before the U. S. District Court at Coeur d'Aléne City, on bench warrants issued out of court after indictment for conspiracy by the Grand Jury, which held its sessions in Coeur d'Aléne City. A military escort guarded the prisoners to that place. The remainder of the prisoners, numbering about two hundred, were released on their own recognizance. The duty of guarding prisoners having ceased, and tranquillity having been restored in a great measure throughout the district, the saloons were allowed to reopen under greatly modified restrictions, and the necessity existing no longer for so large a force of Federal troops, the battalion of

five companies of the Fourteenth Infantry returned to Vancouver Barracks September 14.

Judge Beatty opened a session of the U. S. District Court, September 2, at Coeur d'Aléne City, where the court was ordered, to save expense and for convenience in securing witnesses. C. W. Bushnell, the Miners' Union Attorney, Geo. A. Pettibone, John Norton, W. H. Frazer, Barney Reilley, Mike L. Devine, C. Sinclair, John Murphey, Daniel Cadigan, F. M. Grey, Jack W. Wallace, — familiarly known as Shell Game Wallace, — Joseph Trainer, J. W. Glass, Frank Hyatt, and Joseph Gillis, were tried for conspiracy in disobeying the order of the court in the injunction issued in the cases against the Miners' Union of Wardner.

The trial was completed September 28. Four were found guilty and sentenced. The remainder were found not guilty and discharged. Those convicted were taken to Detroit, where they served several months. All were subsequently released on an appeal taken to the U. S. Supreme Court on account of a defect in the indictment. Peter Breen and Webb Leasure were tried for murder the following winter, the cases being moved to Kootenai County, before Judge Holleman of the District Court of Idaho. After a protracted trial they were both acquitted.

On September 22, affairs continuing tranquil, three more companies of Federal troops were withdrawn from the district, leaving but four companies, all of the Fourth Infantry, in the field.

Although in the gold camp about Murray there was no rioting, the citizens of that town, during the insurrection, evinced their loyalty to good government by the application of Commander Ingalls of Canby Post No. 11, G. A. R., for thirty stands of arms and accouterments, and tendering their services to the State.

The reputable business men of Wal-

lace, having a sense of the need of a reliable military protection, and realizing that when Federal troops were withdrawn, they would be forced to rely on their own resources, applied to the Governor, through General Curtis, for permission to organize an efficient company, to replace that disbanded.

Early in August, their application was favorably considered and on the 7th of September, the company designated as Company A, Second Regiment, I. N. G., was mustered into the service, with the following officers: Captain, William S. Sims; First Lieutenant, William C. Fuman; Second Lieutenant, William E. Mann. The rank and file were composed of the most prominent and influential young men of the county. A regular army officer drilled them, and the greatest interest was evinced in mastering the details of the drill regulations. They quickly became a credit to the State.

The Populist Legislature of 1893 practically abolished the Idaho National Guard by withholding all appropriations for it. Representative Neil, who had been a prisoner in Shoshone County in 1892, moved that the militia item be stricken out of the Appropriation Bill for 1895, on the ground that the militia was worse than useless, powerless to quell riots, and only a burden to the State. He said there had never been an instance when the militia was called out that United States troops did not assist, being generally first on the scene of action. The motion carried without division.

As the fall advanced, the political campaign was the engrossing feature of the situation, wild rumors gained currency, and the undercurrent of lawlessness cropped out from time to time. On October 19, a notice written on a fly leaf of a pocket note book was found fastened at the upper tunnel of the Gem Mine:—

Look out, scabs. One more warning, the last one. Before this month is over 1500 lbs. of Giant powder will be exploded and all in this mine will be sent to Hell. It is in the mine, the fuse attached, now ready for action.— If we can't work the mine no one else shall.

Bloody Jack.

On the same day there was deposited in the Gem Post Office a letter addressed to Mrs. John Monahan, wife of the foreman of the Gem Mine; the letter was written upon a fly leaf evidently torn from the same note book and read as follows:—

Dear Madam:

I have a wife and daughters myself. Therefore am sorry for you. The day of reckoning is close upon all Scabs. Your husband will be blown into fragments inside of a month and the next fight will not be a milk and water one like the last. The men will be killed, and the women raped. Young and old. . . .

Get out!!! and leave Monahan to the fate he deserves.

These anonymous communications threw Cañon Creek into a state of great excitement. The notes were empty threats. No clew was obtained of the perpetrators. Nevertheless *the float* from the hidden vein of Anarchism had a most disturbing effect.

The November elections passed off without bloodshed. One source of congratulation to the law and order element of Idaho, thank God, was a majority in the State, if not in Shoshone County, for General James F. Curtis for Secretary of State, Republican nominee, and this in spite of the venomous attacks made upon him for his fearless discharge of the arduous and trying duties of the position which he had been so unexpectedly called upon to fill.

The 19th of November, martial law was suspended by proclamation in which occurred the following order:—

II. The commanding officer desires to express his great appreciation of the moral support which

the law abiding citizens of Shoshone County have given him in restoring the peaceable and prosperous state of affairs now existing.

He wishes also to acknowledge the cordial and efficient support rendered by the officers and enlisted men of 4th, 14th, 22d, and 25th U. S. Infantry, and especially to Gen. W. P. Carlin, Col. 4th Infantry, who since July last has been in command of the U. S. troops in the "Coeur d'Alénes," and whose prudent and wise disposition of the troops prevented a conflict, which on July 13th, seemed impossible to avoid.

By order Colonel James F. Curtis.

T. J. Cable, Lieut. I. N. G., A. A. A. G.

The four remaining companies of the Fourth Infantry were withdrawn to their respective stations, and the military gave way to civil rule.

A most formidable insurrection had been suppressed without the shedding of a drop of blood by the military authorities, and although both State and general government had been forced to great expense to maintain law and order, they had effectually demonstrated their ability to do so. In the opinion of the thinking men familiar with the details of the trouble adequate punishment was never inflicted upon the great body of the malefactors. Was this due to a faulty system of trial by jury, or to mistaken clemency on the part of the courts? The cost to the State of Idaho was paid by appropriations of the Legislatures of 1893, \$16,000; and 1895, \$7,650; total, \$23,650. This amount included a per diem of one dollar to the enlisted men of the militia who were on service,

the transportation charges of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and the maintenance of the State troops and of the prisoners for that portion of the time before they were turned over to the custody of the United States Marshal. The Chief Quartermaster of the Department of the Columbia reported that \$34,110.25 was expended in that Department in connection with the movement of troops in the district. These are the only figures I have been able to obtain, and represent but a small portion of the total expenditures.

The cost to the community immediately concerned, although enormous, cannot be estimated in mere dollars and cents. It was far reaching in its consequences and involved financial ruin to many engaged in mercantile pursuits and the alternative of starvation or emigration to hundreds of the laboring classes.

The action of the mine owners in again giving employment to the rioters and members of the Miners' Union has practically condoned their offenses. The low price of silver and lead has had less effect in paralyzing the industries of the section than has the continued unfortunate and impudent demands of the Miners' Union. In many of our States rioting is a misdemeanor. It should be made so in all, and the District Attorney that did not enforce this law should be considered a more dangerous enemy than the rioter.

George Edgar French,

1st. Lieut. 4th U. S. Infantry.

WITHOUT US.

WE STRUGGLE and strive for a wonderful place
In the wonderful world about us,
And then we die, and the wonderful world
Goes merrily on without us.

Carrie Blake Morgan.



I. THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT SANTA BARBARA.¹

No daintie floure or herbe that grows on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

Faerie Queene.



HAVE traveled all over the world,—one cannot be accused of obtrusive boastfulness in making the statement publicly in this last decade of the 19th century,—but I never saw Southern California until last April. I remember a

Justice of the Supreme Court in Singapore, who was retiring at the ripe age of sixty-four, in full possession of his

¹See Frontispiece.

faculties and God-given health, remarking with the gleefulness of a school-boy,—“We are off for a tramp—my daughter and I. I have earned my vacation and my pension is guaranteed by Her Majesty.”

They were going direct via Japan to the country which my great predecessor and Helen Hunt Jackson have pictured so delightfully that even an Englishman forgives it for not belonging to the “Empire.” Boom circulars, expensive souvenirs, railroad and steamship literature, and enthusiastic tourists, have all done



From a photo by Newtons.

“A ROMAN CHARIOT DECKED WITH WHITE MARGUERITES,” FIRST PRIZE, NOVELTY CLASS.

something towards making California known to men like Mr. Justice Woods and the world, but the record of the early Franciscan Fathers, illuminated ever, in spite of the iconoclast, with the rich, mellow tint of virgin gold, and the romance and story of the struggle between Gringo and Spaniard and the coming of the Argonauts as painted in the glorious chronicles of this man, Bret Harte, and this woman, Helen Hunt Jackson, have done a thousand, yes, ten thousand times more.

of Siam said, "Tell me of California," and I could not, except in a general way. I had not then traveled over Spanish and Mexican California with one who not only knew its romance but better its statistics and possibilities. I absorbed a great deal of information during this itinerary in April; possibly I did not grasp sensibly everything that was pointed out, but I can now answer many of the questions which foreigners have repeatedly asked me regarding this great domain of the Mission Fathers.



From a photo by Newtons.

"THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS," FIRST PRIZE FLOAT.

The idealized halo that they have placed alike above and about the soft Spanish names of California and the harsh, unpoetic Anglo-Saxon mining camp appellations of the California of '49 has been accepted by two hemispheres. For once in history the Castilian and the Englishman have united their civilizations and both have been gainers.

I dined with the Czarewitch, the present Czar, on board the great "Admiral Nackamoff," and little Prince Damrong

San Francisco is no longer all of California.

I thought of many things I would like to have said to this Siamese prince who had read Bret Harte, as I stood one sunny afternoon on the balcony of the old Mission of Santa Barbara with my back pressed close to its gray sandstone walls. The sunshine was not hot but seemed rather to have been softened and the intensity taken out of it by the air that came from the



By courtesy of Mr. Frank Sands, author of "Santa Barbara at a Glance."

A BIT OF NATURE AT EL MONTECITO.

garden below. The breeze, heavy with smell of flowers and alive with dancing points of gold, moved in and out the open window of the ancient belfry with a loving caress to which the Mission bells were sensitive, for they swung without sound back and forth. I could look straight down, by turning my head, into the Mission garden with its encompassing corridors, where an aged monk in gown and hood was trimming the roses. There were date palms, tamarisks, acacias and pepper trees bordering the walks and flowering vines and orange trees covered with flowers and fruit along the sides of the quadrangle. The monk, as I watched, cut a great yellow "Gold of Ophir" rose from its tree and held it up to his kindly old face. The leaves

dropped in a gilded shower about his feet and he smiled sweetly as he noticed me. He was one of nine whose lives are wholly spent within the monastery walls.

The country from the gentle tops of the Santa Ynez Mountains, whose early shadows were already stealing lovingly out towards the massive walls, directly in front to the graceful outline of the harbor where rode the Olympia, to Montecito on the right and Goleta on the left, as far as eye could see, once belonged to this church. Of the hundreds of Indians that worked the fertile acres no monument remains among the quaint tombs that lie close beside the church they so laboriously raised. Between the square twin towers in which hang the bells that



A PASTORAL SCENE, HOPE RANCH.

morning and evening since the beginning of the century have sounded the Angelus to Spaniard, Mexican, and Indian, was a statue of Barbara, the patron saint of mission and town.

It is a long time between the dates A.D. 218, and A. D. 1895, and half the world lies between the little town of Nicomedia in Asia Minor, where she was born, and the town that bears her name, but the life that she so freely gave for her religion has brought her immortality among men. The mission may crumble away, but the memory of sweet Santa Barbara will live as long as California is found on the map of the world.

Beneath the statue is the entrance to the church proper,—a quaint old interior with a long narrow nave and six side chapels. The coloring is crude and the

ornamentation in cedar on the sides and ceiling was cut by the Indian neophytes. The fourteen stations as you go down to the altar, and the wooden statue of Santa Barbara, flanked on either side by paintings of St. Ann and St. Joachim, brought from Mexico in 1798. There was one worshiper when we entered, a wrinkled old Mexican woman. Her cotton mantilla was frayed and torn, and there were so many things that she evidently needed that I dropped a dollar into her trembling hand as she crossed herself, and asked her for what she prayed.

"That the weather may be good for La Fiesta, señor," she said in broken English.

Only pictures can describe the Flower Festival at Santa Barbara and they cannot do it justice. There are not more

than seven thousand inhabitants in the little city, but they are for the most part wealthy people from all sections of the nation, settled here in beautiful homes among the roses to end their days in a

About any one of their beautiful villas could be cut before breakfast each morning from ten to twenty thousand roses, without any apparent loss. They cover whole sides of the houses, hide fences, and



"A CLUMP OF MOSS-HUNG OAKS."

perfect climate or to escape the rigors of and Eastern or Northern winter. So the seven thousand people really represent the wealth and fashion of a city of a hundred thousand.

smother trees. They are everywhere.

There are Papa Gontiers, Princess de Sagans, Jacks, La Frances, Cloth of Golds, Gold of Ophirs, American Beauties, General Washingtons, and two

hundred other varieties. But roses are not all, for there are hedges of geraniums that reach to the second floor and fight for room with the roses, delicate passion flowers, covering arbors and running up the trunks of trees to a height of forty and fifty feet, beautiful ivy pelargoniums, covering fences densely with masses of rich foliage and flowers; sweet-scented daturas, with their long trumpet-shaped, pendent blossoms like one vast bouquet, fuchsias as large as small trees; banks of carnations and heliotrope, beds of pansies and violets, and screens of smilax.

And these are not all, for along the foothills even into the town itself are acres upon acres of the ever beautiful "Cups of Gold," the famous California

poppy, purple-hued brodiaeas, delicate pink and white gillias, clinging to the interstices of the rocks; the nodding mahogany-colored fritillarias, mariposa lilies, wild peonies, delicate blue "baby-eyes," purple and white godetias; but-tercups, "shooting stars," clematis, Spanish bayonets, and O, so many, many others.

We could have filled our four-horse coach with flowers of a hundred different varieties the day we drove out the Modoc Road to the Laguna Blanca and over the famous Hope Ranch.

In 1841, when the old Catholic Bishop Garcia Diego came to Santa Barbara to build his cathedral and locate his episcopal see, he was met by the Mission Fathers and hundreds of kneeling Indians and



IN THE SPANISH QUARTER OF SANTA BARBARA



A FAVORITE VIEW OF THE OLD MISSION.

Mexicans with arms filled with flowers. His carriage was laden with them, his path was hidden beneath them, and had he chosen he could have slept in a veritable bed of roses. If he had not protested he would have been smothered before he could have uttered an Ave. He had reached the land of flowers in truth and he raised his hands as his people loosed his plunging horses from the carriage, fighting for the honor of taking their places, and thanked the Virgin and the blessed Santa Barbara that he had lived to see Eden with his mortal eyes.

Such a scene might have been the genesis of the flower fetes that have placed Santa Barbara by the side of Nice as the spot where once a year a genuine riot breaks out, laws of assault

and battery are broken, and every one, old and young, is pelted with — flowers.

Just in front of the handsome Arlington Hotel, on both sides of a street that is eighty feet wide and runs for two miles straight down through the heart of the town until it kisses the Pacific at the Place del Mar, and which street has been paved with bitumen by these seven thousand people at a cost of over \$175,000, are the handsomely decorated Judges' and Tribunes' stands. Between them and directly beneath us are to pass the competitors for the silken prizes.

I had been told in detail what to expect, yet I was taken wholly by surprise. The enthusiasm of the place got possession of me long before it was time to begin the "Bataille des Fleurs," and I



emptied my bushels of flowers on the heads of the passing carriages, horsemen, bicycles, and floats. Within half an hour from the time when the Grand Marshal, in a coat of golden buttercups, hat of "baby-eyes," and trousers of violets, rode gayly by, men and horses were knee-deep in roses that in the East would have been worth a king's ransom. The air was full of flying Papa Gontiers, Jacqueminot, and great American Beauties,

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as a carriage passed that was lost beneath its load of great Duchesse roses. Not a bit of leather or wood was left uncovered, only the sweet face and brilliant dark eyes of its occupant refused the pink livery of the "Duchesse." The driver, standing erect, was a handsome Mexican, dressed like his lady in pink silk. His charming Spanish costume and hat were decorated with pearls. He drove four coal black stallions, whose harness and

reins were covered with pink silk. Two outriders in the holiday attire of the Mexican vaquero guided with silk ribbons the plunging horses, while two more followed close behind. Over a thousand dollars had been spent on the decorations and costumes of this equipage alone. Two handsome girls followed (they were all handsome, so why repeat?) in a Victoria trimmed with scarlet carnations and geraniums. They were dressed in red with big green hats. Another was covered with gray moss and wild lupin, another with wild mustard, another with marigolds, and a sixth with sweet peas,—pampas plumes, brodiaea, La Marque roses with costume and harness to match,—and so on until all the flowers

and all the pretty girls in Santa Barbara were exhausted.

Then there were floats:—a Venetian gondola, covered with seventy-five thousand white roses and eighteen thousand stems of lupin each bearing from fifty to seventy-five blossoms, and ten thousand bunches of wisteria. Blue flowers were the canal on which the boat floated. Two gondoliers plied their oars, while sweet strains from the guitar and mandolin in the hands of the gay party within the boat greeted tribunes and onlooker. Another bore the Queen of Flowers on a flowery throne and protected by four swans made of daisies, driven by little chubby two year olds. And so they passed beneath us one after



MISSION SANTA BARBARA.

the other, "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls," each more beautiful than its predecessor, until the eyes were incapable of judging and the senses overpowered by the scent of the flowers. Back they came and the battle began anew. The fair riders in carriage and on horseback fought valiantly; they gave rose for rose, lily for lily; but we were too many for them, and before the day was over they were buried in flowers and kissed their hands to us in acknow-

down upon the plunging steeds and the Flower Festival was over.

I have not half pictured what I saw, or expressed what I felt, but the whole play was so novel, so new, so exquisite, that I made up my mind then and there that I would not even try.

Arches of flowers and pampas grass spanned State Street from the Arlington to the sea. There was none of the gim-crack decorations of the usual Fourth of July celebrations; — no fire-crackers or



BROTHER ANTONIO, SANTA BARBARA.

ledgment of their defeat. Then how we cheered and filled the air again with priceless flowers.

A Roman chariot decked with white marguerites drawn by three white horses abreast, in white harness, with two stalwart Nubians running at their heads, dashed by the tribunes. The fair charioteer and her fan bearer dodged right and left amid the lovely carnage. A bevy of girls from the seats above emptied their last basket of La Marques

disorderly crowds: everything was carried out as charmingly as a *fête champêtre* at Little Trianon. Fontainebleau, Versailles, and fairyland, came repeatedly to mind. All this expense and lavish outlay of money, labor, and flowers, was forgotten in the grace and ease with which it was offered to us, who were only onlookers.

"The secret of it all," Mr. W. H. Mills said enthusiastically, as we tore ourselves regretfully from the blood-red battle

field, "is that it really comes from their hearts and not from their pockets."

There are many dry, yet astonishing facts one might tell of Santa Barbara, city and county, that would be of interest to the tourist or the rancher. That the county contains 1,450,000 acres, of which fully 300,000 are available for agriculture, and bring forth such crops as 6,000 boxes of lemons, 10,000 boxes of oranges, 7,000 tons of barley, 4,000 of wheat, 3,000 of

basking in the sun, as fertile as the Land of Goshen, and as overflowing with milk and honey as Canaan, and in the smaller valleys of the Santa Barbara Valley—Carpinteria, Montecito, Goleta, and Ellwood—nature does two thirds of the labor, leaving the one third but a labor of love for man.

As we drove over the rolling hills of the great Hope Ranch whose four thousand acres join Santa Barbara and the



BELLS IN THE MISSION GARDEN.

butter, 600 of English walnuts, besides 20,000 sacks of lobsters, etc., could be dwelt upon until the Eastern farmer would doubt my word. But are not all these and many more chronicled in the many publications of the Santa Barbara Board of Trade?

Between the protecting sweep of the Santa Ynez Mountains and the sea the fertile valleys of Santa Maria, Lompoc, Los Alamos, and Santa Barbara, lie

ocean, we felt the full charm of the country, and realized for the first time what real ranch life might be made. Possibly we only saw the romance in the scene, but the rolling hills whose brilliant green was broken again and again by volcanic eruptions of poppies and marigolds, and valleys that held by turns a placid lagoon or a miniature cañon, did not conspire to stimulate one to search for the prosaic side of ranch life. A clump of



AN OCEAN VIEW ABOVE CASTLE ROCK.

moss-hung oaks and sycamores or the purple shadow of a cloud broke the uniformity of deep rich earth and velvety lawns, but the Eastern farmer's great enemy, bowlders and a flinty soil, were absent.

A rancher was following behind three horses and a drag between the bluffs and a stretch of waist-high mustard. He paid the Pacific Improvement Company, which owns the ranch, two thousand dollars a year rental for fifteen hundred acres, and makes the entire sum from the lease of grazing rights after the crops are off the ground. At Montecito ranch land sells as high as seven hundred dollars an acre, but I imagine that the purchaser of a seven hundred dollars an acre ranch was paying for climate rather than for soil. Yet if Santa Barbara

climate is ever put on the market I predict that it will not be considered dear in New York or London at that figure.

When one attempts to put down a list of things that can be raised in this soil it will be found easier to tell what cannot be grown. All varieties of fruits found in the Eastern and Northeastern States, besides prunes, figs, olives, peanuts, English walnuts, grapes, plums, oranges, loquats, guavas, persimmons, cherimoyas, dates, bananas, barley, mustard, oats, wheat, and flax, are a few of the items that can be charged to the soil.

Thirty-six hundred-weight of beans, one hundred and thirty bushels of corn, eighty bushels of barley, four hundred bushels of potatoes, forty tons of squashes, four tons of hay, and sixty tons of beets, have been raised in a sea-

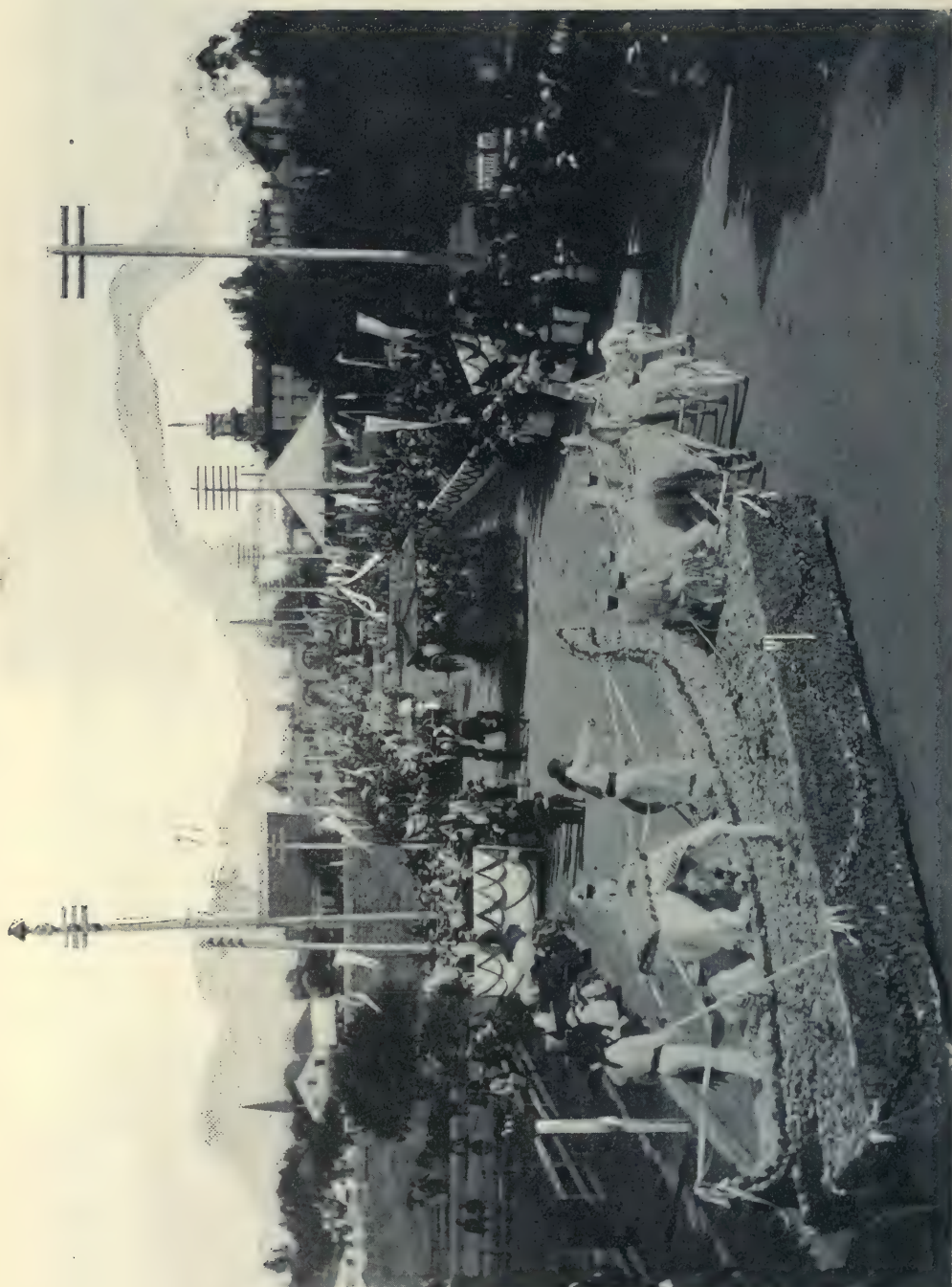


Photo by E. W. Hayward, Santa Barbara.

"A VENETIAN GONDOLA, COVERED WITH 75,000 WHITE ROSES."

son on one of these acres. My heart went out to our forefathers who cultivated the land with crow-bars, picks, and sledge-hammers, at Plymouth and along the bleak ridges of New Hampshire.

But Mr. Mills did not hesitate or falter as he pointed out a field of alfalfa that stretched away from Laguna Blanca to the foothills beyond. "We cut that eight or nine times a year, averaging a ton per acre to the cutting and it is worth from \$8 to \$11 per ton on the ground." I had my experience on an Eastern farm, and this was too much. After that I was ready to believe anything.

"On June 2nd of last year one of our farmers cut a crop of hay, plowed the ground, and planted it to corn the same day. On the first of September he had corn 15½ feet high that averaged six large ears to the stock."

Then I heard about a bunch of green dates weighing sixty pounds, apples 15¾ inches in circumference, pears three pounds and two ounces each, potatoes ten and one half pounds, squash 27¾ pounds. Mentally I compared that squash to an aunt who weighed something less, but was too large for an ordinary chair. It was preposterous.

I had hoped to cover our Southern trip in one article, but I have found it as difficult to get away from the memory of Santa Barbara and its beautiful Battle of Flowers and to begin anew with Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Mt. Lowe, and the rest, as it was to say goodby to its hospitable people and charming homes the day we turned our faces toward the undiscovered country farther south.

A land of beauty it would seem.
A still and everlasting dream.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

THE BLOSSOM.


LEILA saw a blossom shine
Like a snow-drop on the vine,
And to wear it for a gem,
Plucked it from the ripening stem.
"Pretty treasure," then said she,
"Dearer than all earth to me,
Henceforth on this bosom glow
For thy happiness or woe."
"Fondly sweet," was the reply,
"On thy breast to live or die;
Yet, ah me! — what bliss were mine
Hadst thou left me on the vine,
Heedless of this luscious rape,
Till I had become a grape;
For, love, then I had been prest
To thy lip, and not thy breast."

D. T. Callahan.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY. IV.

SISTER BETTINA'S METHOD.

June 10th.



LETTER from brother Cyrus's wife today with a mixture of good and bad news; the bad news is that brother Cy is in wretched health, and the good is that the doctors have advised him to spend summer in the North, and that he is coming to us right away. I have seen very little of my oldest brother since I was wed, for after the war he married a Southern woman and they went back to Missouri to live many years ago; but he was always my favorite, and I shall be awfully pleased to be with him once more. I wish sister Betty were coming too, but she thinks she must stay and look after the plantation. I am very fond of Betty Brooke, though I don't know why; her faults are obvious to the most casual observer, and as for principles, she has n't any, in the New England sense of the word; their place is supplied with that sense of obligation to oneself that we mean when we say, "*noblesse oblige*." Neither has she any opinions, though you always think she has while you are talking to her and that they are exactly like yours, and I suppose that is one secret of her charm. She never does flatter you, but you always feel that you are appreciated when she is by; she never says anything brilliant or original, but then *you* do when you are in her sympathetic company, which is better. In short, when her large, composed personality enters the room you feel at once that the world is a very comfortable place to be in, and that you are one of its brightest ornaments. Yes indeed, I wish sister Betty were coming.

June 18th. Brother Cyrus does not seem well, indeed, and since he came three days ago he has not done much but lounge around on sofa or easy chair and talk to me. He has aged a good deal since I last saw him. Well, why should he not? I am getting on towards that middle mile stone in the journey where a woman parts with the haunting wraith of her youth and begins to count her sheaves, if she have any; and he is nearly twenty years my senior. His kindly eye are like my father's and linger pleasantly on you even when he is not speaking to you. That Ostrom woman bores me: she might know we had plenty to talk about these first few days; but she has such a way of taking her welcome for granted that you really have n't the heart to snub her. So she comes as usual and sits by the hour with her drawn-work and smiles sympathetically while Cy and I recall this or that long-forgotten trifle and laugh or sigh over it, until he checks himself apologetically and tries to make the conversation inclusive of the visitor. Today she insisted upon it that we should spend the evening with her. I was about to decline on the self-evident ground of Cy's indisposition, but to my surprise he said he should be very happy, etc.

"It is only just across the street, Sis," he said in answer to my look of surprise, "and I am sure Mrs. Ostrom will pardon us if we take our leave early."

If Valeria Ostrom tries any of her nonsense on my elderly brother, I will—well, what will I do? He is old enough to take care of himself. And Valeria's attachments are strictly platonic. At

least, I suppose so ; and a woman must be allowed some little latitude when she is married to a Jimmie Ostrom. She said with a sigh one twilight as we watched Harry departing down the street, "Jimmie never goes out in the evening."

"What do you do to make yourself so entertaining?" I asked maliciously.

"O, after he finishes his paper we play piquet till half-past nine or so. Then he goes to bed."

"And you? do you go to bed?"

"No, I read or play the piano; or nights like this I sit out on the piazza and watch the stars. And he snores; oh, how he does snore!"

June 23d. While Mrs. Sanders and I were gossiping over the fence this morning, Dottie sidled up to her mother and remarked. "I saw Howard playing ball across the street, and I wanted to go over, but I told myself mamma would be mad if I did."

"That is mamma's good girl," said Mrs. Sanders, caressing her delightedly.

"Of course you did not go then, did you, Dottie?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, I went," she said.

"Why Dorothy!" cried her crestfallen mamma, and proceeded to inculcate moral precepts appropriate to the occasion, whilst I turned my back and busied myself over a rose bush. Mrs. Sanders may as well spare her breath. Miss Dorothy will take her fun as she goes along through life and do her penance afterwards; which is the sensible way. For the fun you have *had* is the only thing Fate can't cheat you of.

When I walked around the house, I found brother Cy reposing himself in the hammock the while Mrs. Ostrom read aloud to him,—Lucille, if you please. I think she felt a little flat herself, for she gave me to understand that the performance was "by request." I sat down on

the top step and leaned back against a pillar, with hands clasped around it above my head, and watched the pastoral scene. Mrs. Ostrom took up her drawn work and pursued it with composure, but brother Cy seemed a little uneasy. Finally he said, "Sis, don't you know that it is an uncomfortable habit you have acquired, of staring at people without speaking?"

Cy is a man without a vice,—he does not smoke, or drink, or gamble, or swear; he adores his wife, and he was the loveliest brother to me that any girl ever had;—but he has his weaknesses. And they are all of the feminine gender. It was only yesterday he and Mrs. Ostrom were trying to convince me of the merits of platonic friendships. Mrs. Ostrom is an ardent believer in them, and we have had many a discussion anent the subject; for while I don't deny their possibility, my own experiences have been such as to make me rather skeptical as to their existence. Now that she has a new recruit to her standard who is even more enthusiastic than herself, I am likely to have a convincing demonstration of their advantages.

June 28th. This morning as Dorothy and I were having a dish of strawberries out on the kitchen stoop in the shade of the honey-suckle, Mrs. Ostrom came wandering around in her print morning gown, extremely desirous to ask my opinion about some samples for a new costume. Dottie is very fond of Howard, but for some reason she has a prejudice against his mamma; and just at that moment she resented being disturbed, so she remarked casually: "I think you come over here too soonly every morning; has n't you anything to do at your own house, like mamma?" Now what argument would convince the victim of a speech like that, that the infant was not reproducing like a phonograph?

Yesterday when I went into my drawing room there were my brother and my friend, sitting on a couch with a volume of Doré open on their knees, looking at the illustrations together. Mrs. Ostrom regarded me with a limpid smile and remarked that she had been waiting some time for me to make my appearance, and brother Cy, with his old fashioned courtesy that never permits him to sit while a woman stands, rose and handed me a chair. He did not resume his former seat, although the lady was temporarily supporting his half of the volume, with the evident expectation that he would do so.

"Permit me," said he, and relieved her of the bulky tome.

In conducting her little platonic affairs Mrs. Ostrom always proceeds on the principle of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and what are you going to do about it? We all have our little ways, and her little way is utter openness and simplicity. Her big almond eyes, drooping downward at the outer corners, are unabashed as a child's while she prattles of love and friendship, eternal affinities, and constancy beyond the grave. She skates over thin ice with such unconsciousness of mien that the beholder can but wonder and admire.

July 10th. My brother Cyrus finds many occasions to call on the opposite corner. They ought to have that guileless friendship established on a pretty firm basis by this time. It was only today that I was over, and picked up a volume of Swinburne in Madam's boudoir. On the fly leaf was this:—

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor place, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

It was my brother Cy's handwriting. I turned the pages, and found all the most ardent passages in the book scored

with pencil. I am not prudish, but if such a book, so lined, were presented to me, I should ask myself very seriously what opinion the donor had of me that he should presume so far. When I told Harry about it, he snorted. "Cyrus Brooke ought not to be going about without a guardian," said he. "Jimmie Ostrom is a fool, but some day when he does wake up he will make it confoundedly unpleasant for whoever is the devotee of the hour."

It was my turn to snort. "Jimmie Ostrom!" I said, "All he would do would be to say, 'I beg your pardon, don't let me disturb you!'"

"There you are again!" exclaimed Harry. "The best and most refined of you women don't respect a man unless he shows you the brute in him occasionally."

I shall write to sister Betty and offer her inducements to come North. Herbert is at home now, and he certainly can look after the plantation.

Thursday, July 26th. Sister Betty has arrived. She has already found the chair and the corner that please her best, and there she sits, big and placid, with her needle-work, and lets the world revolve around her. The chair and the corner happen to be in the big window in the library, which by some sort of instinct she discovered the very day of her arrival to be of all places in the house the one that is always cool and airy and desirable, morning and afternoon and evening; and as chance or fate will have it, it also commands the approaches to the house of the lady who reads Swinburne. So that if brother Cyrus wishes now to call informally, at odd hours of morning or afternoon, he must make a detour and come from the other street. It may be uncalled for, but I have a sickening suspicion that he does that very thing. Meanwhile Valeria's manners are perfect.

Nothing could be better than her cordial courtesy to the sister-in-law of her dear friend, Mrs. Isham.

August 11th. Every day, sister Betty sits in the window in a white negligee costume and looks cool while the rest of us tell each other how hot it is. She is an exquisite needle-woman, and it is a fascination to watch her beautiful hands, as without haste or abruptness, smoothly, suavely, she folds her hem, or lays her gathers, and sets the needle in and draws it out with a graceful curve of her plump wrists. For her hands are beautiful; large but shapely, white as milk and soft as satin; when she is not doing anything in particular she draws on a pair of old gloves, which she keeps in her work basket, and wears them for a half hour or so. She has unique way of holding her thumb in towards the palm, that lessens the apparent size of the hand, and puts a dimple at the joint; it looks like an affectation, but it is n't. Dottie hangs about her and watches every stitch at the imminent risk of getting her small nose pricked, trying to fathom the mysterious connection between needle and thimble; which latter she calls sometimes the "needle-spoon," and sometimes the "finger-hat," two names of her own invention. Whether sister Betty has any doubts anent our neighbor over the way I cannot tell. None can guess what lies under such a still surface. That lymphatic temperament is a great advantage to a woman; your nervous people infallibly give away their emotions prematurely.

Tuesday evening. I have had to explain to Sarah that Mrs. Brooke was born a slave owner; but I don't know as I have mended matters much in doing so. To begin with, sister Betty "calls her out of her name."

"I can't be bothered remembering all of their names," says Betty. "Mary

is a good enough name; I call them all Mary."

Accordingly it is: "Mary, go up stairs and bring me down a fresh handkerchief. Where are they? O, look for it, and you will find it somewhere.

"Mary take my gown that I wore yesterday and give it a good dusting before you put it away; and my shoes, have them brushed, and there are a couple of buttons off, sew them on."

"I don't so much mind doing the things for her," says indignant Sarah, "though it is not my business. But is the way she speaks to me, as if I were a thing."

And so she is, precisely, in Betty's estimation. Outside of those favored ones who bask as equals in the sunshine of Betty's regard, all the people in the world are merely things; ignored unless they get in the way, as the inherent depravity of things causes them to occasionally, and then to be brushed aside, with no more exertion than necessary, and never thought of again. I think it is that indifference to the population in general, and all its doings, rather than any Christian feeling, which makes sister Betty so little of a gossip. She never discusses her neighbor's affairs; and so rarely does her speech savor of rancor, that today at the lunch table, when she remarked calmly that Mrs. Ostrom was "too ingenuous to be trusted," it had all the effect of a denunciation from another woman. Brother Cyrus looked very queer and said nothing, and it gave me such a shock that I forgot to swallow and nearly strangled in consequence.

August 15th. That dreadful Dottie has laid a train to the powder magazine today, and I can only sit in terror waiting for the result. She brought over a new story book, and insisted that I should read it to her, as her mamma was too busy. As I turned the pages, she remarked,

"Wait now, Issam; Mrs. Brooke, p'ease lend me your fan. Now you get up in the cushions, Issam, so, comforel, and I will sit close by you on this chair, and fan you while you read. Now go on, I' se all weddy."

"That 's very nice, Dottie, " said I, "what made you think of it?"

"That's the way your bruver Cyrus does over to Mrs. Ostrom's. I was over looking for Howard to spin my new top, dust a while ago, and I saw him. I see him lots of times when I go over; sometimes he gives me a penny and says, 'Run away, and buy a stick of candy.'"

"Won't you give me half of your apple?" I said, clutching at the first straw that presented itself, and never daring to look over at sister Betty, stitching in her window.

"Yes, when I get a knife to cut it," and Dottie slid off her chair and bustled away.

The vociferous silence continued until her return, when to drown it, I exclaimed, "Oh! what a little piece for Issam! Is that the way you divide an apple in halves?"

"Well, you see," explained Dottie, "I could n't cut it in the middle, Issam, because the wick was in the way."

At this point, sister Betty gathered up her work and swept out of the room; I stole a glance at her as she went by, with her head up, and her blue gray eyes glinting like steel in the otherwise unmoved, placid face. About her whole large, imperious figure was an air of dominance which boded ill for any obstructions in her path. What will she do about it I wonder? I am sure what she will not do, will be to deliver any Caudle lectures to her husband, wearing alike to her temper and his.

August 16th. Bed time, but no one is in bed, unless it be sister Betty; no sound comes from her room. Brother

Cyrus is tramping up and down the back piazza, or wandering about the garden.

"Pity he does n't smoke," says Harry, puffing away at his cigar steadfastly.

And this is the wherefore of it all. This afternoon Bettina came down in her black lace gown, an elaborate coiffure, and an extra layer of pearl powder, and asked me to go over with her and call upon Mrs. Ostrom. I would have got out of it if I could, for I had a presentiment of evil; but as there was no ostensible reason why I should refuse, I did not and we sauntered across the street. Sister Betty never looked more composed and leisurely than as we mounted my neighbor's steps. The maid told us that Mrs. Ostrom was lying down with headache and had given orders that she was not to be disturbed.

"By no means," said Betty, with her soft drawl, "I will just step in though, and get a book that Mrs. Ostrom promised me; I know where it is." And she brushed by the half protesting maid and went on towards the sitting room,—I following after, rather than stand on the steps in the sun. My forebodings were lulled for the moment, for somehow I believed the girl; but as sister Betty swept aside the portières there was revealed much such a tableau as Dottie had described, save that Mrs. Ostrom was lying back among a pile of cushions, her eyes closed, sniffing at a bottle of smelling salts, while my brother Cyrus dabbed her forehead solicitously with eau de Cologne. He started to his feet with consternation written on his face; but Valeria opened her eyes languidly, and did not even change color.

"So glad to see you," she said. "Do find seats; I am feeling wretchedly ill, as I suppose Olga told you."

Sister Betty had moved leisurely forward while she spoke, and as she ceased, like a flash of summer lightning brought

out from the folds of her dress a little whip (I recognized it for a toy of Dottie's) and with it laid two long scarlet stripes across Mrs. Ostrom's white face.

Cyrus sprung forward to arrest her hand, but it was needless, for she let her weapon drop, and remarked calmly, "Doubtless, Mrs. Ostrom, you will be able to explain those little blemishes satisfactorily to your husband and son." Then turning to her husband, she said, "Colonel Brooke, I have never inquired too closely into your little diversions, but I do exact that you shall not force them upon my notice, and I think I am not unreasonable in that." And with a slightly heightened color, but no unseemly ruffling of her plumage, sister Betty turned and swept out of the room and the house.

We looked at one another in silent consternation a moment, and then Mrs. Ostrom burst into tears.

"My poor child!" said Cyrus.

I went for hot water, and we did what we could, but the livid welts obstinately remained to be accounted for; and poor Valeria went off finally to shut herself in her darkened room, wailing to herself, 'Oh, *what* shall I do? What can I say to them?'

As Cyrus and I went home, I said to him, "Brother mine, if you take my advice, you will take the hint that your wife has given you; if you notice, she did n't make any threats, and such women are dangerous."

When Harry came home, and I palpitantly recounted the scene to him, all he said was, "Good for Bettina!"

Betty ate her dinner, or made a pretense of it, as did Harry and I; but Cy. strode up and down in the library, and would not speak to anybody. Afterwards he and Harry had a long palaver; I wonder what men say to one another on such an occasion? Sister Betty sat awhile in her accustomed place, and kept some work in her lap, but after a while the fiction was more than even she could keep up, and she threw it down, and sprang up and stamped her foot and wrung her hands with a sort of inarticulate cry of rage and grief, and fled away to her room. It is astonishing that people of the age of Cyrus and Betty would n't be settled down, and be done with such little excursions off the highway of commonplace propriety. The story writers always leave their heroes and heroines at the wedding breakfast, but it would seem as if adventures were only beginning for most people at that point.

Friday. Betty and Cyrus are going away tomorrow; it is really the best thing they could do, for the atmosphere is unpleasantly charged with latent electricity. They had some sort of a reconciliation yesterday. A man forgives a woman any offense she commits for love of him; and as for Betty, I fancy she feels that she is quits on this occasion at least, and can afford to call the affair off. That villain Harry has been asking her husband solicitously after Mrs. Ostrom twice a day; she is reported to have a very bad case of the mumps; and is not visible to anyone, even Howard, who has never had them. There is no denying it, she is a woman of resources.

Batterman Lindsay.



SOME SAN FRANCISCO ILLUSTRATORS.¹

CURBSTONE BOHEMIA.

TO ENTER the real Bohemia of San Francisco, a letter of credit is not necessary, there is no password, no initiation fee, and there are no thick-carpeted passages leading to the Halls of Pleasure.

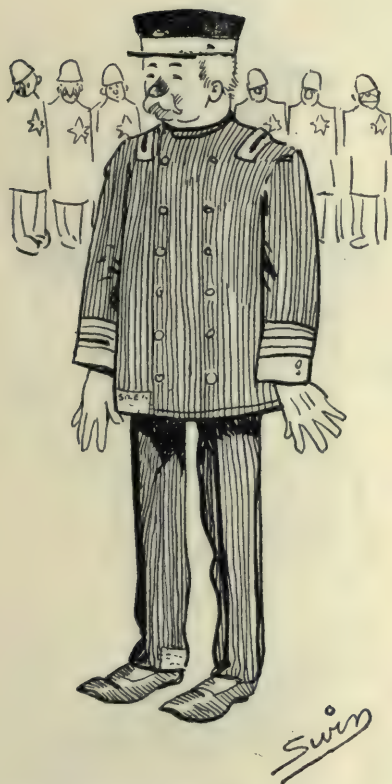
The great register of this Bohemia does not exhibit to the visitor the names of celebrities in art and letters gone before. Its high jinks are held on sawdust floors of a basement saloon or "eating joint." There is no avoidance of dues and no fines or black listing.

The habitués of Bohemia will recall the oldest member of the great society, that prince of literati, Henry Geralde, whose jovial countenance greets the reader of this article. Among the hack-horses of literature he stands pre-emi-

nent, a man who as a sub-editor has made many a shining light to shine, whose geniality is well known and who has enjoyed more literary triumphs, by proxy, than any other man who frequents the sacred precincts of Bohemia. He has been hired man to ingrate editors of humorous and other weekly papers, and has had his sensitive soul scorched within him by the jibes and taunts of men who never have realized how far, how very far, above them in intelligence and sentiment he has been. His frail form goes up and down our streets and is familiar to all the writers and artists of the great city. His conversation is brilliant with epigrams, there is in him a blarneyism that savors of old Dublin, and a besprinkling of apt quotations from Horatian and Homeric proverbs to which his Celtic accent lends an exceeding richness.

¹The OVERLAND is indebted to Mr. Dodge of the *Chronicle*, Mr. Palmer of the *Examiner*, Mr. Kahler of the *Call*,

and Mr. Davis of *Chic*, for courtesies extended from the respective art rooms of the several publications.



Pen sketch by James Swinnerton.

A CAPTAIN OF THE FINEST

Straight across from my window, over the plaza so well beloved of Robert Louis Stevenson, the sun is casting queer shadows from the palms and eucalypti over the children of the Latin quarter of San Francisco. The bell of the Greek church is ringing for early mass, and the deep, regular booming is followed by the jangle of the chimes.

The readers of the OVERLAND are familiar with the work of L. Maynard Dixon, perhaps the coming rival of Frederic Remington. His hands are stuffed into his pockets; there is the usual quizzical expression on his face as he walks loose-jointedly across the plaza and into my view. He wants me to join him in a walk through Chinatown.

Together we watch the play of lights along the narrow dirty streets and note

how perfectly everything blends together, how the green shutters on that stuccoed wall furnish a frame for the yellow-shirted celestial watering his tulips. The tulips are planted in a sky blue pot and the edge of the window is painted a dull red. Down below, half a block away, there is a splash of sunlight on a bright glare of red posters, and a group of Chinese in subdued blacks, purples, and yellows, are excitedly studying the merits of the proclamation of the Six Companies. Far in the distance, the Oakland ferry steams, shining white, on a sea of green and purple, beyond this is



Pencil sketch by James Swinnerton.

THE ART CRITIC.



Sketched by H. Nappenbach.

CHINATOWN CHILDREN IN CHARCOAL.



Wash drawing by Grace Hudson.

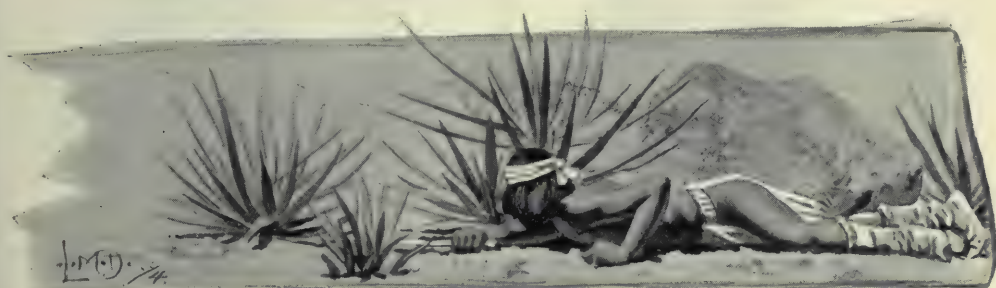
A BIT OF GENRE.

Yerba Buena Island, in olive and fawn tints, backed by the hills of Berkeley and by Mount Diablo, in faintest blue-green, tinged with opal. Above, the beautiful sky of California! Together we commune on the impossibility of doing justice to the subject by pen or pencil, and together we dive into the smells and sights of the Cancer!

I have now introduced to my readers the youngest and oldest members of the great society.

I have forgotten the name of the individual who discovered Ursus Major, but I will wager all I owe, that the average Californian will remember to his dying day (and mayhap transmit the intelligence to his successors), the discoverer of Ursus Minor Californiensis. Jimmy Swinnerton, the *Examiner* artist, does not need an introduction to San Franciscans. An honored member of the society, he has made the *Examiner* Bear a household word in the community.

Turning into old Montgomery Avenue, that historic street where Stevenson, Tavernier, Tilden, and the rest of the true school of Bohemians lived, breathed, and forgot the world of misery and woe, I saw Frank A. Nankivell, the caricaturist, and his inseparable companion, Robert H. Davis, who was the first man in San Francisco to recognize Nankivell's talent. These two Bohemians of a later day are seldom seen apart, and though distinctly opposite in their natures, they are in sympathy in their mutual ambitions. In the writer, I know the erratic, impetuous, talkative whirlwind, rushing around the country, caring for no map, and seeking for no landing. In the artist there is a calm, collected, quiet nature, one which glows only at his easel, and flashes when his deft pencil by a master stroke finishes the line which completes



TAILPIECE BY L. MAYNARD DIXON.

his caricature. The mob outside has no charms for him. Engrossed in his art, he turns out with wonderful rapidity the daintiest decorations, and interlaces his work with the characteristic faces that he sees on the thoroughfares and takes into his mind, until the picture, almost living with expression, is cast out into the world to tell its own story of the maker's gift. Nankivell is a native of Australia, and has been in America nearly a year. Frederic Villiers, the war artist of *Black and White*, says, that he is by far the best caricaturist in America, and James D. Phelan, of our own art circle, has bought many of his sketches and believes him to be one of the coming artists of the day. *The Echo*, of Chicago, says of him, "There is no denying the quality and freshness of his work. There is a vivid sketchiness not



From a pen sketch by Martinez.



From a wash drawing by Nankivell.

SAMUEL C. SHORTRIDGE.

to be found even in our Gibsons, our Wenzells, or our Thulstrups."

Homer Davenport is the only successor of the inimitable Nast, and while the drawings reproduced in this article are of a higher grade in thought and technique, his caricatures have all the Nast touch. The drawing is better than that of Nast,



Wash drawing by H. Nappenbach.

A WARD IN THE STOCKTON INSANE ASYLUM.

but the peculiar handling is entirely that of the immortal caricaturist.

The same unerring judgment that prompted the notable improvement in the make-up of the *Call* caused the retention of Mr. J. C. Kahler as the head of the Art Department. Mr. Kahler's portraits of prominent citizens are a fea-

ture of that progressive daily. He has the faculty of catching the expression and at the same time avoiding a caricature.

Mr. Fisher and Mr. Lewis are bright



Sketch by Martinez.



FISHER WOMEN.



Sketch by L. Maynard Dixon.

FISH ALLEY, CHINATOWN.

young men on the *Call* staff. Mr. Lewis made himself known to the world as a caricaturist on the *Wasp*. At that time his work much resembled that of Zim of *Puck* fame. His later work shows more individuality and is of general good quality. Lewis is an occasional art contributor to the *OVERLAND*.

Henry Raschen has consented to embellish this number of the *OVERLAND* with one sketch, a charcoal of a laughing monk; it was drawn from one of Grützer's own models and is a fair sample of conscientious work. Mr. Raschen is rather more than an illustrator,—he is a painter and a Bohemian of Bohemians,



Pen sketch by Grace Wetherell.



SWINNERTONIA.

and he has been called a crank. C. D. Robinson, whose work has often been seen by OVERLAND readers, says it takes a crank to move the world, and he would rather be a crank than a non-

entity. He, too, belongs to Bohemia; it is a pleasure to listen to his railings against all evil in general and some great wrong in particular. He is an excellent talker upon most any subject. Robinson is an artist, a great one, one too proud to understand the *esprit commercant* that makes small men great and great men greater, and of a nature too independent to cater to the patronage of the vulgar rich.

H. Nappenbach, whose signature is familiarized to the public as "H. Nap"

is an *Examiner* artist of no mean ability. His study of a ward at the Stockton Insane Asylum is deserving of a Cruik-



Pen sketch by Homer Davenport.

LIONESS.



Reproduced from a pencil sketch by Gertrude Partington.

FERRY FACES, I



Pen sketch by Geo. E. Lyon.

GARRETT M'ERNERNY.

shank, while the Chinatown sketches are gems in their way.

The most promising rising young illustrator in San Francisco is Mr. J. Martinez, from whose pen I give four sketches. There is more true art and feeling in these sketches than in any published in this article.

Arthur Dodge, the capable head of the *Chronicle* art staff, furnishes several sketches, among them the frontispiece sketch of Kate Douglas Wiggin. Mr.



Pen sketch by James Swinnerton.

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS.

Dodge is a good example of a newspaper illustrator, a man ready at a moment's notice to give to the world the benefit of a varied knowledge in the sketch line. Rapid in his work, it does not lose the necessary conscientiousness, and his work is one of the features of the great daily. Mr. Dodge's modesty does not always allow him to sign his work, and thus a great many meritorious sketches have not been credited to him by the reading public.

Charles E. Tebbs, formerly of the *OVERLAND*, but now of the *Examiner*, is a rising young illustrator, and his China-



Pen sketch by Martinez.

A PEON WOMAN.

town sketches are fair samples of his work.

S. Redmond's "A Chinatown Street Scene" is an excellent example of pen reproduction from a photograph. The study in values is perfect. Mr. Redmond is now studying at the Julien studio in Paris.

Mr. Gordon Ross, who furnishes a



Sketch by L. Maynard Dixon.
CHINATOWN.

There is no excuse for mentioning the women illustrators in an article that smacks ever so little of Bohemia, for the very reason that to be true to the principles of the great society, it is necessary to be a philosopher and a logical reasoner. Women reason from sympathy, not logic. Family ties are the destruction of Bohemianism. While the influences of Bohemia are such as to soften and mellow a man's nature, I have noticed that they are enervating on womankind. I know of no women Bohemians, though some of them play at Bohemianism.

Miss Wetherell, Mrs. Hudson, and Miss Partington, are womanly women, who among others have been successful as illustrators. They are well known to OVERLAND readers and their work is so meritorious that I cannot refrain from bringing them into notice once more. Grace

frontispiece to this number of the OVERLAND, is a native of Scotland, and studied in Glasgow, where he learned to appreciate the qualities of the greatest man who ever painted, that is Velasquez, following in his studies the master's hand, in truth, in value and color, directness in handling, and strength of character. To Mr. Palmer, of the *Examiner*, credit is due for the fact that he has surrounded himself with some of the best illustrators of the West, among them, Gordon Ross. With a varied experience in London and an ambition that permits him to do but the best work, Mr. Ross's career in his chosen profession promises to be a bright one.



Pen sketch by Chas. Tebbis.



Pencil sketch by Gertrude Partington.

FERRY FACES, II.

Hudson has a national reputation, and she is noted as one of the most painstaking students in technique. The subject reproduced is out of her ordinary line, only a sketch, but valuable in a way, as it represents her versatility. Gertrude Partington is the clever young woman who does the portrait work on the *Examiner* staff. Newspaper portraiture is by far the most difficult work in illustrating. It is, as a rule, unsatisfactory to writer, artist, and subject. Miss Partington has the happy knack of pleasing.

Mr. George E. Lyon graduated, if so it may be called, from the art room of the *OVERLAND* to the *Chronicle* staff. He is making an added fame for himself on that daily. His work at the Midwinter Fair last year was specially notable.

Some of the best illustrators in the



Pen sketch by Geo. E. Lyon.

MR. BELLERMAN, EXPERT ON INK, INSANITY,
AND INCOMES.



Charcoal sketch by Nappenbach.

CHINATOWN STUDY.

country have gravitated from San Francisco to larger fields. It is in art as in journalism or on the stage, to be appreciated at home it is necessary to obtain the approval of a Chicago or New York public. Saalburg never knew the intrinsic value of a cleverly drawn caricature until H. H. Kohlsaat of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* discovered the genius hidden in his work on San Francisco weeklies.

The artist, the illustrator, if you please, is the real Bohemian; he has a twin brother, the writer or reporter on

the great daily; they both possess the ear marks of Bohemianism. Their constant contact with an ever changing audience, their portrayals by pen and pencil of humanity's failings and virtues, make of them philosophers. The illustrator is probably the keener in perception, and in each instance, unless imbued with an ambition that Bohemianism has only temporarily enslaved, his motto is, "Vive la bagatelle."

A glass of beer and a bite of Swiss cheese at Norman's and the communion



Pen sketch by Dodge.



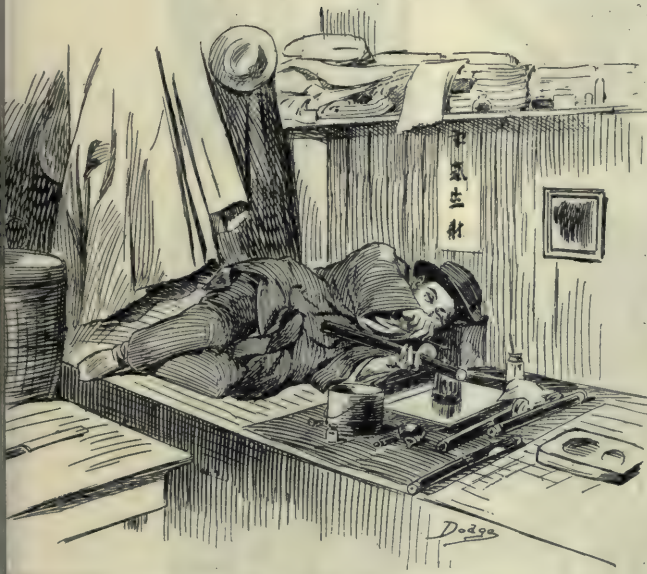
Pen sketch by Homer Davenport.
SENATOR LANGFORD.



Pen sketch by Homer Davenport.
SENATOR NOBLE MARTIN.



Published by courtesy of the Examiner.
GOVERNOR BUDD AND W. W. FOOTE IN
POLITICAL CONFERENCE.



Sketch by Dodge.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT—THE OPIUM SMOKER.

with the reporters and illustrators that congregate there nightly, is the best introduction to the life they lead. My mind carries me back to many a "bock" with "Eddie" Morphy, prince of good fellows. What a pity he never could write as he talked! At the outbreak of the China-Japan war he left for Yokohama and one of the best of characters in San Francisco's Bohemia bade farewell to our shores. I can imagine him sitting in the shade of a laburnum vine, listening to the sweet strains of a samisen, with none but pleasant remembrances of the past,—happy in the present and with no thought for the future!

An inexhaustible field for the character sketch artist exists in San Francisco. Yard upon yard of canvas and immense quantities of paper have been used in portraying Chinatown, while the Barbary Coast, a field as prolific, has been ignored except by a few,—the Telegraph Hill goat is as characterful as that of New York's shanty-town. The Tenderloin district and the Coast itself furnish the writer and the artist with any number

of "motifs" for story and picture, while the Latin quarter with its swart-visaged, beady-black-eyed children and frowsy-headed women, and its gnarled and bearded fishermen, may furnish the text for many a legend of land and sea. Their brown-winged feluccas flit in and out of the harbor, bearing their burden of joy or sorrow, their losses and their gains, to us one of the details of a romantic landscape. Incongruous as it may seem, they possess alike in their make-up the elements of an intense romanticism and of a most earthly realism, and the writer of another day will discover among them materials for some great story.



Sketch by C. Tebbs.

A CHINATOWN STREET.



Pen sketch from Photo by S. Redmon'.

A CHINATOWN STREET.



Tail piece by L. Maynard Dixon.



Sketch by Nankivell.

JAMES CREELMAN.



Charcoal drawing by Henry Raschen.

ONE OF GRUETZNER'S MONKS.

He will find it where the wind whistles through Ross's Castle and whispers in sibilant sounds the story of many a troth plighted and many a promise broken under the shadow of Telegraph Hill,— where the broken walls and the close-cropped grass, the flinty soil, and the goats, the freckled-faced boys and tawny men take him far away from all that is practical and American. They

carry him to another place and other thoughts. He blots the towers and minarets of church and synagogue, the city itself, from his sight by dropping on the ground. He has now before him a landscape that is as different as if he had been transported to another land— the low, broken walls, the goats and the boys, an Italian flag, and a deep blue sky— Italy! And as if to confirm his

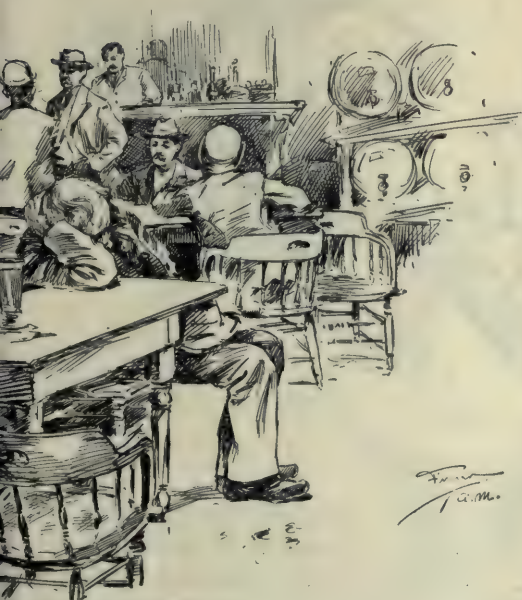


Pen sketch by G. E. Lyon.

THE BOARD OF FREEHOLDERS IN FORMAL SESSION.

first impression he notes in the angle of the wall the discarded frame of an old Chianti bottle. From the other side of the wall comes the sound of music. It is the old story — Paola and Guiseppe are

wooing drowsy day with song, all unmindful of the busy, bustling city below. The gilded dome of the Greek church is shining bright in the glory of a departing sun, and the deep booming of its bell is



sketch by C. Harrison Fisher.

ON THE BARBARY COAST, I A. M.



Pen sketch by C. Harrison Fisher.



Pen sketches, Homer Davenport.

HORSE HEAD STUDIES.

heard coming to him in waves and it seems as a blessing on the people.

The docks are to be the stage, the opalescent sea and the brown Marin hills the background of the scene upon which

the author will move his figures. The landscape will be an inspiration to the artist and the writer, and the characters will find their particular grooves, "their entrances and their exits" as naturally



Pen sketch by Lewis.

A SYLVAN SCENE.



Caricature by Boeringer.

PRESIDENT HENRY J. CROCKER

as the colors of their habiliments harmonize with the hues of their environment. And the writer will be one who has lived among these scenes, who has learned to analyze the feelings of these people and penetrate their lives, and who from a love of the beautiful, the bizarre, and the picturesque, has evolved the flesh and blood and the soul that will live and breathe in the skeleton I have erected.

The charm of an existence among these subjects of a future story can not be conveyed to the reader, nor can they be understood by the *oiseau de passage*, the curiosity seeker. In some studio corner, reading by the dim light of a kerosene lamp whose rapidly diminishing oil is raised to the wick by hydraulic invention, the Bohemian will see beyond the picture I have drawn, these and other scenes enacted; he will smile grimly as he nibbles at his bread and bologna or smacks his lips over his claret, and unconsciously murmur, "I could write that story myself."

*Pierre N. Boeringer.*¹

¹The reader will understand the impossibility of covering the field of illustrative art in San Francisco in so short an article. P. N. B.



Pen sketch by Gordon Ross.

A SCOTCH FISHERMAN (EAST COAST.)

VESPER TIME AT THE MISSION.

TURMOIL and care are done, peace reigns instead;
Cool shadows shroud the day's bright glare;
The mission bells proclaim the hour of prayer,
And benediction falls upon my head.
The graceful pepper swings its beads of red,
And odor-laden breath pervades the air,
As when a censer filled with spices rare,
The solemn priest swings o'er the holy dead.
The distant mountain, s amethystine hue,
Harmonious mingles with the tints above,
And sweetly blend in one the sky and sod;
And so the yearning soul with pulsing true,
Responds to nature's tender touch of love,
And lo! this mortal man is one with God.

C. J. S. Greer.

CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO. VI.

HIS NEXT OF KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MODEL OF CHRISTIAN GAY" AND
"JUDGE KETCHUM'S ROMANCE."



I.

FAIR young girl, carrying a small bucket, walked slowly down a path which led to a spring. Country-bred, she moved warily, being duly

mindful of rattlesnakes, tarantulas, and stickier grass. When she reached the clump of willows that shaded the pool she removed her broad-brimmed hat and with it fanned her cheeks. It was very hot. The blistering rays of the sun had burned all color out of plains and foothills, but here, in this sequestered spot, the grass and weeds still grew translucently green, and on the edge of the spring, where it gurgled freshly forth from its bed of gravel, were ferns and mosses and fantastic lichens.

The girl filled the pail and sat down, inhaling gratefully the cool perfumed air. When the surface of the water in the bucket was perfectly placid she bent over it and smiled frankly at the image reflected there. Presently she pouted, like a child, and ruffled the water impatiently with her hand.

"There's no use in being pretty," she murmured disconsolately. "I see nobody but Greasers and cow-punchers, and nobody, *nobody nice*, sees me! *Ay de mi*, I'm tired, tired, tired of this dull life."

Her eyes, large and blue, with heavy lashes, glistened with unshed tears; her

lips quivered; her bosom heaved. It was so unbearably hot and stupid. Her sensibilities, coarse and fine, uprose in fierce revolt. This day was her seventeenth birthday, and gauging the future by the past, what might she expect? Chained, like Andromeda, to the bleak rocks of duty, with the monster, *Ennui*, hourly imminent, what hope was there of happier days? She had never heard of Andromeda, or Perseus, but her plastic fancy had already fashioned a hero, a saviour, with hands unroughened by toil and speech ungarnished with oaths, a gentleman!

Suddenly she uttered an exclamation and sprang to her feet. Her quick eye had detected near the margin of a pool a footprint, which she examined with breathless interest. Long and narrow, it was obviously the track of a stranger.

She returned home, her bosom throbbing with excitement. Her father, Valerian Fawcett, was majordomo of a huge cattle ranch, La Cuyama, situated in the table lands of Southern California, fifty miles from the nearest town and twice that distance from a railroad. Her mother, a foreigner, had died in giving her birth, and since that unhappy event Valerian Fawcett had remained at home, dead to the world, alive only to the interests of his employer. Antonia—the girl had her mother's name—had never heard the scream of a locomotive. Forty-five miles away the Pacific Ocean slumbered tranquilly. She had never seen it! Her father had attended, personally,

to her education. She had access to his books, a modest collection. These she had read and re-read. A couple of Indian women, her horses, her dogs, and some half dozen out of twenty vaqueros, were her only friends.

She supped as usual, alone with her father.

"There is a stranger here," she said timidly.

"How the deuce did you know that?"

"I saw his tracks at the willow spring."

"The damned fool has jumped a claim on Dry Creek,—on our land, within half a mile of this cruet-stand. We shall freeze him out, of course, as we have the others."

"What is he like?—like the others?"

Her father laid aside his knife and fork and scanned her critically. Remark- ing her blushes, he realized, possibly for the first time, that Antonia was no longer a child.

"Like the others! Hardly. This fellow is a gentleman. He is young, well born, I understand, and handsome. None the less he is a trespasser. I've snubbed him already very effectually. Don't let me catch *you* speaking to him. Do you hear me?"

She nodded acquiescence and finished the meal in silence.

The main road from the Cuyama plains to San Lorenzo stretched due east and west in front of the ranch house, and sitting upon the porch, one could see plainly the trail wagons as they passed, and distinguish the features of the teamsters. During the sultry days which followed the discovery of a strange footprint beside the pool Antonia sat sewing—she detested needlework—beneath the shade of a big locust tree on the lawn. She counted in all seven big wagons, four of them loaded with lumber, the others with household effects, and among the

latter a square packing case containing doubtless a pianoforte. Each day, moreover, she visited the spring and searched diligently for fresh spoor, but in vain. The stranger, to gratify a passing curiosity, had examined the pool once. Had he caught one glimpse of the dryad who haunted the fountain he would certainly have come again. But he was unconscious of her existence and remained with his carpenters at home.

The romantic child thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night. Out of nothing—a mere footprint—she constructed an ideal, a gracious figure, beautiful as Hylas, illumined by the moonshine of fancy. Her heart, in short, was no longer in her own custody, and each succeeding hour her desire to see this phantasmal lover in the flesh, herself unseen, became more imperative. Finally one dewy night she stole from the house! Wrapping a light shawl around her head, she glided through the orchard, and casting one frightened glance behind her, sped swiftly on her way. The mysterious stranger had built his house upon a knoll surrounded with white oaks, and the thick foliage of Dry Creek afforded safe haborage. Her plan—hardly formulated—comprehended a cautious approach from tree to tree and a possible peep through an open window,—nothing more. From the vaqueros she could learn nothing. They had received positive orders to hold no converse with this impudent squatter; to render him no service; to ignore him utterly. She had heard, however, that the intruder needed a watch dog, and had applied for one to Valerian Fawcett, who rudely rebuffed him. Antonia inferred from this with lively satisfaction that her approach would be masked by friendly silence.

Her importunate yearnings gathered strength as she ascended the knoll. A light was burning within the house and

from the open windows an enchanting stream of melody flowed forth. She listened, quivering with delight, intoxicated with the liquid sweetness of the notes. Her hero was singing the love-lilt, "Come into the garden, Maud," and accompanying himself upon the piano. Antonia could sing after a crude fashion, but not like this. Manuel Valencia, the vaquero, possessed a tenor voice of surpassing volume and compass, but it lacked quality. He brayed as loudly as any wild ass of the desert to his own infinite delight and the dismay of others, but this man, this fairy prince, sang softly, as if he loved a cadence and were loth to let it go. Antonia clasped her hands upon her bosom and awaited the end. Then she stole forward on tip-toe and peered within. To her intense disappointment the room was empty. She remarked a luxurious interior. A hanging lamp, with crimson silken shade, cast a mellow light upon books, pictures, engravings, a rug of many colors, and upholstered chairs.

She waited patiently behind the trunk of a mighty white oak. Presently — she reflected — the owner of these pretty things would return. The night was young; she could afford to linger a few minutes. Close to her hand was the window of another room. The sash was up, but the inside blinds were drawn. Two men were talking and she caught her father's name.

"A churl," said one, in mellow tones. "We may expect no courtesy at his hands. He regards us as interlopers."

"But a man of education," urged the other, "with a name, too, that is familiar to me. What is he doing in the wilderness?"

"He must wonder what *we* are doing," retorted the speaker.

They both laughed, not loudly, as cowboys laugh, but discreetly, and fell to

discussion of the silver question. Antonia, with reluctant feet, moved homeward.

She reached the ranch-house in safety, disappointed but not discouraged, and determined, should conditions be propitious, to try again on the morrow. She had heard the voice of love calling her in impassioned accents, a voice that might woo an angel from the sky, a voice that must be obeyed. But mixed with the delightful memory of the love-lilt were other thoughts of a less agreeable nature. Her father's name had been mentioned, and dispraise of him upon the lips of a stranger assumed new significance. Why, she asked herself, was he so different from other men? What strange perversity of temper had driven him from the society of his peers? He had lived once in New York, had belonged to famous clubs, had traveled in foreign lands. Why had he condemned himself and his child to live forever on the Cuyama plains?

She awoke the next morning unrefreshed. Her peace of mind, like the shadow of Peter Schlemihl, was gone. In its place a fever of unrest consumed her, and at breakfast her father commented upon her languid looks and appetite. To avoid him she sought the seclusion of the pool, and sitting idly in the shade, fell asleep. When she awoke a man was regarding her intently. Physically frail, with rounded shoulders, hollow chest, and thin, attenuated features, he arrested attention by virtue of a pair of brilliant hazel eyes, and a broad, commanding brow.

"A thousand pardons," he said suavely, removing his hat, "I came here to quench my thirst."

She glanced immediately at his feet. This man, she decided, was not the Knight of the Footprint. No. He wore clumsy shooting boots and his bodily



"HER GREUZE-LIKE FACE WAS CERTAINLY BEWITCHING."

presence was certainly contemptible. Obviously he was a friend; a poor, weakly creature, so she decided. In the presence of the unknown tenor she might have blushed and faltered. But with this man she was wholly and perfectly at her ease.

"It's the coldest spring in the county," she replied, sitting up and arranging with deft fingers some escaping tendrils of hair. "We have plenty of water for irrigating but we use this for drinking. It's my duty to keep the pitcher filled. I come here each day with my bucket."

"Alone?" he murmured.

"Yes, alone."

"You are Miss Fawcett. My name is Arthur Little,—Little Arthur, my big cousin calls me."

"Your cousin," she repeated softly, faintly blushing. "I've never seen him."

"He's never seen you! Which is most to be pitied?"

"I'm told he's very tall and strong."

"A son of Anak."

"And handsome."

"As Apollo."

"He sings?"

"He does indeed. Would you like to meet him, Miss Fawcett?"

She hesitated. Antonia had never wilfully disobeyed her father. He had commanded her not to speak to this comely squatter.

"I should like to meet him," she answered truthfully, "but I dare not. My father is furious with your cousin. He has taken up our land. It's not really ours, you understand, but we've had the use of it from time immemorial. We generally buy the squatters out, or drive them away. That is our policy."

"You are very frank, but you can't buy us out or drive us away."

"I'm glad of that. But, Mr. Little, I can talk to you. There is no harm in *that*, is there? And it's so pleasant meeting what papa calls a white man. You might come here occasionally, and—er—quench your thirst," she concluded, smiling.

Arthur stroked his chin. The girl's unconventionality amused him. She took so much for granted and her Greuze-like face was certainly bewitching. He hastened to reply, but a fit of coughing overtook him, so violent and so uncontrollable that he was constrained to sit down and recover his breath. As he removed his handkerchief from his lips Antonia remarked with dismay some fresh blood stains. She immediately filled a dipper with water, and wetting her slim fingers, touched lightly his pallid brow. This service, so unexpected and so agreeable to the exhausted man, touched him profoundly, and his brilliant eyes, dilated by pain, expressed mutely his sense of obligation. Antonia watched him anxiously. With a woman's intuitive

perception she held her tongue; pity, however kindly worded, would—she realized—be inept and unwelcome.

"I have frightened you," he said presently. "I can see by your face that you're not familiar with suffering. Pain has passed you by."

"I have splendid health," she replied simply.

The remark was superfluous. The glorious vitality of the nymph asserted itself in every sensuous curve of her body. Little and she were treading the same path, pilgrims from the finite to the infinite, but their mode of travel how cruelly contrasted! The victim of phthisis sighed. Hitherto he had accepted philosophically his affliction, but today, face to face with this blooming specimen of his race, he cursed his pitiful anatomy, and coveted greedily the thews and sinews of his cousin. His cousin! This Hebe was interested in his cousin. She craved—naturally enough—free interchange of sentiments with another strong and sprightly as herself, and this intercourse by the crass whim of a tyrant was denied her.

He questioned her discreetly about her life on the Cuyama; and she answered at length, complaining frankly of the monotony, the stupidity, the sterility, of the past and present.

"No," he said. "Not sterile. You've had the education of the ancient Persians. You've learned to ride, shoot, and tell the truth. I cannot pity you."

When he had gone, promising to return the next day, Antonia sat down and speculated soberly upon the outcome of this connection. The cousin, the Sun-god, seemed destined to remain in the background. It pleased her to think how accurately she had described him, but for the moment her mind was occupied by the less pleasing shape of Arthur Little. His distinguished manners, his

gracious smile, his kind voice, his shining eyes, his painful malady and shrunken limbs, all these appealed in turn to her fancy and sympathy. But the memory of the blood-stained handkerchief—sinister symbol of escaping life—brought tears to her eyes. The meanest wretch, doomed to the gallows, inspires tender and affecting thoughts, but how keenly accentuated are these in the case of a dear friend about to embark for the silent land. Arthur Little was not a dear friend, but he carried with him, an open sesame to all hearts, an entirely modest and engaging disposition, and Antonia, dwelling pensively upon his unhappy fate, forgot the arid pastures of La Cuyama and thanked God fervently for that inestimable blessing, a sound constitution.

II.

"I'VE HAD an adventure, Jack," said Little at luncheon. "I've met a remarkable woman, I should say girl, or to be still more correct, a child. She has a woman's form, a girl's efflorescence, and a child's candor."

"Fawcett's daughter, eh?"

"Yes, Fawcett's daughter. You've seen her?"

"No. Describe her, old man. Your swans are generally geese, but fire away."

"My dear Jack, 'she outstrips all praise, and makes it halt behind her.' You must form your own opinion."

"'Pon my soul," said his cousin, helping himself to some *foie gras*, "you excite my curiosity. I must cultivate this Miranda. A brisk flirtation would act as a tonic."

Little frowned and bit his lip. He resented the use of the word *flirtation* in connection with Antonia. He remembered, too, with a qualm of conscience, that Jack's reputation was not immacu-

late. As a breaker of hearts he was held in ill odor by many very respectable persons.

"By the bye," he said coldly. "I told you that the name Valerian Fawcett was familiar to me, and talking with his daughter this morning, my treacherous memory unburthened itself. He was before my time but his story is still green in New York. He ran away with a lovely woman, the wife of a Russian secretary of legation. The husband called him out, and Fawcett ran him through. There was an awful row about it and this man was ruined completely, socially and financially. Charles Balfour gave him the management of this property and he has remained here, I imagine, ever since, a soured and bitter man."

"Poor devil," said Jack lightly. "Do you know, Arthur, this Californian *sauterne* is really a capital wine, delicious bouquet. Eh? Fawcett, — ah, yes, — tough on *him* pinking the husband. Society always pelts a man who does that. He should have let the Russian stick *him*: in a safe place, of course. Fawcett paid a steep price for his fun."

"Strange," said Little, half to himself, "that the innocent suffer equally with the guilty."

"I don't bother myself with morbid speculation," replied the cousin, holding his wineglass to the light. "Life is too short."

If the truth must be told, Mr. Jack Remmington bothered himself but little with what was morbid or disagreeable, outside — be it understood — of his own personal affairs. His life, hitherto, had been a pleasant promenade through sweet-smelling gardens. Coming occasionally upon a muck heap, he would hasten by, holding his handkerchief to his handsome nose; and thus, by avoiding the unsavory odors of existence, he had acquired correct and fastidious tastes

which he and his friends very properly regarded as the sole credentials of a gentleman! His selfishness, of course, was not on the surface. Hence his popularity. No man could render a petty service more gracefully than he. Indeed as a bachelor of the arts that please he had graduated in early youth, *summa laude*. The reader will ask impatiently what the deuce this *Arbiter Elegantiarum* is doing upon a hundred and sixty acres of chaparral and bunch grass. The question is easily answered. Jack Remmington, a poor man, was in attendance upon his next of kin, a millionaire.

When a great specialist told the latter that one of his lungs was gone and the other going, and that nothing could prolong his life but climate, a dry warm climate, such as may be found in Southern California, Jack, most unselfishly as every one agreed, proposed to accompany his cousin. The doctor had been emphatic upon one point.

"My dear sir," he said, "I condemn you, you understand, to the wilds. Nature may take pity on you, but Nature must not be hampered by Mrs. Grundy. Late hours and late dinners would finish you in three months."

A plethoric bank account, at such times, works wonders. At least a dozen impetuous friends offered their services to Arthur Little, but he chose Jack Remmington. For Jack he always had a sneaking fondness. Jack was so cheery and so strong, such a capital shot, such an excellent judge of a horse. And Jack certainly proved himself the right man in the right place. 'T was he who, with the assistance of a San Lorenzo doctor, selected a government claim upon the edge of the Cuyama grant. 'T was he who superintended the building and furnishing of the house upon the knoll. 'T was he who selected with infinite judgment cigars, wines, and comestibles,

and the Chinese *chef* at fifty dollars *per mensem*, and the Chinese boy who waited at table and washed clothes. Little did nothing but sit still and sign checks.

"I'm going to write to Charles Bal-four," said Jack, as he lit his cigar. "I don't propose being snubbed by his majordomo. He's been damnably uncivil and I shall enjoy taking him down a peg or two."

"That will be unnecessary," rejoined Little. "I shall make a point of seeing Fawcett tomorrow. There has been a ridiculous misunderstanding which a few words from me will rectify. I had a bad fit of coughing, Jack, this morning."

Mr. Remmington's features expressed the gravest concern.

"In justice to you," pursued Little, "I ought to say, Jack, that in the event of my death I have left you the——"

"Arthur," murmured the other.

"The bulk of my fortune!"

"My dearest old man, pray let us talk of something else."

"All right. I thought I'd mention it. If I live,——"

"If you live! Of course you'll live," replied the other. "You are getting fat already. A year of this," he waved his cigar dramatically, "will set you up entirely."

As he spoke, the odious thought suggested itself that a year on the Cuyama would contain twelve tedious months, and each of these some thirty tedious days. How profitably the same year might be spent, say abroad, in Paris and Hamburg and Monte Carlo, provided,—*bien entendu*,—that the bulk of his cousin's fortune were his!

"Why, Jack," cried Little, "how red you are! The California sun has touched you up with a vengeance."

"The fact is," stammered Remmington, "the mere notion of losing *you*, old man, has made me feel quite queer!"

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III.

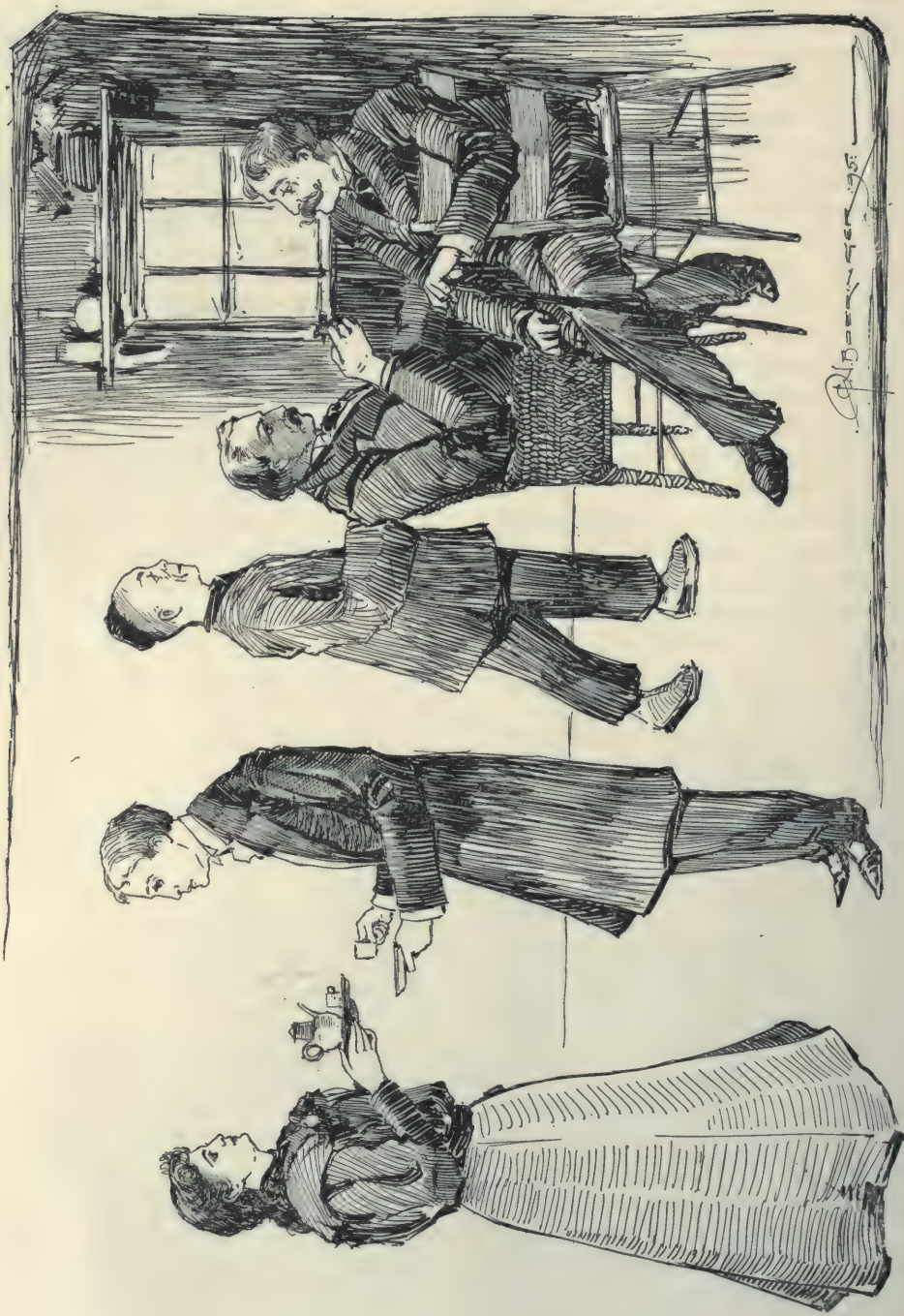
BECAUSE Valerian Fawcett had chosen to banish himself from the haunts of civilized man it must not be rashly inferred that he had lost either the instincts or intuitions of gentlefolk. Certain sensibilities, indeed, had been whetted rather than dulled by enforced companionship with semi-savages. Among these may be instanced the faculty of observation. But his knowledge of Antonia's character was absurdly inadequate to the opportunities he had had of studying the same. Under certain conditions he apprehended its limitations, but these conditions since the advent of a handsome stranger had been curiously modified. He noticed immediately a change in her face, a new play of feature, an elasticity of expression, which he interpreted aright. At dinner—they dined at noon—upon the day she met Little he was amazed at the girl's beauty and charm. He decided instantly that she had disobeyed him and would probably lie to him if he questioned her. Hence he held his tongue, and to put her off her guard, was more amiable than usual. At supper he was quite friendly, and at breakfast the next morning mentioned casually that a change of air might do her good.

"You look peaky, child," he said, regarding her closely, "the Lord knows why!"

"I don't care about leaving home," she replied, blushing.

Her telltale face verified his worst suspicions. Furiously angry but outwardly calm, he left the table and spent the morning, cogitating, in the parlor where Arthur Little found him.

The young man stated his errand in half a dozen courteous phrases. As he spoke he made a mental inventory of the contents of the room; a long, low room with a big fireplace at one end and three



"LA BELLE CAFETIERE."

ugly windows on one side. The list was as follows: a threadbare carpet, books, some excellent mezzo-tints in plain ebony frames, an exquisite white china clock flanked by a pair of old silver candlesticks of Corinthian design, some hard chairs and a most uncompromising sofa, a square table and upon it a square mahogany desk, a guitar, a dozen miniatures hanging in a straight row and above them a really beautiful picture of a lovely woman, Antonia's mother!

"I hope, Mr. Fawcett," said Arthur, in conclusion, "that you will not withhold from us the right hand of good-fellowship. I appeal to you as a personal friend of Charles Balfour, whose interests, I assure you, will not be imperiled by me. I met your daughter by accident yesterday, and introduced myself to her. What a lovely child she is!"

Fawcett's brow cleared. He had wronged his daughter, he admitted to himself, and had blundered in regard to these strangers. As friends of his employer they could not possibly be either ignored or snubbed. Accordingly Jack Remmington, who had stayed outside in the buggy, was summoned and a bottle of old cognac produced.

"I need some medicine," said Fawcett dryly. "Will you join me, gentlemen?"

Little's tact and the old cognac made easy a somewhat difficult situation and the talk became animated. Remmington discoursed freely and laughed. (His laugh was considered his strong point, his chief attraction!) He told a capital story and capped it with another. Antonia, in her own bed-room, could distinguish the ringing tones of his voice, the crystal clarity of his laughter. She arrayed herself in her prettiest muslin frock and consulted anxiously her mirror. Surely her father would at least ask these delightful strangers to stay and

dine. In a fever of excitement she sought the kitchen and bade the Mexican cook—a stout, moonfaced lady who answered smilingly to the name of Dolores—to be prepared for a *fiesta*. Then she selected the best table cloth in the linen closet, set some flowers in a bowl, and unpacked a few pieces of old silver. Polishing these assiduously, she heard a summons from her father.

"What is there for dinner?"

"Broilers," she panted, "and a salad. And, papa, there is my fruit cake, my beautiful fruit cake, and Dolores will make some *tortillas*, and if you give her time, *chiles rellenos*, and—"

"That will do," he said curtly. "Why are you pinked out like this?"

"Why," she stammered, "I thought, that is, I—hoped. O papa,"—she clasped her hands,—“you will let me come into dinner, won't you?"

"No," he said emphatically, but not unkindly. "Little girls are out of place at such a time. Afterwards, perhaps, you may bring in the coffee, but—"

She did not await the conclusion of the sentence, but fled weeping to her room.

"He is cruel," she sobbed, flinging herself upon the bed. "Cruel, cruel, cruel! I—yes, I do—it may be wicked, but I don't care,—I hate him."

After dinner—a really capital dinner—Little spoke of Antonia.

"I hope we shall see Miss Fawcett," he said pleasantly. "She did me a kindness yesterday, and I have brought her this little phial of attar of rose which I bought in Bagdad. It's as sweet," he added tranquilly, "as the memory to me of the service she rendered."

Remmington stared at his cousin and smiled. "Queer chap," he reflected. "He would n't give the phial to the girl without telling the old man, and he makes his pretty speech to the father instead of the daughter!"

Fawcett took the long, slender bottle into his hand and examined it. It was tightly stoppered but a faint smell emanated from it. His wife—he glanced at her picture—had used this perfume.

"You are very kind, Mr. Little," he said absently. "I told Antonia to bring us the coffee. I will go and find her."

"What do you think of him?" asked Jack as the door closed behind their host.

"He impressed me as one who has weighed life and found it wanting."

"The stamp of failure is on his face."

"A strong face too, Jack. Not a man to trifle with. Not a man lightly to offend. A bitter, vindictive enemy, I should say, and savage as a grizzly when aroused. That look on his face you speak of is the brand of Cain. It's an awful thing to wrong a fellow creature as he wronged that Russian and then to kill him."

"I suppose so," said Remmington. "He's still a very powerful man, an awkward customer."

They heard his footstep in the passage, the heavy step of one who has bidden farewell to happiness and ambition, and were silent.

Their host entered the room followed by Antonia, dimpled and rosy as Aurora. She had taken heart, after the storm and stress of disappointment, and had prepared the coffee, which she poured gracefully from a handsome Queen Anne coffee-pot.

"*La belle cafetière*," murmured Jack to himself, as he sipped his coffee. "She takes after her mother, a Frenchwoman of the Faubourg; what arms, what a neck, what an instep!" Contemplating these charms he held his tongue. Meantime Arthur was presenting his phial of attar of roses. She received it prettily.

"Shows her breeding," thought Little, "a country miss might be expected to blush and gush. She does neither." He watched her later as she answered shyly some questions of Remmington. Presently she laughed—a silvery laugh—and Jack laughed also, a delightful duet. Little glanced at Valerian Fawcett. He, too, was watching his daughter, with compressed lips and a deep, vertical line between his black brows. The man was trying to resolve a problem. Given, a beautiful woman, a lonely cattle ranch, and a dishonored father. Find a husband! Would either of these New Yorkers, bristling, of course, with the traditions and prejudices of an ancient family, take to his arms *as wife* the daughter of an outlaw?

When the young men had driven away, (after many protestations of amity on their part and a cordial invitation to dine in return at the house on the knoll,) Fawcett lifted abruptly the curtain which had veiled from Antonia's eyes his unhappy past. Very curtly and incisively, after his own fashion, he told the story of his life. The girl listened breathlessly, full of pity and sympathy which found outward expression in tender glances and tearful ejaculations.

"Because that heartless scoundrel," concluded Fawcett; "because that base knave, that savage beast,"—he ground out the epithets, and Antonia, who had never seen her impassive father so moved, trembled,—"that Tartar cur, rushed blindly upon the point of my rapier, I was cut; ostracised; hounded—aye, hounded out of New York, bankrupt in everything save your mother's love!"

Antonia was crying silently; the large tears trickling unheeded down her cheeks.

"I married her the day I left prison, but the shame and disgrace killed her. Of all my so-called friends one only

remained loyal, Charles Balfour. He urged me to come here and live the scandal down. But—God Almighty!—such scandals are never lived down. I worked like a slave for Balfour. His income from this property has doubled, yes trebled, since I took hold of it. And I shall stay here till I die. Do you think I could return to the world and see men pointing and whispering, 'There's Fawcett, who murdered Sergius Patoff'? Never! But you, Antonia," his voice sank, "what shall I do with you?"

She crept to his side, poor child, and slipped her small hand into his. He crushed it convulsively and let it drop.

"I shall stay here with you," she said simply.

Her father was silent. Presently he said, "Antonia, I'm going to speak plainly. As regards Mr. Little and his cousin I've made an absurd blunder, but it may be retrieved. The opportunity of your life has come. It must be seized. Little has taken an extraordinary fancy to you. He's sickly; true: and not likely to make old bones, but I like him vastly better than the other fellow. Now I don't ask you to fling yourself at this man's head, but I beg you to remember that he's very rich, and—which scores heavily with me—a gentleman."

"He's dying!"

"Not a bit of it. He'll pick up his strength in this climate. The cousin is handsome enough to turn any girl's head, but for Heaven's sake don't entangle yourself with him. A fool, remember, buys experience, but the wise borrow it. Men of Remington's stamp are entirely selfish. Take my word for *that*! Don't throw yourself away on *him*,—that's all."

She kissed him timidly, and stole from the room.

Valerian Fawcett sighed and frowned.

"Why is it?" he murmured to him-

self, glancing at the picture of his wife, "why is it that women nine times out of ten marry the wrong man? What did her mother see in Sergius Patoff? Nothing but his good looks,—till it was too late. Well—I've warned Antonia!"

Meantime the girl was sitting by the pool, smiling happily. Presently she pulled from her pocket the phial of attar of rose, and inhaled its fragrance.

"How kind he is," she thought, "but—"

Her fancy strayed no further. She blushed and laughed!

IV.

THE year began to wane. Sultry September passed, and warm October gave place to cool November. The first showers fell; and a tender green gleamed faintly upon the foothills; and the mountain springs, sun-dried for many a month, purled forth a paean of praise. An enchanting freshness lingered everywhere. The nights on the Cuyama plains were ever cool (even at mid-summer one needed a blanket), but now the days were cool also. The dry, crisp air was charged with mysterious, healing properties, which commenced forthwith their mild, assuasive processes, restoring and renewing wasted tissues, revitalizing the blood, quickening imperceptibly the languid pulse, invigorating mind and body. Arthur Little inhaled this subtle medicine and rejoiced. He felt within him a new life, new energies, new ambitions. He looked in his mirror and beheld—a new man! Then he journeyed to San Lorenzo and interviewed his doctor.

"Marvelous," muttered that gentleman, "marvelous! Mr. Little, you may live to three score years and ten, if—you take care of yourself."

"Can I marry?" asked Arthur nervously.

"Certainly. Not today, perhaps, but in three months. One lung will recover entirely. The other," he pursed his lips and shook his head. "Well, Mr. Little, the woods here are full of one-lunged men! But stick to the ranch, sir. Take no chances."

Little returned, with a grateful heart, to La Cuyama. As he drove slowly through tortuous cañons, across rocky divides, through smiling valleys and fruitful mesas, ever ascending to what seemed to him "a purer ether, a diviner air," he told himself again and again that the lines of his life had fallen in pleasant places. The bevvies of quail, the rabbits scuttling through the brush, the buzzards sailing idly in a cloudless sky, the scream of the blue jays, the lowing of the distant herds, the fragrance of pines and herbs,—sage, thyme, and tarweed,—these things, animate and inanimate, filled his soul with delight and thanksgiving. He decided to live here, *here* where God, in his infinite goodness, had given him health and strength, a portion of each year. He would buy, by the advice of Fawcett, a league of land and make a home, a home for himself and Antonia!

He loved her. She had occupied his heart from the moment she touched, with compassionate fingers, his poor face. Since then he had had abundant opportunities of studying her intently. Even her faults, the faults of a generous, outspoken nature, endeared her to him. Believing his malady to be past mending, he had kept his secret well, but now — with the doctor's permission — he swore to do all that became a man to woo and win her.

When he reached home late in the afternoon, hot and dusty with travel, he inquired for Remmington. The Chinaman (who acted as valet and was busy

preparing his bath and laying out clean clothes) answered:—

"He go see small-foot," — Ah Foo alluded to Antonia, — "he heap likee small-foot. I know. Pretty soon they marry. I think so. Jack, heap fine man, he kissee girl, lotsy, lotsy times. I see him."

"That will do," said Little quietly. "You can go, Foo, I don't need you."

Ah Foo glanced at him from the corner of his almond eyes.

"He likee girl, too," he muttered. "Girl all same damfool, she likee wrong man. Jack, big, strong, heap fine, but — *no good!*"

Arthur bathed, and lighting a cigar, sat down upon the porch. He smoked tranquilly, his eyes resting upon the distant horizon where the jagged peaks of the San Emigdio Mountains cut sharply the opalescent sky.

"Fool," he murmured once or twice. "Blind fool!"

At sundown the night wind rushed boisterously up the valley, rattling the dying leaves of the cottonwoods and white-oaks. Little shivered. He ought to go in. A sudden chill was more to be feared than the fangs of a rattlesnake. But he lingered, smoking and thinking, until Remmington rode up and overwhelmed him with greetings.

After dinner they sat in the parlor. Jack lighted the fire and Ah Foo staggered in with an armful of aromatic pine cones. By the cheery blaze of these the cousins talked, Little waiting impatiently for the inevitable confession, and waiting in vain. Finally, chafing at the suspense, he threw out these tentacula.

"You've sometimes thought of marriage, Jack? Eh?"

"Marriage! Why, yes. There was Mollie Walker, you remember Mollie and the noise she made eating soup; a gilded pill. I nearly swallowed her, or I should

say she nearly swallowed me, her mouth was large enough. Then there was Fanny Porter, and that awful Oregon girl, and Mercedes, *une Andalouse au sein bruni*, and Alice Carr. Sweet Alice, where art thou? Gad, how I loved Alice. but she had n't a cent, not a *maravedi*! My wife, you see; my dear Arthur, must support me. Obviously I cannot support her."

"You have been engaged?"

"Bless you, a dozen times. Soberly speaking, I ought to settle down. I'm not getting any younger, or jollier, or better looking. I really feel like marrying, and being a good boy for the balance of my days."

Arthur writhed in spirit, but said nothing. Mr. Remmington, who liked the sound of his own voice, continued:—

"I've had splendid chances and let 'em slide. I never could resist a pretty face, and the ugly ones who have the cold cash are so damnably particular. That fiddle-headed Porter girl gave me the sack because she caught me kissing her French maid. But speaking of pretty faces, I've seen nothing to compare with Antonia Fawcett; *'Matre pulchra filia pulchrior.'* And she's the most affectionate little thing on earth. Watch her with horses and dogs. Any fool can see with half an eye that she has a superfluity of the milk of human kindness and Fawcett is a regular clam. He can shut the child up with one look, damn him! How cheery this fire is. That and your sober old phiz inspire confidence. I'm going to tell you something. I'm head over ears in love with Antonia."

It was out at last. Arthur sighed, He considered himself under great personal obligations to this man. Making allowance for a streak of levity in his character, he gave him (had always given him) credit for many excellent qualities. During the past three months he had proved

himself a comrade in the French sense of the word. Shooting, fishing, sketching, or card-playing, he had been invariably the best of company, a prince of good fellows.

"And she?" said Little quietly. "Does she care for you?"

Jack stroked his blonde mustache.

"Well, yes, she does. And that 's the devil of it, for of course I can't marry on my present income."

"Not marry!" cried Little indignantly. "You don't tell me, you don't *dare* to tell me that in your disgusting selfishness you have engaged this girl's affections only to trifle with her!"

"Why, how hot you are, old chap! Anyone would suppose you were in love with Antonia yourself. I never saw you so excited. But you put the case too harshly: I never intended to trifle with her."

"You never *intended*! Good God! He says he never intended! You are a scoundrel, John Remmington, and you have done a scoundrelly thing!"

Remmington's florid face grew very white.

"Keep a civil tongue in your mouth, Arthur, till I explain. You force my hand. When I asked Antonia to become my wife, I thought—damn it all, how can I put it? It sounds brutal, but I thought you were dying. The doctor—that fellow in San Lorenzo—told me so. Then we came on here and you said, sitting in that very chair, the day you had that bad coughing spell, that—that—er—you had willed me the bulk of your fortune. The next morning I met Antonia. After that we were together a good deal. Fawcett and you seemed to pair off, and I—well, I'm not made of stone—I found out that she liked me. We became engaged. I begged Antonia not to speak to the old man. She agreed readily enough. It appears he had

already warned her to beware of me, but she confessed that she 'd loved me from the time she found my footprint at the willow spring. I told her that I was expecting a great deal of money from a relative and that we must wait patiently till I was in a position to approach her father. Then you began to mend and my bubbles of romance burst. We kept our secret jealously, but the cat's out of the bag now. I love her, better than all the others put together. I feel a better man in her presence,—but marriage! How can I marry on nothing a year?"

He stared moodily into the crimson ashes of the cones. They had blazed up bravely for a few minutes, giving forth great heat, light, and perfume. Now, practically, the fire was out. Little called to mind the sacred flame of love which burns eternally in the hearts of some, but in general glows fiercely for a brief season, with exceeding radiance, and then dies.

"I beg your pardon," he said slowly. "I see my responsibility and will shoulder it. I'll give you an income,—no, don't thank me!—if you really love Antonia."

"I swear that I can make her happy."

"That is the right key. I expected to hear you say that she could make *you* happy, which we will take for granted. Take care of her, Jack. She is a sensitive plant. You pride yourself on doing things well, better than other men. Apply that principle to marriage. Begin by considering and pleasing your wife, and you will end by pleasing yourself. Tomorrow we will discuss this in detail. I am tired tonight, and am going to bed. Good night and God bless you."

They shook hands and Arthur retired. But Remmington threw a log on the expiring embers and sat—thinking of the future—for a couple of hours.

"Queer chap Arthur," he mused.

"Generous as a caliph and true as steel, but cold—cold as charity. I don't suppose he could fall in love to save his life!"

Ten months later the screws of the Cunard Company's Steamship Umbria were churning into yellow foam the waters of the Hudson. A few more minutes and the great ship would be in dock and her cargo scattered broadcast over the city. The Remmingtons—Jack and his wife—were pacing slowly up and down the hurricane deck.

"In half an hour," said Jack, "we shall be shaking hands with old Arthur. How glad he will be to see us."

"And how glad we shall be to see him," suggested Antonia. "Do you know, Jack, I once fancied he cared for me. I was thinking of you and blind to everybody else, but still I fancy——"

"Of course," replied her husband, "he was a victim. You women are all savages at heart. Your favorite amusement is counting scalps. But, my dear child, in this case you are vastly mistaken. Arthur is the best fellow in the world but he has spent his life taking care of himself and thinking of that one lung."

"O Jack! How can you say such things! After all he has done for us. It sounds so ungrateful."

She looked wistfully into his handsome face, tanned by wind and sun. How strong he was! What a man! And yet of late certain misgivings had assailed her. Jack was very loving, very attentive, very *jolly*, but Antonia had begun to realize his limitations. He was so exacting, so intolerant of feminine weakness. A headache, lassitude, any trifling ailment, annoyed him.

"When I married you," he had said more than once, "I gave you credit for perfect health. A sickly woman is an awful nuisance!"

He expected her to be always *tirée à quatre épingles*, or as he phrased it, "on deck." She remembered, with a pang, how—shortly after their marriage—she had been unable to attend a great ball at Delmonico's. Jack had been absurdly angry, and finally had gone alone, leaving her in tears, the bitterest she had ever shed.

"Ungrateful," he repeated, pulling his long mustache, "well, I'm hanged! Did n't I give up six months of my life to Arthur Little? He repaid me royally, true. But all said and done, the income he allows me is a mere flea bite to him. He admitted to me that I saved his life. I'm his next of kin and—er—"

"Don't," said Antonia, wincing. "Don't finish the sentence, Jack."

The huge vessel was majestically approaching her moorings. The crowd on the wharf could be distinctly seen: handkerchiefs fluttered and hoarse cries were borne across the shimmering water. Nothing in life yields more pleasure to the second than the meeting of those we love after long absence. The recognition, first of voice, then of form, and lastly feature. But the Remingtons were denied this pleasure. To their great disappointment, Little's frail figure and kindly face were not to be seen.

As they went down the gangway a tall thin man with very white whiskers and very pale face touched Jack upon the arm, and leading him aside, whispered a few words.

"Anything wrong?" asked Antonia, noting a peculiar expression upon her husband's features.

"Nothing," he replied hastily.

But at the hotel, when they were alone, he told her as gently as he could that Little was no more. He had taken cold: violent inflammation had set in: he was dead and—buried! The funeral had taken place the day before.

Antonia listened, trembling, to the end. Her husband kissed her, but she drew away from him, sobbing bitterly. So uncontrollable was her grief, so irrepressible her emotion, that he became peevish.

"Come, come," he said, frowning. "That will do, Antonia. It's bad form to make such a scene as this. Confound it—the hotel people will think I'm beating you. Poor Arthur is better off where he is. There is, really, a fate in these things. When a man survives his usefulness—and what can a one-lunged man do?—Providence generally takes him off. Think of the good use we shall make of his millions!"

"Have you no heart?" she cried passionately. "We have lost our dearest friend, the kindest, the most generous man in the world, and you prate of bad form. Merciful Heaven! have I made a mistake?"

He glanced at her coldly, contemptuously.

"A mistake? What the devil do you mean?"

She shuddered.

"What do you mean?" he repeated. "I insist upon an explanation."

"I mean," she said quietly, putting her hand to her throat, "that I know now, now that he is dead, that Arthur loved me. And I might have loved him, but instead I loved you. Do you know how a child of seventeen can love? No,—you don't! But I think he did. There lies the difference between him and you; and today, hearing you speak as you have just spoken, and knowing, as I know, that you are thinking, not of your friend, but of the money he left behind him, I ask myself—have I made a mistake!"

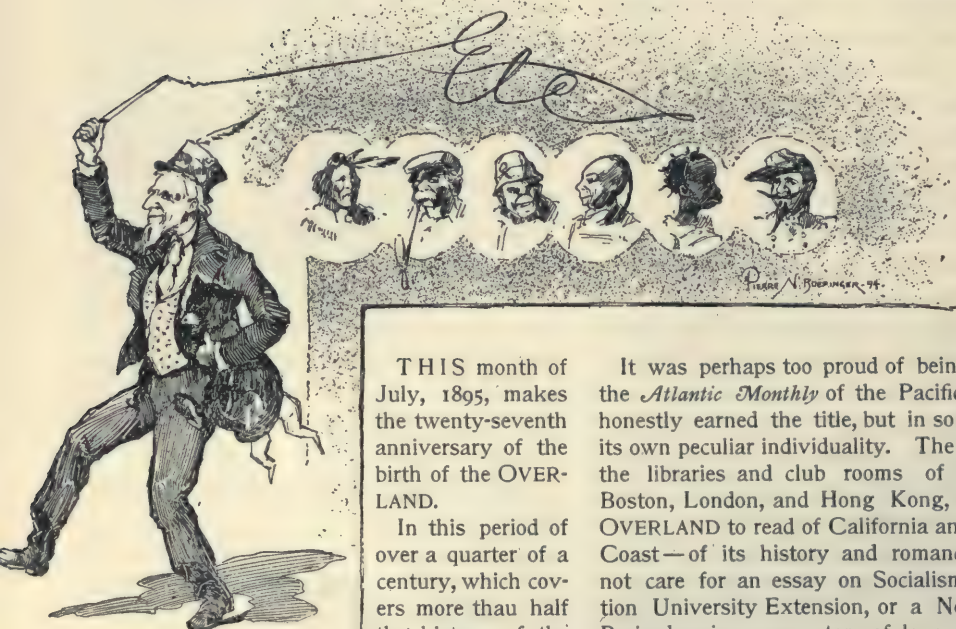
Her husband laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"I can answer the question," he said

brutally. "We've got to live out our lives together, and as we're both of us remarkably healthy persons, the odds are we shall spend some forty or fifty

years together. You ask, 'Have I made a mistake?' The woman who frames that question in regard to her husband has already answered it!"

Horace Annesley Vachell.



THIS month of July, 1895, makes the twenty-seventh anniversary of the birth of the OVERLAND.

In this period of over a quarter of a century, which covers more than half the history of the State, the common-

wealth and the magazine have seen good seasons and bad. There was a time when the OVERLAND was first published, in 1868-69, when Bret Harte was its editor and was just realizing fame and money on his "Luck of Roaring Camp" stories, that the OVERLAND felt sure of its existence and free to boast, but for the past twenty years for one reason and another it has always been thankful to see its birthdays safely behind it with a half uttered prayer that it would reach another one. But in spite of hard times, rich rivals, and small bank accounts, it has always kept steadily forward, the one true, unswerving mirror of all that was best and most praiseworthy in Californian life and story. If the present writer might be allowed to both criticise and praise the management of the magazine during this time, he would say that its business end had been sacrificed to its editorial and literary ideals.

It was perhaps too proud of being known as the *Atlantic Monthly* of the Pacific Coast. It honestly earned the title, but in so doing it lost its own peculiar individuality. The American in the libraries and club rooms of New York, Boston, London, and Hong Kong, takes up the OVERLAND to read of California and the Pacific Coast—of its history and romance: he does not care for an essay on Socialism, a dissertation University Extension, or a New York or Paris drawing room story of love and intrigue. He can get all of this done to his own taste in his own magazine. The OVERLAND has its own field and he expects it to fill it and not invade that of another.

There are plenty of reasons why the OVERLAND or any like magazine on this Coast cannot own its own publishing house and pay small fortunes for lives of dead heroes or the work of world famous novelists. There are only one and a half million people on this Coast. Of that million and a half the majority are in one way and another readers of the OVERLAND,—in school libraries, reading rooms, clubs, etc.,—which fact, while it is gratifying to the editor, is not always quite satisfactory to the manager. He often remarks of his magazine as he sees the letters of commendation and approval pour into the editorial department, that he realizes what Bill Nye so graphically said of the Platte River, that it had a tremendous influence but small

circulation. We are not apologizing for the OVERLAND or its field, but when you stop to consider that in and around New York there are three millions of people as a basis for the circulation of a New York magazine, you cannot wonder that the OVERLAND and its managers, past and present, feel like crowing a little on every birthday. When the managers, editorial or business, are mentioned, it must not be forgotten that there has always been a corporal's guard of prominent Californians who have stood back of and under the magazine, always ready and willing to help it over every seemingly unsurmountable obstacle. They certainly should not feel angered if their names are entered here as deserving the thanks of all who are jealous of the good name of State and Coast. Judge John H. Boalt, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Captain J. M. McDonald, and Hon. W. W. Foote are the present directory. And there are others who either as directors or stockholders have been and are deserving of all the gratitude that will ever be awarded them for their unflinching interest. But the list is too long to chronicle. They themselves know and they know that we know and are grateful.

The Overland's Birthday.

IT CAN do no harm thus to talk freely of the hopes, aspirations, and successes, of the magazine to friends and well wishers on this, its natal day. We are

constantly doing it verbally and by letter in answer to direct questions. Never in the past twenty years has the magazine been in a position to talk with better grace. We have not reached the 50,000 new subscriptions that we boasted we would have by July; but we have done so well that we have no fault to find with the hard times or indifference of the few.

It is almost foolish to state figures and facts regarding circulation in these days when competitors boast of 250,000 and 400,000 circulations; but it can be said, and said truthfully, that the OVERLAND has within the past year, the hardest this Coast has ever seen, more than doubled its Coast circulation, and added one third to its Eastern and foreign circulation. Now, from the nature of things we cannot invite you to a birthday party, but we are in a position to receive congratulations and presents. Let the presents be subscriptions, and remember in this case it will be more blessed for you to receive your own magazine than to give the small subscription. Who will be the first?

The Coeur d' Alene Troubles.

LIEUTENANT FRENCH'S article on the Coeur d' Alene troubles of 1892, is rendered especially timely by the telegrams in the current daily papers, telling of new disturbances. That article puts the reader in a position to understand thoroughly dispatches like the following:—

SERIOUS TROUBLE FEARED.

It is Likely to Break Out at Any Time in
Coeur d' Alene.

DENVER, Col., June 12.—An alarming state of affairs exists in Coeur d' Alene, Northern Idaho. News received here today indicates that serious trouble is likely to break out there at any time between the Miners' Union and the law and order men who have organized to protect laborers in their right to work and the mine-owners in their right to employ whom they please.

A man who incurred the enmity of the Miners' Union was killed there recently, murdered with an ax, which was found buried in his skull, and the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide.

Governor McConnell has made a requisition on the Government for arms and has obtained several hundred stand. Over 200 volunteers are drilling here tonight to prepare for the coming conflict, which seems imminent. Idaho has no State militia.

NO CHANGE AT COEUR 'D ALENE.

Trouble is Feared, However, When Work is
Resumed at the Mines.

SPOKANE, Wash, June 13.—There is no change in the labor situation at the Coeur d' Alene mines. The Bunker Hill and the Sullivan people are preparing to resume work on a basis of \$3 a day for miners and \$2.50 a day for carmen and shovelers, a requisite number of citizens having signed a petition pledging them support.

What the result will be is a matter of conjecture. The Miners' Union declares that there will be no lawlessness, but that the companies will not be able to secure men at the cut wages. Men well informed respecting the situation, however, fear trouble and violence.

The Presidential Bee.

NEVER in the memory of the present generation of voters has there been so little chance for a good Yankee guess as to who will be the next presidential nominees on the Republican and Democratic tickets. The favorites are too few and the field too large. Were it not for the good old-fashioned national objection to seeing any one man serve more times in the Chief Executive's chair than its first great occupant, one

would take few chances in betting on Cleveland. General Washington, however, was President only two terms, General Grant could not do more, and Mr. Cleveland will hardly break the record of his illustrious predecessors. In any case it is of little moment as to the Democratic nominee. It is to the Republican aspirants that the most interest attaches.

Governor Morton's fainting fit on Decoration Day in New York, it is feared removed him from the field. Governor McKinley encountered a cold wave lately in his own State. Tom Reed is as mum as a clam, and Allison, Sherman, and the rest of the perennial candidates, have not even begun to take themselves seriously.

General Harrison seems to be the one and only candidate that is active and willing. He has retired from the practice of law and is gracefully allowing himself to be seen at swell dinner-parties in New York and "close communion" political chin chins. About so much anxiety is expected of a presidential candidate but as the situation stands today, General Harrison need give himself no uneasiness. The Republican West would feel better satisfied if General Harrison would clearly define his position on several of the burning questions of the day. The tariff agitation is a back number. I think no candidate will be so bold as to attempt its resurrection. The country has had a severe lesson and is willing to let good enough alone. The silver question, the Nicaragua Canal, harbor defenses, arid lands, and the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, are a few of the issues in which the Pacific Coast is vitally interested. How does General Harrison stand in regard to them? The country is willing to trust Harrison on his past record, but they would be thankful for some newer public utterance.

A Correction.

TO THE Editor of the OVERLAND: My attention has been called to a error in my article on the Committee of Vigilance of 1856, which should be corrected. On page 537 of the November issue of the OVERLAND, I say "Ed Bulger *et al* were arrested," etc.,— then on page 626 of the December number, it is stated, "On July 24th, Martin Bulger returned." How "Martin" came to be used in place of Ed, I am at a loss to understand, as I know it was not Martin, as shown. Let it be my error or not, it is but proper to make the correction, and had it met my eye sooner, it would at once have received attention.

Yours truly,

Almarin B. Paul.

The Ascent of Shasta.

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, }
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6, 1895. }

Editor Overland Monthly:

I was much interested in the article "Path-finding up Shasta," which appears in your issue for May, 1895, and would be much obliged if I can correct a few statements, and get the facts started right once again.

With Tom Watson, each taking a saddle mule,— "Croppie" and "Dynamite,"— we made the ascent to the summit, Sept. 10, 1883, by what is now known as the "Stewart trail," named after Ed. D. Stewart, who was a member of the party, and whom I intended to take with me instead of Watson, but I was obliged to send Stewart with the mail to Berryvale P. O. (Sisson). Stewart crossed Kon-wak-i-ton Cañon, signifying Mud Creek, in the Wintun language,— and made his way by the route since taken by other parties and Mr. Meredith.

I will state also that I was in charge of a topographical party of the U. S. Geological Survey, and some of the party before and afterwards made the ascent on foot by the "Stewart trail," for the purposes of our work.

By tacking along and avoiding any rushing of the speed of our animals, we rode all the way to the foot of the cliff beyond the "Lunch Rock," which is at about 13,000 feet altitude. We were fresh as when we started and the animals were in good shape. This cliff, of about 200 feet in height, presents the only real obstacle to animals in the ascent, but there is a chute, up and through which by a little patience the animals were easily taken. We were on foot, and kept going up to a good landing the length of the lariat, then at the word the mules would scramble up after us. My mule "Dynamite," was a very sure-footed animal, but very determined to take his time, so Watson went ahead, and at a little distance to avoid the rolling of loose stones. When the cliff was surmounted, and after a good "blow," without any apparent mercy to the mules, we took to the saddle and rode around to the hot springs at the base of the apex. I found Watson there, who had been to the top with "Croppie."

One of our party, Mr. Wm. B. Hester, who went up to make barometric observations the same day, and who had passed me upon his return, told me he had seen Watson with the mule at the signal. So except for the name of it, I was satisfied that a saddle-animal had been taken to the signal. However, I scrambled up the slope, followed by the faithful "Dynamite,"

who without any hesitation walked the thin spur leading to the signal, and to it he was tied while I entered the record among the inscriptions.

We returned to camp without any accident, taking a more direct route, and half sliding nearly all the way, which from the signal took only three hours, a descent of seven thousand feet.

If any one desires to repeat such an enterprise, take Stewart with you, if your animals are green in scrambling work among rocks, give them a good shoeing with sharp shoes and then a little practice, and remember that you have to learn to be patient, "don't rush," and keep moving.

The eastern side of Mount Shasta is very beautiful and interesting, and a party can find a great deal of interest and delight in the deep cañons, waterfalls, and glaciers. Several days can be profitably occupied before the ascent is attempted.

Gilbert Thompson.

General James F. Curtis.

SINCE General Curtis, who figures prominently in the article on the Coeur d' Aléne labor troubles, has been made the subject of bitter attacks, political and otherwise, for his activity in that matter, it seems proper to add to the facts mentioned by Lieutenant French the following biographical notes:

General Curtis was born in Boston, in 1825. He left there for California in the year 1848, and has resided upon the Pacific Coast most of the time since.

His ancestors since 1635 have been distinguished in the history of New England. His father held a commission in the U. S. Navy during the war of 1812, and participated in many of the sea fights of that period. He was a lieutenant on the frigate Constitution in her action with the British ships Cyane and Levant and was attached to the frigate Chesapeake at the time of her action with the British frigate Shannon.

In the early times of California, General Curtis took a prominent part. We find him operating the steamboat Tehama in 1851, between San Francisco and Stockton; mining in Calaveras County, and merchandising in San Francisco. He was a prominent member of the Vigilance Committee of 1853 and 1856. Was captain of a light battery then known as First California Guards. He then served two years Chief of Police of San Francisco.

In 1859, as Captain of a company of volunteer cavalry, he made a vigorous and successful campaign under the leadership of the famous Colonel Jack Hays, against the Piute Indians of Nevada.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion he recruited a regiment of Californians and was appointed its major. In 1864 he was promoted to the colonelcy of the Fourth Regiment, California Volunteer Infantry, and commanded that regiment till the close of the war. This regiment saw much service, its field of operation being from Colville, Washington, on the north, to Arizona and the Mexican line on the extreme south, and included various engagements with the Spokane Indians, the Piutes, the Humboldts and Apaches. In all these affairs his conduct was approved by his commanding officers. During the war period there was a strong disloyal element in southern California and southern Oregon, and General Curtis received the written encomiums of his superior officers for the able manner in which he handled this element.

In 1865, he was commissioned by President Johnson Brigadier-General by brevet, for faithful and meritorious services during the war.

In 1880, he visited Europe in the employ of the Hinkley Locomotive Company of Boston, and spent some time studying the improved system of manufacturing locomotives in that country.

In 1885, he came to Idaho in the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad Company to examine and survey possible routes for the extension of their system. He reported a route by the way of the Malheur River and Harney Valley, through Beckwith's Pass to Sacramento. He also surveyed a road up the Weiser River to the Seven Devils country. In the spring of 1887 he selected the route of the Boise and Nampa branch, and under his management this road was completed and opened in the fall of that year.

General Curtis is a member of Phil. Sheridan Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Loyal Legion of the United States, California Commandery.

In politics General Curtis has always been a Republican, having cast his first vote for General John C. Frémont in 1856.

It will be seen that he has always been loyal and untiring in the discharge of duty, even in the hardest service; and this feature of his character has enabled him to achieve marked success in the management of affairs in the North, and at the same time has exposed him to the fire of unscrupulous enemies, who object to having duty performed and the law enforced.



The Completed Standard Dictionary.¹

IT IS not a modest name that Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls chose for their Dictionary. With so many dictionaries in the field, and two such notable recent ones as the Century and the International, it was a pretty bold thing to put out a new one at all, and a still bolder to call it the *Standard Dictionary*. But when the first volume was published last year, nobody of all the thousands of reviewers was found to quarrel with the name, and still less will there be, now that the whole work is in hand.

For it is too evident to be questioned that the publishers were prepared to back up the name they had chosen by an expenditure of time, and thought, and money, so lavish that it may fairly be claimed that the result is as nearly perfect as human skill and knowledge can make it in these closing years of the nineteenth century. Nearly a million dollars was spent before a single copy was put on the market, and 247 specialists and 500 readers were employed on the work. It is not too much to say that this corps contained the best scholarship that America and the English speaking world can muster. To read their names and the department assigned to each is in general to learn who is the most eminent man in that subject.

Volume One has been in daily use in this office for a year, and has during that time weaned the editorial force from all other dictionaries. The subject of Western words was given to Mr. H. H. Bancroft, and the completeness and accuracy with which he has endowed it in that department makes the book the first requisite for the literary man on the Pacific Slope.

The two volume scheme is most satisfactory. The book is not so large as to be clumsy, and

yet no time is lost in picking out the required volume from a number.

He will be a bold man indeed that shall for many years to come undertake to make a better dictionary.

Hittell's Book on the Papacy.²

THIS is a strong indictment of an institution which has become part of the working force of the world today. Mr. Hittell has brought together with infinite pains all the evil that has come with the long struggle of Rome, first to secure political power and then to retain it. He wisely and most properly, not being a theologian, leaves the theological question alone, and in this he sets an excellent example by which many another writer on the Papacy might profit. His quarrel seems to be the old one of politics. He does not spare the lash nor mince his words. With many of his statements it is likely that many Roman Catholics will agree, for they are not blind to the wrongs done under the name of religion; with other of his statements, not they alone but many thinking Protestants will seriously disagree.

The author claims that he is not so much anti-Catholic as he is anti-Papist, and there certainly is some difference between the terms. The Ultramontanes are in the ascendancy, but they certainly are not the true spokesmen and representatives of the whole of that great Church. The liberal Catholic is a person who has to be reckoned with; Mr. Hittell would seem to point to him as the only possible hope of the Roman Church.

It is well that we dwell in a free country, else the author might be hastened to that unwelcome abode where without doubt every Papist who

¹Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Funk & Wagnalls: New York: 1895.

²The Papacy. By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: 1895

shall take up this book will readily and heartily consign him. Mr. Hittell is one of ourselves, and through a long course of years has been known for his charity. He has certainly placed a heavy strain upon that virtue. The thought naturally arises, Cui bono? Such a tirade does not affect Rome. She is well used to it. It can but help to inflame the passion of many who, unlike the gifted author, cannot separate the political from the spiritual. And yet, one useful end this book may serve. It is a perfect compendium of all the historical objections to Rome and her interference with worldly things: in one volume we have what hitherto took a wide range of reading to gather together. To the local A. P. A. alike as to the Y. M. I., it should prove interesting; to the one bringing much needed scholarship to the aid of stern fact, to the other throwing down a definite challenge which the learned men amongst the order should not be slow to take up. A useful and suggestive appendix brings a remarkably readable book of unadorned facts to a close.

Ebers's *Cleopatra*.¹

THE eminent historical novelist, Georg Ebers, has woven a romance out of the lives of Cleopatra and Antony that is as remarkable as it is surprising. Were the author not the greatest Egyptologist of his day, one would hardly take his portrayal of the character of Cleopatra seriously. The world knows the Egyptian Queen as Shakspeare presents her and as history portrays her, not as a devoted wife, mother, and ruler. Ebers does not deny her love of show and dress, or her unparalleled extravagance, but he excuses it all on the plea that she was best pleasing her subjects in so doing. He does not, however, in this novel always agree in his estimate of Cleopatra with his historical and descriptive account of Egypt that was brought out some years ago under the title of "Picturesque Egypt." Cleopatra may have been patriotic, intellectual, and capable of deep love for her children, but the verdict of the world is against her and the record of her life is not one that leaves much chance for the student to come to any more charitable conclusion. The story as a story is hardly equal in interest to "Uarda," or "An Egyptian Princess," still like them, it reveals a perfect familiarity with the manner and life of the times, and is valuable as a side light on history.

¹*Cleopatra*. By Georg Ebers. New York: D. Appleton and Company: 1894. Two vols., \$1 each.

Ebers's work in any form will always repay the reading, and while one may not always agree with his conclusions one cannot help but feel benefited. The translation of *Cleopatra* from the German has been admirably done by Mary J. Safford.

Briefer Notice.

*Golf in America*² by James P. Lee, is a practical manual of what to most Americans is a new game, but which in England is fast taking its place beside cricket as a national game. The author talks of the origin of the game, tracing it to Scotland in 1864, and carrying its history down through England to the formation of the United States Golf Association. He then discusses its advantages and drawbacks, explains its technical terms, and has some advice to beginners. The book is well illustrated and printed, and cannot but be of value to all golfers and those desiring to learn.

Mr. Frank Sands is the author of a charmingly written and well printed little book on Santa Barbara entitled *Santa Barbara at a Glance*³ which is "a compendium of reliable information for citizens, sojourners, and strangers." Mr. Sands discusses in a popular style "Santa Barbara as a Summer Resort," "The Flower Festival," and answers "A Hundred Questions" relative to climate, land, and products. Besides the matter already mentioned there are several poems and a number of attractive half tones of the city and mission. It is a valuable work for residents and home seekers.

*Tan Pile Jim*⁴ is a story for boys of a Yankee waif among the bluenoses of Nova Scotia. The tale is without merit or originality, even its descriptions of village life in Nova Scotia are barren of interest. The author in trying to write down to his readers makes the mistake of going far below the intelligence and appreciation of the average wide-awake boy of today. The conversation and remarks that are put in the mouth of Jim are vulgar rather than amusing. The publishers should have at least used the blue pencil freely before putting the story in type.

²*Golf in America*. By James P. Lee. Dodd, Mead & Co: New York: 1896.

³*Santa Barbara at a Glance*. By Franks Sands. Santa Barbara, Cal.: 1895. 35c

⁴*Tan Pile Jim*. By B. Freeman Ashley. Laird & Lee. Chicago: 1894.



Arthur McEwen's Letter which has within less than a year made an international reputation, announces in its issue of June 15th its discontinuance from lack of adequate support. This is a reflection on San Francisco and California. There is no style of writing that holds the interest of the reader like the feuilleton, when it is well done. Arthur McEwen is by far the strongest writer of his class on this Coast and one of the strongest in the world today. People will read whatever he writes as long as he writes, which in itself ought to be enough to make any paper a success.

* * *

Of Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman's lecture before The Geographical Society of California, May 31st, '95, at Golden Gate Hall, on "Johore and the Malay Peninsula," the city papers commented as follows:

" . . . Laughter as well as applause was aroused by the remarks, which were frequently humorous and always bright. . . "

Chronicle.

" . . . Mr. Wildman's lecture took about an hour and a half in the delivery, and to judge from the applause, was highly interesting to the audience. . . " *Call.*

" . . . He delivers his information in a pleasant, easy style, and his journalistic training developed itself in the maintenance of a strong measure of interest throughout. *Wave.*

* * *

Macmillan & Co. will publish in May, under the title *Studies of Men*, a selection from articles contributed by Mr. G. W. Smalley to the *New York Tribune*. Among the subjects may be mentioned Cardinal Newman, Lord Tennyson, Prince Bismarck, the late master of Balliol, Lord Roseberry, Mr. Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Froude, and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Mr. Stewart Culin, the director of the Museum of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania, whose work in this line is familiar to OVERLAND readers, is about to publish a work on *Korean Games*, with notes on the corresponding games of China and Japan. Mr. Frank Cushing of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, will contribute a commentary. The book will be illustrated with numerous full-page colored illustrations after designs by Korean artists, and with text pictures in black and white from native Chinese and Japanese sketches.

* * *

The Midland Monthly for June, '95, contains a charmingly written sketch by Mrs. Mary J. Reid, author of several literary articles in late numbers of the OVERLAND, on "Julia C. R. Dorr and Some of Her Poet Contemporaries."

* * *

Other Books Received.

Neighbor Jackwood. By J. T. Trowbridge, Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1895. For sale by William Doxey: \$.50.

The Blue and the Gray. By Oliver Optic. *Ibid.*

'Lisbeth Wilson.' By Eliza Nelson Blair. *Ibid.* For sale by Whittaker & Ray Co.

A Seventh Child. By John Strange Winter. J. Sewlyn Tait & Sons: Chicago: 1894.

Melting Snows. By Prince Schoenaich-Carolath. Translated by Margaret Symonds. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.: 1895.

Cash vs. Coin. By Edward Wisner. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.: 1895. 25c.

Letters of Celia Thaxter. Edited by A. F. & R. L. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

A PICTURESQUE AND DELIGHTFUL TRIP THROUGH COLORADO.

"Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation."

Have you ever tasted of the delights of a Colorado trip? No? Well, I will tell you all I know about it. Leaving Ogden in the evening, we made the thirty miles to Salt Lake City in an hour. Traveling nearly all the way along the borders of the Great Salt Lake, the mystic "Dead Sea of America," on through the city of temples and tabernacles and Mormon fame, and through the basin of the Great Salt Lake, to where in the early morning we come upon Grand Junction basking in the new-born sunshine, rightly named, being the converging point of the lines of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and the confluence of the two largest rivers in Colorado, the Gunnison and the Grand. It is the commercial center of a great agricultural region.

The scenery between Grand Junction and Glenwood Springs, is a delightful variety of mountain, valley, and river views. Traversing the downward course of the Grand River, the line offers attractions of a charmingly varied character, to royal Glenwood Springs, fully five thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, protected on every side by lofty mountains. Above the springs, as they rush out of the rocks, are large open caves, which, somewhere within their recesses, must have communication with the hot sulphur water below, because they are filled with the hot sulphur vapor or steam, which rushes out from their mouths in dense clouds. The trout fishing is superb. Trout of two to eight pounds weight are taken in great numbers, and with little trouble. In the fall and winter the hunting is very fine; deer, elk, bear, grouse, and ptarmigan being driven into the park in great numbers by the heavy snows on the surrounding mountains.

The Springs are noted for their curative properties, and the climate is so mild that it is customary to bathe the year around in the open air, and hundreds of invalids remain at the Springs the entire season.

Seeing the wonders of a beautiful world among the mighty colonnades and minarets of nature in grand cañons of the Rio Grande and Eagle River Cañon, winding among the everlasting mountains, the trains of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad break the stillness of the air with the sibilant sound of escaping steam, or the strident, shrill cry of whistle echoing from one mountain giant to another, one grand "fan-fare" announcing to the traveler the entry into the only "wonderland" in the world. Darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the

scene in part revives in light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom, dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal.

The town of Gilman! Suddenly the emotion aroused by our view of the wonders of nature is arrested by incredulous surprise at the handiwork of man! The shaft houses and abiding places of adventurous miners that can be seen from the railroad track two thousand feet below. Admiration and awe may well take possession of the mind in viewing the grandeur and beauty of nature in Tennessee Pass.

Long may we loiter powerless to shake loose from the charm, breathlessly intent upon the beauty of the landscape.

The cañons sink into mysterious purple shadows, until the sun is sunk low in the west; the farther peaks are tipped with a golden ray, and above the horizon is reflected a light, softly brilliant and of indescribable beauty, — a light that surely never was on land or sea.

Then historical Leadville, known to fame in 1859 as "California Gulch."

From 1859 to 1864, \$5,000,000 in gold dust were washed from the ground of this gulch. The camp was afterwards nearly abandoned, and it was not until 1878 that the carbonate beds of silver were discovered. Immediately after this discovery a great rush ensued to the carbonate camp, which was named Leadville, and the population rose from a nominal number to 30,000. It is the greatest and most unique carbonate mining camp in the world.

Salida the beautiful! Salida the picturesque! On through the grand and unrivaled beauties of Royal Gorge to Cañon City. Florence is the junction point to the far-famed Cripple Creek mining district. Pueblo is the center of the Rio Grande system; it is situated in a basin surrounded on three sides by mountain ranges. It is a delightful place.

Pike's Peak, snow-capped, towering above its brothers, and lifting its mist-shrouded summit far into the heavens, — sentinel of the centuries, keeping watch and ward for hundreds of miles over the plains to the east, casting its shadow far in the direction of Denver, "Queen City of the Plains," one of the portals through which all the grandest wonders of nature ever sung by poet or apostrophized by author may be reached.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad offers to the traveler "all the comforts of home," the most complete passenger equipments in the West, and the unequalled advantages of a trip of a thousand miles through the glorious grandeur of the Rocky Mountains.

The Denver and Rio Grande is, "par excellence," the "Scenic Line of the World."

TRINITY SCHOOL.



A BIT OF THE HALL.

TRINITY SCHOOL.

AMONG the many excellent educational institutions in California, Trinity School for boys stands prominently in the front rank. For eighteen years, since its establishment, it has maintained a high reputation, and its curriculum takes in a wide range of subjects, uniting a practical education with a preparatory university course.

For fourteen years this school was located at 1534 Mission St., San Francisco. In 1893, it was removed to the spacious and commodious building at 3300 Washington St., Presidio Heights. The location of the school provides the best advantages to students, beauty of scenery, and means of physical exercise, — playgrounds, lawn tennis court, and gymna-



THE PARLOR.

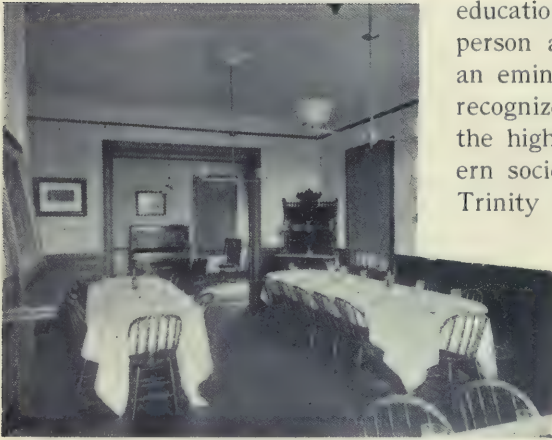


A LIBRARY CORNER.

sium. The school buildings are provided with every modern improvement, and the school offers facilities for one hundred pupils, including forty boarders. Boarding scholars have all the advantages of a refined home, and the personal care of the Rector and resident teachers, with private instruction. Trinity School is intended to provide the most careful intellectual and moral training for a limited number of boys and young men, and to give them the advantage of Christian culture. This institution is an accredited school of the University of California and Stanford University, and other prominent universities of the country. The highest recognition has been accorded its graduates at home and abroad. The school has been represented by its graduates in Cambridge University, England, Harvard



THE DINING ROOM.



educational institutions are established by the person at the head. Rev. E. B. Spalding is an eminent divine, a deep student, and the recognized representative in his profession of the highest culture obtainable under our modern society and civilization. In this respect Trinity School has no equal in this State.

It is a near approach to a refined home life, with only the restraints that are necessary for correct deportment, and with the moral influence of paternal care and Christian example.

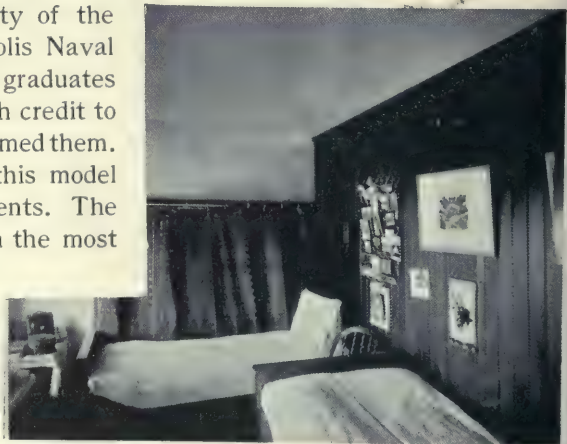
Truly those that wish their boys shaped for the duties of life under



and Yale Universities, the University of the South, Trinity College, and Annapolis Naval School, forty-nine per cent of its graduates entering a higher course of study with credit to themselves and the institution that formed them.

The OVERLAND gives views of this model school with accessories and environments. The location has been happily chosen in the most respectable part of San Francisco. The Rector, Dr. Edw. B. Spalding, is untiring in his efforts in behalf of the welfare of the students, and is ably assisted by ten professors and teachers of the highest rank.

The character and standing of



the very best influences, are fortunate in having in the city of San Francisco so good a school as Trinity. Boys are there made not into scholars alone, but into men, able to care for themselves amid temptations, and into gentlemen, able to do themselves credit in any position in which they may be placed.



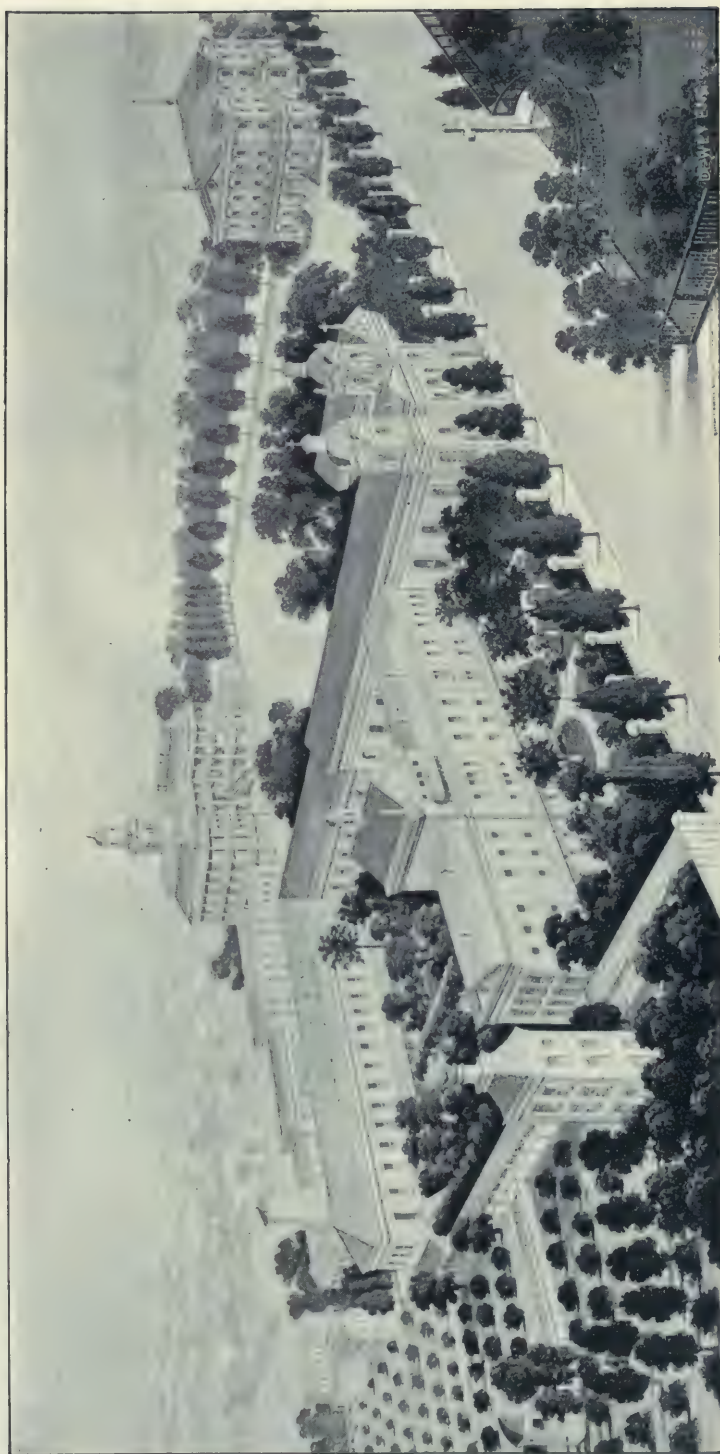
TRINITY SCHOOL.



ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

THIS institution is too well known in California and to OVERLAND readers to need extended commendation here. Established in 1866, it has ever since held the highest rank amid all the schools of the State. Accredited to the universities, using the best combination of the military system and the most refined home life, taught by able specialists and born teach-

ers,—no school can offer better advantages. Its buildings are fine, and thoroughly modern in all their equipments, its grounds are extensive and well improved, and its surroundings the most beautiful imaginable. Its Principal, Rev. A. L. Brewer, is one of the best known and most respected educators in the country.



SANTA CLARA COLLEGE—REV. J. W. RIORDAN, S. J., PRESIDENT.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, SANTA CLARA, CAL.

THIS well known educational institution grows with the growth of the State and is now better equipped than ever before, ready to give a good education in scholarship, morals, and religion.

TERMS.

FOR BOARDERS.

Entrance fee to be paid only once, \$15.00; Board, lodging, tuition, washing and mending linen, school, stationery, viz., paper, ink and pens, medical attendance and medicines, fuel, light, baths, etc., per session of five months, \$175.00.

If more than two brothers enter the College, each additional one pays only \$100.00 per session of five months.

Payments are to be made a half session in advance. Regular accounts of board, tuition, etc., are sent every half session, when an immediate remittance must be made of the full amount. This will be strictly enforced in all cases. Should any student be obliged to withdraw from the College before the term expires, a proportionate deduction will be made, but none for any temporary absence.

SYSTEM OF INSTRUCTION.

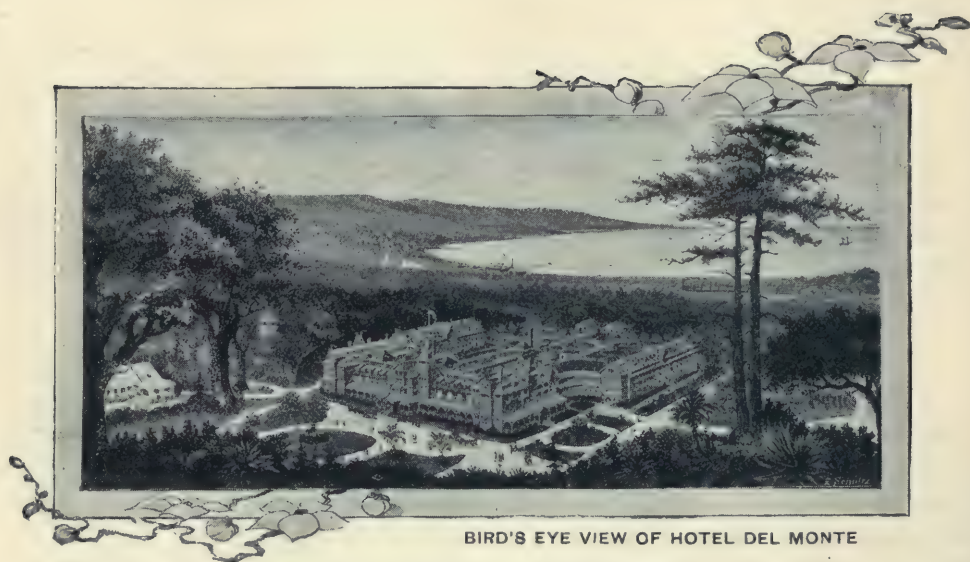
After a student has been admitted, he is examined and placed in the class for which he may be fitted. He then passes on regularly either through the Classical, the Scientific, or the Commercial Course. The Classical course embraces all the studies proper for those who aspire to the academical degree of A. B. The Scientific course comprises all the studies to be pursued by those who aspire to the degree of S. B. The Commercial course includes all the branches necessary to obtain the Commercial certificate.

The mode of teaching is such as to

make the pupils understand their lessons independently of text books, and rely on the latter rather as a reference and guide, than as their only stock of knowledge.

At any time during the year, and particularly at the first minor examination, if any one be found capable of passing to a higher class, he is promoted. To excite laudable emulation, the honors obtained in the several classes by the students are announced monthly, and printed certificates given to those who have distinguished themselves in application or good deportment. An examination of all classes takes place before the Christmas holidays, and before the close of the session. At the end of the year, gold and silver medals and valuable premiums are distributed to the more worthy. The scholastic year consists of but one session. It commences at the beginning of August, and ends at the beginning of June, with a public examination—either literary or scientific—followed by the conferring degrees and the distribution of premiums.

The entrance to the College is through a three-story building of 198 x 40 feet, which has a central fourth story, and contains a suite of seven parlors, the residence of the Faculty, the branch library of the Professors, the Training and Normal School of the Society, and the Pastor's office. The entrance hall opens on an interior garden of 200 x 135 feet surrounded by long verandas and crossed by arbors of grape vines, among which grow exotic plants and flowers, and very large palm trees. A bronze statue of the Sacred Heart in the centre. In the adjoining vineyard are seen olive trees planted in the year 1805, and a rotunda containing a life-sized statue of St. Joseph.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE

TWO FAMOUS RESORTS.

DEL MONTE BY THE SEA.—CASTLE CRAGS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HOTEL DEL MONTE is a supremely beautiful scene just now—always the case, visitors say, but more so than ever this season. Improvement is the genius of this magnificent establishment, and though perfection is said to be unattainable in human affairs, it seems here right within reach. The immense tropical gardens, interminable mazes of flowers, charming promenades, groves, and retreats, romantic drives among quaint and historic scenes, the finest of sea beaches and bathing conveniences, mild, genial, health-giving climate, and a hotel where elegance and hospitality go hand in hand, make this most famous of resorts as near paradise as it is possible to be on this earth. No watering place in the West so amply repays a visit.

THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS opens June 1st, and Summer outing devotees who find the attractions at this popular mountain retreat most to their liking are packing their telescopes accordingly. And by the way, that's a happy feature of the Tavern, it don't take long to get ready for a visit there. Its most remarkable peculiarity, however, is the absence of care. No one has ever yet entered

the premises with an ounce of that hateful destroyer of human happiness clinging to his person. Try it. Nature and good cheer reign supreme, and their edicts are peace and pleasure. The picturesque is ever prominent, and health-giving recreation is without limit.

Those in search of first-class comforts, perfect rest and relaxation, and abundance of entertaining pastime, should go to the Tavern, near Mt. Shasta.



TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS

A Sure Cure for Sick Headache.

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. It was usually accompanied with severe pains in the temples, a sense of fullness and tenderness in one eye, a bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated, hands and feet cold, and sickness at the stomach. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I began taking Ayer's Pills that I received anything like permanent benefit. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now free from headaches and a well man.—CHARLES H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla builds up the system.

LUXURIOUS

FRUITS and the

Garden's
Tempting
Dainties

are MADE
MORE

APPETIZING

IF
Correctly
Served.

Our
little
book

"The
Seasons,"

tells of many a

**SENSIBLE
SERVER.**

A POSTAL CARD WILL
BRING IT.

PAIRPOINT

MFG. CO.,
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

46 Murray St., New York.
224 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
220 Sutter St., S. Francisco.
Temple Building, Montreal.

THE FITTZ CURE

—FOR—

ALCOHOLISM.

NEVER FAILS.

CAN be taken safely at home. No publicity. No interruption of work. No injurious effects, but a **permanent** cure.

Hundreds have taken this Cure in San Francisco and throughout the Pacific Coast, and many of them have given us permission to refer to them. No one need be in doubt about the reliability of the Fittz Cure.

Correspondence and interviews strictly confidential.

It is endorsed by the Good Templars and Father W. D. McKinnon, Physicians, and Business Men.

PRICE OF CURE, \$25.

Call on us or write to **N. J. STONE & CO.**

Room 7, Flood Building,

Telephone, Main 1240. **SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



For
National
Economy

JAMES PYLE'S
PEARLINE

Use
Without
Soap

Millions now use it ^{WASHING} Millions more will

WOULD you have the most sterling quality of artistic sterling—the solidity of genuine beauty—and question it not—then you'll have the stamp of Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. on every piece.

Lowney Building
World's Columbian Exposition
WHERE
Lowney's
Chocolate Bonbons
Received the Highest Award.
SAMPLE PACKAGE TEN CENTS IN STAMPS
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.,
99 PEARL ST., BOSTON, MASS.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

THE BEAUTY and freshness of the fair Country Maid
may be won by the constant use of

Buttermilk Soap,

the choicest of all Toilet Soaps. Its charm is its purity.
The best proof of its superior value is that ladies all over
the world have selected it for their own use, until to-day



it has the largest sale of any Toilet Soap in the World.
Excels any high-priced soap for the Complexion, Toilet
and Bath. Over Six Million Bars sold in 1894.

AT POPULAR PRICES—SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Send 12 Cents in Stamps for full-size Cake for Trial.

Be sure that our name is on each package.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., Chicago, Ill.

FIVE COUPONS
 Mailed to Dept H, PALISADE MAN'FG Co,
 YONKERS, N.Y.
 Will secure you the elegant souvenir, entitled

"Ideal Forms and Faces"

Containing 16 plates on fine heavy plated paper, inside of elaborate embossed cover:

EACH PACKAGE OF **VELVET-SKIN** **SOAP and POWDER**

contains one of these COUPONS:
 if not, send section of wrapper containing Co's name.

VELVET-SKIN SOAP and VELVET-SKIN POWDER ON SALE AT ALL FIRST CLASS DRUGGISTS.



SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION FROM
 "IDEAL FORMS AND FACES"
 REDUCED 1/4 SIZE

HAIR REMOVED

Permanently, root and branch, in 5 minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury with "Pilla Solvens." Sealed particulars, 6c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.



FREE Sample Tube of... **Dr. Tarr's Creme Dentifrice**

Sent upon receipt of 2-cent stamp. It preserves the teeth, prevents decay, perfumes the breath. More economical than powder or liquid. Full size tube at all druggists, 25c. **DR. W. W. TARR**
 Dept. , 146 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

We'll tan your skins for RUGS or ROBES. Soft, light, moth-proof. Get our tan circular. We make Frisian, Coon and Galloway Coats and Robes. If your dealer don't keep them get catalogue from us. Liberal discounts to early purchasers. The CROSBY FRISIAN FUR CO., Box 17, Rochester, N. Y.

CANCERS, TUMORS, RHEUMATISM

A permanent and satisfactory cure guaranteed. You can deposit money in the bank payable when cured.

Dr. F. T. OLMSTEAD

Room 47
 1170 Market Street

EXCESSIVE SWEATING of the

Guaranteed Sample Package and Book in Plain, Sealed Envelope, 10 cents. Address. **Lazzarette Remedy Co., Unadilla, N. Y.**



When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

A necessity for the TOILET in warm weather is



MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER

Be sure to get "Mennen's"

Endorsed by highest Medical Authorities. A Skin Tonic.

Positively relieves Chafed Skin, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, etc. Cures Eczema, and kindred troubles. Delightful after shaving. Makes the skin smooth and healthy and beautifies the complexion. **For Infants and Adults.** At Druggists or by mail 25 cents. Send for sample (name this paper.) **FREE**

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
 Newark, N. J.

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

BY FAR THE BEST dentifrice; antiseptic—harmless—effective. No soapy taste. A trial will make you its lasting friend. Substitutes are not "as good." All druggists or by mail 25c. C. H. Strong & Co., Chicago.

LADIES TANSY, PENNYROYAL AND COTTON ROOT PILLS Never Fail. Safe, Sure. Used 20 years. Try them when all others fail. Sealed, \$1.00. Royal Remedy Co., Canal Dover, O. P. O., Box 684.



FAT FOLKS reduced, 15 lbs. a month, Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., says, "I lost 60 lbs., and feel splendid." No starving. No sickness. Particulars and sample box (sealed), 4 cts. **HALL & CO. "F. E." Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.**



ABDOMINAL BELTS for Corpulency and Umbilical Rupture. Immediate relief and solid comfort. Write for particulars and prices. **I. B. SEELEY & CO.,** 25 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



It is a good thing — to know that the LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE is not only the very best of all the brands on the market — but it is also a good thing to know that the agents MACONDRAY BROS. & LOCKARD will fill your orders each month with fresh importations direct from the manufactory. The Roederer wines appeal to all champagne drinkers as the “ne plus ultra” of wines — as there are three brands: viz., the “BRUT” (or gold seal), an extra dry wine. The “GRAND VIN SEC” (or brown seal), the perfection of a dry wine; and the “CARTE BLANCHE” (or white seal) a rich wine. It is well to note these points when ordering.

* * *

Small Boy: Papa, are ugly typewriters better than pretty ones?

His Papa: That depends. Why, my boy?

Small Boy: I heard Uncle Jim say he could do lots more work with an ugly typewriter than he could with a really pretty one.

Echoes (Elmira, N. Y.)

* * *

Under the editorial management of Rounsevell Wildman the OVERLAND has been making very rapid advances . . . it ought to be twice its present size . . . an honor to the Coast.

Record-Union, Sacramento, Cal.

* * *

A few copies of the FARRIAN SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP — Copyright of 1894 — have been placed in the hands of CUNNINGHAM, CURTIS & WELCH, in this city, with orders to sell them at publisher's cost in order to introduce them. Send fifty cents to cover cost and postage. Order quickly before the supply is exhausted.

* * *

Always up to date and the most interesting to Pacific Coast readers of any monthly magazine published it is little wonder that the OVERLAND should grow so rapidly and so strongly in the hearts of western people. It is truly “our magazine,” and no other can take its place. No other brings to us the western flavor of frontier and ranch life mingling with the highest ideal of civilization. It is one of us, possessing a personality not to be counterfeited by any imitator.

South Pasadena, Pasadena Cal.

Anything in the line of musical goods may be procured on order from the MAUVAIS MUSIC Co., 769 Market street, this city. For nearly a quarter of a century the house has carried a full line of musical merchandise and is prepared to fill orders promptly and at the lowest prices. The house is constantly in receipt of new goods and make a specialty of new and cheap music.

* * *

“My ship will ne’er come in, I fear,”
Said my companion, with a frown;
And then — we both were drinking beer —
His schooner suddenly went down.

Echoes (Elmira, N. Y.)

* * *

Two hundred thousand people have been cured or greatly benefited by the use of the Electropoise. in the United States. This simply shows what Oxygen will accomplish when properly introduced into the system.

* * *

Those who have seen the great cellars of Haraszthy & Co., occupying two city blocks, begin to understand the magnitude of the wine industry of California. Eclipse Champagne is well named, for Mr. Haraszthy has spent thirty years in the most searching scientific study of champagne making and produces an article of surpassing merit.

* * *

Speaking of champagne, — there is a spring in California where champagne flows fresh from Nature's laboratory, — at least it is so like champagne that a bath in the “Champagne Spring,” at Vichy Springs, near Ukiah, is equal in luxury to the champagne baths, afforded only by kings and American billionaires.

* * *

She: No, Mr. Suter, I cannot marry you.

He: Do your parents object?

She: No, I do. *Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

* * *

Bound copies of the 25th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

CALIFORNIA FENCERS' CLUB,
Cor. Bush and Larkin Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 10, 1895.

MANAGER OVERLAND MONTHLY, CITY,

Dear Sir:

I feel that is due you and the OVERLAND to say that the advertisement of my Fencing Academy, which has been running in your paper for the past eight months has paid me better than any or all the other mediums that I am using. With many thanks,

Very truly yours,

H. ANSOT.

* * *

Rural Ragges: Land o' Labor! Tatto, what have yer cut yer hair and blacked yer boots for?

Tramping Tatters (hoarsely): Somebody done it while I was asleep. *Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

* * *

ONE DOLLAR AN OUNCE—for Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks in all the standard and new designs. Silverware of every description can be bought in San Francisco today cheaper than anywhere else in the world. VANDERSLICE & Co., 136 Sutter Street, have a special reputation in this line.

* * *

The largest shipments of mining machinery made from this port of San Francisco to Australia are made by the well known firm of Parke & Lacy, 21 Fremont Street.

* * *

Cumso: I suppose the adage which says, money talks, applies only to silver and paper money.

Fangle: What makes you suppose that?

Cumso: Because we know than silence is golden, and then we hear a good deal about the gold reserve. *Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

* * *

HYDESVILLE, CAL., June 7, 1895.

OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO.,

Dear Sirs:

I herewith enclose School Order for \$3.00 on Library Fund for OVERLAND MONTHLY from Jan. 1st, '95, to Jan 1st, '96.

We all like the magazine very much and think it should be in all of our school districts.

Very respectfully,

R. CLONEY,
Clerk Banister District.

* * *

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounsevelle Wildman, \$3.00.

The most famous Hot and Mineral Springs of California and many of the best camping grounds, health resorts, and hunting and fishing districts, are on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad.

On Sundays the round trip to Ukiah in Mendocino County, costs only four dollars and fifty cents, about two cents a mile, and these miles are through such beautiful scenery that many of them alone are "worth the price of admission."

* * *

"I do not think I am egotistical in saying I have something to blow about," remarked the cyclone as it carried a few houses into the next State. *Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

* * *

Step into the Music Rooms of KOHLER & CHASE, 26 O'Farrell street, and examine MASON & RISCHE NEW VOCALION ORGANS. They have many points of excellence which recommend them particularly to the notice of parties wishing to purchase for the use of societies and churches. These instruments are placed on exhibition to give the musical public an opportunity of judging of their superiority over the old style of pipe organ.

* * *

"Of what nationality is he?"

"He says he was born in France but was shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland at a very early age." *Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

* * *

We are glad to notice a decided improvement in the character and quality of the famous OVERLAND MONTHLY. Mr. Wildman shows by his able editorship that he is fitted to control one of the foremost magazines in the world.

Herald, Boston.

* * *

The Eastern merchant or manufacturer who wishes to find a market for his wares on the Pacific Coast, will find the OVERLAND MONTHLY the best medium for his use. It has been established more than a quarter of a century—it is the only illustrated literary Magazine published west of the Rocky Mountains,—and its circulation is large and general among the class of people who have the means to buy what they want.

The fact that it covers the field of the great western half of the Continent and the Islands of the Pacific, gives it a value to advertisers which no other publication can boast, while its advertising rates are less in proportion to merit than those of any other publication. A six months trial will be a most convincing argument in its favor.

It Means
the
Absorption
of
Oxygen.

TRADE

Electropoise

MARK.

It Means, You
will be
Restored
to
Health and
Strength

POCKET

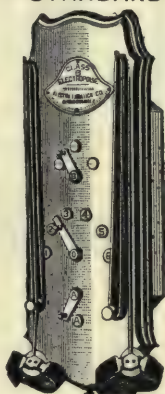


ELECTROPOISE

PROFESSOR TOTTEN, of Yale College, is one of the most advanced thinkers, reasoners, and Bible students of the age, and all of his scientific works are of the highest standard. On page 223, volume 7, of his work entitled "Our Race," he writes as follows:

"But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electropoise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agents nor are in any way financially interested in the matter."

STANDARD



ELECTROPOISE

WATSON & CO.

124 Market Street - Pacific Coast Agents - San Francisco

Send for Circulars

THE WHITE IS KING



The Lightest Running, the Easiest Sewing, the Handsomest and the most Durable Sewing Machine in the World. . . . Points you will consider when you come to buy.

See our local agent in your town or write us direct.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.

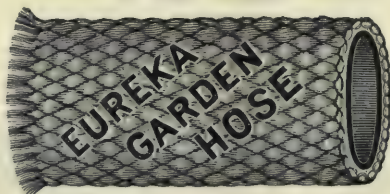
138 & 140 Ellis St. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GOODYEAR'S



"GOLD SEAL"
RUBBER HOSE

Is the Best.



COTTON HOSE, RUBBER LINED.

Rubber Goods.

GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. PEASE, Vice Pres. and Manager,

577 & 579 Market St. 73 & 75 First St.

San Francisco

Portland, Or.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



I WEAR

Scientific Suspenders

Because they support the tronsers at the natural point of suspension—i.e., at the pivot of a man's body, over the hip bone.

They are comfortable and effective. Just the thing for negligees or evening dress; the straps don't show. Buy a pair of your dealer—50c to \$2.00—or order a pair mailed from SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDER CO., Ltd. Buffalo, N. Y.

Try them once and you'll always wear them.

NOW IT ONLY TAKES ONE MAN

Well dressed and up to date to convince you that H. S. Bridge & Co. are the best Tailors in San Francisco.

IN OLDEN TIMES

You will remember that it was said and currently believed to be true that

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN

In matters of dress H. S. Bridge & Co. do not need this amount of assistance, but will make a man of you on short notice without outside help.

SHIRTS TO ORDER a specialty.

622 Market Street,
UP STAIRS.

RESTORE YOUR EYESIGHT

Cataracts, Scars or Films can be absorbed. Paralyzed Nerves restored, Diseased Eyes or Lids cured. A Home Treatment; "no risk." Hundreds convinced. Pamphlet free.

THE EYE, Glen's Falls, New York.

At 1/4 Price

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness, Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Bolters Mills, Scales of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles. Lists Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.

Unprincipled Dealers

Advertise and sell ordinary Cheviots and Storm Serges, for Dresses, as RAIN PROOF.

Before buying test their statement by pouring water on their goods. Probably it will not hold water five minutes before absorption commences.

THEN TEST ANY FABRIC
STAMPED ON THE BACK

"PLUETTE"

YOU WILL BUY NO OTHER.

PLUETTE is not injured by Rain, Salt Water, Mud or Dust.

For sale by all large retailers in large cities. If not found, write to

THE PLUETTE COMPANY,

476 Broome Street, New York.

Prize Story Writing

A valuable prize will be offered for the best story. A chance for the clerk, the teacher, the professional man or woman, in fact, for everybody.

A "MARCH" WHEEL—a full description of which will appear in the next (August) number of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*—will be given as a prize, or at the option of the winner, a scholarship in either of the following Colleges: The San Francisco Business College or the Aydelotte College, Oakland.

The value of the prizes from \$105 to \$125.

THE CONDITIONS are these: The story to consist of 1500 words and to contain two words from each advertisement in any number of the *OVERLAND*, supply a sufficient number of words to make up the requisite 1500 words. A list of the advertisements to be attached showing the words in each and how used.

Send to the office of the *OVERLAND* for particulars.

WESTFIELD
MASS.

GET THE
BEST

COLTON'S SELECT ABSOLUTELY PURE—MOST DELICIOUS EXTRACTS—THE BEST. COLTON'S FLAVORS

NEW YORK
AND

Saves over 50 per cent. Actual Strength. Unequaled in Quality, Strength, and Economy.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



The chic flaring skirts are bound with the

Redfern Bias Corded Velvet, the richest and most durable

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding made.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, with Booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," mailed for 10 cents in stamps.

The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y.

"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

"I DON'T wonder that everybody is talking about this new

Sponge Crépon.



My skirt and sleeves are interlined with it, and I haven't had such a stylish dress in a long time."

Copyright ap'd for.

If you try **Sponge Crépon** you will say the same. It is light and non-crushable, and *never* cuts into the material. Try it in your summer gowns. White, slate and *fast* black. *All dry goods dealers.*

RALPH



It is a poor study in economics to pay a low price for a badly made dress. The maker of gowns must build up a business on the strength of good work, thus ensuring the best possible advertisement. The ladies of San Francisco who have given us their patronage are loud in their praise. We point with pride to people of the best society as our constant patrons, and while we solicit an increase, we will guarantee a well made dress at a moderate price. No. 225 Geary St. is our location.

MAKES DRESSES

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

SALT LAKE CITY**HOTEL KNUTSFORD**

To miss a sojourn at this caravansary is to miss the chief charm of a transcontinental trip. Eastern visitors can do no better than stop for a few days' rest in the Mormon city, enjoy the wierd scenery of the Great Salt Sea, and the delightful sensation of a swim in its warm and buoyant waters. . . . The KNUTSFORD is modern and the a tention beyond criticism.

G. S. HOLMES, Proprietor.

THE delicious mountain air and water ;
and the grand scenery of the Sierra,
with every comfort for tourist and
invalid are found in perfection, at

FREEMAN'S HOTEL, Auburn, Placer Co., Cal.

MILLARD HOTEL,
OMAHA, NEB.

J. E. MARKEL & SON, Proprietors.

First-Class in all its Appointments. Centrally Located

RATES, \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
SAN JOSE, CAL.
225 Rooms, Single or En Suite
ELEVATOR

American Plan. Rates, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Parloirs and rooms with bath extra.

Coach and Carriage at depot on arrival of all trains

Stage Office to **LICK OBSERVATORY**

San Francisco North Pacific R'y Co.



ALL
ABOARD!

HALF RATES
 OR
One Fare
 FOR THE
ROUND TRIP
 ON
Sundays
 FROM
SAN FRANCISCO
 TO
All Points North
 OF
SAN RAFAEL

Take Boat at
 Tiburon Ferry

H. C. WHITING, General Manager
 R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent

* Vichy Springs, *

MENDOCINO COUNTY,

**THREE MILES FROM UKIAH, TERMINUS OF
S. F. & N. P. RY.**

Situation, location and scenery not surpassed. Only known natural electric water. Warm "champagne" baths.

The only place in the world, of this class of waters, where the bath tubs are supplied by a continuous flow of warm water direct from the springs.

TERMS: \$12 to \$14 per Week.

Postoffice and telephone at the Springs.

WM. DOOLAN, Proprietor.



THE SANTA FE ROUTE

**3½ DAYS
CALIFORNIA TO CHICAGO**

THE WORLD'S GREATEST RAILROAD

Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The only line by which the wonderful Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is reached.

Vigilant management, fast time and polite attention.

A daily through service to Chicago of Palace and Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Send for beautiful illustrated pamphlet descriptive of our route, to

JNO. J. BYRNE,

Gen. Pass. Agent,

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. H. SPEERS,

Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,

650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

Sketches OF Wonderland

OUR

TOURIST . . . BOOK

FOR

1895

TELLS ALL ABOUT THIS REGION

"To see GIANT GEYSER in eruption is one of the grandest sights in YELLOWSTONE PARK. A vast accumulation of hot water and steam sailing into the air to the height of 250 feet, with a retching and growling ominous to those near by, it is a



sight that a pen picture cannot describe, and must be seen to be appreciated. The displays of this wonderful geyser are undoubtedly the finest, the most stupendous and awful, of anything of similar character in the world."

IN

YELLOWSTONE

PARK

REACHED BY

THE

Northern *

Pacific * *

Rail * *

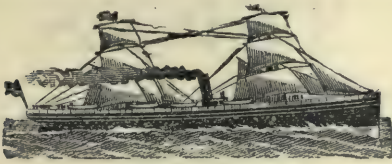
Road *

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR OUR TOURIST BOOK TO

CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.,

or T. K. STATELER, General Agent

638 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.



Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.



**MAGNIFICENT
SHORT SEA TRIP**

BETWEEN

**SAN FRANCISCO and ASTORIA and PORTLAND,
For All Points North and East.**

No Traveler Should miss a ride on the beautiful
* * Columbia River. * *

Tickets at Lowest Rates at

**19 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.**

W. H. HURLBURT,
General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OR.

F. F. CONNOR, General Agent.



**SECURE
SPEED
ELEGANCE AND
COMFORT**

BY TAKING

**THE NEW and the RIGHT WAY
EAST AND WEST**

THE

Great Northern Railway

TRAVERSES A REGION OF

INCOMPARABLE SCENERY
OF

Valley, Plain and Peak

ACROSS

FIVE GREAT STATES

From Midland Lakes
to Western Ocean

**No Sand Deserts or Alkali Plains
on this Line**

For routes, rates and full information,
call on

J. M. SMITH, Gen'l Agt.

F. I. WHITNEY 628 Market Street
G. P. & T. A., St. Paul San Francisco, Cal.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

Lake Tahoe

AND SURROUNDINGS

INCLUDING

Donner, Independence AND Webber Lakes

Summer Season Now Open

**Hotels Improved Grounds Beautified
New Trails Opened**

FISHING and HUNTING NEVER BETTER

Though Lake Tahoe is by common consent the central attraction in the Sierra Nevada, it by no means follows that many other places in its vicinity are not in their own modest way equally attractive.

The side trips necessary to include these attraction are easily and cheaply made, and amply repay the trouble

Excellent Hotel Accommodations at all the Resorts

EXCURSION RATES

TO

Lake Tahoe and Return

Tickets Good for Return Trip Until October 31st.

FROM	Route 1	Route 2	Route 3
San Francisco	\$16 00	\$19 00	\$20 00
Oakland			
San Jose			
Stockton			
Marysville	14 50	17 50	18 50
Sacramento	13 50	16 50	17 50
Woodland	15 20	18 20	19 20

Route 1.—To Lake Tahoe and return via Truckee.

Route 2.—To Lake Tahoe and return via Truckee, including trip around Lake on steamer, stopping at all points.

Route 3.—To Lake Tahoe via Truckee; thence to Glenbrook by steamer, returning via Carson City and Reno, or vice versa.

IS Rates to INDEPENDENCE LAKE same as to Lake Tahoe.

Rate to WEBBER LAKE \$2.00 added.

**Inquire of Southern Pacific Co. Agents
For Full Particulars**

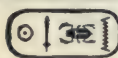
A CRUISE TO THE Mediterranean

Round the World
Party starts Oct. 8.
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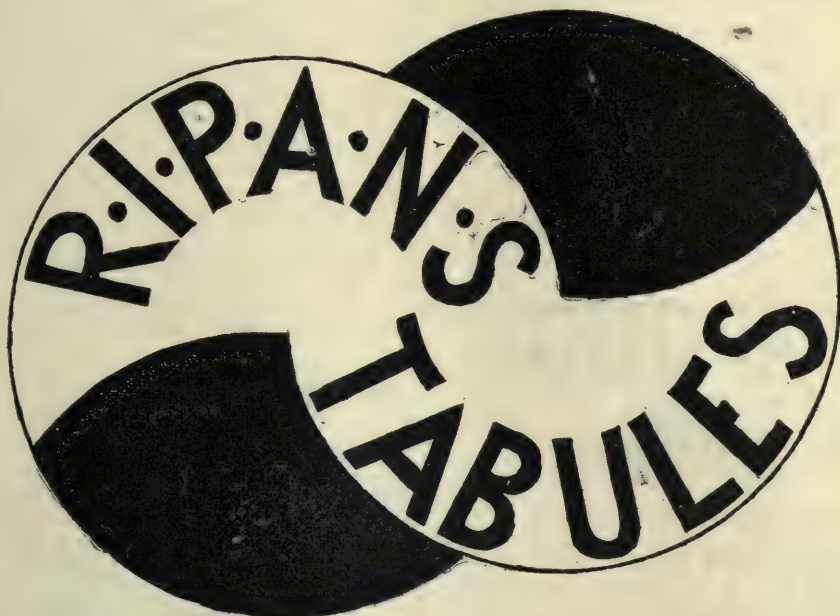
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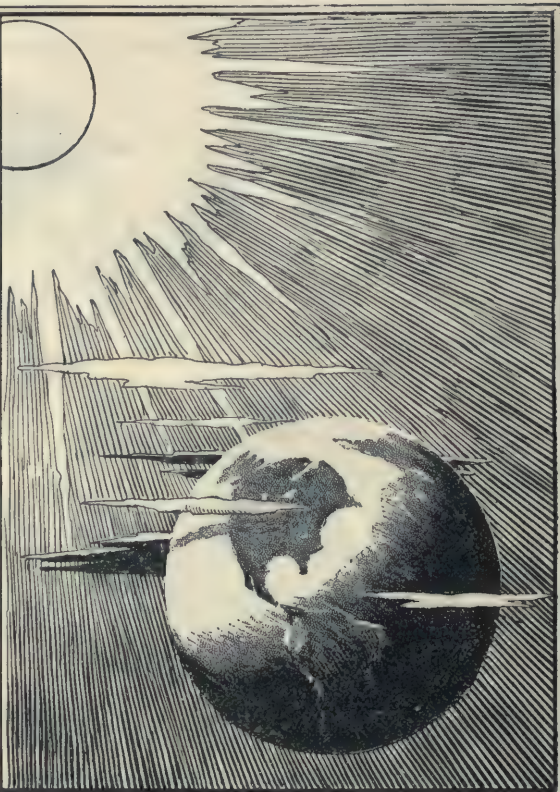
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STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1894

INCOME

Received for Premiums	- - - - -	\$36,123,163	82
From all other sources	- - - - -	11,897,706	12

\$48,020,869 94

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders:			
For Claims by Death	- - - - -	\$11,929,794	94
For Endowments, Dividends, etc.	- - - - -	9,159,462	14
For all other accounts	- - - - -	9,789,634	18

\$30,878,891 26

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	- - - - -	\$83,970,690	67
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	- - - - -	71,339,415	92
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	- - - - -	11,366,100	00
Real Estate	- - - - -	21,691,733	39
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	- - - - -	9,655,198	91
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc.	- - - - -	6,615,645	07

\$204,638,783 96

Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities, Companies Standard, American 4 per cent.	- - - - -	182,109,456	14
--	-----------	-------------	----

Surplus - - - - - \$22,529,327 82

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	- - - - -	\$750,290,677	97
Insurance and Annuities in force December 31, 1894	- - - - -	855,207,778	42

Increase in Total Income	- - - - -	\$6,067,724	26
Increase in Premium Income	- - - - -	2,528,825	84
Increase in Assets	- - - - -	17,931,103	82
Increase in Surplus	- - - - -	4,576,718	91
Increase of Insurance and Annuities in Force	- - - - -	51,923,039	96

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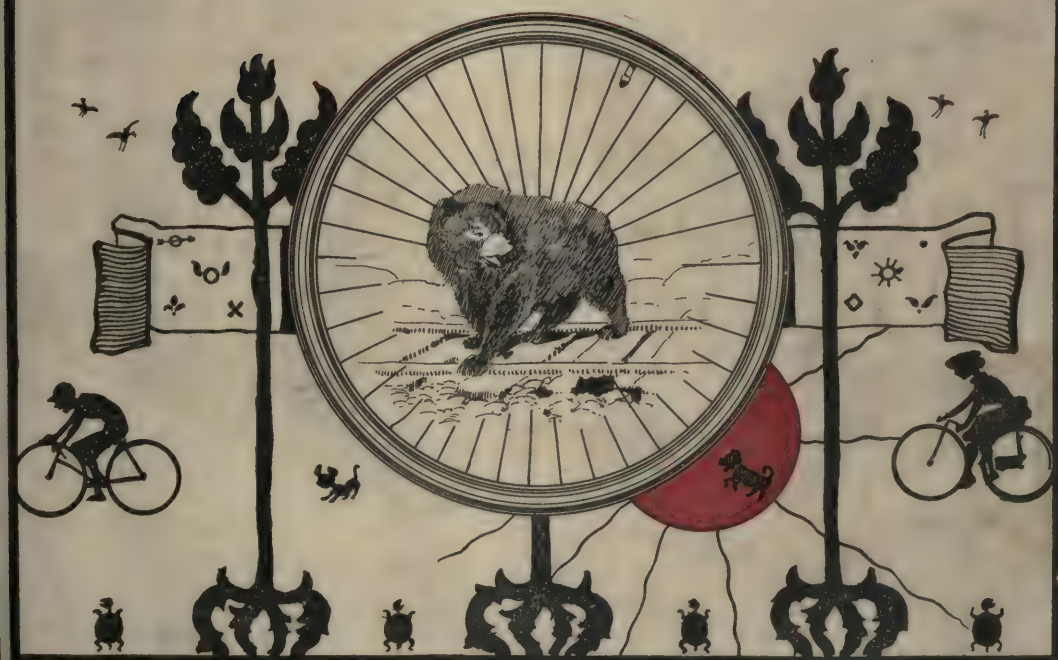
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A PROWL AFTER THE PICTURESQUE. Chas. S. Greene.
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Overland Monthly

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AUGUST, 1895



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Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVI.

No. 152.

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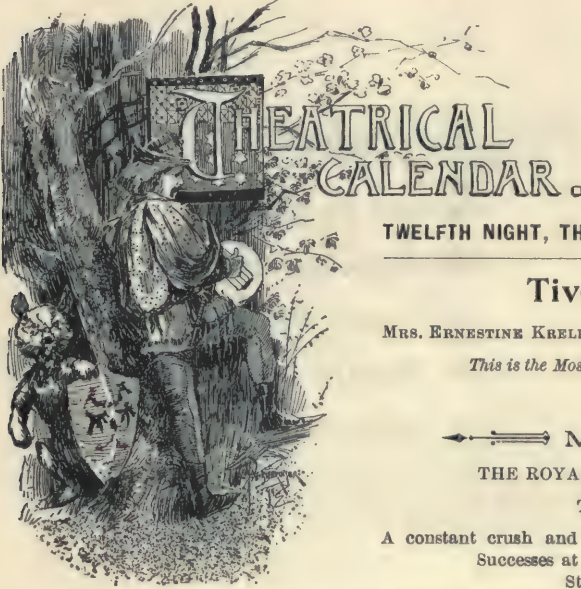
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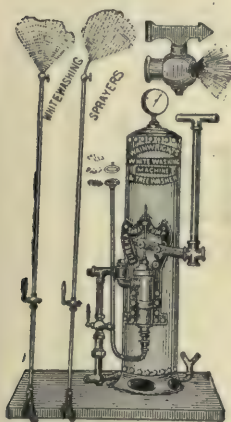
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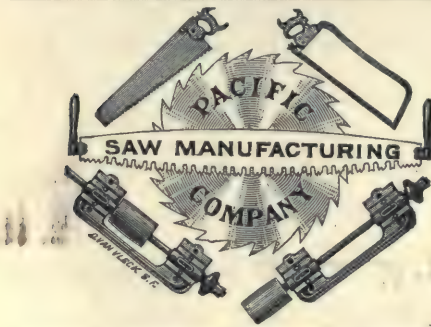
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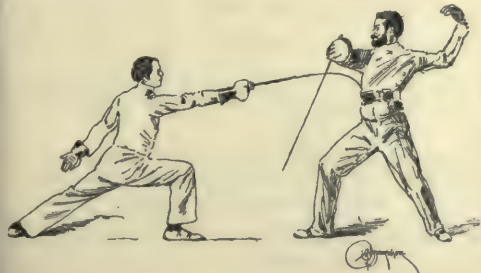
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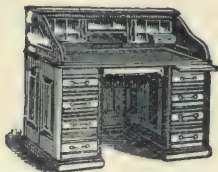
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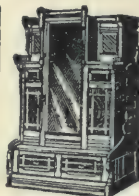
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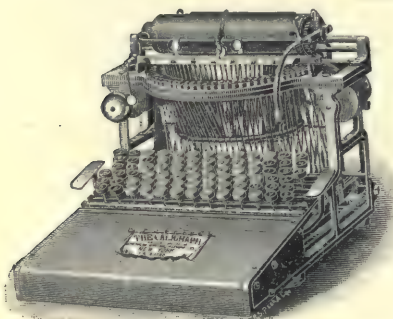
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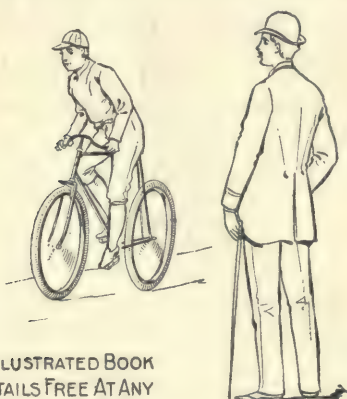
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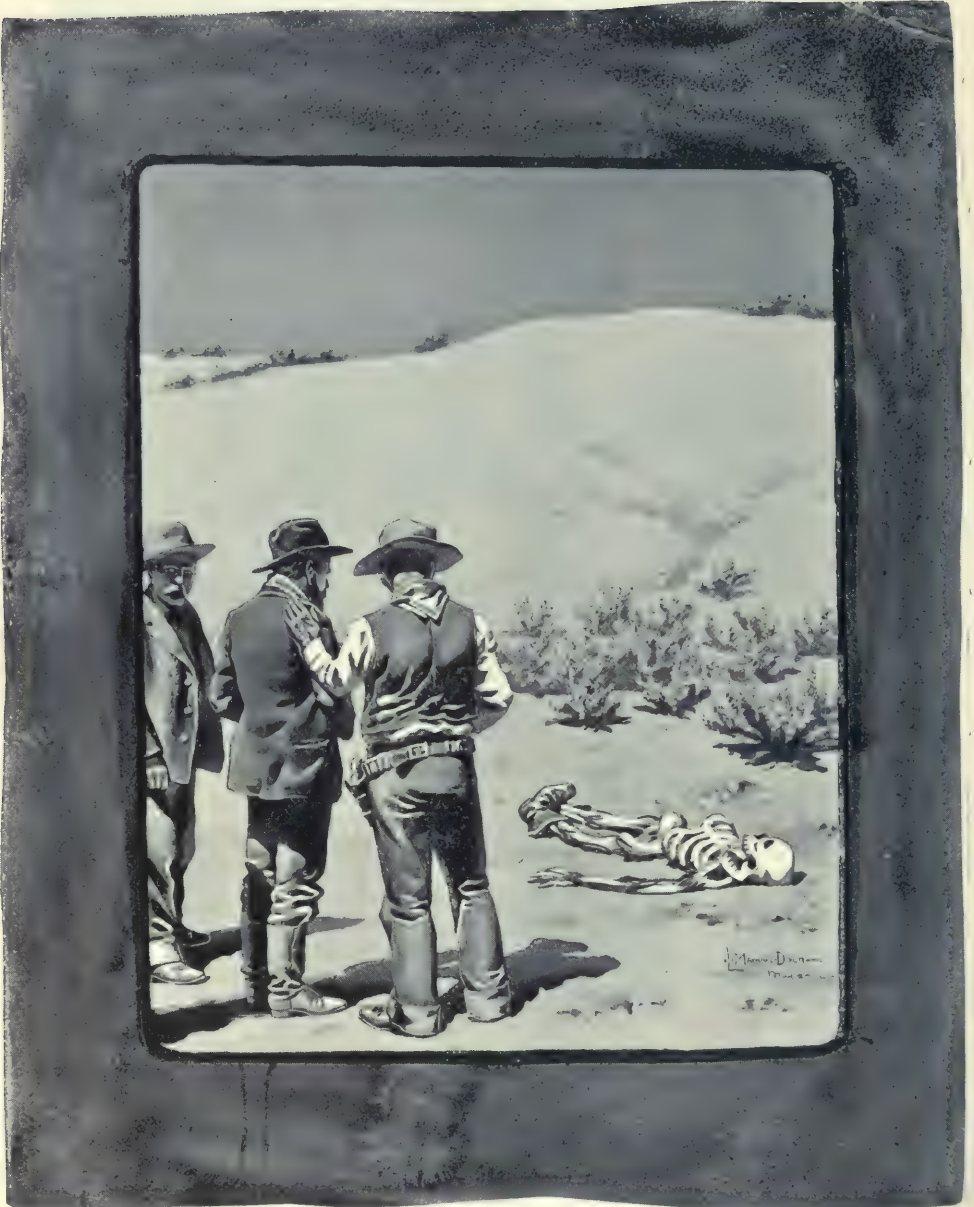
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BY THE EDITOR

THE Contributor. "Did you ever feel that you had an inspiration to write? Possi-

bly not the divine inspiration of the heaven-born genius encouraged by a brain full of great live thoughts, but the hazy, lazy, irritating itching to lay the book you are reading aside and write — not to write anything in particular, but just write, compose. Mine — for I am a victim — generally exhausts itself, I admit, while I am sharpening one

end of my pencil and chewing the other into a brush-like pulp, but still I am unable to resist this sudden, delightful call."

The Reader remarked that he had heard the still, small voice often, but that it generally reached him from the composing rooms via the Office Boy.

The Contributor. "When I was a boy and first heard an orchestra, I would sit through number after number with eyes half closed and thoughts spanning the universe. I had no idea what was being played, the air did not particularly interest me. Only, one drove my ambitions in one direction and one in another. Sometimes with the music I pictured myself behind the footlights — an orator — holding the audience, of which I was one as I dreamed, spellbound, moving them to tears or laughter by the power of my eloquence. Sentences of my mythical speech would flash through my brain. My breath would come quickly, for as I would finish this matchless oration that was to make my name honored for all time I saw the audience rising as one man and cheering until the whole earth echoed with the shouts. The orchestra would cease and I would descend from Olympus, a little sheepish withal, but with my pulses beating like trip hammers and my eyes all aglow. Music fired a thousand latent unknown, unformulated ambitions. They were big, warm, and generous. I fairly ached to be doing. I could not wait for the years of my adolescence to pass. When I arrived to man's estate the horizon narrowed suddenly. Instead of conquering the world and moving multitudes, I found that there were certain stubborn elementary facts that must be dealt with before I could ever make

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

my name known and honored even in my own city. Then music lost its power. It was of no use to picture myself a general before I knew even the ordinary drill of a common soldier, or the editor of a great magazine when my contributions were not acceptable in the humblest newspaper offices. I never became an orator. Still those early air castles survived many houses that should have been built of firmer material, and drove the dreamer to the conquering of tasks that would have been considered menial a few years before. This is what I mean by my sudden ambitions or inspirations to write. Today, for example, I was reading Lafcadio Hearn's charming studies and essays of Japan — 'Out of the East.' The beauty of the language, the delicacy of the descriptions, the almost breathing perfume of the scenes, moved me strangely, not to take the next steamer for Japan and join the author in his paradise, for I know too well the folly of anticipation and the disappointment of realization, but to imitate or rival the writer with my pen. I wrote on my novel for an hour. Hearn was the inspiration, and it is to him that I owe this chapter. I plagiarized his spirit, not his ideas or his words. I think he would recognize it. There are other authors that are responsible for the atmosphere of other paragraphs and chapters — Stanley Weyman, Ian Maclaren, Doyle, — and myself. This is a confession that I do not wish to go outside the Sanctum, but I have been enthused by my own published work. I have said to myself: 'That is great. Wonder how I ever came to do it. If I can improve on that I shall be heard of yet,' and then all aglow with my own greatness I pitch in with a stimulus that carries me on for an hour or more. There, has anyone else ever felt the same, — felt this modest yearning to soar?"

The Reader. "The Contributor must have had one of his contributions accepted by some journal that pays on acceptance. How otherwise can we account for his sublime appreciation of his own work?"

The Contributor. "The Reader lives so exclusively in a world of rejected manuscripts that he is unable to recognize the true ring when he hears it. When he finds a manuscript that it is possible to accept he is so thunderstruck that he has to ride up and down in the elevator eight times before he is able to pen a gracious note to its author. He has set the refusal blanks to music and sings them to waltz time: —

DEAR SIR. La! la! la!

We find ourselves unable to use the manuscript submitted, and accordingly return it with thanks. La! la! la!

It is impossible, among so many manuscripts, to send special criticism or explanation of the reasons why each was unavailable. La! la! la! Many are returned because their subjects or treatment are not in just the line the magazine may be in need of at the time; or because among many that are good, we must select a few and return the rest. La! la! la! Much that is not adapted to the use of the OVERLAND MONTHLY will be found available by other journals. La! la! la! Tra! la! la!

"I have had a story accepted and the check is in my pocket. Possibly I feel encouraged, but that is neither here nor there. I was simply asking a question. So many times I have laid a book down that I was reading, one that was so interesting that I could scarcely take my eyes from it, and driven by a will stronger than my own snatched up a half completed story, and wrote or rewrote for dear life. It was the same old familiar impulse that I felt tugging at my heart strings as I listened to one of Verdi's operas. Only then it was not tangible — it had not chosen its outlet. It is only once in a month or a year that a book has this influence, and the subject matter of the books is as varied as are the things I write. I feel the thrill as I repeat their names — 'Les Miserables,' 'Henry Esmond,' 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' 'The

Story of a Country Town,' 'Norwood,' 'Doctor Johns,' more than one of Ebers's, Harte's, Caine's, Weyman's, and Doyle's."

The Reader. "I gather from your remarks that Hugo, Thackeray, Bret Harte, and the rest, did not live in vain."

The Poet. "I, too, have felt the divine afflatus 'within the book and volume of my brain.'"

The Reader. "Gentlemen, please do not misunderstand me. I am not a scoffer. I also have had the desire come upon me to write as I read, but I have stood out manfully against it. Do ye likewise."

THE Reviewer took from his vest pocket a newspaper clipping and read the names of a lot of big-wigs in the literary profession and the books that had most helped them to become big-wigs. Big-wig I think is the term for one thousand candle-power literary lights, rather than big guns. A little friend of the Sanctum, whose father is a member of the State Legislature, has just entered school. The teacher was trying to instil into the little ones' minds the first great lesson of all—to keep their bright eyes open—to observe. She had had them put their books aside and then had suddenly asked how many pages it contained. No one had noticed save the Sanctum's little friend and he answered promptly,—“One hundred and thirty four,”—Then she asked who the author of the “What-is-this? This-is-a-cat” book was. Our little man and three others out of a class of eighteen replied correctly. I was very proud of him. I saw the career of a lawyer, reporter, or naturalist, open up. Then came some question about the great cannons that were being tried day by day at the Presidio. “Did any one in the class ever see a big gun?” Up went Bennie's hand. “I saw hundreds, teacher, when I went with mamma to Sacramento. And my papa is one too!” he finished with a ring of childish pride in his voice. I saw the distinction at once between a “big-wig” and a “big-gun.”

Among the list of books that the afore mentioned authors honored by acknowledging we found once or twice Shakspeare, the Bible, Homer, Virgil, and one referred condescendingly to Moliere, but the majority cited books and writers that were entire strangers to the Sanctum, they had imposing Latin and Greek names that commanded our awe at once although they did not awaken a glimmer of intelligence in our several faces. I looked in vain for some mention of Robinson Crusoe, the Parson was convinced that it was the fault of the printer that “Pilgrim's Progress” had been overlooked, and the Contributor said flatly that the big-wigs were posing.

The Contributor. “To be honest I will wager that Sir John Lubbock, Professor Huxley, or Mr. Ruskin, if it came down to a question of final, individual decision, would see the entire forty-two books of Hermes Trismegistus in the same embarrassing position as Meshach, Shadrach, and Abednego, rather than have the world lose ‘Vanity Fair,’ or the ‘Scarlet Letter.’ I have heard of the ‘Y-King.’ I know it was written eleven centuries before Christ by a Mister Wang-wang of the Celestial Empire. I never read one of its three thousand songs, and I don't believe that all of them would inspire me to write one chapter of my novel. I may be but an average American, but I don't believe that the ‘Y-king,’ the Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the ‘Tagenistae’ of Aristophanes, the Lyrics of Theognis, the Megarian, the ‘Works and Days’ of Hesiod, with a half dozen authors of the Augustan age

thrown in, have done one tenth as much toward shaping and stimulating the talents of our revered big-wigs, in spite of their own positive assertions, as the scantily noticed works of the Elizabethan writers and our modern novelists. You cannot take a book, no matter how erudite, with firm determination to be inspired. Books are dependent on moods and surroundings. You may read the same volume one day, through a glass darkly, and the next, sympathetically. However much we may owe to the so-called classics, still I think the good books of our youth are the ones, possibly unrecognized even today, that have had the greatest influence in shaping our thoughts, and possibly our careers."

THE Reviewer mentioned his best beloved book. I do not think it would be fair to chronicle it here, as it was not a classic and the big-wigs would probably never own up to having read it. It was a sweet, simple story of a boy and girl love on a tropical island. There was a little description in it, not much of any value, no epigrams, no foreign phrases, no analysis, and yet it had taken firm hold of something in the Reviewer's life and never let go. It had taught him a lesson that had made him better and purer. He did not maintain that his author had any right to a place by the side of Martial, Horace, or Catullus,—neither would he have loved him better if he had.

Sometimes I am afraid to reread one of these books that have helped shape my life. I do not want to discover their imperfections in the light of my larger experience. I am jealous of their place in my memory. Yet they have never disappointed me. How can they, when between every line I read the aspirations and ambitions of my own fresh young mind, and at the end of every chapter behold a flash-like view of how those dreams were realized. "Robinson Crusoe," and "Swiss Family Robinson," are fairly charged with the unuttered determination some day to live on a tropical island in a tropical sea, and are possibly dearer to me because the determination was carried out. As I thumb the greasy old pages, for the books were old before my time, I am once more on my island. All about us are verdure-covered islets, that but a century ago were the homes of the fierce Malayan pirates. A rocky beach that contracts and expands as the tide rises and falls encircles the island, on which a hundred varieties of shells glisten, exposing their delicate shades of color to the sun. Coral formations of endless design and shape form a submarine garden of wondrous beauty, through whose shrubs, branches, and ferns, the brilliantly colored fish of the Southern seas sport like gold-fish in some vast aquarium. From under a great almond tree we watch the sun sink slowly to a level with the masts of a bark that is bound for Java and the Bornean coasts. The black, dead lava of the island becomes molten for the time. A faint breeze nestles among the long fan-like leaves of the palm, and brings out the rich yellow tints with their background of green. A soft, sweet aroma comes from out the almond tree. The red sun and the white sails of the bark sail away together for the Spice Islands of the South Pacific. The dream of our childhood is being realized, and there is no disappointment.

The Poet. "I trust that 'The Divine comedy' has never brought about a like result to the Reader."

The Contributor. "Inferno is too good a place for——"

The Parson. "Fie! Fie!"

The Office Boy. "Proof."



OVERLAND MONTHLY, October, 1893.

AN EVEN START.

A MODERN CENTAUR.

A CHAPTER ON BICYCLES.

THE steadily increasing demand for bicycles by men, women and children proves that the day of the craze has passed into that of the permanency, and that bicycling plays, and will play, a leading role in many lives, both as a sport and as an exercise.

Bicycle riding is by no means a novelty. It is to the great revolution of 1789 that we owe this delightful pastime, and France justly claims to be the originator of the first riding machine, the *célérifère*. It was at the time when everything was turned upside down, when old traditions were abandoned, that the *célérifère* made its first appearance and took a conspicuous place.

Contrary to what might be expected, the *célérifère*, great grand-father of our safeties, born during revolutionary times, was not to be used as a play toy for the Democratic, but was reserved for the aris-

tocratic and the Beau Brummels, for they secured its monopoly at the start. The inventor died unknown, and for a long time the discoverer of photography, the great Niepce-de-Saint-Victor, was thought to be the genius who first conceived the idea of the bicycle, simply because one of the old *célérifères* was found stored in a dusty garret after his death. It was learned afterward that it was a relic of his young days.

Another Frenchman came very near being charged with the responsibility of being the naughty boy who had devised such a limb-smashing apparatus. His name was Drais de Sombrun and during his time the *célérifères* were called "Draisiennes" in his honor.

During the first part of the last century a few riding machines were seen on the roads. A smooth, straight road with a good incline was necessary for the sport. Down the hills they went at a lightning



AN EXPERT.

speed, but the great drawback was the lugging up hill of the cumbersome contrivances. Headway was obtained by pushing on the ground with the feet and skill was necessary in maintaining an equilibrium while the feet were raised off the ground and in putting them down again just when the machine took a notion to list. It had no pedals, and was certainly a very awkward affair, a combination of wheels joined together by a longitudinal bar fitted with a seat. As a novelty it was a success, but the fancy for it soon died a natural death.

The *célérifère* rested almost forgotten until an old machine, stored away over fifty years, was brought to light by a man who could see its good points. He brought the machine to a Parisian blacksmith, M. Michaux, and got him to

equip it with a pair of pedals attached to cranks, and the velocipede was invented. Like the first, it had two wheels "tandem style" about twenty-four inches in diameter, heavily built of good hardwood and bound with an iron tire somewhat like a buggy wheel. A heavy iron frame provided with a movable fork for the forward wheel held the machine together. A long and strong flexible spring reached from the front wheel to the fork of the rear one and was provided with a saddle. The steering handles were straight and connected with the front wheel, which was also the driving wheel, having cranks and pedals attached to it. Leg rests were placed on the level of the front wheel on each side of the socket of the steering bar, which enabled the rider to rest his legs while coasting down a hill.

In the latter part of the year 1867, some of the improved velocipedes were seen on the few good roads of the time. In 1868, the craze was started which reached its climax in a few months. The young man of the time looked upon these machines as dangerous, unhandy, and above all, ungraceful. But it was the style! The roads were rough and unfit



A FAMILIAR FIGURE AT THE PARK.



LEWIS K. FOX.

coming from a long ride over cobblestones, how heavy it seemed to carry the machine up two flights of stairs. Bicycles weighed then between fifty and seventy-five pounds.

It was a blessing when somebody suggested the use of India-rubber tires. It made the riding easier, but their cost was almost as much as the machine itself. A V-shaped tire had to be fitted on the wheel and a round solid rubber tire sprung into it. Neither clinched nor fastened, the tire on slipping or taking a short curve would often fly out, and the result was invariably a fall.

Riding schools were established at the four corners of Paris, every available piece of ground being monopolized for velocipedes. Avenues and boulevards were covered with renters of wheels, charging twenty cents an hour, and they all made money. Then there was fancy, fast and long distance riding.

for the sport, and the craze that started in France took hold of Europe and bicycles became a nuisance resulting in great annoyance to the drivers of cabs and omnibuses. Every young man had his bicycle, and I still remember

A Parisian with an English name, Mr. Magee, was probably the first man to introduce an improvement on the original pattern. He increased the size of the front wheel to almost double the size. They were faster but were hard to pro-



ROUNDING A TURN.



OTTO ZIEGLER.

ing a tight wire about one hundred and fifty feet in length and thirty feet above the ground, mounted on a velocipede having a V-shaped tire to fit the wire rope.

Entries for the Paris-Rouen race were so numerous that two starts had to be made, with an interval of two hours. Relays were established all along the road and each participant was provided with a ticket which he was obliged to present at each relay to be punched. Some merely slowed down, others came to a standstill. The relays were close enough to compel the riders to follow the entire course. The bicycle was no longer a novelty, it was a fact and a well accepted factor in a young man's education. Unfortunately the Franco-Prussian war broke out and stopped its onward march, as it stopped many other things.

The craze at this time was not confined to France or even to Europe, for a

pel, as, according to the law of Archimedes, what was gained in speed, was lost in strength.

Races were organized and prizes offered. Good riders became professionals and made a good living out of it. Periodicals and reviews were started devoted to the interests of "Velocipedists" giving accounts of races and offering trophies to increase their popularity.

I remember a long distance race which took place in 1869, between Paris and Rouen, about 140 kilometers, over very rough roads. J. Moore—the "Yankee," as we used to call him—arrived first, closely followed by Michaux, Jr., Eribout, Castara and Bobillier in a bunch. English Johnston was one of the winners, and the poor stragglers followed in one by one. A lady, "Miss America," entered the race, but failed to make enough speed to be remarked. She subsequently performed the very difficult feat of cross-



WALTER FOSTER.

friend tells me that he remembers well the establishment of velocipede rinks in the small towns of New England. The velocipedes were heavy, awkward machines and the pedals merely enlarged wooden spools, but the rinks did a flourishing business. There were even then riders that developed great speed, and the same friend relates how he went one day to the Agricultural Fair Grounds at Brattleboro, Vermont, to see a race on the mile track between a fine athletic young fellow on a velocipede and a horse harnessed to a lumber wagon. The beast won easily, whereon it was explained that the high wind blowing at the time retarded the velocipedist more than it did the horse and wagon.

While the French were fighting, England took the craze, and with characteristic care improved the primitive bicycle and wrought it into an artistic piece of machinery. The City of Coventry in



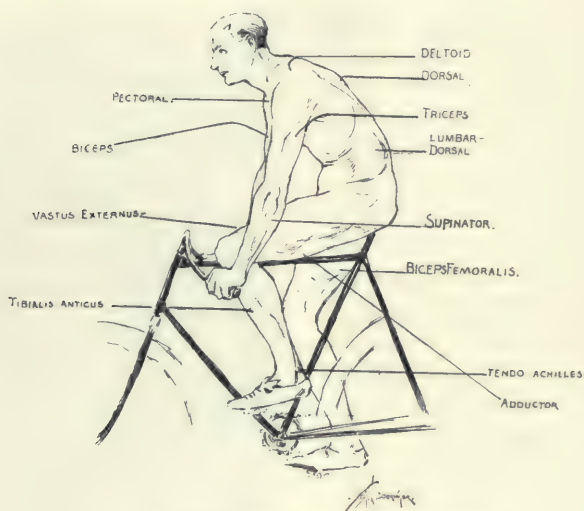
GRANT BELL.



England deserves most of the credit. Coventry had but one industry, making notions and silk ribbons. This industry was abandoned and all tools adapted to bicycle manufacturing. Thousands of wheels were turned out, lighter and more graceful in form. Steel taking the place of iron, the weight was reduced to about forty-five pounds, the bearings were improved and the large front wheel generally adopted.

Michaux was the first to adopt cranks and pedals, and Vincent, another Frenchman, may claim the invention of the chain belt and multiplying wheel, used now in all the modern safeties. He certainly carried out the same principles in his mechanical horse, which consisted of a frame in the shape of a horse galloping. A pair of wheels running on an axle fitted with bearings on the two hind legs. At the center of the axle a cog wheel was fastened. Another cog wheel of the same

A MODERN CENTAUR.



IT DEVELOPS EVERY MUSCLE IN THE BODY.

pitch and double the diameter was concealed inside of the head, its axle projecting on each side of the head and fitted with manivelles, or handles. A Vaucan-

son chain geared the wheels together, and by turning the manivelles a good speed was obtained. A third wheel fitted in between the forelegs was used in steer-



THE CELERIFÈRE.

ing, being connected with the stirrups. It was a toy, but a good mechanical toy.

Not everybody could or dared to climb on the high bicycle. The safety can be ridden by anybody. In the year 1875, England was ready to compete with any nation in the manufacture of bicycles, and Michaux, the real inventor was forgotten.

Another invention that has done wonders for the bicycle is the pneumatic tire. The disadvantages of the solid tire have been mentioned, and even that was a boon, but the hollow tire is vastly superior.

Paris claims the honor of producing the first hollow rubber tires, the invention of Truffault, a mechanic.

At about the same time the tricycle made its appearance, but has never at any time been recognized as a useful or beautiful thing. It looks too much like an instrument more fitted for invalids or poltroons than a sporting outfit. A safety of a new and improved pattern to its admirers is just as beautiful as a bronco or a race horse at rest. When I see a good wheel in the window of one of the local dealers I always pause to admire the graceful lines of the frame, the lightness of the wheels, the inviting look of the saddle, and the artistic forms in which a handle bar can be twisted.



THE RATIONAL.

People that have never attempted to ride a wheel, but can hold themselves pretty well on a horse, sometimes burst out that it is not artistic, and that a man on a bicycle looks like a mechanical monkey. A bicycle rider looks as trim as a horseman. His body tightly inclosed in a woolen sweater of good quality and pattern, a loose fitting coat trimmed with braid, a pair of knickerbockers, not too baggy, and heavy woolen stockings that fit well, a pair of low shoes and a cap to match the color of the coat; strong riding gloves are sure to add to the

beauty of this costume. A belt is sometimes worn and gives a sort of military look to the wearer.

The ladies have taken up riding with a zest. Their costumes differ but little from those of the male rider, and many are certainly very becoming. Riding a bicycle is not more injurious than running a sewing machine. It certainly strengthens the muscles, and the little over exertion performed by the legs is more than count-



"GOOD BYE, BOYS!"

BEFORE BLOOMERS WERE IN VOGUE.



ADOPTED BY THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

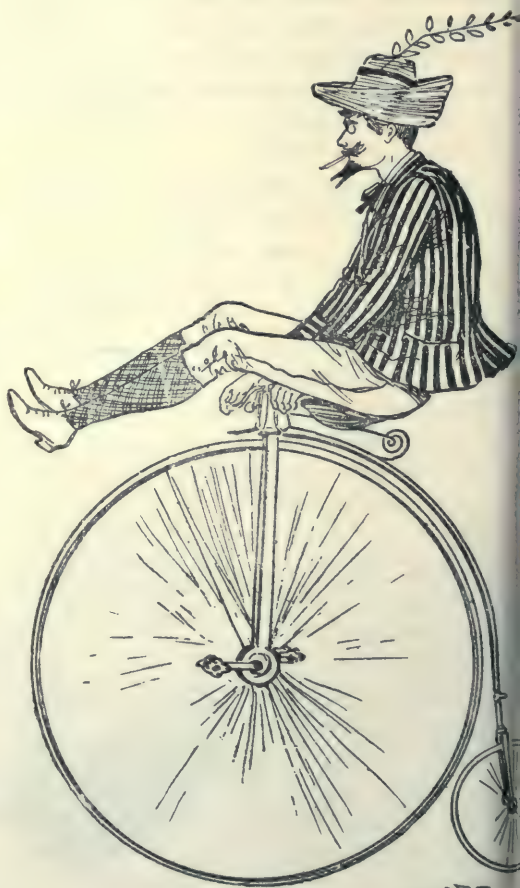
erbalanced by the good results arising from exercise in the open air.

The frame of the human machine is well adapted to bicycle riding. The bones are in a proper position while riding and everything is well balanced and in such a position as to insure the easy working of all parts without any unnecessary strain. The sternum is perhaps a trifle bent forward, but this adds to the free action of the lungs, and that position is not worse than that assumed by a clerk at his desk.

The cut shows the muscles most used in riding a bicycle: the motions are all normal and tend to strengthen the whole body without any danger.

The trunk is to the whole body, what the boiler is to the steam engine, it supports the head and keeps the limbs together. Feed the boiler well and the amount of work performed will be equal to its capacity. The arms have the double function of supporting the weight of the body and guiding the wheel. The legs are the indispensable connecting rods. The muscles must be well lubri-

cated, and exercise is the best thing to keep them in order. The power of the muscles do not depend on their size, but on their limberness and on the free and quick impulse imparted to them from the brain. As in fencing, the great power is the brain,—we feel the machine listing to one side, as quick as a flash the muscles of the arms receive an impulse from the brain and the machine is righted. Fencing, the exercise par excellence to attain the perfection of symmetry of form, added to a graceful deportment, is, when connected with bicycle riding,



IN DANGER OF LOSING HIS LIFE.

the sure cure for that tired feeling so often complained of.

Many persons are afraid to try to ride a bicycle, thus depriving themselves of this agreeable exercise. It is far less difficult to ride, than it is to gather courage to try it.



GETTING READY FOR A FORTY-MILE SPIN.

The qualities of a good machine are many and it is often hard to make a selection. Each make is claimed to be the best. Although a light machine is always in demand, the difference of a couple of pounds should not be enough to induce a hasty selection—and above

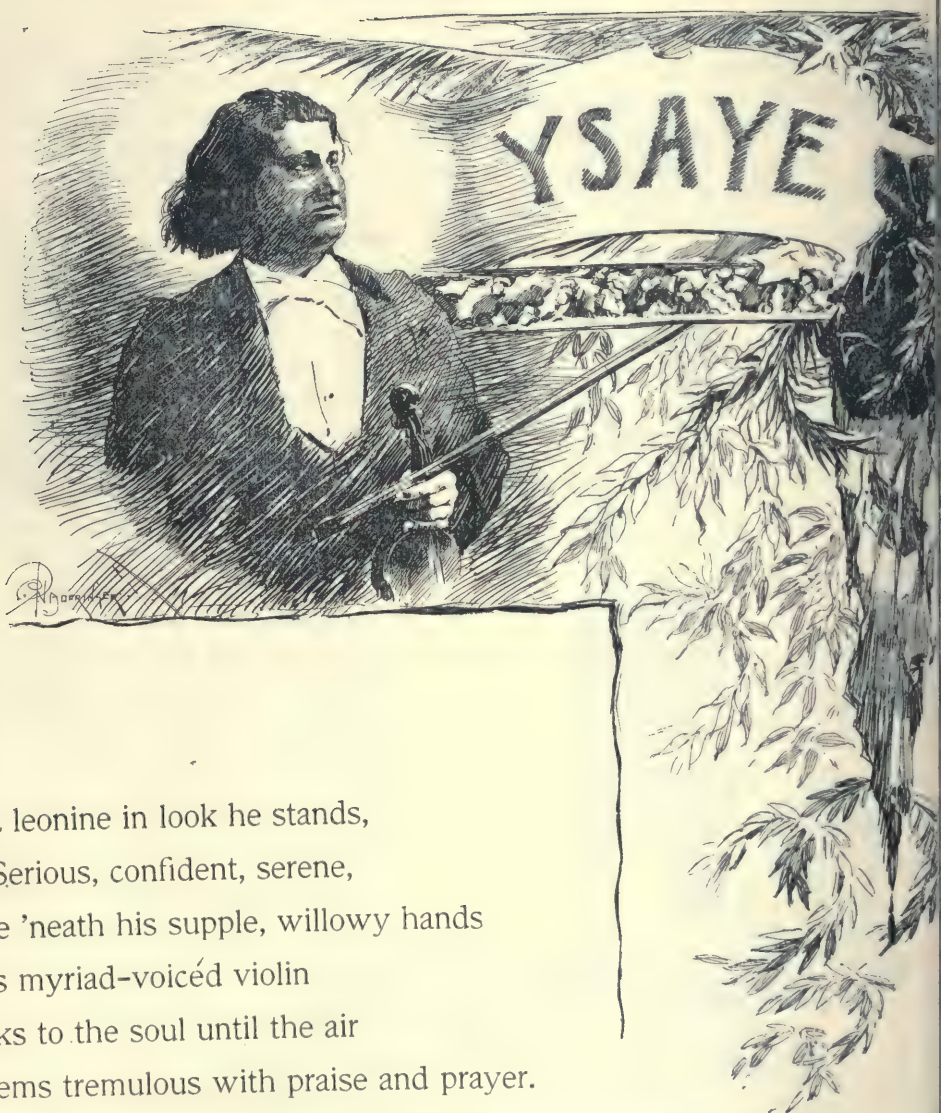
all, the cheap machine, is sure to prove the costliest in the end, and a source of continual annoyance and expense.

It would be difficult to get exact figures of the number of bicycles on the Pacific Coast today. All the cities and most towns have flourishing road clubs and even small villages and isolated ranches show enthusiastic wheelers. During the vacation season it is hard to find a nook anywhere in California where excursionists ever go in which the wheel is not found. Over the grades into Yosemite and through the passes into Lake County the sturdy wheelmen push. The certainty of sunny weather in summer makes California the ideal country for bicycle touring, and this form of sport is sure to flourish.

Bicycling as a sport has been with us several years. Races, century runs, and club meets, are familiar to all,—it is the development of the bicycle as an every day vehicle that has given it its new impulse, not athletics alone, but the great mass of people, young and old, men and women, clerks, mechanics, messengers,—everybody has adopted the wheel.

The procession of wheelmen that passes up and down Market street in San Francisco, at the hours when clerks and business men are going to and from their work, shows what a hold the wheel has on the community as a practical matter, and the stream of wheelers, men and women, that may be found in Golden Gate Park at any hour of the day proves its popularity as a means of health and recreation. Doctors have approved of it, parsons have adopted it, and Mrs. Grundy herself wears bloomers.

H. Ansot.



ALL leonine in look he stands,
 Serious, confident, serene,
While 'neath his supple, willowy hands
 His myriad-voicéd violin
Speaks to the soul until the air
 Seems tremulous with praise and prayer.

Edward Robeson Taylor.

RESIGNATION.

SHOW me some sacred consecrated spot,
 Where I can rest secluded from the throng,
Where low voiced angels sing their hallowed song,
And misery and woe can be forgot.

Robt. K. Davis.

WHAT INDIANA HAS DONE FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE HOOSIER CITIZEN.



THE best State-building has for its purpose the promotion of progress and peace along lines of natural development. The contribution of amassed wealth is of far less importance than of intellect and muscle, moved upon by high moral purpose and vivified by fearless energy.

The State that does most for its fellow in this direction, contributes to it men, — brain and brawn, the forces which create real wealth out of natural conditions.

What has Indiana contributed to California? So much, that it may not be here related, but left to judgment and imagination after suggestion of types.

She has not given great wealth, but better, a manhood from an American civilization springing out of the union of widely separated and diverse families. It is my purpose to select without their suggestion or prior knowledge — a few men who stand representative of the contributions of the Hoosier State to the Golden State. I am persuaded that no State can make a better showing. A collection of types from all the States, as found in California, would form the basis of a valuable and profoundly interesting study of the composite Californian.

It is impracticable in this paper to consider in detail the representation of Indiana in the pioneer immigration that swept over "the plains," and surged

along oceans and across continents to California, but I find sufficient in the meager annals and traditions of the pioneer era, to justify the statement that when California sprang into existence, she came into the Union equipped with Indiana courage, intellect, business energy, intellectual vigor, and moral purpose, in as large proportion as came from any other State. Indeed, Indiana, contributed far more than her due proportion; she has given to California of the richest of her native born brain and brawn, and the choicest of her adoption and fostering.

Around the early history of Indiana clusters more of the romantic and heroic than attaches to any other section of the



Photo by Marceau.

JUDGE E. M. GIBSON.

first great West. Her annals so overflow with the tales of heroic deeds of her builders, that he is a degenerate son indeed, who does not flush with pride at mention of her name. Indiana owed its earliest promise to the days of Louis the Great, was the focal point of Western conquest under the sensual Louis XV, and paid tribute to George III. The impress of monarchical institutions is still discoverable; for laws, manners, and nomenclature, foreign to our system, long lingered in the little State after her founders had given place to the sovereigns of America. Indiana was the romantic field of adventure and the battle ground of royal contention before some of the much older States of the Union were inhabited. The white man bore kingly warrants in her ter-

ritory one hundred and thirty years before she had a capital. Her seat of government swung between Quebec, Montreal, New Orleans, Paris, and London, for ninety years before it settled down at Marietta, Ohio, after having hovered over Richmond and briefly paused at New York; the sun of the nineteenth century had lifted before it located within the territory proper.

The fief of Vincennes, Indiana's earliest town, was established in 1672, and the nephew of the second Sieur, François Morgan(e), founded the Post of Vincennes in 1727, and not the Bissot, his uncle, to whom some have given that credit.¹ It was made a post of trade as early as 1669 by French explorers seeking the fabled silver mines of Mexico while

others searched for a line of communication with Japan and China across this region, among whom we must class De la Salle (Lasalle), who traced "The river Beautiful" (Ohio), floated upon the bosom of the Oubache (Wabash), and explored the wilderness of marshes along the Kankakee. Under his scheme of colonization all the tribes were led out of Indiana and massed at Fort St. Louis (Starved Rock,



Photo by Taber.

GENERAL JOHN F. MILLER.

Ill.). Lasalle was assassinated in 1687, the Indians shortly after returning to their old hunting grounds at about the period when English and French made Indiana the stage of their bloody contention. Fort Ouiatanon on the Wabash,

¹The Encyclopedia of American Biography, for instance. No one has cleared away the mists from Indiana history so well as Mr. J. P. Dunn, Jr. ("Indiana—A Redemption from Slavery," American Commonwealths Series). I make no apology for adapting from him freely and following his outline. Self-exiled Indians, as well as those in home land, owe him grateful thanks.

sometimes confused with the village of that name, had been planted in 1720 contemporaneously with Fort Chartres in Illinois.

The first ruler over Indiana was that same Morgane (Sieur de Vincennes) who perished at the stake in 1736,—at the close of a battle between the English and Chickasaws on the one side and the French on the other,—exhorting his comrades, D'Artaguiette and fifteen others lashed with him, to die worthy of their religion and their country. Louis St. Ange succeeded, and commanded until 1764 in peaceful prosperity, a prudent, generous, philanthropic, unlettered man. He was transferred to Chartres, then "the best appointed fortress in America," and there in 1765 was written the instrument of formal transfer of the territory to English rule.

Three years later the English commander established in Indiana the first court of law west of the Alleghanies, but the British did not take possession of Vincennes until some time after. The old capital of Indiana and Illinois, Fort Chartres, fell before the assault of the Mississippi in 1765. A few stones alone bear witness to its one time importance in the scheme of Western civilization.

St. Ange on the surrender to the English went to St. Louis, took service under the Spanish, and for a time

assumed the office of ruler. He freed his slaves, discreetly declared that he died a bachelor, provided for those dependent upon him, and thus prepared, the second ruler of Indiana died December 27, 1774. His bones repose beneath the stony streets of St. Louis, where the beat of a commerce that he helped to make possible times an endless requiem to his memory.

The first white men in Indiana were the *coureurs des bois*, those wild adventurers of pretentious families, who went out to explore because too proud to labor and too rebellious to obey. This Canadian young manhood was at first of sad morals, but its succession was more creditable. The pioneer *coureurs* were guilty of about all crimes known to codes, but they were no worse than their English contemporaries, and if conscience is but the mistress of manners and accepted customs, they had



Photo by Taber.

REV. E. R. DILLE.

nothing with which to reproach themselves. But the later brood was better. Romantic, poetic, daring, generous, adventurous, thriftless, roystering spirits, level with their times and environment, we forgive them their sins of commission, for the service they did unseen ideals and a dimly discerned independence, that even in that early time was making way, and the paths which these messengers of the woods were unconsciously clearing



Photo by Handy.

SENATOR NEWTON BOOTH.

through the underbrush of barbarism.

To soldiers Indiana owes her first permanent settlements, and they planted well, albeit they were the offscourings of France. But removal to the wilds of the West, severe discipline, restricted opportunities for evil doing, and the inspiring companionship of nature, untouched by the arts of man, supplemented in time by English occupation and the introduction of British severity and sturdiness, worked out of such beginnings a population that does not shame Indiana. They gave it a class of rugged builders, chivalrous if lazy, loving if listless, romantic if improvident, graceful if careless, poetic of temperament and fearless in bearing. At Vincennes as elsewhere in the territory, they planted the first orchards of the West and grew those rich fruits whose juicy blood still gives reputation to much of Indiana's fruit. They ran the wooden plow through the generous soil of the river bottoms, with deer sinew

stretching from their cattle's horns, in lieu of traces. They cultivated rice, corn, wheat, and tobacco; they toiled, when they cared to, at skilled trades with rude implements; they rode upon soft buffalo robes in the quaint old calèche¹ to visit their mistresses or transfer their produce; they kept all fête days, held their Mardi Gras, kissed the peachy cheeks of their hostesses modestly turned to them on holidays,² sipped the thick wine of their own expressing, and by rude lights at night played billiards upon Parisian tables.

"Think of it," exclaims Dunn, "billiards upon the Wabash in those days! and what a time they must have had getting them there." And how they must have sorrowed when the English Hamilton came blustering and ruthlessly

¹One is preserved in the National Museum at Washington.

²A fair custom the English destroyed by seeking to transfer it to the lips. Dunn.



Photo by Taber.

A. T. HATCH.



Photo by Taber.

W. H. MILLS.

turned out their wines and mercilessly burned their tables.

They were the same easy-going people at Kekionga (Fort Wayne), Post Ouiatanon, eighteen miles below the mouth of the Tippecanoe (Tuppeekhanna, or Big Spring River). Half French, half Indian in dress, customs, and behavior, and wholly picturesque, these early Indians got more enjoyment and keen pleasure out of life in the wilds, than any

who have come after them. It is to their discredit that they held slaves; to their credit that no slavery was ever milder; none under which the slave, Indian or negro, had less cause for complaint, or master more reason to be satisfied with his methods. They made the savage mad with fire-water, despite the protests of the chiefs; but they were no more blameworthy than the English. They had the King's license to enslave the red

man, but the King's excuse also, "to save his soul." We may sum up their faults as we will, but these gallant, improvident, self-sacrificing, queued and ear-ringed sons and short-skirted daughters of France are fascinating characters, preparing the way for a civilization that owes them more of honor than of sharp criticism.

With the beginning of the passing of the French settlers came George Rogers Clark, the heroic Virginian, whose valor won for him the title, "The Hannibal of the West." He wrenched Indiana from British grasp, and in campaigns that for heroism, endurance, and unflagging loyalty, have no parallel in American annals, he established the independence of the Virginian possession of Indiana. The field of his greater achievements was Indiana soil; to no other hero of his time does the State owe so much. That he

should have felt the steel of ingratitude; that even Virginia should have so ill-recompensed him; that he should have been driven by cruel injustice to intoxication, poverty, and an ignoble death, will forever remain a blot upon the national honor. While Americans applaud Clark for teaching British generals the penalty of hanging up purses for the scalps of Indiana Pioneers, let them cover their faces in shame that the man whom Jef-

erson honored and Washington commended, was the victim of the ingratitude of a nation. That Colonel Vigo should totter to a pauper's grave, and yet die rich in honest claims for his fortune poured into the nation's lap in the hour of her greatest need, was sad enough,—the chief honor done him was to name after him a county of the State when it entered the Union. He and faithful Father Gibault, the priest who gave his all for us, who won over the people of Vincennes to America in July, 1778, and who was cheated and deceived by our government as a reward, that these and the other early Indianians, who gave and died unrecompensed, should have been so cruelly neglected, is a shame not much softened by the fact that a hundred years later tardy justice was done and a few of the claims paid to their heirs.¹

The period that next most attracts attention is that in-

volving the great discussion, and campaign for the adoption of the ordinance of 1787, whereby Indiana and all the territory north of the Ohio was irrevocably dedicated to freedom. No page in our political history possesses greater interest than the story of the adoption of that famous compact, and the record of the



HENRY C. DIBBLE.

¹ The authorities are all one way. Government haggled and whimpered even after its own courts had decided against it. It never had any real defense. The record is one of shame and humiliation, and suggests the hope that never will it be paralleled.

decisions that followed it, concerning the rights of the early Indianians to their slaves under the guarantees of the Virginia cession, which decisions culminated in the famous Dred Scott case. A sketch of this remarkable passage in Indiana's career must be omitted here and I must pass, too, the formation of the Northwest Territory, the cessions of the Indian tribes of Indiana, the sufferings of the early settlers, the wrongs of the French pioneers, the development of the laws, the incoming of varieties of people, the gradual elimination of French systems and civilization for the more robust and provident methods of the Americans, the history of the territory under General Harrison,— who was the first Territorial Delegate Congress honored with the chairmanship of a committee, — and the efforts three times made to carry Indiana back to slavery, born of a sentiment that

found an echo as late as 1861, when sections in the extreme lower part of the State sympathized with the cause of the Southern Confederacy.

Methodical government did not displace arbitrary rule over the Northwest Territory until 1778. But it did not operate upon the French settlements of Indiana until nearly three years later, during which time the redoubtable Major Hamtramck was the autocrat of the Wa-

bash, the repository of all legislative, judicial, and executive functions. From that time is dated the decline of the French influence in Indiana. The incoming Americans were sober, serious, concerned for gain; the old French were careless of tomorrow, vivacious, improvident, and gay. The two elements would not mix, much less amalgamate. Under the sharp competition that set up in industry and agriculture the French were

driven to the wall; many of their just claims were disallowed, their spirits were broken by what they conceived to be the injustice of government, and largely they sank to the poverty-level. The Americans looked upon these easy-going people as an inferior race, and the French were quick to discover this sentiment. With their failure to comprehend the need for laws, their inability to understand the scheme of the republic and the plan of self-

government, they sank to a condition that they considered that of the down-trodden and oppressed. In truth, it was but the result of the operation of natural law, which decrees the survival of the fittest, and makes dominant at the last the race that has the capacity to prevail.

The beginnings of this decadency were prior to the governorship of General Harrison over the territory; it was a ripe condition when on the fourth day



Photo by Hodson.

W. C. HENDRICKS.



Photo by Gregory.

T. M. LINDLEY.

of July, 1800, he became Governor. Indiana's civilized population at that time was but 5,641, grouped in a few villages, but in what is Indiana as we know it today, there were not to exceed 2500 civilized people.

Regretfully I pass without even a glance that very interesting page in national history that comprises the story of Indiana building as a political factor in nation building; the equally interesting struggle that took place upon Indiana soil when the mother country a second time tried the issue of arms with the new-born republic: I come down for a finale in this retrospect to the year 1810, when the casting vote of James Beggs irrevocably dedicated Indiana to freedom, and made the even semblance of slavery forever an impossibility within the territory.

The whole line of decrees, statutes, cessions, compacts, decisions, and acts, that for a quarter of a century molded Indiana as a potter molds the clay,—this matter of the exclusion of all forms

of slavery, which culminated in the year last named in the destruction of the "indenture act," was the beginning of the doing for California, that is to be credited to Indiana. For the struggle to retain slavery upon Indiana soil, was defeated by reason of the incoming into the upper Whitewater valley of the tide of immigration from the South of the descendants of the Huguenots, and the those other slavery haters from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the farther North. This defeat, Mr. Dunn shows beyond possibility of denial, was not only one of the tap-roots of our national growth, but a chief agency in molding our maturer stature as a nation. Even long after, in 1850, the debate on the California bill of the question as to slavery in the territory acquired from Mexico was settled by citation of the history of congressional refusal to admit slavery into Indiana, and of its people's refusal to perpetuate so much of the institution as had taken root there. So that if Indiana had done nothing else for California it made it a Free State.

Admitted to the Union in 1816, with but a handful of pioneers, Indiana has expanded to a leading State of over two and a quarter millions of people. Cities elbow for place within her borders; towns and villages literally lie within sight of each other from the Ohio to the Great Lakes, railroads gridiron her surface, and the satisfying murmur of her industries pervades the air from the southerly sweep of Lake Michigan to the valley of the White Water, which Edward Eggleston, the distinguished writer, himself a Hoosier, declares has given more literary men to the nation than any other territory of like extent in the United States.

No other commonwealth has a superior school system; no other community has made such large contribution, propor-

tioned to numbers, to the cause of education. Her State banking system which without the loss of a reef point weathered the storms of 1857, when most of the financial institutions of the West went to the wall, expired by limitation, and left to the common school system earnings of such magnitude as to endow the free schools more than lavishly. Her educational institutions have given forth some of the best and brightest minds that have served the nation.

Nearly 13,000 manufacturing establishments stand to her industrial credit, representing an aggregated invested capital of over \$140,000,000, and a wage output of over \$65,000,000 annually, with a manufacturing production of more than \$260,000,000.

And this little State has given to California three governors, two United States Senators, three justices of the Supreme Bench, two Attorneys Generals, a Secretary of State, Judges for the Federal and State bench in large number, publicists, educators, scores of clergymen of distinguished ability, physicians, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, agriculturists, manufacturers, editors, men of affairs: transcontinental railway builders, poets, and scholars, and these from a State so limited in area that

it could be put down between the northern boundary of San Bernardino county and the southern boundary of San Diego county and still leave marginal area on the right and the left in excess of five thousand square miles.

Passing the earlier incomers,—who are not therefore less important in this consideration,—the Treadways, Knights,

Keithleys, Bamfords, Ridgeways, and a host of their fellows, who are men that stand for the material Indiana has builded into the substance of California.¹

John McDougal, born in Ohio, transplanted to Indiana, and there developed, took up her arms in the war with Mexico as a Captain of Indiana Volunteers, returned to civic walks with honors, served the State in a civil position with credit, came to California in 1848, sat in our first constitutional convention, became our first lieutenant governor, and in 1851, the Chief Magis-



Photo by MacMillan.

HON. W. W. MORROW,
JUDGE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

trate of California. J. Neely Johnson, born in Gibson County in 1825, represented Sacramento in the Legislature of 1853, sat in the constitutional convention of Nevada, after becoming governor of California in 1855, and honored the Supreme bench of the Silver State as one of

¹I regret that prepared sketches of the careers of all the men mentioned in this article must be omitted.

its Justices. Newton Booth, the most scholarly and eloquent of our governors, born in Washington County, Indiana, was graduated from Asbury in 1846, came to California in 1850, was a State Senator in 1862, was elected governor in 1871, and became United States Senator in 1873. He was of positive convictions, fearless in expression, dignified, genial, scholarly, of poetical temperament, a well read lawyer, a successful merchant, followed politics, but not as a vocation, and was an orator of rare graces. Without being trivial, Indiana may lay the further claims that one other of California's governors, Pacheco, chose his wife from among Hoosier maids, and another was given to this State by "The Indiana Colony."

To the California Supreme Bench Indiana contributed Chief Justice A. L. Rhodes, who, though not a native Indianian, won his first laurels and developed at the Bloomfield bar and came thence to honor California with distinguished citizenship. She sent from Switzerland County J. D. Works to the same bench, who fought with distinction in the 10th Indiana Cavalry, served a term in the legislature, came to California in 1883, and soon thereafter ascended the bench. ²E. B. Crocker, Supreme Justice of California (1883), was in the best sense Indianian, for this distinguished lawyer whose wealth has visited upon Sacramento a benediction of Art, came into that State in youth, studied law at South Bend, came to the bar in 1842, left for California in 1852, was identified with the schemes of the great railroad builders, was an active spirit in the cause of freedom, and served with distinction in his profession, State and private interests.

Governor H. G. Blaisdel, of Oakland, is a son of Indiana. Born in Dearborn County, he came to California in

1852, and in 1864, was chosen the first Governor of Nevada, and was honored with a second term.

W. C. Hendricks was an Indianian, closely related to the late Governor and Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana. He came to California in 1849, and after some fluctuation settled in Butte County, where as the head of a party of Indiana capitalists he developed the Hendricks mine. He was elected to the State Senate in 1873, was appointed Prison Director in 1883, visited the East and filed an able report as Penological Commissioner in 1885, was elected Secretary of State in 1886, and at the time of his death in 1892, was President of the Indiana Association of California. The present Secretary of State, L. H. Brown, while a "Native Son," is proud of the fact that he was born of an Indiana mother. A. L. Hart, one of the leading lawyers of California, is a native of Bloomfield, Indiana, and served with distinction as Attorney General. G. A. Johnson, came out of Indiana, where he held a position on the bench of one of the most important Judicial Circuits, the 17th.

Gen. John F. Miller, lawyer, statesman, soldier, business man, was born in South Bend, Indiana, in 1831, came to California in 1852 for three years, returned to Indiana and in 1860, was elected to the State Senate, but resigned to take the field, and was soon in command of the famous "fighting" Twentieth regiment. He was wounded at Stone River, and for gallantry was made Brigadier General. In the battle of Liberty Gap he lost an eye. He was breveted Major General in 1865, declined a colonelcy in the regular Army, and in that year returned to California. He was made Collector of the Port of San Francisco, organized the Alaska Fur Company, was a Republican Presidential

¹ Pasadena—Markham. ²The Crocker Art Gallery.

elector three times; was a member of the constitutional convention of 1879, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1881. His record was a brilliant one.

Probably the most beautiful city of which California boasts, noted for the high moral tone of the community, its wealth and refinement, and that ease, which is the product of industriously amassed wealth and economic methods is Pasadena. It is the creature of Indiana far-seeing, enterprise, and investment, for it was originally the "Indiana Colony" organized in Indianapolis in 1872, by twenty-seven such spirits as T. B. Elliott, J. M. Matthews, Erie Locke, J. H. Beker, O. O. Porter, P. M. Green, W. B. Kimball, H. Ruddell, Calvin Fletcher, J. S. Baker, D. M. Berry, and Thos. F. Croft, the latter becoming the grantee for a remnant of the San Pascual Rancho, the consideration being \$25,000.

Mr. Croft, the original grantee; left La Porte,—the birth place of the compiler of these sketches,—for California in 1857, but returned to serve his country in arms during the rebellion. He is a representative business man of varied capacity and acquirements, and still a citizen of the lovely place he was instrumental in founding. O. R. Dougherty, founder of South Pasadena in 1885, is a native of Wayne County, Indiana, a member of the Indiana Bar, one time Clerk of Morgan County, a member of the Indiana legislature for several terms, in California twice a Congressional nominee, has been, besides lawyer and legislator, also trader, farmer, and editor, and is now devoted to that artistic and refining branch of agriculture, fruit growing. Intensely Californian this descendant of Irish-English-Southern stock, is passionate in his remembrances of Indiana.

Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, miner, messenger, traveler, lawyer, judge, dramatist, editor, teacher, sweet singer, is a native of Indiana. General Burnside, his cousin, always told the poet, that he was born in the same house in Liberty, Union County, in which the General saw the light. A great deal wholly fanciful and fictitious has been written about Mr. Miller by those who have taken his lines literally, and he confesses that he has often led sensational scribblers on, but denies that he ever



Joaquin Miller.

was the renegade of the romances. His father, one of the gentlest of human beings, lived seventy years among savages and yet never had occasion to fire a gun or utter a harsh word. The Poet "takes" more after his paternal grandfather, who fighting, fell with Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames under Harrison. The grandson took to arms and roving and as early as 1855, was shot down in battle, and when but seventeen, lost the use of an arm from injuries received in the Pitt River Expedition. It must suffice to say that the Poet now and for so many years a Californian, is not the less an Indianian, and recalls the days of his boyhood in the Hoosier State in fascinating recital. That he had hardy Hoosier-Californians in mind, is not improbable, when he read at the last pioneer reunion in San Francisco, the poem from which I select this apostrophe:—

My brave world-builders of a world
That tops the keystone, star of States,
All hail! Your battle flags are furled
In fruitful peace. The golden gates
Are won. The jasper wall be yours.
Your sun sinks down yon soundless shores.
Night falls. But lo! your lifted eyes
Greet gold outcroppings in the skies.

Of the great railway builders, I credit Charles Crocker to Indiana. Entering the State in boyhood, he there suffered his earliest reverses, overcame apparently unsurmountable difficulties that would have cowed a less determined nature, developed the manhood that made him what he rose to be, and coming to California, carved out for this State and himself the beginning of the destiny that is written in the great railway system of California, and that linked the Pacific and the Atlantic inseparably in

¹ The first battle has been graphically described by Captain Gilson, who led it, in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, March, 1891, p. 272. In the *OVERLAND*, Volume for 1871-72, Mr. Miller says there is an honest account concerning him by his political enemy, whom he defeated for Judge of Grant County, Oregon.

the bond of loyalty and commercial colleagueship. The shafts of envy, the darts of jealousy and uncharitableness, dulled by the years will leave his name undimmed, as one of the foremost builders of the commonwealth.

S. M. and C. M. Shortridge, of San Francisco, one the lawyer and the other the journalist, amongst the foremost in their walks, were born of Indiana parentage. Their sister, Mrs. Foltz, still more fortunate, is a native Indianian. One of these has said with deep feeling, "If each in his or her way has done something for California, the credit is due to Old Indiana, the birth place of our dear parents, and their home."

I have chosen as a typical merchant given by Indiana to California, T. M. Lindley of Sacramento. Born in Orange County in 1819, he came to California in 1849, from Terre Haute, settled in our Capital city to merchandising, and is distinguished for manly qualities, fine citizenship and uprightness, and as the oldest jobbing grocer of the Coast.

Hon. A. J. Buckles, born near Muncie, was one of the famous Iron Brigade, was shot through the body at the wilderness, through the thigh at Second Bull Run, in the shoulder at Gettysburg, and left a leg on the field before Petersburg Congress voted him a medal for gallantry. He has been five years District Attorney of Solano County, and ten years its Superior Judge, has held the chief office in the G. A. R., and in one of the leading confraternities of the country. Like many another Indianian who battled against slavery, his family came up out of the south land.

Indiana's bounty to the bench has not stopped with Rhodes, Crocker, and Buckles. Among the many others passing the group in earlier judicial history, I cannot fail to name Hon. Lucien Shaw of the Superior Court of Los Angeles, a

native of Switzerland County, Indiana. He came to California in 1883, and without solicitation was recommended by the bar for the bench to which he was appointed, and for which he was elected for another term in 1890. He represents the element strong in Indiana that comes of the mingling of Scotch and Dutch stock. Judge E. M. Gibson of Oakland, born in Hamilton County, Indiana, took up arms for the Union in 1861, in the Nineteenth Indiana Regiment, and serving three years, left a leg at Gettysburg. He was promoted on the field for gallantry, came to California in 1870, was twice District Attorney of Alameda, six years its Superior Judge, and has enjoyed distinction among Grand Army men as well as the esteem of the people. He comes of the union on Indiana soil of Pilgrim and far Southern blood.

Judge J. W. Armstrong, a widely known Californian, two terms Superior Judge of Sacramento County, twelve years a trustee of the State Library, during six of which he was president of the Board, is a native of Fountain County, Indiana, and came to California in 1852. United States District Judge W. W. Morrow of San Francisco, is a White Water Indianian, from Wayne County, a self made man of broad abilities, intense patriotism, clean life, and high moral standards lived up to. He came to California at the age of sixteen, returned to fill a position of trust under the Secretary of the Treasury, took up arms for the Union, returned to California in due time as the trusted agent of the Federal Government, and at the conclusion of his duty was called to the bar, and in 1870, was made Assistant United States District Attorney. In 1878, he was at the head of the Republican State Central Committee. He was special counsel thereafter in many important trusts for the State and the nation, took a leading

position in the councils of the national Republican party, served the State in the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses, was frequently called to act as speaker *pro tem*, filled places on the most important House Committees, and in recognition of his public services was specially honored by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and the Mechanics Institute, and in 1891, was made United States District Judge, to succeed the late Hon. Ogden Hoffman. He comes of revolutionary stock combining Scotch and Irish blood. His career has been an honor to the State and nation, and is a model for young men with the courage to do and the resolution to accomplish. Both Judges Armstrong and Morrow have it to say, that in youth they were taught and labored at honorable mechanical trades.

Judge Henry C. Dibble of San Francisco, is an Indianian, a soldier, lawyer, and publicist, of a New England family that founded the town of Delphi, where he was born in 1844. He was in the Union army at seventeen and fought to the close of the war, leaving a leg at Port Huron. He came to the bar before he was of age, was graduated at the University of Louisiana, in which State he settled after the war, and in New Orleans led an active life as a political leader, editor, and Judge of a New Orleans court. He twice ran for Congress came to California in 1883, was two years Assistant United States District Attorney, served with distinction two terms in the California Legislature, and has been specially honored by the G. A. R. There are few better known Indiana-Californians than Judge Dibble, whose energy and ability has made good impress upon the State.

Judge Lucien P. Shaw of the Los Angeles Superior bench, came to California from Switzerland County, Indiana,

having been born on a Vevay farm. He is a graduate of the Indianapolis Law College and came to the bar at Bloomfield. He arrived in California in 1883, and in 1889, without solicitation on his part was recommended by the bar for appointment to the Los Angeles bench, which he filled so well that in 1890, the people elected him to a second term.

Typical of the publicist and journalist of the best order, I select a Fayette County Indianian, and speak of him from the judicial attitude, uninfluenced by a friendship unbroken and undisturbed for a quarter of a century. William H. Mills of San Francisco has a just claim upon the State for grateful consideration when his intellectual measure and the breadth of his public service are taken. He came to California in 1862 equipped like so many self-made men with a trade that he was proud to pursue. But he had been fashioned for broader purposes. After filling an important trust in a manufacturing establishment, where he embraced the opportunity to make a close study of many kinds of men, he became the master spirit of a foremost temperance confraternity, and assumed his first editorial responsibility in its behalf, later combining business with it at Sacramento, where he made his home. Out of his and another's suggestion was born that worthy charity, The Good Templars' Home for Orphans at Vallejo. In April 1872 his acknowledged ability and versatile adaptability called him to the management and editorship of the *Sacramento Record*, that three years later united fortunes with the *Union*, and under his sagacious management brought the *Record-Union* into existence, the proprietors being the Sacramento Publishing Company, the presidency of which Mr. Mills has ever since held. His capacity for journalism; his instant grasp of the responsibilities, duties, and opportunities, of that calling;

his signal ability as a manager; and his still broader capacity for public work made manifest in his free service to the State in reporting upon conditions in her penal institutions, and in duty-doing upon the Yosemite Commission, and in other lines, drew upon him the attention of prescient business sagacity, which saw for him greater possibilities, and placed him in 1883 in the important trust he still administers in the economy of the great railway system of California. Of remarkable amplitude of mental grasp, not devoid of human faults but armed with capacity for self-judgment and entire justice, he has so used the field of enlarged opportunity and multiplied contacts with men and affairs of the times, that there has been scarcely any subject or movement having for its purpose State development and betterment, upon which his advice has not been sought and his foresight, energy, and intellectual vigor, solicitously enlisted. His relation to that beneficence, the State Board of Trade, has brought him into still more usefulness and prominence in connection with schemes for the building of the State and the general betterment of society. Among the galaxy of the distinguished Indiana-Californians, he is the foremost publicist; one who has not permitted political ambition to cripple capacity or partisanship to enslave intellect. It is well said of him that he has the acumen of the lawyer, the profundity of the jurist, the graces of the scholar, the eloquence that charms and convinces, and the information that embraces the major portion of all activity among the civilizing and progressive agencies of the day. But what he is, the close, broad reader, the original thinker, the fearless advocate, the trenchant writer, the accomplished journalist, the brilliant orator, and the broad-minded, many-sided publicist, he has made himself. His service

to his time and the people of the State, will not be revealed in all fullness and worth, until with envy silenced and jealousy abashed, he shall have ceased to labor for California.

The last representative of contribution to California from the little Pocket State stretches out, and proves that it has given to us of men who do not leave an entered field while there is duty to be performed and conquests to be achieved. Captain J. T. Matlock of Red Bluff, lawyer, county official, soldier legislator, came to us from Danville with the record of having fought through the war under "Ben. Harrison," whose cause he championed on the California stump as only a Hoosier orator could. Doctor E. S. Cooper, founder of the first medical school in California and builder of the Medical Department of the University of the Pacific, began his professional career in Indiana, and there formed the resolution that made him famous here. Doctor Luther Brusie, a native of Laporte, came to California in the early days, returned to serve in arms for the Union, and came again to us, served in the Legislature with honor, and gave his Indiana son, Judson C. Brusie, to the State of his adoption, which he has served in three sessions of the Legislature, at the bar, and on many an oratorical field. Prof. David Starr Jordan, President of the Leland Stanford Junior, University, was chosen from Indiana, though not a native. He was called to the chair of Biology in Butler University, Indianapolis, took a degree from the Indiana Medical College, filled the chair of Zoology in the Indiana University, and later became President of that institution, from which he was called to the presidency of Stanford. His attainments, his scholarly versatility, and his services in the cause of education and advanced thought are too well known to call for resumé here.

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He is not alone among educators in Stanford University on whom Indiana lays claim, for Professors O. P. Jenkins, C. H. Gilbert, and R. L. Green, are Indians born, sons of her universities, while seven others of the faculty bear degrees and honors from Indiana educational institutes.

Of Indiana parentage and education is Professor A. H. Yoder, educator, San Francisco, and recently prominently related to the school department. The late Professor W. W. Clawson, once Principal of the Tompkins Grammar School, Oakland, and whose name attaches in memory of his virtues to the Clawson school, Oakland, was an Indianian, a graduate of Earlham Institute, near Richmond. He was one of the most thoroughly equipped educators California has ever had.

Indiana gave more than her proportion to California's second Constitutional Convention, in the persons of D. W. Herrington, G. W. Hunter, James G. McCallum, and John F. Miller. Had each State done as much the Convention would have exceeded the legal number of members. Of the many Indianians from whom I would select as representative of all worthy conditions and activities in California, the inexorable exigency of magazine limitation permits me to list only these,—some dead, the many living: Lieutenant Pencé at Alcatraz; W. W. Douglas, so many years attached to the State Controller's office; G. H. Sisson, the business man trained at old Asbury; Major G. H. Bonebreak, the banker and man of affairs of Los Angeles, soldier, teacher, lawyer, investor; Lee Stanley, ex-sheriff of Sacramento; William Knight, the pioneer hunter, prominent in the Bear Flag Campaign and after whom Knight's Ferry is named; Thomas Hill, one of the fighting men of Fremont's party; Abner Doble of San

Francisco, the pioneer manufacturer who built the first street cars on the Coast, and forged the first mining tools in California; J. W. Wilson, Sacramento, ex-sheriff, ex-supervisor, director of the State Agricultural Society and ex-fire commissioner; W. E. Chamberlain, the venerable banker and ex-treasurer of Sacramento; Doctor Daniel Kirkwood of Riverside, a prominent publicist; T. J. Hart, Colusa, thrice a California legislator; George and James Kitts, the former one of the famous 4th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers of 1847, both miners; T. J. Field of Monterey, from Scott County, prominent in business circles; E. K. Alsip, of Sacramento and San Francisco investor and real estate dealer; "Billy" Williams, of Southern California, the campaign orator; Judge Hawley of the United States District Court of Nevada, closely identified with California; John Snyder, farmer of Santa Clara, a '49er who discovered Scott River; James Fulton, farmer, who gave his name to Fulton, Sonoma County; F. G. Burrows, of Colusa, from La Porte in 1848; John Merritt from Marion, who built the second house erected in the town of Petaluma; T. H. Fairbanks, of Dearborn, farmer, a veteran of the war with Mexico; J. A. Cole, farmer, Fresno, from Switzerland County; Lossing Ross, farmer, of Sonoma, who came from Floyd County in 1850; Griffin Treadway, drover, who brought out a large party of Hoosiers in 1852, and was one of the earliest stock men of the State; Jeremiah Ridgeway, Sonoma, from La Porte in the early fifties, capitalist and investor; H. T. Bickle, Oakland; T. J. Henley, the war horse of the pioneer Democracy of California, and a famous stump orator; J. B. Carrington, related to the journalism of the Grange; J. H. Gaddis, a mechanic, now of Santa Rosa, who was one of the famous 4th Indiana Cavalry; Howell

Clark of Sacramento, a '49 pioneer merchant, trader, and miner; J. B. Hume, San Francisco, the venerable detective officer, known far and wide in California as a terror to evil doers; Brainard F. Smith, of Madison, Indiana, the well known clerical expert at Repressa,—these stand for the varied orders of Indiana men whose lives have been interwoven with the building up of California.

As a typical Indiana-California horticulturist, I select A. T. Hatch of Solano County. Born at Elkhart, in 1837, of Welsh-English parentage, he struck out for himself at fifteen and after an adventurous and honorable struggle came into California at twenty, mined, saved, returned to Hoosier land and married, came back, and speculated in San Francisco successfully, settled down to horticulture in Solano, and has made his name famous among the fruit and nut culturists of the world. He has five thousand acres in horticultural fruitfulness, and has experimented and discovered more, and more successfully, than any other in the State. Not one can truthfully say that he has done more for the horticultural interests of California than Mr. Hatch. Out of his suggestion sprang the State Board of Trade that has proved of such high value to the commonwealth.

And now as to the contribution of Indiana to the California pulpit, and I will have done. The Methodists far more than others appear to have sent clergymen to California. Father Owen (Reverend Isaac Owen, D. D.) the pioneer preacher and masterful Missionary worker, was a native of Indiana. Reverend C. V. Anthony, D. D., of Santa Cruz, a pioneer preacher of that faith, as also Reverend H. C. Benson, D. D., of Santa Clara, for twelve years editor of the California *Christian Advocate* and a pioneer of 1852. Reverend B. F. Crary, D. D., who was editor of the same paper,

a like number of years, were Indianians. Reverend Alfred Kummer, D. D., Oakland, Reverend John Thompson, D. D., the Bible Agent for California; Reverend J. N. Beard, D. D., Napa, President of the University of the Pacific, a native of Clinton County Indiana, and a graduate of De Pauw University;—all these Indianians gave to California. Few ministers have taken so active a part in practical civics as Reverend E. R. Dille, the Methodist clergyman of San Francisco, who came out of Indiana, where he grew to manhood and was graduated at Frankfort, receiving later his degree from the University of the Pacific. Bishop Simpson sent him to California in 1873, after he had won honor in Indiana for his service throughout the war in the 150th Indiana Regiment and as an aggressive and fearless spirit in the pulpit. By the Order of Odd Fellows, the G. A. R., and his Conference he has been specially honored.

At that lovely religious sea-side retreat, Pacific Grove, the superintendent is Reverend Thomas Sinex, D. D., of New Albany, Indiana, who entered Ashbury at sixteen, received the degree of A. B. at nineteen, and of A. M., *in cursu*. He founded the Indiana Asbury Female College, and after filling a classical chair, came to the presidency of the Wesleyan College at Albion, Michigan: where the writer was a pupil. In 1864 he came to California where he has administered several pastorates, held the Presidency of the University of the Pacific, filled a professor's chair for years in that institution, was honored with high office by the Odd Fellows, and served the State in locating the San Jose Normal School. His progenitors settled in Delaware as early as 1633. Rev. M. M. Bovard, D. D., of Scott County, Indiana, was fighting in the 12th Indiana Regiment as a boy of fifteen, was graduated at twenty-six, teaching to gain means to pay his

way in college, came to California in 1873, founded the University of Southern California, and was its first president,—a wonderful man for work and educational and church building, who died widely lamented in 1892. Reverend F. D. Bovard, D. D., of Alameda, is from Alpha, Indiana, was graduated at De Pauw, came to California in 1875, and presided over the first Methodist Church erected in Pasadena, has filled many pastorates, was first Vice-President of the University of Southern California, founded many churches and erected many church buildings. His brother, Reverend G. F. Bovard is presiding elder of the Pasadena District, and another brother, Reverend W. S. Bovard is pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, San Francisco. In all six Bovards, brothers, Indiana, have been Methodist ministers in California. The Reverend W. H. Baugh, of the Presbyterian Church is among the latest of Indianians who have come into California and become conspicuous by intellect, energy and engagement in works of beneficence.

To the grand army of the omitted Indianians, who have adopted California, there is no apology to offer. The types of brain and brawn their State has contributed to the Golden State have been fairly represented, though it is true that many, both lowly and foremost, whose examples would have equally served the purpose, might have been chosen to illustrate the scheme of the OVERLAND. It very little signifies to the social being who rightly conceives his mission on earth whether his personality is held up to gaze or not; if it serves well he is content; if it is not selected, he is conscious of duty performed, which stands above and far before all other considerations.

Let it not be said that even such crude efforts as this are inconsequential. It is

a noble aspiration to be closely associated with the building of a State. Though we adopt a new home, we are more than mortal if we rise superior to the sentiment that attaches us to the soil of the old one. It is not a supreme matter in what part of our common country we are born, or where we experienced the earliest throbs of ambition. But whatever the spot may be, it is of supreme importance that we should feel for it that tender attachment out of which patriotic impulse springs. We may not glory in ourselves without shame, but he who

does not take pride in his native State, and hold in loving regard the place of his birth in this Union of States,—he who does not tenderly regard the scenes of his youth and the field of his early manhood in the American Republic, is not only insensate, but less than human.

J. A. Woodson.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax furnished D. R. Leper for his work on *Indiana Argonauts of '49*, 122 names of Indianans who came to California in '49 from the one small section about South Bend and Mishawaka. This indicates the large contribution Indiana made to California in its infancy. Ed.

SANTA BARBARA.



SUMMER land south-bound by summer seas;
North-rimmed with rugged mountains;
And all between a ravishment of trees
And vines and flowers and fountains.

Above, a soft, soft cloudless summer sky,
Its turquoise deeps declining,
To meet the crescent-bounding seas that vie
With them in sapphire shining.

From curv'd shore to curving mountain brim
The vale, still upward trending,
O'erlooks the liquid sapphire's furthest rim,
The turquoise deeps o'erbending.

The air is rife with song of flashing bird
And rich with balm of flowers
And sweet with tones of happy children heard
At play among the bowers.

Who would not here in dreamful ease abide,—
Calm joys his days extending,—
Content to wait that last—last ebbing tide,
On which, when comes the ending,
His soul must glide.

Ruthella Schultze Bollard.



II. IN THE CAPAY VALLEY.

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns.

Tennyson.



THE distance from Paris to Edinburgh is not greater than the distance from Capay Valley in Yolo County to the heart of the Californian Riviera at Santa Barbara. Four hundred miles, as the crow flies, separated us from the scene of the Battle of Flowers; mountains and barren mesas intervened and yet, as far as the climate, the

natural scenery, and the products of the soil were concerned, we might still have been in one of the ever-sunny valleys that lead off from the old Mission Santa Barbara. There were differences, we plainly recognized, but not the differences that exist between Paris and Scotland. We were no longer in the land of poco tiempo; the luxurious enervating traditions of the Spanish days played no part in the lives of the people about us. It was as if the active, hard working, economical farmers of New England had settled at Santa Bar-



ON CACHE CREEK, CAPAY.



CAPAY VALLEY PREVIOUS TO THE PLANTING OF ORCHARDS (RUMSEY.)

bara, and turned the land which was so well adapted to the raising of Jacqueminots and La Marcs, to the prosaic task of bringing forth great crops of fruit and grain.

From one end of the beautiful Capay Valley—from Esparto to Rumsey we did not see a rose bush, although there were plenty of wild flowers. Neither did we see one rod of land that was capable of cultivation running to waste.

extend down through twenty feet of soil that can never wear out, and upward to a sky that is as soft and mellow as the sky of southern France? In that earth, under that sky and within the protection of the encircling mountains,—the valley is only 24 miles long and from 3 to 4 broad—everything is possible.

Everything save a mortgage. The one thing that most worries the tourist throughout many portions of the State is



ON THE RANCHERIA, NEAR RUMSEYS.

The farmers,—they are all farmers according to the Eastern definition of the term, not ranchers as Californians understand the word—are not poor, for every one of them owns his own home, neither are they rich, for the average size of their farms do not exceed 80 acres. Yet they would not exchange their 20 and 40 acre farms for a township in New Hampshire or Missouri, for does it not

this seeming utter disregard of all classes for the future. There is no putting anything aside for the proverbial “rainy day.” Ranch life must be modeled either after the ever present examples of the Spaniard or the English Country Gentry, regardless both of the changed conditions of times and of the absolute necessity of £. s. and p. The warm fertile earth is so generous here in Cali-



TYPICAL CAPAY VALLEY HOME. (E. F. HASWELL.)

fornia that its owner must be equally generous and the result is always the same. Nature tires out and the ranch passes into other hands. It is no use trying to live the life of a retired country gentleman until you have something to retire on. There are no costly ranch houses from one end of the Capay Valley to the other—not one.

In fact, one is struck with the utter disregard for show exhibited. The houses are small, neat, one-storied and possibly only temporary. Money is not laid out in walks, parks or flower gardens, yet there is an air of well being about them all. It is easy to see however, where the money and labor have been spent. It is on the land itself—on the great orchards of apricots, prunes, peaches, figs, pomegranates, pears, almonds, English walnuts, and on the school-houses that meet one at every turn.¹ You can

stand in the middle of the broad hard-packed road that traverses the valley from end to end and look to the right and left down aisles of fruit trees to the foothills on either side and not pick out a weed or brush; or across great fields of yellow grain that do not stop at the foothills, where a combined harvester and thresher and twenty mules are at work, without wondering whether it is "volunteer" or not. You soon discover that every farmer's first ambition is to own his own farm no matter how small, after which he may possibly indulge in a big

house, but more than likely he has his eye on the 40 acres that adjoin his. The very method by which most of the land owners of this fertile little valley have bought their land is conducive to this habit of thrift and economy.

A great company named after the valley bought 10,000 acres out of the 40,000 in the valley. They then resold and are still selling their acres so that the purchaser, if he is industrious, can buy without capital and make the land pay for itself. The only requirement is 6 per cent interest for the first five years, and that a reasonable proportion of the land so purchased be planted in fruit trees or vines. At the end of the five years the land will be in a position to much more than pay for itself, for the fruit trees will be bearing earlier than in any other portion of the State, so

¹Governor H. H. Markham in his State report of 1893, states that the number of schools in Yolo County, which according to census of 1890, had a population of only

12,684, was 78. School children between 5 and 17 years, 3,478,—more than one fourth of the entire population. School money, \$9,315.09.

guaranteeing the highest prices in the San Francisco markets.¹

We had seen so often at Santa Barbara, at Los Angeles, Redlands, Menlo, and all over the State what a man can do with the marvelous soil and under the warm skies of California with a big bank account, that we were curiously anxious to see what a man under the same circumstances, minus the bank book had done.

We left San Francisco early one mid-summer morning for Yolo County, and



CACHE CREEK, LOWEST STAGE.

Capay Valley, and had hardly changed cars at Elmira before our desires began to be realized. We were aware that to us a new phase in the life of the State

¹The following estimate on the cost of buying five acres of ground, planting it to fruit and caring for it during the first five years, was prepared by the Tancred Colony of Capay Valley, in 1890, to induce colonists to settle on their lands. The colony is now one of the most flourishing in the State and has all its orchards of prune, peaches, apricots, figs, olives, etc., bearing. The estimate was found to be very liberal.

The Cost of Five Acres of Land, including Five Shares of Stock, based on land at \$100 per acre is estimated as follows:

FIRST YEAR—

Three calls on Stock, at 5 per cent, including first year's interest on land.....	\$ 75 00
Cost of 500 trees, at 15 cents....	75 00
Preparing land, planting of trees and care of same, ploughing, cultivating, pruning, etc.....	75 00
	<u>\$225 00</u>

SECOND YEAR—

Say one call on Stock, at 5 per cent	25 00
Care of trees ²	50 00
Interest on land, at 7 per cent....	35 00
	<u>\$110 00</u>

THIRD YEAR—

Probably no call on Stock	
Care of trees	55 00
Interest on land, at 7 per cent....	35 00
	<u>\$ 90 00</u>

²This item need not be considered if the land owner does his own work.

FOURTH YEAR—

Say, one call on Stock, for providing drying and packing facilities, at 5 per cent.....	25 00
Care of trees.....	60 00
Interest on land at 7 per cent....	35 00
	<u>\$120 00</u>

FIFTH YEAR—

Care of trees	60 00
Interest on land, at 7 per cent....	35 00
Principal due at end of fifth year..	500 00
	<u>\$595 00</u>

Total.....\$1,140 00

The above prices are believed to be *liberal*, and it is expected that the Company will be able to reduce them.

The land having been planted out in trees or vines the first year, there will be some return the third year, possibly enough to cover labor, while the proceeds from the sale of the fourth and fifth years' crops will not only pay expenses but under favorable conditions may be expected to cover the amount of the principal or nearly so.

The value of the Land at the End of Five Years, if under choice fruit trees in full bearing, should be at least equal to the price at which similar lands are being sold today, viz: \$800 to \$1,000 per acre.



A YOLO COUNTY SCHOOL HOUSE, (RUMSEY.)

was opening. From Vacaville to Winters, from Winters to Esparto and Capay, the ranches grew smaller and the land more carefully cultivated; the houses more modest and the hay presses and fruit cars more frequent.

At the little town of Capay the valley of the Sacramento suddenly nar-

rowed into a broad canon. A little farther on the hills swept away a mile or two to the right and left and twenty odd miles farther on, they were reunited save for a narrow gorge, the outlet of Clear Lake. The mountains were brown in the summer sun, except where an expanse of park-like chaparral, or clump of oaks or pines broke in with their many variations of green. From point to point both the dead brown of the sleeping herbage and the green of the woods were

displaced by the golden yellow of a field of wheat or the regular dots of a fruit orchard. A "header" and eight mules were just rounding the dome of one of these spurs, an unconscious testimonial to the plenteousness of the rain fall. From out the gorges and cañons that indented the ranges, mountain streams



A SENTINEL OF THE OLD VALLEY GIANTS, FAST GIVING WAY TO FRUITFUL ORCHARDS



FARMING ON WINTER'S RANCHE (CADINASSA.)

had cut down ten, twenty, and even thirty feet into the deep sandy loam of the bottom-land before they found their way into the cold, clear waters of Cache Creek,—one more testimonial, this time to the depth and richness of the soil. These mountains which shelter the fruit groves at their feet from the cold winds

from the coast and make it possible for the cereals of the temperate zone to grow side by side with the fruits of the semi-tropical, are glorious in their rugged grandeur. Along their picturesque slopes and in their hidden valleys deer and bear roam while mountain quail and doves are as plentiful as they were before the white-



CADINASSA'S ORANGE GROVE.

man knew their retreats. In season, venison is cheaper than beef in the valley and in the head waters of Cache Creek trout and bass tempt the sportsman and the Indian who live along its banks.

They are a picturesque feature of the valley — these Indians.

There are possibly a dozen quaint wood and thatch shanties and a big tumble-down sweat-box in their Rancheria, and from thirty to forty souls, all that are left

over a fire on which she was cooking a soup made of mashed acorns. As the mixture came to a boil she turned it out into a water-tight willow basket. These baskets, which are really beautiful are their only article of manufacture, and they sell them to tourists at prices varying from \$3 to \$10. The great dance-hall or sweat-box as it is locally called, consists of a hole in the earth large enough to hold twenty-five or thirty people seated in circles. It is covered over with logs and

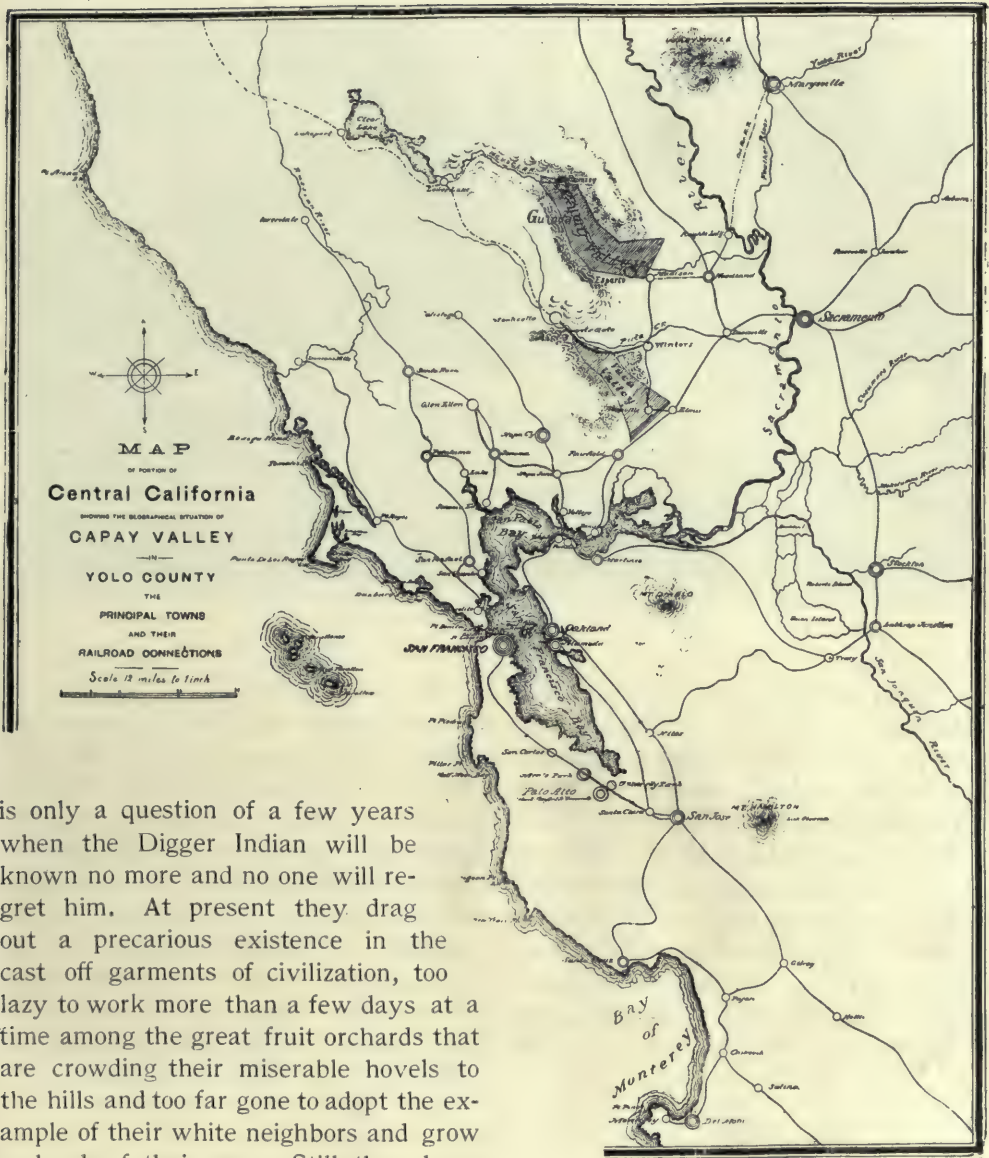


J. G. WOODBURY'S RANCH, GUINDA. (TREES FOUR YEARS OLD.)

of the Diggers that once populated the valley and ranged the hills. We invaded them late one afternoon and neither the sun-tinged dusk or the olive green shadows from the bluffs behind could impart to their squalor one atom of romance. They were nearly all old, toothless, half-blind and bent double. Their faces did not resemble the typical hatchet faced Indian on the one cent coins, but were big, round and full like that of a well-kept mulatto. An old hag was bending

sods. On festival occasions the Indians collect in it to dance. It is kept intensely hot by a big fire. One after another of the dancers will rush into it and jump and dance about a center pole while the on-lookers will keep time by beating drums and the packed earth with their bare feet.

When a dancer has danced until he is reeking with perspiration and ready to drop with exhaustion, he rushes out into the air and springs into the cold waters of the creek. Pneumonia is the result. It



is only a question of a few years when the Digger Indian will be known no more and no one will regret him. At present they drag out a precarious existence in the cast off garments of civilization, too lazy to work more than a few days at a time among the great fruit orchards that are crowding their miserable hovels to the hills and too far gone to adopt the example of their white neighbors and grow orchards of their own. Still they have souls and are as much of a field for missionary labor as the Japanese or Hindoos.

It seems almost a shame that there is so large a rain-fall in the valley for if there were not, some plan would be devised for utilizing all this great volume of water that is now lost in the tule marshes of the Sacramento. Water enough to irrigate at a very small expense all the land in Yolo County and turn enough wheels to grind all its grain and press all its grapes.

Clear Lake, for which Cache Creek is the outlet has a catchment area of 420 square miles, and the total watershed of the creek is 1,024 square miles. Its elevation is 1,300 feet above sea-level, and in flood stages it discharges over 30,000 cubic feet of water a second. Its lowest discharge is never less than 40 cubic feet a second. It is estimated that Clear Lake would furnish 50,000 horse-power. The time will come, however,



CACHE CREEK AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY.

when Capay Valley will find itself more than one of the finest fruit growing districts in California. This great water power will make it in spite of itself a manufacturing center. Unimproved land which is now selling for \$60 and \$150 an acre will be eagerly sought for at \$300 and \$700. The little towns of Guinda, Rumsey, Capay, Esparto, and the Tancred Colony will find themselves gradually reaching out toward each other until it will be hard to decide where one ends and the other commences.

But aside from scenic beauties of Capay Valley, and above all speculations as to its future, the one element in its life that interested us most was this study of what a temperate, industrious colony (for all this valley might be so termed) of between 3,000 and 4,000 people could do for themselves when placed on a plat of land where all the circumstances natural and artificial were of the most favorable kind. Here was a soil of great fertility, yielding bountifully of every crop; a soil and climate which



LOOKING UP THE VALLEY FROM THE SCHOOL HOUSE, (RUMSEY.)



ON THE RANGE.

ripens all kinds of fruit and vegetables earlier than anywhere else in the State ; a climate perfectly adapted to the curing of raisins and drying of fruit, without the aid of artificial means ; a location that is but ninety miles from the metropolis of the State with easy and cheap railroad communications ; and lastly, a means of procuring a farm without actual capital.

This is the first instance in California where the proprietor has become capitalist for the cultivator of the soil and it presents an interesting study to the investigator of economic problems. The first care of the land company was to invite sober and industrious population. Conservative people feared that the liberal terms would invite a non-capitalist class who would not be able to sustain



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE LEVY VINEYARD.

themselves. The land company, however, persisted in the experiment, believing that the first great desideratum was to attract an industrious population, even though they might belong to an absolutely non-capitalist class. It was an experiment in the direction of the determination as to whether community life can be sustained on small holdings,

acres. When the planting was completed, it was the largest vineyard in the world. The second largest at that time being one of seventy-eight acres at Johannesburg, Germany. Subsequently the Vina Vineyard was planted comprising 3,800 acres. Orchards were planted on a scale of like magnificence. All this largeness was a legacy from the Spanish



OVERLOOKING CAPAY VALLEY AT WINTER'S RANCH.

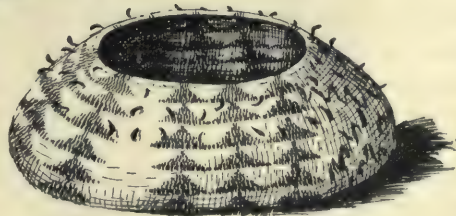
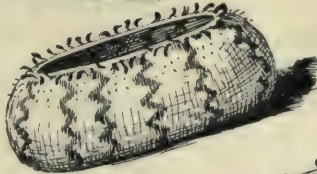
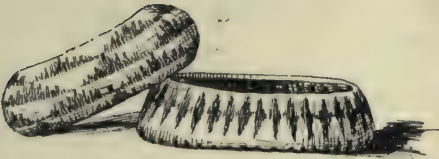
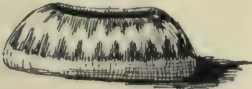
the rule throughout the State being large holdings, both in fruit cultivation and general farming. The earliest vineyards and orchards planted in California were upon a grand scale, many of them aggregating more than a section of land. The pioneer vineyard of the State was planted at Davisville by that pioneer viticulturist G. G. Briggs, and comprised 640

acres. When the planting was completed, it was the largest vineyard in the world. The land company handling the lands in Capay Valley inaugurated a distinctive departure requiring purchases to be in small holdings, forty acres being the limit to be sold on the terms of payment for interest only. In many instances the offers for payment in full for the land were declined by the

company, it preferring that the purchaser should use his own capital for the purpose of improvement. At the end of three years, over fifty per cent of the purchase price had been paid voluntarily, notwithstanding the purchasers had the right of five years time for interest only.

What has been done, has already been told, and what has been done in the last eight years can be done again and again until the population of the valley is 30,000 instead of 3,000.

The last night of our outing we spent at Guinda. It had been hot during the day; possibly the thermometer had registered 100° but the night was cool and the full moon rode in a clear blue sky that was without a cloud. We walked out the main street and up a little bench of land



where stood the school house and two tents. A light shone redly through the thin canvas of one of the tents. The sound of an organ and the melody of a hymn came fitfully to our ears. It was an Adventist revival. We caught the young minister's words. There were a

dozen or more listeners of all ages gathered within. Beyond, the moon brought out the silver green of the olive trees and lit up the great jagged leaves of the figs. The young preacher was urging his hearers to remember that in our Father's Home there are many mansions and we were breathing in the perfume of the growing things—the peach and the apricot. Down below us in the bottom-land long aisles of white earth intensified the dark green avenues of prunes and pears until both were lost in the metallic flare of light where the creek broke into ripples. The mountains were patches of light and shadow, and a great bank of denuded clay—a landmark by day—rested like a cloud against a background of gloom. The revival was over when we returned, and the worshippers were chatting, laughing and discussing the shipments of fruit for the next day. There was something in the beauty of the night and the happy notes in the talkers' voices that took strong hold upon us. We were sorry that we were leaving so soon, for after all we were just beginning to understand and appreciate this little known but beautiful California valley.

Rounsevelle Wildman.



See OVERLAND MONTHLY, December, 1894.

From a wash drawing by Boeringer.

SENATOR H. S. FOOTE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SENATOR H. S. FOOTE.

THE CHARACTER AND CAREER OF A BRILLIANT SOUTHERN LAWYER, ORATOR, AND STATESMAN.

AMONG the remarkable men to be seen in Washington City between 1877 and 1880 was one whose history illustrated a distinctive phase of Southern life, and emphasized the public events in which he bore a conspicuous part. Too poorly understood by contemporaries, his unique career was distinguished by displays of learning, of statesmanship, of patriotism and courage; and if studying him aright, the present generation may contemplate his course with interest and with profit. Hon. Henry S. Foote, in *ante bellum* days, was famous as an advocate at the bar, as a popular orator, as a Senator from Mississippi, as the Union governor of that State, and as a leading spirit in the affairs of California and of Tennessee.

I first met him in 1860 at Nashville,

Tennessee, where he was residing and practising the law, and where, as the leader of the "Union Democracy" of the South, he appeared on a memorable occasion as a supporter of Stephen A. Douglas's presidential aspirations. In the public square he addressed a vast audience in response to Hon. William L. Yancey, the gifted Alabamian, who on the same day, in another part of the city, had made an elaborate speech in behalf of John C. Breckinridge. He spoke with intense fervor. Words poured like a torrent from his lips. The multitude listened with profound attention, broken only by rapturous applause. His speech was extraordinary in its display of eloquence and power. Presenting Mr. Douglas as the type of national states-

manship, he arraigned Mr. Yancey and other sectional leaders as "conspirators against the country's unity and peace," predicted the approach of civil war, and with clearness foretold the result of the mighty conflict which, he said, would be "begun in passion, waged in fraternal blood, and ended at last in disaster to the South." When Governor Foote completed his remarkable address, the air seemed charged with electricity and I realized then the significance of a public life that had been fashioned amidst the tempestuous scenes which in former years had distinguished the political arena in Mississippi, and in later days, the strifes of California and of Tennessee.

I next met Governor Foote in 1866 at Louisville, Kentucky, where immediately after the War he had located in the practice of the law with Hon. Boyd Winchester, subsequently the United States Minister to Switzerland. The meeting at Louisville brought frequent opportunities for cultivating a genuine acquaintanceship and for making a just estimate of his intellectual powers, of his literary attainments, and of those personal traits which, in his earlier manhood, had, on one hand, won him numerous friends, and on the other, had aroused the ire of many foes. The war, which he had foreshadowed in 1860, was over. It was a time for such meditation as might be suggested by a review of events, of measures, and of men, as reflected to him in the mirror of the past. Having been a prominent actor in the scenes, Governor Foote was the personal embodiment of the period which embraced the origin, the progress, and the close, of the most thrilling drama of modern years. From his own standpoint he often discussed with me the development of Secession, the events of the Civil War, the leaders on both sides, and the philosophic relation of the great struggle to the future of

our reunited land. Concerning the rôle he played in that struggle, his own views will be given in the course of this paper, but the reader shall first learn "the manner of man" he was, as shown by his whole career.

Governor Foote began his public career at Tuscumbia, Alabama, in 1824, having, upon reaching manhood, removed thither from Fauquier County, Virginia, where he was born September 20, 1804. He opened there that series of political battles which marked his stormy pathway to the grave. As editor of the local newspaper at Tuscumbia, and on the hustings, he engaged in the political controversies of the day, espousing the cause of General Jackson, whose name then served, as afterward, to rally the Democratic forces. The young editor and orator soon evinced a turn for leadership. He shaped local events, guided current thought, developed public men, and following the fashion of the day, fought a duel with the gifted Winston, who afterward became governor of the State. In 1826 he prepared a memorial to the Legislature of Alabama, urging the State to build a railroad around Muscle Shoals in Tennessee River, connecting Tuscumbia with Decatur. The memorial accomplished its purpose. The road was built and proved to be the first link in that system of railways by which the Southern States are penetrated. It was put in operation in 1835, and subsequently became a portion of the Memphis and Charleston Road, now an important and extended thoroughfare.

Young Foote, however, did not remain in Alabama long enough to witness the triumph of his plan, he having removed to Mississippi in 1825; but the result of his memorial served as a permanent illustration of his wisdom, and of his practical service to the State. Mississippi became

the theater in which were developed the distinctive phases of his career. It was there that he participated in stirring events and won national fame. It was there that he was thrown into contact with such spirits as Sargent S. Prentiss, John A. Quitman, George Yerger, Alexander McNutt, Joseph Holt, Osmun Claiborne, Robert J. Walker, Jefferson Davis, and Alexander McClung, who, between 1830 and 1853, gained distinction at the bar, on the hustings, and in legislative halls, drawing to themselves the whole country's eye. Seldom has there been in one State at the same time such a cluster of brilliant names as these. Mississippi was a hot battlefield and there for thirty years the fiercest conflicts were waged between the old parties.

Young Foote entered the front list of contestants for position and for fame, his learning, his eloquence, and his courage, challenging public admiration in spite of rivals trained in political warfare, who seemed to hold the field for themselves as against all comers. He was ready for every form of combat, whether mental or physical. In conformity with the custom of the time and place, he adopted the rules of the Code and in addition to his memorable affair with Col. Claiborne in 1838, fought two duels with Mr. Prentiss, the matchless orator, to whom he afterwards referred as "a high-bred and chivalric man," between whom and himself "the closest intimacy had unbrokenly subsisted for many years previous to his lamentable and untimely decease."

Apart from his distinguished appearances as an advocate before the courts at Jackson, Vicksburg, and Natchez, Mr. Foote acquired wide-spread fame as a debater in the presidential campaigns of 1836, 1840, and 1844, speaking for Van Buren and Polk; and having developed into a popular leader of his party, he was elected in 1846 to the United States

Senate, in which body he took his seat March 4, 1847.

He came to Washington imbued with all the fervor of Southern impulse, and it was feared that, disregarding the conservative temper of the Senate, he would enact the rôle of a passionate extremist. For a while this expectation seemed destined to fulfillment, as indicated by his furious reply to John P. Hale's memorable assault upon slavery, in the course of which the New Hampshire Senator, having portrayed the evils of the institution, denouncing its intolerance, deprecating its extension, and advocating its abolition, gave it as his opinion, in answer to an interruption from Senator Foote, that, as an American citizen, he could not safely utter before a Mississippi audience the sentiments which he had expressed in the Senate. In reply to this declaration, Senator Foote, with emphatic promptitude, admitted that he (Hale) "could not utter such seditious sentiments in Mississippi," and that, if he ventured to try it, he would be "welcomed as a traitor to the country," and "hung as high as Haman!"

This impassioned colloquy between the two senators was the subject of wide-spread comment in the anti-slavery press of the day which, thereupon, dubbed the Mississippi Senator "Hangman Foote." It is proper, however, to say that, taking thereafter a wider view of national politics, Senator Foote grew in mental height and breadth, regretted his bitter words with Senator Hale, entered into terms of reconciliation with him, and maintained for him a cordial friendship to the end.

Senator Foote became a model of decorum and was undisturbed in his course, excepting on that occasion when the notorious encounter occurred between him and Senator Benton,—an affair the details of which need not be here related,

excepting to recall the somewhat amusing repartee in which the distinguished men indulged on the floor of the Senate. Looking defiance at the Missouri statesman, Senator Foote declared that he intended to write a book—a history of the times through which they were passing—and that it should contain a faithful description of Mr. Benton and of the peculiar rôle which he had chosen to enact in the Senate.

Retorting, Senator Benton with characteristic voice and manner announced that he, too, intended to write a book—a history of every important event of the times through which the country was passing; but he would assure the Senate that, in recounting the annals of that illustrious body, the name of the Senator from Mississippi would not appear.

Senator Foote never wrote his book and failed, therefore, to execute his threat; but Benton's "Thirty Years View of the Senate," shows that its author carried out his own promise, inasmuch as he therein ignores not only the conspicuous and useful part which Senator Foote performed, but his very name, in connection with the Compromise Measures of 1850-51 and other important legislation in that interesting epoch of American politics. The animosity that was aroused by this affair was never appeased, the two men remaining personal and political foes through life. Senator Foote's career in the Senate, with the exceptions here noted, was as agreeable as it was brilliant, commanding public praise by reason of its dignity and conservatism in dealing alike with measures and with men.

The slavery question, as formulated in the Senate by Mr. Calhoun's famous Resolutions of 1848-49, relating to the organization of new Territories and the admission of new States into the Union,

was given a new and dangerous significance in view of the anticipated admission of California. It led to a furious debate in which sectional passion was predominant. The very unity of the Republic was imperiled by the sharp lines that were drawn in the discussion, all the dangers that marked the agitation of 1820 reappearing to alarm the patriot and to vex the statesman.

Mississippi had instructed her representatives and senators to vote *against* the admission of California. Senator Foote believing it should be admitted, promised if *his* vote was required he would vote for California's admission, and send in his resignation to the Governor of the State of Mississippi.

It was in the deliberations during this critical period that Senator Foote rose to his loftiest height, and stepping beyond all party lines, nobly contributed to the allayment of sectional passion and to the recementment of the bonds that should never have been weakened between the North and the South. Impelled by patriotism, this man, who had waged many a fiery conflict in Mississippi, sought the atmosphere of national sentiment, became a friend and supporter of Mr. Clay, and ignoring every opposing consideration, followed that majestic leader in the work of compromise which bore his name and which led to the famous adjustment of 1850-51. The annals of Southern statesmanship contain no finer example of unselfish patriotism than that of Senator Foote in this hour of national peril. His antipathy to Mr. Benton found a striking antithesis in his love for Mr. Clay, the sway of whose imperial genius was felt throughout the Republic, inspiring every courageous soul that yearned for the country's peace.

During the memorable discussion of Mr. Clay's compromise measure, the con-



Samuel Houston

Thomas H. Benton

Daniel Webster

Henry S. Foote

Henry Clay

Lewis Cass

John C. Calhoun

duct of Senator Foote was marked by an incident that illustrated his manly character, and should be remembered with peculiar pleasure by the people of Kentucky. A long estrangement had existed between Mr. Clay and Hon. Linn Boyd, a distinguished Democrat of Kentucky, then a member of the House and at a then recent period, the presiding officer of that body. Mr. Boyd and Senator Foote were warm friends and had repeatedly conferred together respecting Mr. Clay's great measure. Mr. Boyd was an ardent Unionist and favored the measure of the great Kentuckian, but the personal relations between them had kept them apart in all consultations. Senator Foote resolved to bring the two Kentuckians, though of opposite parties, into friendly intercourse with each other. In a conference with Mr. Clay on the subject, Senator Foote found the venerable statesman not only willing, but prompt to respond most kindly to the suggestion, and thereby the way was speedily made for a cordial interview between the distinguished men, who thenceforward became the best of friends, Mr. Clay volunteering to accompany Senator Foote in making the first call for the purpose. All restraint having been removed, Mr. Boyd gave Mr. Clay an unreserved support, greatly aided in carrying the compromise measure, and continued to evince his friendship and admiration for the illustrious sage. The healing of this estrangement was not only gratifying in itself, but served to unite and to strengthen certain divergent influences in Kentucky, thereby rendering supreme in the State the public sentiment that upheld Mr. Clay in the final triumph of his public life.

So unselfish and so zealous was Senator Foote's cooperation in behalf of the compromise measures, and so valuable was the service he performed, that

Mr. Clay became outspoken in the manifestations of his friendship for the Mississippian, and doubtless, the influence of that friendship caused Senator Foote, in 1851, to become an independent candidate for the governorship of Mississippi, he making the indorsement of the compromise the chief issue in the contest with Hon. Jefferson Davis who, as an enemy of that measure, was defeated at the polls by a majority of ten thousand votes. The success thus achieved by Senator Foote deepened between the contestants an old animosity that was never cured, but it was hailed as a vindication of his own recent course in the Senate, giving to Mississippi a conservative attitude and marking an episode of profound public interest in the history of the movement for disunion.

In consequence of his election to the governorship of Mississippi, Senator Foote, having served with distinction as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, resigned his seat in the Senate in 1852. As chief executive of the State, his administration was vexed by local controversies affecting, among other matters, the public credit, to which his official declarations were explicitly committed. His position as a courageous exponent of the Union sentiment of the South made him a conspicuous target for criticism on the part of extremists; and altogether, his official career, whilst blameless for its integrity of purpose and its fidelity to duty, was not free from circumstances that were fraught with annoyance and disappointment to himself.

Shortly after the expiration of his gubernatorial term, being wearied with local contentions in which he was a necessary factor, he removed to San Francisco, and there became an influential figure in California affairs, making for the United States Senate a contest that attracted widespread attention by reason of its

exciting features. His friends claimed that he was the decided choice of his party for the Senatorship and that his election was thwarted by the betrayal of his interests by a member of the Legislature who, though chosen by the people as his supporter, deserted his standard at the critical hour. The result of the contest was more than a disappointment; it awakened in him the greatest indignation at the manner in which, as then alleged, it had been brought about; and he resolved to remove from the State to Nashville, Tennessee, where he resided at the outbreak of the late Civil War.

Governor Foote's residence in California was comparatively brief, but memorable, and among the older citizens of the State, his career is as familiar as that of such men as Broderick, Gwin, Baker, Stanford, and Hearst. It may well be stated here as a distinguishing fact in his history, that at every period of his career, and wherever he dwelt, Governor Foote was destined to speedy eminence, his genius, his learning, his courage, and his notable personality, winning public applause and carrying him to the very front of public affairs.

The presidential campaign of 1860 offered to Governor Foote an inviting field for the exercise of his powers as a popular debater, and he entered it with zest as an advocate of Stephen A. Douglas. He regarded the contest as akin to the old fight which he had victoriously waged in 1851. He canvassed Tennessee on the stump, addressing great crowds wherever he appeared, and in other States his voice was heard in behalf of his chosen leader. The burden of his speeches was an appeal for the Union, coupled with prophetic warnings against Secession, which he portrayed in terms of thrilling eloquence.

It is needless to say that, in view of

his course in this campaign and of his long identification with the Union cause in the South, his abandonment of his unbroken record when, in 1861, he went into Secession and became a candidate for Representative of the Nashville district in the Confederate Congress, was contemplated with profound surprise,—a surprise which he fully shared, in retrospect, when, years after, he recalled the attitude which he had assumed and acknowledged the sacrifice he had made. Conversing with him at Louisville in 1866, I ventured respectfully to say, —

"Governor Foote, I have never perceived the consistency between your course as the recognized leader of the Union Democracy of the South from 1850 to 1861, and your subsequent support of the Confederate movement."

To this he quickly and decisively replied substantially as follows:—

"Consistency, sir! There was no consistency in it, but the most flagrant *inconsistency*. I was prompted by a sense of despair for the cause of the Union by local sympathies and influences, and by a vague hope of being useful in guiding a revolution which I could no longer avert, but which seemed fraught with the fate of a community to which I was attached by all the considerations which make life endearing. In fact, I had no sympathy with the leaders, but felt bound to go with the wreck."

Civil war having been inaugurated, and Tennessee having been allied with the Southern cause, Governor Foote was chosen by popular vote to represent the Nashville district in the Confederate Congress, and as might have been expected, he played a remarkable rôle in that body, of which he became a member in September, 1861. Though fully committed to the cause of the Confederacy, he was destined to prove a poor follower of its President. He soon ap-

peared as a leader of the element which antagonized the administration of Mr. Davis, and at times openly avowed upon the floor of the House his antipathy to its policy, using that rare power of invective for which he was distinguished. It was suspected that an old-time controversy between the two men, if not a sense of personal grievance, had much to do with his action; but he disclaimed all this, and asserted very different motives for his course. As late as 1878, a prominent journal contained the accusation that as a member of the Confederate Congress he had strenuously opposed "*every* measure advocated directly by the President of the Southern States, or by any of his friends"; and at that time he replied to the accusation with characteristic emphasis:—

"It is true that I did not approve of many of the measures propounded by the persons alluded to, as for instance, the conscription law, the confiscation law, the forcible imprisonment law, the law suspending *habeas corpus*, the proclamation setting the price of \$10,000 upon the head of General Butler, the proposition to raise the 'black flag', the bill proposing to pay Mr. Davis's official salary in gold, at a time when the Confederate soldiery were in rags and not able to obtain even the paper of the Confederate government in requital of their services, when that paper was not worth ten cents on the dollar. I did also urge the making of peace if the same could be obtained on honorable terms, in November, 1864. It is also true, that I found fault with Mr. Davis's unwise removal of Joe Johnston from the command of the Confederate Army, when he was valiantly and successfully confronting Sherman in the neighborhood of Atlanta, and thus rendering the success of the Confederate cause an absolute impossibility. I would like to know where the man is to be

found, with an average intellect, who condemns any one of these acts of mine at the present moment."

This forcible and decisive statement, made in response to repeated assaults and for the purpose of self-vindication, is entitled to a place here as the direct expression of the man whose character and career are under consideration. It is an unsparing review of events to which he sustained an official relation as the representative of an important constituency, to whom alone he was responsible. The invidious criticisms to which Governor Foote was subjected simply illustrated the fact that a public man can never safely antagonize the policy of those who may be charged with the direction of affairs in the midst of armed revolution. The spirit of toleration for the disputant is never prevalent in an hour like that, nor can it assert itself until the revolution exhausts its passion and ends in the defeat of its own forces in the field. The position taken at Richmond by Governor Foote necessarily made him a victim of partisan assault, and accordingly, his motives were distorted by prejudice. He became, in fact,

The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.

Governor Foote appeared in 1864, as a herald of national restoration. Shortly after the presidential contest of that year, resulting in the re-election President Lincoln, he resolved to initiate negotiations for peace on the basis of a re-established Union, and he proceeded from Richmond to Washington for that purpose; but as a self-constituted ambassador, he could accomplish nothing. He had no authority to speak for the South, nor could he gain a hearing at the seat of the national government; but his movement, though culminating in imprisonment and in temporary exile from the country, proved to be a step

that was prophetic of the inevitable end of the Confederacy. In eight months thereafter, the heroic legions of Lee and Johnston had surrendered their arms and furled their flag. Talking with him at Louisville, in 1866, I asked him to explain the object and motive of his attempt at negotiations for peace in 1864, and he replied substantially as follows:—

“I had but one object and but one motive. The overthrow of the Confederacy was plainly inevitable. Mismanagement at Richmond and lack of resources on one side, were confronted by masterful combinations and exhaustless supplies on the other. The Confederate armies, the bravest the world ever saw, had fought and suffered long after they were beaten. I saw nothing but failure and intensification of distress in the continuation of the war on our part. The views entertained by me as to the futility of further bloodshed were held by men of greater influence at Richmond than myself, but they would not act. I was mindful of the risk, when I resolved to act, and I took that risk in defiance of consequences. The martyr-like spirit of the Confederate soldiers afforded no reason for the sacrifice which another year of privation would have required. I felt willing to endure the malignant criticism and the personal peril to which I was bound to be exposed, and I went forward to herald the approaching end of a disastrous war, the inception and consequences of which I had predicted and grievously deprecated, years before. I deserved nothing for my own faithless abandonment of the Union cause in 1861, and I desired to aid in repairing the blunder for which I was somewhat responsible. I have no concealment to make, and no excuses to offer for the most awful political tragedy of modern times.”

The foregoing declaration is notably

frank, and serves to explain an unwritten chapter in the history of an extraordinary public career.

In 1868, Governor Foote resumed his residence in Nashville, Tennessee, among the people who had honored him with their suffrages. Upon the new issues that had arisen in national politics, he joined the Republican party, and as an elector on the Republican presidential ticket, he canvassed Tennessee in the contest of 1876, having as his Democratic competitor Hon. William B. Bate, who had achieved distinction as a Confederate military leader and who, having served as governor of the State, is now a senator of the United States, being fairly ranked among the most effective orators of the South. The debates between Foote and Bate were attended by great audiences. They were conducted in the highest spirit of courtesy, and between the two men a cordial friendship prevailed. This campaign was the last in which he ever engaged. From 1877 to 1880, he made frequent visits to Washington City, where he was the center of a circle of old friends, and where he enjoyed the presence of his daughter, the wife of Senator Stewart of Nevada. He died at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1880, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Governor Foote was an ardent student. Utilizing his varied researches, he wrote a number of meritorious books, among them being a history of Texas, a history of Venice, the “Bar of the South and Southwest,” and the “Casket of Reminiscences,” the latter being a collection of papers which had been written by him for the *Washington Daily Chronicle*. His style of composition was both vigorous and polished, impressing the reader with the idea that the writer was the master of all the graces of scholarship. The fact is, however, that Governor Foote was

never trained in a collegiate course, he having on one occasion, in response to the suggestion that he had "graduated from a Virginia college," said, "So far from this being true, I never took a degree of any kind at any college or university whatever, what little knowledge either of science or of scholarship I have mastered, having been the result of self-culture under exceedingly unfavorable circumstances."

Governor Foote was one of the most instructive and delightful talkers; and I once heard George D. Prentice, the famous poet and editor of the old *Louisville Journal*, say that "he spoke the best English, and knew more of ancient and of modern literature than any man" with whom he had ever conversed. Referring to his attainments and to his personal characteristics, Hon. Joseph S. Fowler, of Tennessee, an ex-United States senator, and an appreciative companion of Governor Foote, has said of him: "His vast learning and rich stores of wisdom were ready at his call. His eloquence was of the first order. His courage knew no fear; and with all the gentleness of a refined woman, he was, when aroused, the equal of Chevalier Bayard. He was

an able advocate and a wise statesman. He was the most remarkable and gifted man in all that storm-swept period of his restless life."

The weakness of Governor Foote's vicissitous career in connection with public affairs may be properly ascribed to an apparent vacillation or eccentricity, which he at times displayed; but it must be said that, in both public and private life, he was always impelled by the loftiest spirit. In private life his motto was "never to offer a gratuitous insult to any man, however humble, and never patiently to submit to a serious personal indignity"; whilst his public career illustrated the truthfulness of what Lord Brougham wrote of Lord Chatham, that, "to genius, irregularity is an incident, and the greatest genius is often marked by eccentricity, as if it disdained to move in the vulgar orbit."

Dying at the age of seventy-six, Governor Foote outlived Clay and Webster, Cass and Douglas, with whom he was an eminent colaborer in a period of national peril; and as of them, it may be equally affirmed of him, that he went to his grave without a stain upon his honor or a blot upon his fame.

George Baber.

CIRCE.

I have no potency, no colchian art;
 I wave no spells as bards delight to sing:
 One glance from me on who would be my king,
 Shapes him in form the beast he was in heart.

Philip Becker Goetz.



AS WE CRUNCHED OVER THE SANDY EARTH AND BUMPED THROUGH THE SAGE-BRUSH.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. VIII.

A RIDDLE OF THE SAGE-BRUSH.

"And The Brooks Shall Be Emptied And Dried Up."

THE debonair young scamp whose time-ly ending I am about to relate made his advent in Boise one afternoon in the early summer along in the middle sixties, well mounted and accoutred, ostensibly as a "cow-puncher" in the train of a man named Clark, who was driving a band of cattle and horses from Salt Lake up to the Dalles. As soon as camp was made, he hunted up the justice of the peace and began suit for two or three hundred dollars wages, which he alleged was due him in the aforesaid capacity, and put an attachment on the outfit. Clark appeared in the justice's court full of unavailing wrath, and stated that, as a matter of fact, the self-styled vaquero, in company with a friend, had overtaken him on the road, and besought, with moving entreaties, to be allowed to

come into the outfit for protection and grub; and had volunteered his valuable assistance in return for the favor. The assistance had proved nil, more from disinclination than from lack of ability. But as the scamp well knew, the outfit could not afford to lie over at great expense while legal proceedings were dragging their weary length along; and what would the scamp take and let them go? He graciously compromised on half, and thus staked, began his brief but brilliant career in Boise City.

The Boise and Payette valleys were at that time being rapidly settled up, and largely by the remnants of "Pap" Price's army, which maintained a guerrilla warfare in the Southwest some time after Lee's surrender. Among this element it was a brevet of nobility when hand-

some, clear-eyed, boyish-faced Walters boasted himself of being an ex-trooper of Quantrell's. But he led a peaceful life in Boise, and so far as a somewhat interested public could observe, one without reproach. He affected the garb of a high-toned sport, which at that time and place was a Prince Albert coat, light trousers, a big slouch hat, and quiet tie. The only peculiarity of his dress was the clerical choker-collar that he invariably wore — a paper one, at that. But though he wore this garb, he never gambled. Though he frequented saloons he never drank to excess. Though he toiled not, in a land where all who did not live openly by their wits made at least some show of toiling, yet he had always sufficient for his needs, without lavishness. At irregular intervals he donned his old clothes, mounted his pony, and disappeared from the ken of men for a week or two. But no one succeeded in connecting these absences with the somewhat frequent highway robberies which varied the monotony of travel over the dusty roads. Whatever his sources of supply, wherever his private mint or hidden bonanza, they remained undiscovered.

The slight mystery of his life, which made him an object of some suspicion to the mankind of his little world, rendered him irresistible to the womankind, and rare indeed was the maid who could remain quite insensible to the laughing challenge of his frank blue eyes. This mystery was only in its incipency, when the Fourth-of-July ball, the great social event of the year, came off. This time it was Boise's turn to have the "Celebration," and Idaho City and Silver City sent down their contingents to swell the procession, crowd the restaurants, fill up the livery stables, overwork the perspiring bar-tenders, and crowd the narrow wooden sidewalks. The Fire

Company turned out, with its engine and hosecart decked with evergreens, and perched on the former, a youthful Goddess of Liberty, with flaxen curls, like fresh-planed shavings, in a row about her head, and her little heart swelled nigh to bursting with pride, as she gazed on her red-shirted, black-trouserred, helmeted knights tugging in a double row at the long ropes of her chariot. The martial part of the parade was represented by a cavalry company and field battery from the Post, which was regarded with covert, and sometimes, open, hostility by the greater part of the spectators along the line of march.

There was the Orator of the Day, and the Poet, and the Reader in a barouche. There was a wonderful beer wagon surmounted by the great god Silenus and attendant nymphs and satyrs, and bearing aloft the sign of Hochelheimer's Brewery.

But dazzling and resplendent above and beyond all others were the Grand Marshal and his aids, in silken sashes and plumed hats, mounted on prancing steeds with proudly-arching necks, and beautiful wavy manes and tails that had all been carefully done up in crimps over night. Saddled steeds pawed and reared, bit at one another and lashed flies, at every hitching post in town. The élite drove about in rockaways, the female portion carrying fringed parasols and wearing bonnets gay with artificial flowers, and wide strings tied under their chins.

When the "Grand March" struck up at the ball at nine o'clock, they were all there, the wives and daughters of the mining superintendents and professional men rather keeping in a little group to themselves at one end of the floor, and the miscellaneous mob, welcome at three dollars a ticket as long as they behaved themselves, having a great deal better

time in the other nine tenths of the space.

The hoopskirt was seeing its last days of glory, and the leaders of fashion were out in "gored" dresses, followed by a few home-made ones amongst their imitators, which had a decided tendency to sag at the seams. But the majority of the dancers of the gentler sex, young and old (and the old danced as often and joyously as the young), were quite content with themselves in white or sprigged muslin with pink or blue sashes, or perhaps a tri-color one in honor of the occasion.

As for the men, they wore all sorts of clothes except a dress suit. That might have created an unpleasantness even in that broad-minded and tolerant assemblage. The ball took place in a great tent borrowed from the Post, and erected over a floor laid by the committee for the occasion. Charlie Walters, in an irreproachable costume, was floor manager, and set his quadrilles and blew his ivory whistle with such grace, and waltzed so very, very well, that a rustle passed over even that exclusive knot at the upper end of the room when he turned that way on partner bent. However, Walters was not at all dazzled by these marks of condescension, and more than one noticed that he saved most of his waltzes for one of the white muslin brigade, to whom he had been introduced for the first time that evening.

Little Susie Robins was a pretty, rather delicate-looking blonde just on the verge of seventeen. She was rather of the sandy type, with a row of little brown freckles across the bridge of her nose under her gray eyes. But notwithstanding the freckles and the somewhat ill-made muslin, girded with a red and white sash which proclaimed to all and sundry her Southern sympathies, she was decidedly pretty, and her waltzing could not have been improved upon.

Walters saw her home that night. Her little history he already knew. Her life had not been a cloudless one, and accounted for a suggestion of gravity in her demeanor that lent her an appearance of refinement unusual amongst her compeers. Six or seven years previous to the date of this true narrative she had come into the country with her mother and father on top of the load in a prairie schooner. The father had preempted a ranch fifty miles from Boise at the foot of the War Eagle Mountain, where he had the first use of a little stream which issued out of a cañon, a precious possession in that thirsty land.

Susie was as happy as the day was long, romping with the ill-favored ranch dogs, chasing the calves, counting the little chickens to be sure none had got away since they were counted last time, and watching the freight wagons or livery teams toiling or trotting across the sandy desert and climbing past up into the cañon on the way to and fro between Boise and Silver City. They always stopped to water at the trough in front of her father's door, and sometimes one offered him a two-bit cigar, or handed him the flask that came out of some handy pocket at such times. Always they had a little joke with blonde-headed Susie, standing open-eyed in the doorway, and not infrequently a big red apple or a bag of candy was brought with forethought from town for "Robins's little girl." Then, could she not follow her daddy about, chatting to him ceaselessly as he made irrigating ditches or dug post-holes; and later on, helping him guide the rivulets about the roots of the newly planted fruit trees? But that was an exciting occupation; to chase refractory rills and dam them up; to turn them right about face, and set them dribbling where they were wanted, and to keep them out of gopher holes! But

her mother did not care for all these delights, and every day grew more silent and weary-eyed, looking out over the brownish-yellow desert, with the heat glimmer dancing above it, broken only by a green line where the cottonwoods grew along the Snake, twenty miles away on the road to Boise.

Then one day when her daddy was away a black-mustachioed man came along in a buggy with a high-stepping pair of bays, and Susie and her mother, dressed in their best, got in with him at the watering trough and were driven away. Then there was a time of strangeness and confusion, her mother sometimes very gay and loud-laughing, and sometimes crying, but always dressed up and doing no work. Then there was a crowded room, hot and badly ventilated, with men talking loudly at one another and to another man who sat up above them behind a big desk. Her father was there, stern looking and yet strangely bowed and broken-looking too. Lots of people said things to the man at the desk about both her father and her mother, and she knew not one of them was true; and yet when they asked her some questions she only seemed to make everything worse by her answers. The end of it was, that her mother rushed to her with wild words that she could not understand, and was taken away out of the room by five or six people, crying and screaming hysterically. Then her daddy took her by the hand so sternly she did not dare resist or ask questions, and led her out and gave her some supper, and then put her in his farm wagon and drove her down the cañon, home. She never had seen her mother again, and once or twice when she had asked her daddy about her, he had answered in a way that silenced her at once.

Since that time she had stayed mostly in Boise, going to school and boarding

around with this one and that, her own mistress pretty much, even when she went out to the ranch at times and kept house for her father for two or three months. Knowing it all, Walters must have wondered how she could have grown up so modest and maidenly. I think the scamp had a tender spot for her in what answered for his heart; for he became her loyal-seeming knight from the hour they met, and it was not many months before it was understood they were engaged.

As for Susie, she adored her lover, with his fine raiment and bantering ways, for Charley jested always. Sentiment he certainly had none, and nothing was either too grim or too sacred for his lightly cynical mirth to blister it in passing. But then, many people thought that just "his way," the way of a boy that liked to vaunt his experience of all things, as boys do. While many people fancied his methods of gaining a livelihood might not bear too close scrutiny, I do not believe any of us gave him credit for being a thorough-paced villain. Some of those who knew him best, however, as the sequel showed, had more belief in the serviceable quality of his moral callosity.

A year or more had passed away since his début among us, when one morning I chanced to be sitting in the justice's office, "swapping yarns" with Judge Bill and two or three other choice spirits, as Susie Robins passed by.

"A pretty girl," said Bryant, who was Uncle Sam's internal revenue collector there in those days.

"Too pretty and too good to throw herself away on that scamp of a Walters," responded Judge Bill with some warmth. "They are to be married in a few weeks, I hear."

"What *does* he do for a living, anyway?" queried Bryant.

"What does he do?" answered Judge Bill. "He brands mavericks, gathers in any and everything that's left lying around loose; and for sure, though nobody can prove it, is in with Simpson at the Ferry, and old Robins himself, and two or three others, at every express robbery and underground transaction that's going on through the whole country from here to Winnemucca. He says he is going to buy out Robins and go to ranching with Susie. A nice gang they are! And I am sorry for Susie, for she is too good to be mixed up with such an outfit."

"Hello!" said someone at this point, "speaking of angels," and Simpson himself walked in, accompanied by the sheriff. They both had an air of repressed excitement, and Simpson looked tired; and no wonder, for as it turned out, he had ridden thirty miles since daybreak.

"What's up?" said Judge Bill.

"Lots is up," returned the sheriff. "Simpson here will tell you the yarn."

"I want a warrant for Charlie Walters," blurted out Simpson, "for the murder of Dick Robins last night."

"What?"—"How?"—"When?"—"Where?"—"What for?" came in an astounded chorus from his hearers.

"I don't know for sure *how* or *when*," said Simpson, "but he done it sure, and I can show you *where*."

"Nonsense!" said Bryant. "I saw Waters at the Overland Hotel dance myself last night with Susie."

"The hell you did!" retorted Simpson. "He never left my place till nigh sundown last evening. Did you see old Dick Robins too?"

Bryant admitted that he had not, and added that Walters had come in late, after eleven perhaps.

"You bet," said Simpson, "and he had her father's blood on his hands,

while he was dancing with her, the cold-blooded scoundrel. I know it as well as if I saw it."

"Sit down! sit down!" said Judge Bill, "and let us find out what you are at. I'll issue no warrant for a man for murder without some evidence better than suspicion."

Thus adjured, Simpson sat down, took off his hat and mopped his brow, and began his tale; which, stripped of profanity and the digressions caused by question and interruption, amounted to this. But before beginning to relate it, it is imperative that the reader should understand somewhat, the topography of the country. After crossing the Boise River, about half a mile out of Boise, one climbed up a bench and stood on an alkali-seared tableland, a horned-toad paradise, which stretched away fifty miles to the foot of War Eagle Mountain. A little more than midway of the distance the sluggish, umber-brown current of the Snake cut a diagonal line across the waste, and where the road from Boise to Silver City crossed it, there was a swing-ferry. Here, in a little patch reclaimed from the desert by water drawn up from the river by a wheel, Simpson held sway. Twenty miles farther on, lay Robins's ranch at the mountain's foot. Here the stage road entered the cañon and climbed up ten miles farther to Silver City, then a busy mining town.

Into the Ferry old Dick Robins had ridden the night but one before, saying he was off tomorrow for Kansas. He had sold the ranch to Walters for three thousand dollars, and was going with him to Boise the next day to conclude the trade, get his money, say goodbye to Susie, and take the stage for Salt Lake City; and thence on to Kansas to buy a band of cattle to drive back.

"I said to old Robins then," quoth

Simpson, "You know as well as I do Dick, that Charlie Walters hain't got no three thousand dollars to pay fer no ranch. He's goin to bunco yer some way." But old Robins thought he was too durned smart to be buncoed by nobody. So the next morning I hitched up, and me and my wife, we druv up to Silver City to do some tradin', leavin' Dick to take care of the Ferry. Long 'bout two o'clock when we wuz 'bout half down the grade comin' back, who shud overtake us but Charlie Walters, in a C-spring buggy, drivin' them blacks of Hank Summers's, the very best livery team in the Territory. He pulled up, and insisted on my wife a gettin' out of the wagon, and ridin' in the buggy with him. My wife don't like Walters, and she'd a good deal ruther not dun it, but we didn't neither of us want to offend him, so she climbed in with him, and they druv on. When they'd got down out of the cañon and passed Robins's ranch a ways, Walters see a chicken-hawk a-sittin' on a grease wood, and he out with his six-shooter, an' says, 'I wonder if the horses 'll stand shootin'?'

"My wife was awful scart of the horses and the gun both, and she begged him not to shoot; but he only laffed at her, and said there wa' n't no team that he could n't handle, and up and takes a shot at the hawk. Wall, them horses nigh upset the buggy fust jump, but Walters kep' as cool as a cowcumher, a smilin' all the time, and got 'em down pretty quick, and says, 'I told yer they could n't get away with me.'

"Wall, he and Dick stayed to supper, an long 'bout sun-down, they hitched up to drive into Boise. I took 'casion durin' the afternoon to take Dick off to one side an' tell him he was a damn fool fer ridin' in with Walters. Sez I, 'Wait til mornin' an ride yer own hoss in an take the day to finish up yer trade. One day

more or less don't make no such all-fired diffrence to you.'

"But he on'y got mad. "Anybudy'd think you wuz in the plöt, 'sez he, laffin', 'an wuz a goin back on yer pal. I never saw no harm in Charlie Walters that yer shud accuse him of wantin' to murder a man. An' any way, what for? I ain't got no money on me, nor won't have, till I get it from Charlie in Boise.'

"So off they went. When they started, Walters made Robins get in on the right hand side of the buggy; said he had strained his wrist with the fool hosses, when they cut up in the afternoon, and that he was goin' to drive lef' handed. When they were gone, my wife looked at me, and says she, 'There's some deviltry goin' on! There ain't *nothin'* the matter with his wrists, and he's got on Dick's blind side, with his pistol arm next him.'

"You all know, in course, that Robins had a glass eye in the lef' side of his head. Wall, the more me an my wife talked over it in the night, the less we liked it, and this mornin' I started off fust streak of dawn and came to Boise. An if there's anybody in Boise that's seen Dick Robins I can't find him, and he did n't go off on the stage last night. And what's more to the purpose, I followed them buggy tracks all the way in, and about half way between here and the Ferry I kin show yer the place where them hosses cut up like the devil, and took a turn out into the sage brush like all possessed. An *that's* the spot where Charlie Walters shot my old pard, you bet!"

We all put our heads together after this narration, you may be sure. Judge Bill was very loath to brand a man with murder on no better evidence than such as was adduced so far, and it was finally agreed that the warrant should be issued, placed in the hands of the sheriff, and

served or not at his discretion, if further evidence was found, which, in his judgment, warranted it. Then we all went into the county auditor's office, and sure enough, there was a deed recorded, conveying the ranch to Walters. The auditor said a friend of Charlie's had come in as soon as the office opened in the morning and said Walters had given it to him over night and asked him to have it recorded the first thing in the morning. Bryant and I then constituted ourselves a committee of two to make some quiet investigations about town, but we could hear of no one that had seen Robins, or any means other than the stage by which he could have got away.

Having found occasion to make casual inquiries of Susie, she said, "Paw had got in so late the night before and had so much to see to that he had n't time to hunt her up at the dance to say goodby, but had sent his love to her by Charlie and said he would be back in three or four months."

She seemed a little hurt by his neglect but not to think it strange. Then turning our attention to Walters, we found his movements very open to inspection. He had driven into the livery stable about half past ten without the horses having any appearance of being worried or heated with their sixty mile drive, had given particular directions about their feed and care, and told the hostler not to mind about washing off the buggy as he must be off again by two o'clock, having to get back to Silver City that afternoon. Then he had gone to a store next door, where one of the proprietors was making up his books after business was over, and bought a dollar's worth of green coffee for Mrs. Simpson and put it under the buggy-seat. Then he had gone to his room at the hotel and freshened up his toilet a bit without changing his

clothes, and gone down stairs to the dance. After it was over, he had gone with Susie, in company with others, to a restaurant and got supper, had seen her home, then got his team and started off again about half past two in the morning on the road over which he had come a few hours previously.

We took a rockaway, and the sheriff, Simpson, Bryant, and myself, started on his track, — literally; for either of the men I was with could have followed the track of those particular buggy-wheels to Hades over a better traveled highway than the one that we were on.

The thing we were puzzling over as we went was, where was Walters that Simpson did not meet him as he was coming in that morning. A couple of hours over the level road brought us to the place where the buggy had behaved itself so queerly the night before; and strange to say, the wheel-tracks left the road at nearly the same spot, going back, though Simpson was too busy with the up-tracks to have noticed it.

We all got out and proceeded to investigate. It was Bryant who made the first discovery — Robins's hat; and the next one also, the place under a clump of greasewood where some heavy body had evidently lain; and beside it wheel-tracks and plunging hoof-marks. The scent was now very hot, and we followed it back to the road and on toward the Ferry. As we climbed into the rock-away Bryant scratched his head thoughtfully.

"The man is an idiot," said he; "and yet, how *did* he manage those horses through all this thing?"

On we went another hour or more.

"Do you suppose," said Bryant, "the rascal had that corpse crammed into the buggy box under his feet all this time? Whatever he did to him he could not have shot him sitting beside him, for he

would have been spattered all over, and the body would have fallen out between the wheels or over the dashboard on the horses. Ha! what's this?"

Again the accusing wheel-tracks left the road and made off into the waste, striking towards the river below the Ferry, now about five miles away.

"*This* is where he was," said Simpson, "when I was on the road, that I did not meet him."

We none of us had much to say as we crunched over the sandy earth and bumped through the sagebrush under the blazing midday sun. I don't know what we thought we were going to find, but we found nothing at all except wheel-tracks, only part of the way a trail of green coffee betwixt them. They went on down to the river, made a turn there, and came back to the road again, a mile below where they had left it. It was plain to be seen, however, that the horses had made objections again as they stood above the river while something was pushed over the high bank into its current; for the over hanging sandy brink was broken away at the edges, and the hoof-marks showed more protesting plunges.

"The fellow must have had the Devil along to hold that team for him," said Bryant.

We tried to look as if nothing had happened as we drove up to the Ferry, but the object of our suspicion was not there; his team was standing quietly in the stable, munching a feed of barley, but he had gone out for a stroll till dinner was ready. We gave that buggy and harness a thorough going over, but found no trace of anything to confirm our ideas but a few coffee berries in the bottom of the buggy. Then we went out for a stroll too. We soon found Walters's tracks going down the edge of the bluff on the opposite side of the river, and followed them a couple of miles.

"He was taking a little walk down to see if the river were keeping its secret," said Bryant, who acted the part of chorus for this tragedy.

In this part of the Snake are a number of low islands, below the level of the precipitous banks on either side, covered with water in the winter and with a bountiful crop of natural hay in the summer. Some of them are two or three acres in extent and on the largest of them some men were cutting the wild grass at the lower end. Opposite these men Walters had stopped, and inquiry from them elicited the fact that Walters had hailed them and asked one of them to bring over their boat, saying he thought he had seen a deer in the brushwood on the upper end of the island and he wanted to go over and get it. Thought he could fetch it down with his pistol, he said. The men declined to leave their work for any such foolishness, and he had gone away.

"The body had evidently lodged on the island," said Bryant. "You will observe," he added, "that on all this desert plain, he could not pick up a handful of rocks to weight its pockets with, or a bowlder to tie around its neck."

That fact had not struck the rest of us before, but so it was.

"What will he do now, I wonder," muttered Simpson, who was scenting along like a bloodhound after its prey.

With him, the quest was inspired by desire of vengeance on his old pard's murderer, with perhaps some added secret spite of his own. With the sheriff, it was his duty. As for myself, I am afraid I had no more worthy motive than curiosity, tempered by unbelief, because of a liking I had always for the graceless boy we were hunting down. But with Bryant it was an inborn passion for solving problems of whatever character,—for putting "two and two together" and deducing x.

Going back over our track with more careful scrutiny, we discovered a spot opposite the upper end of the island where Walters had gone down through a little gully to the water's edge. There, in the damp marge were footprints, both shod and naked; and there lay a clerical collar—of paper—mute witness against the man who had heedlessly left it there.

"Aha!" said Bryant, "he undressed and swam across and pushed off the body from where it had lodged. The chain of evidence is complete Mr. Sheriff."

The sheriff scratched his head thoughtfully. "The cadaver is all we want now," he said. "But I guess I'll have to take him in,—provided we catch him."

We hastened back in a sudden panic, lest the bird were flown; but no, there he was, sitting on the front stoop, and hailed us cheerfully with the information that dinner was waiting, and, adjured us to hurry up, because "he was so hungry his stomach thought his throat was cut."

We went in to dinner and our hostess apologized for serving tea, but she said she had forgotten to get coffee the day before up in Silver City, and that Mr. Walters had forgotten it too the night before in Boise. A sudden flash of intelligence passed from eye to eye at that, for each one thought of the trail of green coffee. We all had less appetite and worse spirits than Walters, though I am sure he knew full well what we were after.

When the sheriff arrested him he showed great surprise, but no resentment. "Well boys," he said, "this is a great mare's nest you have hatched out amongst you, and you'll all feel mighty cheap when old Dick Robins comes back from Kansas with a band of cattle in two or three months. But in the meantime,—go on with your pig-sticking."

We all *did* feel mighty cheap even then, so overborne were we by his gay

open-hearted manner. All but Simpson.

There is not much more to tell. Walters was held to await the action of the next grand jury. Opinion as to his innocence or guilt was about equally divided. Susie Robins believed first in his innocence and would have clung to him through all; but the first time she went to see him, he looked at her strangely, and said: "Susie, little girl, there is blood on the moon and spots on the sun when they shine on you and me now. You stay home like the good girl you are, and say your prayers, till this thing blows over." And then he kissed her gently and sent her away.

Several parties had been out searching for Robins's body, but had not found any trace of it. No one believed Walters would be indicted so long as not even the deed had been proven conclusively. And so the rainless summer and the dusty fall wore on; the infrequent springs dried up, and the rivers shrunk in their beds, unable longer to meet the glaring eye of day. The grand jury met, late in October. That body, as individuals pretty well convinced of his guilt, put off the consideration of Walters's case until the last possible moment; and if truth were told, dallied over other business as long as their consciences would permit, hoping against the impossible that some new evidence would turn up.

And so their term came to within two days of its expiration, and Walters was looking forward with confidence to his freedom within forty-eight hours; when in the chilly autumnal twilight two sun-browned young surveyors drove into Boise town. That they drove a wonderfully fine span of mules and had a sybaritic camping outfit, would perhaps have excited little comment; but it caused a great deal that they had come through the Bad Lands, up the upper Columbia, and the Snake from its junction—

desolate and weary land, where no man went, or came, save prowling, hostile Indians. What in the name of all that is unblessed they were surveying or looking for in that country, all Boise, inside of an hour, was wild to know. Of course they did not tell; that is not the way of those fellows when they are on their masters' business. But what they did mention was, that a day's journey down the Snake, where it left its high banks and spread and shallowed, the naked skeleton of a man lay beached and bleaching under the unwinking sun.

Next day dawn the sheriff and coroner and several others of us who wanted to "see it out" started down to investigate. We found the skeleton fast enough, stripped by the coyotes and buzzards of every vestige of flesh, and bristling all over with grisly medusa locks of naked sinews and tendons that the coyotes had left still attached to the joints when they tore off the flesh from the bones in long strips with their strong white teeth. The cloudless brilliant sky looked down on it cruelly, and nameless nightmares with leering faces seemed lurking in the sagebrush clumps around about, and peering wickedly at the horror-fascinated group that stood without speaking, at a little distance, gazing at the uncanny Thing.

The sheriff was the first to recover speech. "Not a vestige of clothing, not a scrap of paper, to identify it by, unless it can be done by that boot."

We had all been looking at that one intact, booted foot, which gave an added touch of grotesque horror to the murdered, buffeted Thing before us.

"You forget Robins's glass eye," said Bryant quietly; and stepping forward, he picked up the skull and shook it, when lo! the Glass Eye answered to the summons with a ghastly tinkle.

Then we all took courage to approach

the Thing and examine it. At the base of the skull behind the left ear was the clean-cut hole where the leaden messenger from a six-shooter had crashed in, and in the right temple the larger one where it had sped out, carrying with it an unshriven soul.

"The scoundrel certainly managed to get on the blind side of his old pard in more ways than one," said Bryant grimly.

When we got the horrid Thing into Boise next evening, Susie Robins came to look at it, a pale specter of herself, "Take off that boot" she commanded in hard dry tones. It was done, not without difficulty, and the mummied shank and foot exposed to view. Shivering with fear and repulsion, her teeth chattering behind her drawn lips, Susie came up to it and bent over it. Then the shriek of a soul in torture went up, "Oh, my God! That's my Paw!"

We got her out somehow, and at the inquest she came in with a stony face and told us how she had seen her father one day, in a fit of rage at the annoyance of an ingrowing nail that had bothered him for long, sit down on the doorstep with a chisel and sledge hammer and chisel off his own middle toe.

Walters was indicted and tried, convicted, and hung, with all the leisureliness characteristic of American justice as administered by law. He never admitted his guilt, but said there were more men than one in the country with glass eyes and missing toes.

The day before he was executed, he sent for his lawyer and conveyed the ranch to Susie Robins.

He mounted the scaffold without displaying either fear or bravado, and turning at last to survey the crowd, saw Simpson standing there. "Hullo Simpson! Are you there?" he said cheerfully. "One good turn deserves another,

they say, but you see I have n't given you away. So long! old man. I'll try and pick out a coolish sort of place and stake out a claim for you alongside of mine."

Those were his last words, and before the drop fell, Simpson had stalked away, white and shaking, to live out his allotted time among men.

Batterman Lindsay.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," "THE CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

I.



IN THREE minutes," said Rufus Barrington, "the boy will be here."

As he spoke he closed his heavy watch with a snap and returned it to his pocket.

The announcement fell crisply upon a silence and Mr. Barrington, raising his massive head, gazed genially at his assembled family. His glance, patriarchal — so to speak — in quality, rested first upon the plump person of his wife, a small woman, delicately featured, who sat shading her face from the glare of the fire and indulging (as would appear from the expression of her mouth) in delightful introspection. Then it passed quickly to the charming figure of his daughter, and lingered there. Not quite a beauty, Helen Barrington possessed an air of distinction, but despite the brilliancy of her personality, there was apparent — to a close observer — an infusion of melancholy. She might have posed as Euphrosyne, but her eyes, heavily lidded and luminous, were the eyes of the daughter of Vesta. She stood upon the hearthrug, leaning gracefully against the carved pilasters of the mantel, and her slender foot tapped impatiently the gleaming bars of the fender.

"How restless you are, Helen," said her brother. "If you're not wagging your tongue you insist on wagging your foot."

"I dislike waiting."

Her brother laughed. He was indolently turning the pages of a magazine. "You dislike many things, Helen, and many persons. Dislikes, I should say, are your forte."

The girl frowned but made no reply. Mrs. Barrington sighed.

"Henry," cried his father, "leave your sister alone, sir. You are old enough and smart enough to keep the peace. You will find a bitter tongue an expensive luxury."

The young man bowed. His handsome face, pale and slightly haggard, flushed. The president of a bank, even if he be but twenty-six years old, has a right to resent criticism. He was meditating a retort, but the words died upon his lips as the scrunching of carriage wheels upon gravel became audible in the room. A minute later the door was burst unceremoniously open and a gray-ulstered figure stood upon the threshold. Instantly all was life and animation. The stranger picked up Mrs. Barrington in his strong arms and kissed her repeatedly. Eager questions and replies were tossed to and fro, but at length, the

excitement having partially subsided, Rufus Barrington drew his son within the mellow circle of lamp light and examined him critically.

"Four years," he muttered, "have made a change."

"Not in you, Daddy," said the young man, with a marked English accent. "You're not a day older. Time has stood still with you. I can see that mother's hair is whiter, but she is prettier than ever. And Henry — I say, old chap, your mustache is —"

"Out of sight," said Helen with a laugh.

"By Jove, it has n't come on as I expected. And you, Nell! What a swell!"

Mr. Barrington's eyes sparkled with pride.

"Yes, yes, Helen is a young woman. She has put away childish things. And she rules us all with a rod of iron."

"With a two-edged sword," murmured Henry.

The sister noticed the thrust, but parried it with a cutting glance of indifference. Then she turned, smiling, to the stranger.

"Dear Dick," she said softly, "you are changed most of all."

"Am I? Why, of course. Let me see. Four years ago I was a boy and now behold a sage, a Bachelor of Arts. You must all treat me with respect."

The light fell upon his careless, laughing face. Certainly this was the ugly duckling. Unlike the rest of the family he was afflicted with a slight stoop, the stoop of the burner of midnight oil. But his depth of chest and clear complexion gave evidence of robust health. He wore loose well fitting tweeds that had seen service; the clothes of a man who did n't care whether his trousers bagged at the knee or not, and who habitually carried a book in his pocket. Henry

noted these details with disfavor. He patronized an English tailor himself, Mr. Poole in fact, and was fully alive to the advantage of a well ordered toilet.

"Glad to get back, Dick?"

"Rather. They called me Stars and Stripes at Oxford."

"Well, my boy, never be ashamed of being an American. It's a prouder citizenship than that of Rome in her palmiest days. And now run along and slip into your dress clothes. Dinner will be ready in ten minutes."

Dick left the room with his mother and sister.

"He is very English," said Rufus Barrington to his eldest son.

"What did you expect, sir? You send him to Oxford for four or five years and are surprised to find his vowels as broad as his shoulders."

"It will rub off, that confounded accent. We must give the lad time. His mother was very anxious he should go to an English university and as I had my own way about your education, I was willing to gratify her whim. The boy is not a dude at any rate."

"I wish," said Henry, "that you had sent me to a university."

"Pooh, pooh! what can a man learn from books? Experience is the only teacher worth having. The years you have spent with me are worth a million to you."

"Money is not everything."

"Possibly not," replied his father in a dry tone.

He was standing in the middle of the hearth-rug, and as he finished speaking his eyes wandered round the room. The walls were hung with priceless tapestry; the wainscot was of carved oak; the carpet had been woven to order in the looms of Bagdad; the *bibelots* and armor had once adorned the palace of a king. These were the symbols of Money.

His son smiled.

"I will take back what I said just now, sir. Money is everything."

But Rufus Barrington was evidently at issue with this sweeping assertion.

"Money," he remarked sententiously, "is valuable according to the use you make of it."

His eye had been arrested by a picture which hung above the fire place. It was a masterpiece of Jean François Millet. The face of a peasant, clearly outlined against the familiar gray tones of a Barbizon sky. The patient, toil-worn serf seemed out of place, his glance conveyed reproach. To the owner it represented forty thousand dollars. The other pictures comprised a doubtful Sir Joshua, an exquisite Greuze in remarkable preservation, a Claude Lorraine, a Bastien Lepage, and half a dozen exemplars of the modern Italian school, principally the works of Vinea and Andreotti.

"How about our meeting today?" asked his son.

Rufus Barrington rubbed his large hands together.

It went off well,—well. I had my own way from beginning to end. I expected opposition from the usual quarter, but they fell into line. I spiked their guns with the monthly reports. Times are wonderfully good, Henry, wonderfully good,—too good altogether."

It was the close of the year 1888. A memorable year in the history of California. The year of the boom in the Southern half of the State, when all values were inflated and lots in Los Angeles and San Diego sold for fabulous prices; when large towns were surveyed one day and put up at auction the next.

"No, it won't last," continued Mr. Barrington. "Already I can see a cloud in the sky. However, the wise man will take the current when it serves. The tide will ebb soon enough, and we

shall see some queer changes, my boy, if we live another five years. Prices must fall and there is going to be grave trouble in the East. The labor problem will demand solution. I foresee strikes and all manner of complications."

"We are well heeled," said his son significantly.

"When the crash comes, there will be pickings," continued the old man. "Of course the fools and knaves will be snowed in, but it won't hurt us. I tell you Henry, it pays to be honest! Do business on a high plane and a broad gauge and it will win every time. No man in this State can say that I ever broke my word, or went back on a friend unless—"

"The friend went back on you first, eh?"

The old gentleman chuckled. A certain reminiscence tickled him consumedly.

"Ah! I've made some corpses in my day. There was Pixler. You don't remember Pixler, Henry, he was before your time. Well, for a smooth-faced, out and out rascal Pixler was hard to beat! He had a corner in wheat, early in the seventies, and by Jupiter, he nearly made it stick. He would have made a cool two millions if it had n't been for me."

"What did you do, sir?"

"Never mind what I did," replied his father humorously, showing a row of strong even teeth as he smiled, "I fixed Pixler. That is enough for you to know. I don't talk about these things. Early in life I learned to hold my tongue. If I had n't I should not be sitting here today."

"What became of Pixler," said the young man, with languid curiosity.

"He dropped out of the game. Went to Mexico, I believe. He came to me after his failure and swore by the gods to get even."



"A MINUTE LATER AND THE DOOR WAS BURST UN CEREMONIOUSLY OPEN,
AND A GRAY VILSTERED FIGURE STOOD UPON THE THRESHOLD."

"You have lots of enemies, father. Is it wise to laugh at them?"

"I have lots of friends, Henry. That's where I get my pull. I have strings to almost every man in California worth tying to. That has been my policy from a boy. It's the secret of success. I use my friends and am willing to be used by them. That is the combination; that, and square dealing."

The butler opened the door.

"Dinner is on the table, sir."

"I am hungry as a wolf," cried the millionaire. At sixty-five he had still the appetite that accompanies perfect digestion. He rose from his chair with the alacrity of youth, and looked complacently down at his stalwart limbs. He had, as he said, many friends, among the poor as well as among the rich. His bonhomie, his slang, his well fed, well dressed person, were all factors of this popularity.

"I think I'll make myself a cocktail," he said genially. "That fool"—he apostrophized the butler—"always puts in too much Angostura. Come on, Henry, and join me. No? Afraid of your wretched stomach, eh? Well, if you won't drink with me, run and tell your brother that the soup is getting cold."

He left the room as his son rose reluctantly to do his bidding. Evidently the young man had none of his sire's energy. He moved languidly to the door leading into the entrance hall, but paused for a moment before the portrait of his father. It had been painted some years before, but was still a striking likeness. Henry Barrington examined critically the square brow overhanging the deep-set eyes, the heavy clean-cut features, and in particular the large, well-shaven chin. The friends of the great financier, and their name was legion, said that his mouth and chin denoted inflexible resolution. His enemies whispered the ugly

word obstinacy. Both, perhaps, were in the right.

"The old gentleman is a curio," mused Henry. "He really thinks himself the soul of honor. Well, why not? Who is going to define the word honor? Not I assuredly. If each nation has its own code, why not each man? My father draws what he considers a rigid line between right and wrong. I draw my line, too, somewhere. Dick, I presume, has built up a stone wall of solid English masonry which it will take time to destroy."

He laughed and strolled to the foot of the grand staircase, and finding a servant, dispatched him with a message. Returning, his eye once more fell on his father's portrait. It seemed, somehow, to have a curious fascination for him.

"A successful man," he thought. "Yes. And why? Is he made of superior clay? No. Brains? Pshaw, I know a dozen miserable devils in this town, scribbling night and day for bread and butter, who have ten times his brain! No, he gives himself the true reason. He knows how to use men, and everything he does or says has definite purpose behind it. Good Lord, what a power he is! — what a power!"

II.

NOT the least instructive chapter in the history of California is the story of the life of Rufus Barrington, embodying as it does his early struggles with hardship and grinding poverty; his adventures in mining camps, his forensic triumphs in the court of Judge Lynch, his many failures, and still more numerous successes, in commerce and finance. These things, however, are written — as all the world knows — in the book entitled "Chronicles of the Pioneers," and the facts set forth in detail in that monu-

ment of erudition and research may be depended upon, for they were furnished by the millionaire himself, together with a little check, and an excellent steel engraving which, it will be remembered, adorns the first page of the first volume.

Nevertheless Mr. Barrington took much pride in relating, for the benefit of strangers, the oft-told tale of his first start.

"I was born," he would say, in his sonorous, flexible slang, in the State of Maine, and my father was a Presbyterian preacher. My mother died when I was a baby, and I ran away from home on my fifteenth birthday, but my recollection of the old man is still lively. He whacked religion into me with a club, and yanked it out again with everlasting homilies. I tell you I believed in a personal Devil in those days, and in eternal punishment. Well, I cut loose one fine morning from the Mosaic cosmogony and everything connected with it, and for six years led the life of a dog. Then Fortune smiled on me. A petty tradesman in New York, whom I had befriended, died, and left me sole legatee. I went through his papers, and by Jupiter, I found among them a plan of a machine for engraving with exquisite delicacy the back of bank notes. I examined it carefully and became convinced of its superlative merit. The Bank Note Company, at that time, had a monopoly of the business, so I called around and asked to see the president.

"Does the president know you?" asked one of the clerks.

"No," said I, 'he does n't, but you can bet your bottom dollar that he'll be glad enough to know me when he sees what I have in my pocket.'

"That is the way I talked to the young fellow, and it had its effect. I was shown in to the great man's private office and produced my plan. His experienced eye took it in in a jiffy.

"What do you want for — for this?" he asked carelessly.

"Ten thousand dollars," said I.

"Give me ten days, Mr. — er — Barrington, to consider the matter.'

"I'll give you just ten minutes," I said. I knew my man. He hemmed and hawed but I got the money, and I got the friendship of the president of the Bank Note Company. That was worth more to me than the ten thousand dollars. To cut the story short, I prospered and turned over my capital several times, but I was n't satisfied and when, six years later, gold was discovered in California I pulled up stakes and sailed round the Horn. I was one of the few men who came here with money, and money was a power indeed in those days."

At this point Mr. Barrington usually stopped. He might have added that when the war broke out he cheerfully abandoned his immense interests, to shoulder a private's musket in the ranks of the Federal army; that he marched with Sherman to the sea; that he was wounded again and again; that for four weary years he endured cheerfully the horrors and privations of campaigning!

At the close of the war he returned to San Francisco and turned his attention to the construction of an East and West railroad. Into this gigantic enterprise he plunged head foremost, and the story of that amazing dive is too well known to repeat here. He took to the water, a man of moderate means, he emerged a multi-millionaire! After this perilous feat he organized and established that monument of his energy and genius, the Barrington Bank.

During his first campaign he met the daughter of a retired English officer and married her. Some men would have pleaded marriage as an excuse for leaving the army, but the son of the old Presbyterian preacher was made of

tougher clay. "My country needs me," he told his bride, and the girl's father (a V.C. man, with the Crimean medal and half a dozen clasps) applauded grimly.

In 1871 Mr. Barrington laid the foundation stone of his fine house on Nob Hill, and with the exception of a few flying visits to Europe, Honolulu, and Japan, had occupied it continuously from the hour the upholsterers left it. When his Eastern friends urged upon him the claims of New York he would shake his head. "I shall live and die in California. I like the climate and I like the people. I made my money here and here I shall spend it!"

He took great pride in his house, a remarkably pure specimen of the Palladian style, the style which Inigo Jones immortalized in the seventeenth century, and which lends itself so admirably to azure skies and sweeping lawns. The mansion occupied a block of land, and was built of white stone. The Corinthian portico fronted upon California Street, and from the library windows a magnificent view of the harbor and bay could be obtained. The reader is already familiar with the inner hall, which was practically the living room of the family. To the left of this and opening from it were the state apartments, a huge saloon hung with yellow Florentine damask, and a ball room. Upon the right side of the house were the dining room, the billiard room, and the library. The offices and kitchens lay in the rear, and the bed rooms and the picture gallery were upstairs. San Francisco boasted of several palaces larger, and possibly, better furnished, than the home of Rufus Barrington, but none surpassed it in classic beauty of exterior, or even compared with it.

"I always have the best," said the millionaire, "where the best can be had. I would n't live in that gimcrack collec-

tion of towers and cupolas yonder for a half interest in the Virginia Consolidated!"

Dinner over, upon the evening of the younger son's return, the Barringtons reassembled in the inner hall, and prepared to have what the millionaire called "a family time."

"I must have a private talk with you tomorrow, my boy, but I won't monopolize you tonight. It warms my heart to see you again,—but you must drop that confounded English accent."

"Have I an English accent? Upon my word I did n't know it. I thought I spoke through my nose as effectively as the rest of you."

"I like your accent," cried his sister. "Why should n't you keep it? Tommy Van Shyster would give you a thousand dollars for it. Mother, he must keep his accent, must n't he? You are English, you know,—assert yourself."

"Your mother," said Mr. Barrington quite seriously, "is an American. The wife takes the nationality of her husband."

It was well known that the speaker carried his patriotism, as he carried his American physiognomy, wherever he went. His intense respect and reverence for Uncle Sam were salient characteristics of the man.

"I am the mother of Dick," remarked his wife, "that is all I know or think about tonight."

"By the bye, I have some presents for you people. If you promise not to chaff me about my English accent, I will send for them."

Dick cut the strings of the packages as they were brought in by the servant, and distributed his gifts. The choice of the different articles argued on the part of the buyer both discrimination and a sense of humor. His father received a

"Tantalus" spirit case, the bottles mounted with silver.

"You used to complain, sir, that the servants tampered with your cocktail materials. Here is a portable bar-room for you, a Cave of Spirits to which you alone have the open sesame."

"My dear boy, you have placed me under the greatest obligations. What a capital contrivance!"

For Mrs. Barrington there was an edition of Dante, exquisitely bound in white vellum. Henry found his name in black letters upon a square leather box which contained an immense assortment of the latest ties. And Helen was made happy with a pigskin saddle.

"That," said Dick, "is the neatest thing in saddles I ever saw. It shows what old London can do when she tries. There is nothing like it in New York."

"It is perfection, perfection," she cried, "and it could n't give a horse a sore back if it tried. Why, Dick, *what is that?*"

She pointed to a small morocco case, lying on the floor. With an exclamation her brother picked it up and placed it hastily in his pocket.

"It is mine," he said confusedly. "I don't know how it got here."

"Do Bachelors of Arts wear bracelets? Let me see it, Dick, I am dying of curiosity."

"Which won't be gratified by me, Miss Impertinence."

As Mr. Barrington took the various decanters from the spirit case preparatory to filling them with rum, brandy, whisky, and bitters, the front door bell rang.

"We are not at home, Mosher," said Mrs. Barrington, as the butler passed noiselessly through the room. In a moment, however, he appeared with a card. "The gentleman, sir, is anxious to see you."

"It's Mr. Chetwynd, papa, the great traveler. You will make an exception in his favor."

"Nonsense," growled the millionaire, who had taken off his coat, "we are having a family time,—why spoil it?"

"You begged Mr. Chetwynd to call, and he will think it so rude. Ask him in to take a drink, and don't put on your coat. He will think shirt-sleeves the correct thing in San Francisco, and if he does n't understand Americanese, Dick will interpret."

"Well, well," replied her father, with a sigh. "You always have your own way. Mosher, show Mr. Chetwynd in here."

A tall, squarely built man, middle-aged, with grizzled hair and mustache, and a dark, determined face, bronzed by the elements to almost the color of mahogany, followed the butler into the inner hall, and shook hands with Mrs. Barrington. The strange appearance of his host, brandishing a bottle of Jamaica rum in one hand and a cut glass decanter in the other, in no way dismayed him. Dick was formally presented, and the famous explorer perceived that his visit was ill-timed.

"Your butler, Mrs. Barrington,—an Englishman, I perceive,—said, 'Not at home,' but I ventured to send in my card, as I was anxious to thank your husband for his very great courtesy in placing his private car at my disposal to-morrow. However, I shall not need it, as I propose to spend another month in San Francisco."

"I am delighted to hear it," cried the old man. "You have caught me, Mr. Chetwynd, in the act of mixing a drink. Perhaps you did not know that I was an expert at the business. I once tended bar professionally."

"Rufus," cried his wife, much distressed. "Why do you say such things?"

"My dear, it's the truth. When I was up in Shot-Gun Gulch, at the time of the excitement, Billy the bar tender was shot, and the boys insisted upon my taking his place. They said afterwards that I had forgotten more than Billy ever knew. Mr. Chetwynd, won't you take something?"

"With the greatest pleasure. Brandy, please."

His voice was very harsh, — metallic in quality, — and he spoke with impressive distinctness. Helen watched him intently. His personality was irresistibly attractive to most women. He had just returned from an expedition to the heart of Burmah, and the fame of his adventures was in the mouths of men. Helen and her mother had attended one of his lectures the day before, and the girl had hung breathless upon the recital of his perils and adventures. She had contrasted the lecturer with other men of her acquaintance to the detriment of the latter. Her father was celebrated for his hospitality. Every person of note came to his house and was entertained there lavishly. Thus early in life the girl had come in daily contact with all sorts and conditions of lions, and had learned by frequent practice to weigh accurately the merits and demerits of each noble beast as it paraded before her. But this lion from the swamps and backwoods of the Irawaddy roared more magnificently than the others, and excelled them in size and strength. Indeed his strength was what chiefly impressed the crowd; that and the mysterious stories which were in constant circulation about him. The world said he was a misogynist, and certainly his mere bodily presence argued independence of femininity. The man had been cast in an heroic mold. A solitary, saturnine figure, made to stand alone, superior to the needs and necessities of his weaker brethren.

"How do you like San Francisco?" asked Mr. Barrington.

The millionaire made a point of putting this banal question to all visitors. But he allowed the birds of passage a reasonable time to pick up crumbs of information. John Chetwynd had spent ten days on the Pacific Slope. He had seen everything of interest, including California's best citizens. His criticism, therefore, carried intrinsic authority and weight.

"Nice town," he replied curtly. "Capital hotels, pleasant people, and a lack of restraint which I — perhaps of all men — can best appreciate."

"A lack of restraint?" queried his host, thinking uneasily of shirtsleeves and Jamaica rum.

"Yes, a lack of restraint, of conventionality. Ten years hence San Francisco won't be such a pleasant town. The social conditions that reign paramount in London and New York will rule here."

The words were shot forth with curious abruptness.

"All *your* fault," he continued, his grim features unrelaxed.

"My fault, Mr. Chetwynd?"

"Yes. Railroads, you know. Did n't you build them?"

"Not exactly, but I am proud to call myself a link in the chain that connects the West and East."

"Just so."

"Is that why you refused to use our car, Mr. Chetwynd," said Helen. "Possibly you prefer to walk."

"Yes, I would sooner walk, Miss Barrington. You Americans don't walk enough. What is the result? No legs! The American of the twentieth century will be calfless."

Everybody laughed except the Englishman.

"You blame my father," said Dick

"for building the road, but who supplied the rails? John Bull must share your strictures!"

"Speaking of rails," remarked Mr. Barrington, "reminds me of a purchase I once made. The story is worth telling. It happened not so long ago, in the days when England supplied all our metal. I wanted rails badly, and the market quotations were booming. Private information told me that a big sailing ship was almost due in New York, carrying a full cargo of rails. I knew that Ganderbilk and Gold needed a limited quantity, so I went to them and as a great favor let them have what they required out of my yards. A few days later the ship came in, and a big Britisher strode up to my office and offered me the whole cargo. I told him I was not prepared to buy rails. 'Who will take them?' he asked. 'I don't know,' I replied. 'I am selling rails myself. Ganderbilk and Gold bought some last week. Here is the invoice.' My muscular friend glanced at the invoice and swore deeply. 'What the deuce am I to do?' he asked. 'Call again in six months,' I said carelessly, 'and I will buy the lot.' The next day I was on the lookout for my man. He had been the rounds, as I knew, and no one wanted his rails. Then he came back to me, and as an accommodation I bought the whole cargo, for a song. I must have netted twenty-five thousand dollars. It was a glorious bluff."

John Chetwynd laughed. His laugh was harsher than his voice. Henry Barrington only smiled; he had heard the story before, and hoped one day to do something of the kind himself. Dick, however, neither laughed nor smiled.

"I suppose," he said quietly, "the poor devil hardly made expenses."

"I don't know about that, my boy."

"Rather hard luck," continued Dick, "at least it seems so to me."

Chetwynd glanced at the young man sharply.

"This one," he thought, "has not shed his milk teeth yet." Then he said aloud,—

"An excellent story, and a happy illustration of Nature's inexorable law."

"Cherish your illusions, Dick, if you please," said his father emphatically, "but don't confound them with delusions. When you have knocked about this wide-awake world a few more years, you won't stub your toes against facts. In business, my boy, a man must consider number one before number two. That is a fact."

Mrs. Barrington hastened to change the subject.

"Mr. Chetwynd, pray tell us something more about the East Indians. Your lecture was intensely interesting to me. It is hardly conceivable that those savages are human beings like ourselves."

"Hardly conceivable," echoed Chetwynd in his deepest tones. "Why, my dear lady, believe me, the Indians have much in common with us. Human nature on the banks of the Irawaddy is the same human nature you meet on Market Street, or in Rotten Row. I find everywhere the same hideous passions, the same lust for gain, the same envy, the same familiar lies, and the same familiar humbug."

It is impossible to describe the effect of these words. Trite though they were, they fell upon the ears of the Barringtons with strange and novel force. Uttered with Chetwynd's phlegmatic, stoical, passionless, delivery they gave an impression almost of horror. It seemed as if the speaker had looked down from some convenient coign of vantage—the back of an elephant or a camel—into the heart of humanity, and found it rotten to the core. During the chill silence that ensued John Chetwynd took his leave.

"Phew!" said Mr. Barrington, wiping his broad forehead with a large silk handkerchief. "That man's last speech has left a bad taste in my mouth."

"I don't like the fellow," remarked Henry.

"You have not much in common," said his sister, with heightened color. "There is nothing of the Pharisee about Mr. Chetwynd."

"I don't like him any more than Henry does," said Dick. "If a man finds evil everywhere he must be evil himself."

"Well said," rejoined his father. "If they have taught you that at Oxford and nothing else you have not wasted your time."

III.

"AND now, my boy, that we are alone, tell me candidly your conception of life, up to date. I am pleased with you. You have taken a good degree; you got the gold medal for Latin verse, although heaven only knows what good Latin verse will be to you out here; and they tell me you spar well. I am glad to hear that," — he alluded to the sparring, — "I used to be fairly good with the gloves myself. Now take your time, and help yourself to one of these cigars."

Dick selected a cigar, and blushed slightly beneath the directness of his father's glance.

"I have given orders that no one shall disturb us. I wish to know my son."

He spoke proudly. His bump of philoprogenitiveness was well developed. It was often said that Rufus Barrington set too high a value on his own possessions, but no one ever criticized his great and tender love for his own children. The two men were sitting in the library, in front of a blazing pine-log fire. It was Sunday morning. Breakfast was over.

The millionaire had read his private letters and found nothing therein to ruffle his equanimity.

"My conception of life will sound crude to you, Daddy," began Dick modestly.

"Well, don't tell me that you have found everything flat, stale, and unprofitable. I hear that sort of rot from the rising generation, but your face tells another story."

"I am well satisfied with life. I've had a jolly good time so far. Fate has been kind to me. Of course I have ambitions; I want to succeed. I wish —"

"That's right," interrupted his father. "You don't want to be known only as your father's son. I expected to hear that. Of course, I could give you a couple of millions, and with such a sum a man can make quite a splash, but you would owe it to me. A tub should stand on its own bottom. Again, the responsibilities of wealth are immense. If you, I say *you* because I hope you feel as I do on the subject, if you felt yourself unable to handle the power entrusted to you, you would lose your self-respect, and then God help you."

The old man spoke with vigor and emphasis, waving his cigar in the air and sitting squarely upright in his chair. There was a local coloring, a flavor of the West, about his speech and person, that commended itself to his son. He thought proudly that California had been molded into shape by men like his father. He was a Titan, belonging to the prehistoric time of '49, a Pioneer.

Enthusiasm is very infectious. Dick felt within himself at that moment the capacity of the speaker.

"Yes," he cried eagerly, "I hope to make my mark, sir, as you have made yours, but not in the same way."

The smile upon the old man's lips died away.

"Not in the same way," he repeated.

"What do you mean by that, my boy? How do you propose to carve your fortunes?"

A certain note of coldness in this sentence was not lost upon his son.

"I mean," he said diffidently, "that I have been—encouraged, yes, encouraged, by men who know what they are talking about, to try my hand at literature."

"At literature?" said his father blankly. "What do you mean by literature?"

"Well, sir, I suppose I inherit from you a turn for writing."

Most of his readers will remember the articles that from time to time have appeared in the pages of the *North American Review* under the signature "Rufus Bar-rington."

"I see that my brother writes," continued Dick. "I read his papers on banking with a good deal of interest. They attracted attention, even in England."

The father's brow cleared.

"Well, that is a very laudable ambition. A man should be able to use his pen; it is the sword of the nineteenth century. You have read my articles and you know my views. I am an evolutionist. I believe in the survival of the fittest. It's a queer thing, my boy, but I've noticed that the rotten apples soon fall from the tree. I have known so many men, good fellows too," he paused and sighed, "who, as soon as their uselessness in the general scheme of affairs became too apparent, disappeared."

"Died, do you mean?"

"Some died; some were killed; some went Heaven knows where. Of course," he continued, "I take a genial view of life. Knowing nothing of any hereafter, I naturally wish to make the most of the present. So far I have been fortunate. I have lived and enjoyed. I have given, I trust, enjoyment to others. All in all, I count myself a healthy, happy man."

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He glanced sharply at his son, and broke off suddenly.

"If it's not an impertinent question," he said pleasantly, "tell me exactly what you're thinking about. The expression of your face is peculiar."

"I was thinking," replied Dick slowly, "of Cræsus."

"Of Cræsus. What the deuce has Cræsus got to do with you and me?"

"Of Cræsus and Solon. It's an old chestnut."

"It may be to you, Dick; but classical allusions are wasted on me. Tell me the story."

"Don't you remember that Solon told Cræsus, then at the zenith of his power, that no man could be accounted happy until after his death. Then, and not till then, the question could be decided. He meant of course that prosperity is so easily twisted into adversity."

The old man puffed silently at his cigar.

"We will leave Cræsus in his tomb, and return to your affairs. I propose to put you in the Bank."

"But, my dear father, you have misunderstood me. I don't think I should be a success in the Bank. I have no turn for business. Surely it is not necessary that both Henry and myself should tread in your footsteps. Why not strike out a new line? When I spoke of literature just now, I meant literature as a serious profession. There is none nobler, and it demands all one's energies, all one's time."

"This is very serious."

"It is serious, but it seems to me, sir, that a man can employ the best years of his life to better advantage than in an office, particularly when he has a generous father."

"These, I suppose, are Oxford ideas."

"I suppose so," replied his son vaguely.

"Well, sir, if you insist on abandoning the substance for the shadow I won't thwart you. I am disappointed, sorely disappointed, but, perhaps, my feelings don't count."

"But they do count," murmured his son.

"You speak of my generosity, I know nothing of that, but I am just. It is not fair, for instance, that your brother should bear the burden of helping me with my vast interests, and that you should share the profits."

"Most certainly not."

"I've built up a position," continued Rufus Barrington, "of which any man might be proud. I looked forward to seeing my sons worthily occupying my place. Henry is capable. He has executive ability. But I gave you credit for the brains."

"O, no, Henry has the brains."

"I thought otherwise,—till today. However, if you shirk the responsibilities of a great position there is nothing more to be said."

His son bit his lip.

"I don't like the word shirk," he replied firmly but respectfully. "No man has yet accused me of shirking."

"We won't quarrel about a word. You know what I mean. If you prefer scribbling to what I can give you, so be it. But,"—the speaker's voice quavered,—"if you change your mind and see the folly of your choice, come to me at once and say so."

The young man laid his hand upon his father's arm.

"What a dear old daddy you are."

Mr. Barrington coughed to hide his emotion. Afterwards he confessed to his wife that this had been one of the bitterest moments of his life. His son glanced at the unaccustomed moisture plainly visible in his father's eyes, rose from his chair, threw his cigar into the fire, and

walked irresolutely to the window. As he looked out across the smooth surface of the lawn the perplexity of his position smote him like a blow. To sacrifice his dearest hopes was bitter, exceedingly bitter, but it seemed to him (he was not yet twenty four), that his duty was plain. Perhaps after all, this literary aspiration was a mere *ignis fatuus*, a will-o'-the-wisp, illusory, intangible. Weighed in the balance with a father's love what did it amount to? Nothing!

He turned from the window, and walked back to his chair. A pleasant light shone in his gray eyes. There was a certain esthetic relish in the situation that appealed to him, a savor of self-sacrifice at once sweet and wholesome.

"Your objections, sir," he began.

"I have no objections."

This assumption of indifference was quite pathetic.

"At any rate, Daddy, I've changed my mind already. I'm willing to try the life you have outlined for me. I shall do my best to like it, you may be sure of that."

The old man sprang to his feet, and seized his son's hand.

"Do you mean it?" he cried.

"Yes,—I mean it."

"Ah! I'm not disappointed in my son after all."

The two men shook hands and resumed their seats.

"I appreciate this," said Mr. Barrington, "and I don't think you will live to repent what you have done. As for your literary ambitions they will improve with age. You are young, too young to be inflicting your opinions upon a world that is already full of books. The experience you will have with me will widen, not contract, your point of view. It will biggen you, if I may be permitted to coin the word. Three or four years, first in the bank, and afterwards attend-

ing to my mining and railroad interests, will make a man of you, and when the time comes, as come it must, when I pass in my checks, you will be able to take hold of the wealth falling to your share and use it instead of abusing it. It is your duty to master the details of my business. I shall not work you to death, but I expect from you, as from my humblest clerk, punctuality and obedience. Office hours, you will have a room of your own, will be from ten to three. After three you can do as you please. I shall give the cashier instructions that every transaction of importance must pass through your hands. You will be on the inside, and before long you will have your bearings. Take notice of details. Cultivate the men — the business men — of San Francisco. Be pleasant and cordial with Tom, Dick and Harry, but don't let them suck your brains. You know how approachable I am. Some fools think I'm unduly so; that I'm wasting my time; not a bit of it. It is part and parcel of my policy. A business man never knows when he will 'strike oil.' Propositions are daily submitted to me, sometimes from the most unexpected sources, that I can take up or leave as I please. If I had hedged myself in with an absurd wall, many a golden opportunity would have passed me by."

For an hour or more these, and similar words of counsel and wisdom, poured hot and fast from the lips of Rufus Barrington. His son listened eagerly and respectfully. He was receiving the first great practical lesson of life at the hands of a master. He was crossing the Rubicon which divides the real from the ideal, and it is pertinent to admit that during the passage certain allusions, tenderly prized by the young Oxonian, fled incontinently back to the banks of the Isis. Some, indeed, of the dogmas and doc-

trines of finance, as practiced upon the Pacific Slope, proved difficult of assimilation, and finally provoked this comment, —

"It is very cheeky of me, sir, but I know you value frankness, so I will ask you a plain question."

"That is right. Always come to me with your difficulties, my boy. If I can't help you, I will try and find some one who will. What were you going to say?"

"Only this. It appears to me that in this scramble after the Almighty Dollar there is involved a loss of — well — of dignity and self respect."

"I'm glad you've mentioned the subject," replied his father gravely. "It is important."

The young man waited respectfully for the explanation. Evidently Mr. Barrington, one of the most fluent speakers in America, found some difficulty in expressing himself. He walked several lengths of the huge Turkey carpet, and consumed one quarter of a fresh cigar, before he found suitable words.

"You young men," he said presently, "are cruel critics. And you seldom take into consideration the complexity of human conduct. You curse the effect, whereas it is the cause that should be damned. Coming fresh from Oxford you will find here much to astonish, and perhaps shock, you. But your self-respect and dignity are not dependent upon environment, but upon those first principles which every man must salt down for himself. I have certainly not lost *my* self-respect. I see no reason why you should lose yours."

The interview was over, and a few minutes later Dick left the room. His father remained behind. He took down a book from the shelves and tried to read, but his thoughts wandered.

"I am glad," he mused, "that the boy did'nt press the point. If he had

asked me to define self-respect, or what obtains here as honor, I might have been puzzled to answer him. He is very green, very green, but a nice lad. I must let him down easy. The uses of our secret service fund would freeze his young blood, I expect, and yet how possibly could we get along without it! Well, the boy has brains. So has Henry, but I am not altogether satisfied with Henry. He tries to be too smart, and I fear will over-reach himself. He has taken lately to quarreling with his sister. His mother ought to control that, but she is weak; poor woman, lamentably weak. She seems to have lost her grip. Upon my soul, I believe she was a more useful member of society when she read her Bible every day. Perhaps," he added thoughtfully, "I have made a mistake in blowing the cobwebs from her brain. She is changing, and I don't know that I like the change. She reads too much, and leaves Helen too much alone. Girls need watching as well as boys, and Helen is a high-spirited, high-strung creature, full of generous impulses, but flighty. Yes, flighty is the word. I hope she will marry some good sterling fellow, but you never know. Damn it, you never know."

IV.

YOUNG Barrington had not passed eight and forty hours beneath his father's roof before he ruefully admitted to himself that changes indeed had taken place in the family. There lay latent a discordant element, but when he tried to grasp it, it evaded his grip. Personally he could not complain of any lack of attention and affection, but he noted, with poignant regret, that the cordial relations which had always existed between the other members of the family existed no longer. He touched lightly upon this one evening when his brother and sister were dining away from home, and he

and his parents were alone. Unwittingly he provoked a quarrel.

"Yes, there have been changes," said his mother, "and changes are very upsetting. Henry and Nellie do not hit it off together. They used to be good friends, and will be again. This estrangement is only temporary."

"You take this too easily," said Mr. Barrington. "It has been on my mind to speak to you about it for some time. You spend too many hours poring over books. Theosophical rubbish, too! A mother is better employed looking after her daughter. Helen needs the curb."

"The child has too much imagination," sighed Mrs. Barrington.

"Yes, it runs away with her common sense."

"I do not say that, Rufus. That is too strong an assertion. Let us say that the two flow side by side like those two rivers at Geneva, the Rhone and the Saone."

"I don't object to the simile if you will allow that common sense is the clear stream. But you won't."

Mrs. Barrington made no reply. Her husband frowned.

"Confess now," he said, not ill-humoredly; "you know, Alice, you think that common sense, worldly wisdom, as you prefer to call it, is a muddy puddle compared with the lofty imaginings of a Mahatma sitting alone in the fastnesses of Thibet. Tell the truth, my dear."

"I certainly believe," replied his wife gently, "that the ideal is the limpid water of life."

"It may be, Alice, it may be, but, fortunately for you, I pin my faith to common sense, and Helen, I trust, is her father's daughter."

"I am sure the child is quite indifferent to sordid considerations."

The words were ill chosen. Unquestionably Mrs. Barrington wished to

convey no covert reproach, she was too loyal a wife to seek occasion to wound her husband, but she might have expressed herself differently.

"What do you mean by sordid considerations," he cried angrily. "If Helen is indifferent to the power of money, she is a fool. Sordid considerations, forsooth, I hate the words. You have crammed them down my throat more than once. Where would you be, I ask, if it were not for my sordid considerations? Starving, like your wretched sister!"

Mrs. Barrington was too wise to get angry in her turn. She knew the joints in her husband's harness, and regretted the want of tact that had produced this outburst. The allusion to her sister wounded her deeply.

"Mary is not starving," she said calmly.

"Thanks to me she is not," said Rufus Barrington, who to give him his due seldom boasted of his good works. "Your sister is not starving for want of food, but she is certainly starving for nice dresses, books, pictures, and all the thousand and one comforts and luxuries that a woman prizes even more than a man does. All these she might have had. Her husband had better chances than I. You know that, only he was indifferent to sordid considerations."

"Poor Aunt Mary," said Dick.

"Yes, she is poor; but you need n't waste your sympathy on her, my boy. She has made her bed and must lie upon it. I have heaped kindnesses upon that woman and she has repaid me with the blackest ingratitude."

"Please remember, Rufus, that Mary has been kind to Dick. Don't abuse my sister before my own son."

"I won't, my dear."

In an instant he had recovered his good humor, and bending down, kissed his wife.

"I am going to the club for an hour. Good night."

"Your poor father," said Mrs. Barrington, as the door closed behind him, "has had much to try him. You must make allowances."

"Is it true that he and Aunt Mary have quarreled?"

"Yes, it is true. She has quarreled with me, too. We are no longer upon speaking terms. Money, this money your father prizes so highly, has come between us."

"Surely there is something else besides money in the case."

"Yes," replied his mother in a low voice. "There is something besides money. Our views on religious subjects clash."

"They clash? Why you used both to toddle off to Grace church together. Has Aunt Mary turned Shaker?"

"Don't joke, Dick. This is no laughing matter. Your Aunt Mary still goes to Grace church whenever she comes to the city."

"Then it is you who have changed, mother?"

"Yes," she sighed, "I go to church no more."

There was an accent of regret that her son noted.

"You go to church no more," he repeated blankly. "Do you mean to say you've ceased to be a Christian?"

"My dear boy," she replied almost fretfully, spreading out her delicate hands as if to ward off a blow, "pray don't catechize me. I cannot tell you what I believe or do not believe. I'm muddled. My brains were never of the clearest. You know your father's views. We have talked together and he makes it so plain."

"What does he make plain? That there is no God?"

"No. He would n't assert that."

"Well,—what does he say?" asked her son impatiently.

"He says that the Bible is a collection of myths, only interesting from a literary point of view; that it is not inspired at all, except as you may call Shakspeare inspired; that the story of the resurrection is a fable. I can't remember all he says. You have read his articles, have n't you?"

"Yes,—I 've read them," said the young man curtly. He was standing, British fashion, in front of the fire; his hands in his pockets, a frown contracting his smooth forehead and his lips firmly compressed.

"They are very clever. Do'nt you you think so?"

"No, I do'nt," he replied.

"O yes, my dear, they are very clever. You must admit that. He writes nearly as forcibly as Colonel Blatant."

Dick gave a contemptuous snort, and his mother continued in her quiet, gentle tones. "We went to hear the Colonel when we were East last year. Your father has a great admiration for him as a thinker and also as a good citizen."

"Blasphemous beast," murmured Dick.

"He is such an excellent father, my dear."

"Excellent father is he? I daresay a rattlesnake is an excellent father! I think it's a shame, a beastly shame, that your faith should have been torn from you. What has my father given you in return? Do you find any comfort in Colonel Blatant's books? He sneers at the Bible, the best source of inspiration we have. Why, mother, the Bible is the backbone of our civilization. We owe everything, I say everything, to the Bible."

His mother smiled faintly.

"I thought so,—once."

"Try to think so again."

She shook her head sadly. "I have tried, Dick, and failed."

Her son could say nothing. He had not given the question consideration,—what young man does? He had taken his religion as he found it, cut and dried. He had been baptized as a baby, and in due season confirmed. At Oxford he had naturally conformed to the traditions of the place. His thoughts had run in other channels. He could have written a thesis on the use of the "digamma;" and in his portmanteau, upstairs, lay a half-finished metrical translation of the great trilogy of *Æschylus*. Professor Jowett had cast an eye over the manuscript, and sealed both meter and scholarship with august approval. But of what use was acquaintance with Greek literature in such a crisis as this? A wave of pity, curiously blended with resentment, swept over him.

"My poor, poor mother," he exclaimed sorrowfully.

The vibrant sympathy in his voice brought the tears to her eyes.

"I've found some comfort in theosophy," she said presently. "Your father ridicules me, but I think, I hope, there is something in it. Have you given it any attention, my dear?"

The thought of this benighted soul blindly groping its way through the tortuous maze of esoteric Buddhism moved her son strangely.

"I know nothing of theosophy," he replied, but I should have thought it a poor substitute for Christianity. However, if it gives you comfort I'm glad to hear it. Half a loaf is better than no bread. Tell me about your theosophy."

He sat down beside her and took her hand in his. Very patiently he listened to her simple talk, but his heart-strings ached as he realized how hopelessly she had drifted upon the waters of unbelief.

Ere long the conversation wandered round in a circle to his Aunt.

"I've not asked after Phyllis Murray," said the young man. "I suppose she is grown out of all knowledge."

Phyllis Murray was the niece by marriage of Mrs. Murray, the Aunt Mary already spoken of.

"She has grown into a lovely girl," answered Mrs. Barrington.

"She was a charming child."

"I wish I could see more of her, but your father won't have her here. You know how prejudiced he is."

"I shall go and see them tomorrow, mother. They live in the same old house at Menlo I suppose. The one father gave them."

"Yes, they live there still. I shall be glad to have you go and see them. Your Aunt is very fond of you, Dick, and perhaps—who knows—you may draw us together again. She will probably be very bitter against me, but never mind what she says. Her bark is worse than her bite. Hark! I hear the carriage. Yes. I don't feel up to more talking so I'll slip off to bed. Don't say anything to Nellie or Henry about—about the theosophy, you know. Goodnight."

Her son accompanied her to the door of her room and kissed her tenderly. As he descended the shallow stairs he saw his brother and sister taking off their wraps in the hall. They hailed him cheerily.

"Come and smoke a cigarette, old man," cried Henry.

"Yes," said his sister. "We have a budget of gossip, a *chronique scandaleuse* to unfold."

So the three went into the inner hall and sat down by the fire.

"Did you have a good time?"

"So, so," replied Helen. "The decorations were lovely, but the dinner was four courses too long, and the men were stupid."

"You did n't find that man man stupid who sat by you at dinner. At least I should judge not from the way you flirted with him. What was his name? — Desmond — Ah, yes,—an Irish name."

"He is from Los Angeles. His father, he told me, was from the sod."

"The old gentleman is now under it," said Henry. "He was about as smart as they make 'em."

"The son thinks himself smart," observed Helen.

"I thought him a very good fellow," put in Henry, "He is quite the Brummel of Los Angeles."

"I do n't like him," said Helen.

"Why not?"

"Because I do n't."

"Come now, Helen, for a young woman who thinks herself up to date that is rather a bread and butter reason. Desmond likes you, I can tell you that. He quite bored me singing your praises."

"He drank a great deal of champagne."

"You are too hard to please."

"Yes," she cried gayly, "I am hard to please."

She was looking particularly brilliant. Her dress, of some soft, shimmering material—called, I believe, rainbow tulle—had come from Japan, via Paris, in the care of Doucet. She wore no jewelry and needed none: the sparkle in her eyes and the gleam of her teeth were better than all the diamonds of Golconda.

"My curiosity is excited," said Dick. "What did this poor fellow do or say to your highness?"

She blushed and laughed. Her laugh had the silvery quality which distinguishes the laugh of Madame Bernhardt.

"He made furious love to me, Dick, if you will have the brutal truth, and he tried to be funny."

"He is not stupid at any rate," said Henry.

"I can tolerate stupidity, at a pinch, but I hate a funny man."

"He is coming to call tomorrow," said Henry.

"I'm glad you mentioned it. I shall be *out*! Henry did you notice the cut glass? Was n't it gorgeous; and the iridescent hues went delightfully with my dress. I'm so glad it's coming into fashion again."

"Let us talk of the animate, Queenie. I'm not interested in cut glass. Tell me how Henry behaved himself. Did he flirt?"

"Henry was very quiet. He, obviously, wished himself elsewhere. The women were not to his taste."

"Indeed! What is your taste, Henry?"

"I like pretty women, and quiet women,—women who know how to hold their tongues,—discreet women."

"Listen to him," cried Helen scornfully. He talks about discreet women, as if butter would 'nt melt in his mouth. Do n't be taken in, Dick. It's the indiscretion of his fair friends that attracts him. I remember last year at Monterey his little affairs with Flossie Fox, and that Brunton girl. Were ever women so indiscreet as they, and Henry was forever tagging after them."

"What, both at once," said Dick

"Henry can drive a double team," said Helen coolly, "as well as any man on the Coast."

This style of chatter coming from his own sister was not to Dick's taste. It smacked—so he told himself—of the *Coulisses*. Henry was furiously angry.

"You are too free with your tongue, much too free."

"I claim the same liberty of expression that you do, neither more nor less."

"Liberty! License, you mean."

He sprang from his chair and left the room.

"What a fool a man is when he loses his temper," said Helen.

Dick fidgetted in silence. He hesitated to speak his mind.

"I say, Nellie," he began, after a short pause; "I—"

"Now don't be unpleasant, Dick. I won't stand it coming from you. I love you too much."

She rose from the couch, and crossing the hearth-rug, plumped herself squarely down in her brother's lap, holding up her face to be kissed.

"Go on now — if you dare."

"I don't know how to find fault with you, Queenie, but you are not accommodating, and in these tiffs with Henry I catch a note of — now, don't be angry — vulgarity."

"Is it vulgar at Oxford to tell the truth?"

"Never mind Oxford. Truth may be tricked out with vulgar words."

"No one has ever accused me of being vulgar," she replied, flushing.

"It is vulgar to talk as you did just now about those wretched girls. Don't do it again, Nell. And now tell me what the trouble is between you and Henry? You used to be good friends."

"Never," she cried passionately; "never."

"What has he done to provoke you?"

"A hundred things. We won't talk about Henry, at any rate not now. Dick, I'm so glad, so very, very glad that you have come home. We want your dear, clever, ugly old head here. Everything is at sixes and sevens! Papa thinks of nothing but his business; he has no time, poor man, to spend at home; and the rest of us are going straight to—to the doggies, as fast as we can. I wish I could get away from here. I'm tired of this town, tired of the stupid Germans, and the more stupid teas, and the hate-

ful gossip. It all seems so trivial and — yes — degrading.”

She left her brother's lap, and paced restlessly up and down, stopping occasionally to emphasize some word with a wave of her fan. She had caught the trick of gesture from her father.

“There is plenty for you and me to live for,” said Dick slowly. He spoke with a certain halting utterance that possessed charm for the ears of his elders. It argued — so they said — a becoming modesty. Dick's contemporaries ridi-

culed this hypothesis, and spoke of his impediment as an infirmity of speech. As a matter of fact this young man had acquired the very remarkable habit of thinking before he spoke.

“I'm not a good hand at preaching, Nell, but if you find fault with the world at your age there must be something radically wrong not with the world, but with you.”

“Yes,” she replied humbly. “The fault, Dick, lies with me. It's very late. I think we had better go to bed.”

Horace Annesley Vachell.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE LEGAL LORE OF FORTY-NINE.

A FEW months before the fire, I was sitting on the piazza of the Cliff House watching the seals climbing over the famous rocks, and recalling with a mingled feeling of pleasure and sadness my former visit, some twenty years before. A man came around the corner, wiping his mouth with a red silk handkerchief. He was over six feet in height, straight as a measuring rod, and apparently about sixty-five years of age. His hair was quite white and rather short, and his beard, cut to a point, reached nearly to his waist. He took a chair beside me.

“Stranger in these parts, I reckon?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I was here for a while some years ago, but so many improvements have been made that I scarcely recognize the place. The old seals look familiar, however.”

“Yes,” he answered, “and Dan has some of the same old brand you doubtless ‘rastled’ with in by-gone years. Let's go back and irrigate.”

I accepted his invitation and while engaged in sampling some liquor which he assured me was fifty years old, he said, “How long since you were here?”

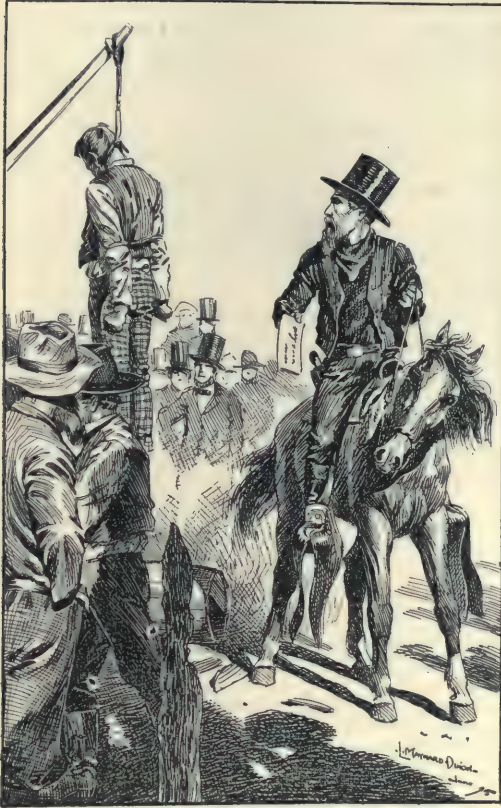
“Twenty years,” I answered.

“Humph!” he ejaculated. “If things look changed to you, how do you expect they look to me? I remember this place in '50.”

I motioned to Dan to replenish the glasses.

“You must have been a Forty-niner!”

He lighted a cigar, carefully drew himself up to his full height, and answered proudly, “Yes, I am one of those tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, profanity-scorning patriots who in '49 said ‘so long’ to the States and set helm for California. And a grand set of old timers we were that rounded the Horn in the good old clipper ship Peter A. Powell. A grand liberty-loving band of *Orgunorts*, not in pursuit of the Golden Fleece like our illustrious predecessors, but filled with a determination to fleece the earth and



"POOR JACK WAS WALTZING ON EMPTY AIR."

our brother patriot of gold dust and gold nugget to the end. That is the kind of *Orgunorts* we were! But where is that proud band today? Some like Flood and O'Brien struck it rich and left their stack to their offspring. Some like Fair and Mackay caught a straight flush and their luck never went back on them. Some bit the dust with Walker. A few are respectable members of the church, boasting of small incomes and large families. But by far the larger part are cooking for pack trains in Arizona, serving on the bench — of a Deadwood saloon, or knocking about like myself wondering where their tomorrow's liquor is to come from. There were philosophers, sages, wizards, poets, ministers, artificers,

and d — fools, in that old band, and every one of us knew enough law to entitle us to hang out a shingle and claim a retainer. I look back with pleasure and pride to our old court, of which honorable body I had the proud distinction of being squealer, or crier, as some call it. That was a great and talented body of legal lore. The judge was elected by the people, and it was a life office—a live one also. The twelve jurors were appointed by the judge, and they held the office till death did them part. You see it was kind of perpetual motion with them and they saveyed their business. We were the *bong tong* set. Flood set the style respecting dress — a stove-pipe hat, a black broad cloth shirt, large black silk neck handkerchief, and black trousers worn inside long-legged calf skin boots. The trousers were supported by a belt holding pistol and knife. The court met daily at eleven o'clock and disposed of its cases with intelligence, justice, and celerity. It is no exaggeration to say that this tribunal was regarded by the Forty-niners as the keenest, brainiest, fairest body of men ever banded together. The judge and jurymen did not long remain in ignorance of the proud estimation in which they were held, and being human, this general complimentary benefit made them a trifle vain."

He paused to refresh himself. It was a pleasure to him to talk of old days, and I confess I was interested. It was a new version to me. But then there are as many histories of the "mighty men of Forty-nine" as there are of Napoleon.

"About six months after the inauguration of the court I was in the Arbor with my friend Jack Austin, when the judge, who had evidently dined well, mounted a cask and said: 'Gentlemen, it is bad form for one to toot his own horn! But I confess I harbor a sneaking feeling of pride when I look back over the first

term of the glorious tribunal over which I have the honor to preside. As penetrators of bottom facts, as pryers into the future and delvers into the past, our equals don't exist. And so certain am I that our body cannot be hoodwinked, cannot be deceived by interested witnesses, cannot be fooled nor bribed to an erroneous conclusion that in the name of the court I offer one hundred pounds of gold dust to the man who shall succeed in perpetrating a *sell* upon this hawk-eyed, foxed-nosed body.'

"The judge had scarcely taken his seat when Jack turned to me and said, 'Dick, I will go you fifty that I fool that court in thirty days.'

"Jack and his wife were living in a dug out in Coyote Gulch. His wife was kind of left hand cousin to the Widow Curley who lived in Color Cañon. The two women were very thick; if one was n't down to the Cañon, the other was up to the Gulch. Just two days after the judge had made his offer, the widow Curley was found dead on the floor of her cabin. There was a bullet hole in her forehead and a pistol with 'Jack Austin' cut in the gripstock laying against the wall. Of course Jack was arrested. I felt sure he was innocent though he pleaded straight out 'Guilty.' He was sentenced to be hanged. He asked the court to delay the swinging until he could get his wife started off to the States. This was granted.

"The tongue of a prairie schooner answered the purpose of a gallows in those days and none of us ever listened for the 'dull thuds' we now read about. We raised the tongue to the proper elevation and then chinked it to keep in position. Then the victim was stood upon a barrel and a pair of hobbles buckled around his neck and around the tongue. When everything was ready, the judge kicked the barrel away and the cuss

dropped. Not far, to be sure, but far enough for all practical purposes. If the fall did n't kill him he just hung there till Providence came to his relief.

"The day came for Jack's hanging. I was sorry things had gone as they had, but with all my influence I was powerless. The law compelled me and the judge and the jurors to be present at all swingings, so we were on hand. Jack mounted the barrel, the hobbles were buckled to him and to the wagon tongue. I walked up to Jack and shook hands with him and asked him if he would n't take some brandy as a nervine. He said that he would n't, that brandy produced gout; but he'd take about five fingers of whisky. So I fired about a tin full into him, and the judge said, 'Mr. Austin, have you any remarks to make prior to confronting your Manufacturer?'

"'I hain't any remarks exactly, Judge; but I should like to have Dick Tompkins' (that's me) 'to read you this when I'm a stiff.' With that, from his bootleg he drew a long envelope and held it up. 'Your request is granted,' answered the judge.

"I was on my bronco at the time and I rode forward to get the paper. Just as I was taking it from Jack's hand, the ornery beast began to buck and kick. I always thought it was just his way of showing his dis'proval of the proceeding. However that may be, *he* kicked the barrel over, and when I looked around poor Jack was waltzing on empty air. I set the barrel up, mounted it, and read the paper aloud. It ran this way:—

"To that Asinine Assembly known as the Judge and Jurors,

'Dear suckers;—I claim the reward of the one hundred pounds of gold dust offered by you to the person who should succeed in fooling you. My wife, Nance, did the killing for which I swing. I enclose her affidavit, and she is now beyond your reach. Please hand the dust to Dick Tompkins, and don't blow so much in the future.

If I can, I will let you know if I strike color where I go.

Fraternally yours,
JACK AUSTIN.'

"A madder, more crestfallen set than that court I never saw before nor since, and as poor Jack's spirit was wafted out the Golden Gate a rakish, 'Sold by Gosh!' was borne back on a gentle zephyr. Jack always was a lucky dog."

"I fail to see where his luck came in," I ventured. "I think, *you* were the lucky one; you got the dust."

"Not a d—— grain," was the emphatic reply. "And a very fine point

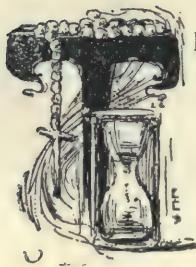
of law kept me out of it. You see the law says that the judge must kick the barrel over at all swingings. The fact of my bronco kicking it over made it an illegal swinging. So that hawk-eyed, foxed-nosed body argued that a legal offer could not be recovered through an illegal transaction! Do you see? Fine point! Great body of legal lore we was. Dan,—"

But fearing I might have to take more liquor with my law, I from the long fellow,

Silently stole away.

Edward Livingston Keyes.

TO AGE.



TELL me, O Ancient Sage,—
Tell me, doth hoary Age
Contemplate nought of morrow,
And scorn the thought of sorrow?
Tell me, if Hope unfilled
Is vain Ambition stilled?—
If Faith in twain is rent,
Will Age be still content?
Tell me, or let me die,
If Love be crushed and fly,
And Hope be lost,—and Faith,—
Will Age dispell the wraith?
Tell me the secret, Age,
Of thy long pilgrimage;
If by experience, sad,
The heart may yet be glad?
If thou, decrepit seer,
Sorrow hast ceased to fear,
And from thy vale of years
Can laugh at Love's young tears.
I'd trade my love, my youth,
My buoyant faith in truth—
My youthful heritage—
For happiness—and Age.

Edwin Wildman.



THERE WERE WONDERFUL VISTAS, TOO, TO BE HAD.

A PROWL FOR THE PICTURESQUE.



WE HAD expected the Potentate, the Art Superintendent of a great Eastern magazine some time.

There were multitudes of questions we wanted to ask him. The Editor had his doubts as to the value of —'s and —'s art work, and wished for the opinion of authority on the matter. The Artist was full of subtle points of technique that he desired to have settled, and the Manager had his budget of queries as to prices and comparative merits of engravers and processes East and West. We all wanted light as to how tailpieces were to be worn this winter, and whether initials were in style.

We did not know how the Potentate would take all this pumping. Perhaps he would be so wrapped in dignity or so scornful of the humble attempts of the Farthest West, that no responses at all would be forthcoming.

But all our expectations as to how he would look, and act, and talk, were wild of the mark, as indeed, such preconcep-

tions always are. One day there came into the office a smiling man of middle age, who entered with nothing more of ceremony than is accorded him who brings us "a bit of verse that perhaps we may like to put in a corner of our magazine,"—and before we realized it, the Potentate was no longer only a Potentate to us, but a kindly and genial friend as well.

He wanted to see the picturesque parts of the town, he said, did not care for the brownstone districts. Saw enough of those at home. Yes, indeed, he would like to take a prowling up into the Latin Quarter.

Now the Artist is a past master of that sort of thing. He knows the queer places of the city as thoroughly as a fixed penchant for prowling and an apprenticeship of three weeks with the Chinatown squad, as reporter for a daily on special commission to hunt up the dreadful, could teach him.

The Editor wanted to go, but there was an important bit of copy to be pre-

pared and the Potentate was to dine at his house that evening, so he noticed the evident desire I had to go and generously offered to stay with the stuff and let us three sally forth.

We started soon after twelve o'clock and our first question to the Potentate was as to his preferences about luncheon. No, he did not want to go to the hotel or to any rotisserie in the civilized parts of town, but would vastly prefer to cut loose from all such bases of supply, and forage on the country into which we were to go. So we went along Montgomery Street to the Avenue and up by

just the right proportion. Then a quail on toast, — the Potentate's first introduction to that Californian dainty, — and we were ready for the "small black" that ended the repast. It does not sound very sumptuous, but the quality of the food and the art of the cook were far better than at many places where the check is four times as much. The Potentate waxed enthusiastic over it.

While we were eating, there was an Italian or Spanish funeral going on before the window, and there was a large gathering of the dark-eyed population in the carriages and on the sidewalk. A marvelous combination of flowers and stuffed pigeons made a mortuary emblem that roused the respectful admiration of the Quarter, — which evidently enjoyed a funeral for all it was worth.

After a friendly squabble over the possession of the check, (these Eastern people are queer about that, I once nearly came to fisticuffs with a charming Boston woman who visited San Francisco, over the payment of her carfare,) we sallied forth again and struck up into the tortuous alleys that cover the south slopes of Telegraph Hill. Here there was no lack of the picturesque, vistas of houses, no two on the same level or plan, curious balconies, twisting stairways, odd windows; little dashes of color, where Pepit played at the window with her bright green polly, her own head covered with a gay kerchief, where little Manuelito squatted on the sidewalk, taking advantage of the small level place for his game of marbles with small Luigi, or even where Dinah's head, topped with its scarlet bandana, could be caught sight of as she busied herself over some dish that the Creoles of New Orleans had taught her how to make.

The houses were universally of a neutral gray. The Potentate noticed it.

"If you would only persuade your



Hell's Half Acre and other delectable neighborhoods to a little Italian restaurant near the Jail.

Here we were as far away from Saxon surroundings, seemingly, as if broad seas rolled between. At the right of us they were talking French and at the left they volleyed and thundered in Italian, while we could hear the children in the street playing in Spanish.

The soup was not unusual, nor yet the silver-smelt, — except that these Dagos are so close to the fishermen's caste that they know what good fish is. The tagliarini was excellent and the grated Parmesan and *tête de mort* was mixed in

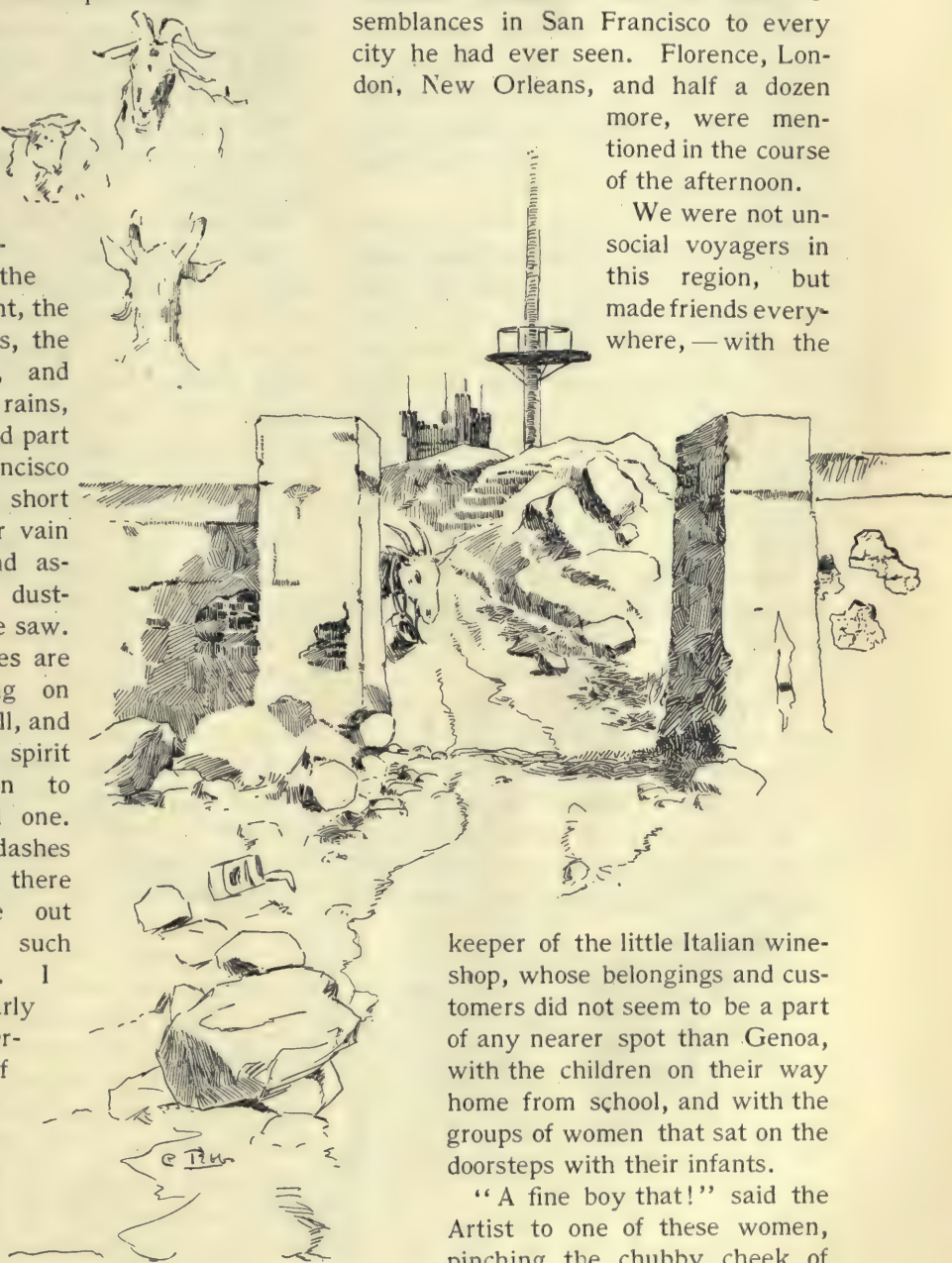
San Francisco people to paint in brighter colors and introduce some variety, it would be such an improvement."

We could only assure him that what he saw was the effect of hard times, that any color subjected to the bright sunlight, the beating winds, the soaking fog, and the heavy rains, of an exposed part of San Francisco would in a short time forswear vain gaudiness and assume the dust-brown tint he saw. No new houses are now building on Telegraph Hill, and nobody has spirit enough even to paint an old one. But the little dashes of color that there were shone out grandly in such surroundings. I can recall clearly the vivid emerald green of some strips of moss that grew along the battens of an old wooden awning.

There were wonderful vistas, too, to be had at the ends of the streets. As we looked across toward Russian Hill,

there was a delicate bluish haze, that the Potentate said was like a pleasant day in London. Indeed he said he found resemblances in San Francisco to every city he had ever seen. Florence, London, New Orleans, and half a dozen more, were mentioned in the course of the afternoon.

We were not unsocial voyagers in this region, but made friends everywhere, — with the



keeper of the little Italian wine-shop, whose belongings and customers did not seem to be a part of any nearer spot than Genoa, with the children on their way home from school, and with the groups of women that sat on the doorsteps with their infants.

"A fine boy that!" said the Artist to one of these women, pinching the chubby cheek of the baby she held.

"Indeed he is! Four months old and weighs twenty-five pounds," was the pleased reply.

"Is he yours?" I asked, to prolong the conversation.

She gave me a quizzical look. "Why, I'm sixty years old! I'm his grandmother,—that's his mother," nodding at a woman sitting by, whose evident delight in our praise would have caused much less than a Solomon to give instant judgment in her favor.

"Where's your baby?" said the Potentate to a third member of this group of sitters in the sun. Whereat the other two gave a shrill reply. "Huh! she ain't got any. She ain't married yet!"

The conversation had to be turned, so I said, "Fine place you have up here."

"Yes, indeed,"—this the elder woman,— "the best air and finest view in the city. It's the healthiest part of the town."

We recognized that this was a hobby, and had to break in on the flow of language.

"Lots of children up here."

"Well, there ought to be. They don't raise much else on the hill."

Again a turn was necessary.

"Any lots for sale up this way?"

But this was the worst of all. Instantly there came such a burst of eloquence that we beat a hasty retreat and turned the nearest corner.

We made our way up the slopes of Telegraph Hill by many a devious path, avoiding the steep streets that they call "chicken coop alleys" because of the cleats nailed across the sidewalks, as in stairways for fowls, to give foothold. At last, however, we were at the top, in the very presence of Duncan Ross's deserted castle and the old semaphore.

Our last bit of climbing was enlivened by an incident,—small enough in itself, but all incidents seemed great to us that day. There were three schoolboys, bent on some prank, and the sister of one of them, unmindful of the fact that she was

"nothing but a girl," had attached herself to their company. But that would not do at all, and the boys—perhaps it was only the brother—were giving her a hint that her society was not welcome by pelting her with stones.

The Potentate's chivalrous instincts were at once aroused. "Stop that! you might hit her."

This, however, was precisely the object of the young man that was "firing rocks." He but redoubled his zeal, and the only way in which we could make him stop was by placing ourselves directly between him and his poor little target. She departed down the hill, perhaps lamenting that she belonged to the weaker sex, perhaps scheming that some day she would make them sue for her company, now rejected. Probably neither of those conjectures is within gunshot of the truth. I don't claim to understand the mental processes of even a nine year old woman.

It is a pity that the traction road up Telegraph Hill has been abandoned. The view from the top is superb. As we saw it on that pleasant afternoon of early November it justified all the Potentate's ready enthusiasm. The sky was almost a deep violet overhead and shaded down to a turquoise near the horizon. The rains of a week before had left the air delightfully clear and we could see far out the Gate where the sails of ships in the offing showed dark in the west, except where they caught the sun aslant with a gleam like that on a gull's wing. Tamalpais and the Marin hills were wonderful shades of blue, each more intense than the other, and the glimpses of Sausalito, Belvedere, and the upper Bay, were like looking into fairyland. Diablo loomed over the Contra Costa hills, whose lower slopes were dotted with the houses of Berkeley and Oakland, reflecting the westering sun.

Before us was spread the Bay with other and different shades of blue, bordering on the indigo. It was Thursday afternoon and the Bay was dotted with the homecoming feluccas of the fishermen bringing the Friday's supply. Their tanned triangular sails contrasted finely with the water. There were many ships in the harbor. One of them, a great iron ship that lay out in the stream drying her sails, was painted pink, almost a coral color, and the Potentate yearned for this or that great artist to see it and put it on canvas.

"Truly," he said, "you don't realize what a wonderful pictorial field you have here. There are beautiful things in the East and abroad, but they have been done to death, while the half of this has never been shown."

But we could not stay longer even here, and the Artist broke in on the exalted mood caused by the wonderful

beauty of the place by hailing the three schoolboys, who were still hovering near, and inciting them to an act of daring.

"Here, I'll take your books, and we'll go down to that path there. When I raise my hand you fellows start in to roll and the one that gets to us first I'll give five cents."

The Potentate did not approve of this scheme, which he considered far too risky. Indeed, he afterwards confessed that the thought before his mind was how it would look to have it appear in the morning papers that — of the — magazine was called on to testify before the coroner's jury in regard to the death of one of those boys.

But the Artist had been there before. When the signal was given the boys came whirling down the steep grassy slope so fast that it made us dizzy to watch them. One of them knew how to do the pinwheel act, and came touching



only his hands and feet, far outstripping the others. The Artist was so pleased with his performance that he doubled the reward, whereat the trio departed with a great hurrah, to seek the nearest shop where candy could be had.

It was some moments before the Potentate recovered from his scare.

On the seaward slope of the Hill we paused at a little grocery, kept by a broad-gauge, rufous-hued matron.

"How do they get these beer kegs to you, since there is no road?"

"O, that's easy. They roll them down from above, and the empties we roll down from here the rest of the way to the bottom."

We continued our way down many a sharp declivity and rickety stair, where often two or three treads together had yielded to the elements.

The Artist discoursed about the inhabitants.

"These people make good citizens. They never give the police any trouble, and at the election they will cast their votes much more intelligently than the 'South of Market' section, where the lower orders of Germans and Irish live."

That the people were considered worth cultivating by the politicians was shown by placards, announcing that So-and-so was, "*Candidato Democratico per il As-*

sembleo," and the name was no better Italian than the announcement.

Having reached work-a-day levels, we sought, as our last and perhaps most foreign "bit," Fishermen's Wharf. Here we are treading on more familiar ground; OVERLAND readers know it well. But seldom has it shown to better advantage and to more appreciative eyes. I wonder if it is the old artistic spirit of these Mediterranean peoples that makes them choose for their flannel shirts and sashes such beautifully harmonizing tints, or whether it is that salt spray is a toner of harsh colors, and creates of itself the harmonies, which certainly are there.

We watched the boats quite a while. The "*Padre e Figlio*" rubbed gunwales contentedly with "Uncle Sam," which last rejoiced in a red, white, and blue striping, but in other respects was no whit the less Dago than the other. One of the boats had on its deck some beautifully mottled dogfish,—if they were dogfish. The ground tint was nearly white, with large irregular patches of rich brown and black.

The afternoon was far spent, and we turned reluctantly homeward. This article is the first fruits of that prowl, but if the pages of this magazine do not show the benefit of it in other ways, it will not be the Potentate's fault.

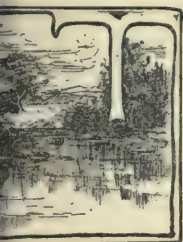
Charles S. Greene.

LOVE AND REASON.

THE lily's lips are pure and white without a touch of fire;
 The rose's heart is warm and red and sweetened with desire.
 In earth's broad field of deathless bloom the gladdest lives are those
 Whose thoughts are as the lily and whose love is like the rose.

Nixon Waterman.

EL CARPINTERO.



THE American species of woodpeckers are very numerous. So widely distributed are they, and so distinguished everywhere for their industrious, sober, and provident habits that it has occurred

to me that if Uncle Sam does ever really beat his swords and spears into ploughshares and pruning hooks, it will be appropriate to transfer the honor of being the emblem of the Republic from the eagle to the wood-pecker! Its facility of adapting itself to any portion of the country, from the Canadian boundaries to the frontier of Mexico, and its disposition to make the best of whatever locality it inhabits, are prominent among its many virtuous traits.

But the species here to be described is that termed the Ivory-billed Wood-pecker, having for his habitat the Southern States, northern Mexico, and California, (*Campephilus principalis*). It is probably far more numerous in Southern California than in any other portion of the Americas. It is called by Spanish-Americans *El Carpintero*, from the quantity of chips and the carpenter-like hammering it makes. Thus it was that the prosperous town of La Carpinteria, in the Santa Barbara valley, received its name.

Where Carpinteria stands now there was a large live oak grove at the period of Spanish occupation, and during the season of maturing acorns the whole southern end of the valley was resonant with the hammering of the Carpinteros, stowing away their supplies. This they do by perforating the bark of the liveoak to the proper depth with holes exactly proportioned to the size and shape of the acorn to be deposited in each, into which

they are driven point first until the other end of the acorn is flush with the surface or just a little deeper, and so tight that no other bird or squirrel can draw the nut from its socket. To take them out even with the point of a penknife requires experience, unless the bark be cut entirely away. The birds themselves when they require a meal drive their bills straight into the larger end of an acorn and a sharp twitch in a direct line backward brings it out.

The holes are drilled in straight horizontal lines generally around half the tree, the southern side, or, if it be a leaning tree, the under side sheltered from the rain. The lines run parallel to each other, and beginning three or four feet above the ground, extend upward as far as the thickness of the bark will admit, unless operations are intercepted by too numerous branches. The space occupied is for the most part four or five feet in length by half the circumference of the liveoak, other trees rarely being used.

The birds feed in part on fruits and seeds, besides acorns, as well as on insects. They may be heard at a considerable distance tapping the wood of trees with their bills, to discover the place where an insect is lodged, and to get at it when discovered. The common notion that they are very injurious to trees is erroneous, as they do more good by preventing the ravages of insects than harm by their pecking. Besides, it is only upon the decayed portions of trees that they operate, except in the case of stowing away the acorns in the live bark of the oak, the most vigorous of these indicating that from time immemorial their coverings have been perforated without apparent harm.

The birds strike out chips of wood with their strong bills and in this way enlarge holes in decayed parts of trees for a roosting place or for a nest, carrying away the chips to a long distance, especially in the case of a nest, that it may not be discovered. The nest consists of a mere hole, running horizontally until the hollow has been reached, if it is a hollow tree, perhaps with a few chips in the bottom of it but with no other lining for the nest.

Although the wood-pecker is industrious, provident, and peaceful, he is not to be trifled with or tyrannized over with impunity, as the following incident will show.

A companion and I on an August day not long since pitched our camp at a spring on the table-lands of the ridge dividing Ojai from Santa Clara Valley. About the spring stands a large grove of live-oaks. In one of these not far from the tent door a pair of wood-peckers had, for years, no doubt, made their dwelling place. Somewhat shy of us at first, the birds in a few days paid little attention to our presence. It had frequently amused us of a sultry afternoon as we lounged upon the buffalo robes laid on the shaded grass, to observe the birds with whose labors the warmth appeared to have little to do.

We had camped there a week or ten days when before daybreak one morning we heard a commotion about the home of our staid neighbors. Our attention was attracted by their shrill outcries and the whirl of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see, than we pushed back the flap of the tent door and peered out to ascertain the cause of disturbance.

It soon became apparent that a little tecolote, or ground owl, at the approach of day had taken lodging in the hollow

occupied by the wood-peckers, to their consternation. But the return of day brought courage to the rightful owners, and they resolutely set about finding means to eject the invader. They tried bluffing awhile, about the only aperture to the hollow tree, but to little purpose



other than to cause the tecolote to peck at them when they appeared to be about to thrust themselves in upon him.

At last, finding that neither threats nor entreaties were likely to be effective, and resolved that if they were to be deprived of their home it should be the last

for that tyrannical owl, the wood-peckers brought presently from another part of the grove an oak ball of the size of the aperture, and driving it tightly into the hole, withdrew to another hollow tree, leaving the bird of prey hermetically sealed up.

After several days, when we started to return to San Buenaventura, the ball was still in the hole, and the wood-peckers, settled in their new home, were going about their business as if there had never been a tecolote to disturb their peace.

They usually go in pairs and are extremely solitary in their habits, even the male and female doing their labor separately unless some disturbance such as that described necessitates their united efforts. Their powers of flight are very moderate, and the keel of the breast bone is small. The toes are in pairs, two before and two behind, with sharp, strong claws; the bill is rather long, straight and wedge-shaped, with a hard tip, the tip and sides compressed; the tail is lengthened and rigid; the vertebrae of the neck are greatly developed, and the last of the caudal vertebrae is very large, with a long ridge-like spinous process; the whole structure adapting

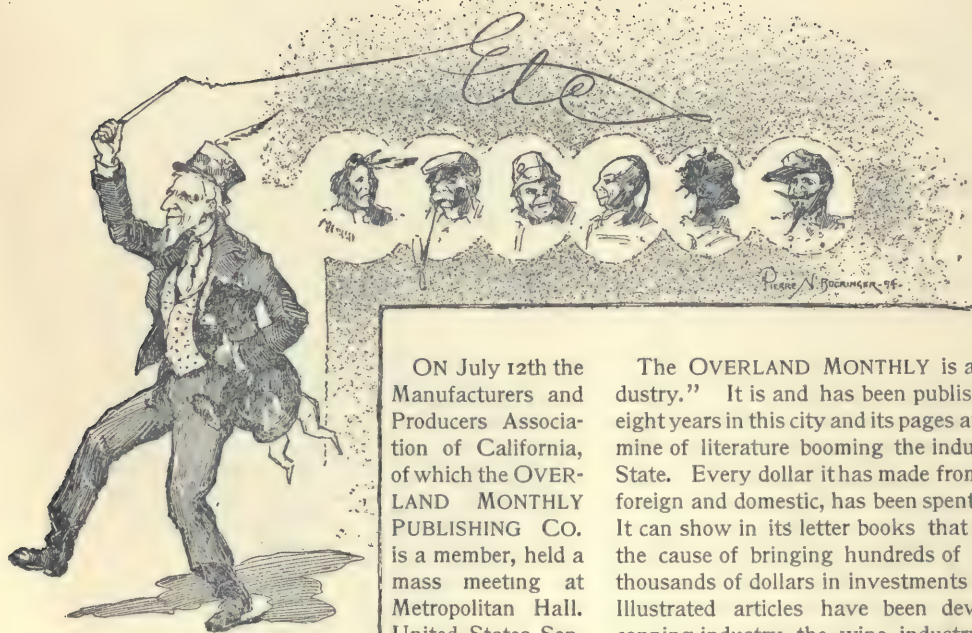
trunks and branches of trees, in which they aid themselves by the tail, like creepers, and to seek their food. The tongue also is fitted to serve in obtaining their food: the branches of the hyoid bone are greatly elongated backwards, and in front move as in a sheath, while these birds to run and climb on the



a peculiar arrangement and development of muscles enables them to extend the tongue far beyond the bill, its tip being horny and furnished with barbed filaments, while its surface is covered with a glutinous saliva, secreted by two large glands. Such briefly is our Carpintero.

Inez De Campo.





ON July 12th the Manufacturers and Producers Association of California, of which the OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO. is a member, held a mass meeting at Metropolitan Hall. United States Senator Perkins, Con-

gressman Maguire, Henry T. Scott, and others addressed the meeting in behalf of protecting and patronizing "Home Industries." It was clearly shown by the several speakers that manufactories of all kinds in this State and on this Coast were languishing for want of home patronage, and the money of the Coast was going abroad for supplies that could be made as good and as cheaply right here in our midst, if people would only give them a trial.

Instances were cited where the Manufacturers and Producers Association had interested themselves in the giving of contracts for marble, stone, brick, iron, etc., and influenced the purchaser to buy in the home market instead of from the representatives of Eastern firms. Senator Perkins adorned a tale and pointed a moral by calling up the case of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company awarding the contract for building the steamship Peru to the Union Iron Works of this city, and the steamship China to an English firm. In the one instance the money went into the pockets of our citizens in the other into those of another nation.

The audience cheered the sentiments, and the speakers promised that the Association would favor home industries to the exclusion of Eastern and foreign, and urged the newspapers to call on all good citizens to do likewise. We left the hall determined to do our small share toward the furtherance of so good a cause. Then we began to take the campaign home to our business.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is a "Home Industry." It is and has been published twenty-eight years in this city and its pages are a veritable mine of literature booming the industries of the State. Every dollar it has made from all sources, foreign and domestic, has been spent in this city. It can show in its letter books that it has been the cause of bringing hundreds of families and thousands of dollars in investments to the State. Illustrated articles have been devoted to the canning industry, the wine industry, the raisin, the beet-root sugar, the oyster, the woolen cloth, the blooded-horse, the fruit-growing, the mining, the ship building, and half a dozen more, without charge, simply for the good of all concerned.

Patronize Home Industries.

WHAT is the result? The magazine has a larger subscription list on the Atlantic Coast than on the Pacific. It has almost as large a circulation in London as it has

in San Francisco. Of all the manufactories and Producers (not agents or merchants) on this Coast it has in thirty-eight pages of advertising matter just three small advertisements, one half a page altogether. In other words, if it were not for the foreign advertisers, whose goods we are bound by our Association to practically boycott, the OVERLAND would not be able to live.

We have gone to our woolen cloth manufacturers and offered them our pages and good will. They accept the good will but refuse to pay one cent for it even in trade,—"times are too hard." They are glad of our trade and we give it to them cheerfully, but when they advertise they prefer to reach out for Eastern custom and advertise in an Eastern magazine. The history of one industry is the history of nearly all; they are pleased at mass meeting and editorials booming their goods, but when they go to the newstand they patronize New York every time in preference to San Francisco. The OVERLAND is discarded for "Munsey's," or some other ten

cent picture book. As a member of the Manufacturers and Producers Association we believe in Mr. Blaine's doctrine of reciprocity and "that deeds go farther than words."

A Theory of Christian Education.

[THE fact that education is before so many minds in this summer season, when parents are making up their minds what to do with their boys and girls for the coming school year, is the OVERLAND'S reason for complying with a request that has been made to it to reprint, for wider than a Church audience, a report adopted by the Convention of the Episcopal Church of the Diocese of California, held in Los Angeles, in May, 1895. It was prepared by Doctor E. B. Spalding, chairman of the committee on Christian Education. Doubtless there will be many that will dissent from his views, but to open discussion on this important subject is in itself worth while.]

YOUR committee in their report to the last Diocesan Convention upon Christian Education claimed that our Church schools were no abnormal creations, existing in a kind of hothouse atmosphere of sectarian prejudices, but were a commodity legitimately placed upon the educational market to meet a public demand. Perhaps no more satisfactory demonstration of this fact could be desired, than the success of these institutions in California during the past two years; years which have tried the Pacific Coast financially, as never before in the memory of her people. It is a little surprising that when economy has been the order of the day, with the wealthy as well as with the poorer classes, — when not only churches and charities, but all lines of trade and commerce, have suffered as they have of late, that our Church schools have held their own, and this side by side with public eleemosynary institutions. It is still more surprising that in many cases these private enterprises have had an increase of students with a corresponding increase of income. This success, then, is a suggestive fact, of which there is but one rational explanation.

No mere religious prejudice, or narrow spirit of social exclusiveness, will account for it. It means, if it means anything, that there is a growing public demand for private and especially for Church schools. As to the cause of this demand people will probably differ; but that the demand exists and is becoming more or less general, may not be denied. Time does not permit to enter into any extended explanation of the root causes of this growing public sentiment, but your committee ventures to suggest one or two thoughts, which certainly are worthy of consideration.

One of the gravest problems of the day (one

might almost say the problem) is, what kind of training should be given to the young, especially to boys and young men.

In emphasizing boys' education your committee would not be thought, for one moment, to undervalue in any way the necessary training of young women; but girls, thank God, are as yet more or less under home influence. Notwithstanding the advanced views of some would-be leaders of the sex, an old-time wisdom throws around the young girl's life staid and wholesome restraints, which late sad records of crime have demonstrated can only be broken over to the imminent danger of womanliness and purity. But with boys and young men the case is different. From their very nature they seek freedom from restraint, and are thrown at the earliest moment possible out into a world never more full of a feverish mental activity than now. Home restraints have never rested more lightly upon them than at the present. At a time when character is forming, when a future manhood for good or for evil is being developed, when temptations to self-gratification were never stronger; by the wretched divisions among Christian people, a sense of religious obligation is being weakened, skepticism and unbelief are in the very air, and these young lives, the hope of the future, socially, politically, religiously, are oftentimes being thrown out into this troubled atmosphere like vessels in a storm without moorings. That a kind of degeneracy should be the result is not at all surprising. While there is the manly young life all about us, while much that is manly and strong obtains by a kind of hereditary force, yet two types of a new young man are becoming painfully apparent. One has for its essential characteristic a kind of dudishness so effeminate as to be absolutely exasperating. The other is too often marked by a boasted knowledge of evil, a viciousness, veneered (it may be) by society manners and society ways, but which at once excites at fear and disgust. However indifferent the general public may be to these signs ominous for the future, parents and guardians, who have to face a responsibility for the young, are being roused to the dangers that beset those bound to them by ties of kindred and affection.

However interesting new opinions and views may be upon the subject of education as a matter of theory, fathers and mothers are beginning to demand practical results.

When a child is drifting maybe into bad companionship; when he begins to affect lines of thought and modes of life, which the commonest experience tells can lead only to a wreckage and

ruin, parents will never be satisfied with any mere theories for their children. And so, if your committee read rightly the signs of the times, fathers and mothers are beginning to turn anxiously to old paths and old ways; to methods of training that have given to the world the noblest lives of the past, that they may well believe, will reproduce such lives in the present. The prayer of nine tenths of the parents today is simply this: "That their children may be saved from the contamination of evil and vice all about them." They tell you that they wish their boys to become manly, brave, conscientious; their daughters to be pure, gentle, womanly. This to them is necessary, far more necessary than any mere training of the mind. Parents are willing (as never before) to lay aside religious prejudices; willing to sacrifice and economize; willing to give of their means freely, if they can only see their children developing properly, not simply their minds, but growing in self-control, in self-respect. In other words, if they can but see them "increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." This is a crying demand in the educational market today. Our public system of education, grand in its theory, munificent in its appointments, is doing all in its power to meet this demand, but it has all but insuperable difficulties to encounter. It is compelled to gather many young lives together in a mass, good, bad, and indifferent. It can make no distinctions. In the large numbers thus grouped together there is little opportunity to deal other than with the mass. It rarely can give that individual training so necessary to the proper development of character. To be just also, religious influences must be eliminated from the system, — the mighty power of prayer, the grace of the Sacraments, the wisdom that comes from the reading and studying of God's Word.

Feebly Christian parents are striving to supplement a purely secular system of education of five days in the week by the religious training of Sunday schools; to substitute a special hotbed Sunday instruction for what should be an uninterrupted Christian atmosphere of home, school, and church, in which the young life should dwell to be properly developed. Against this Sunday training the boy (more often) revolts, to follow the example of many a father who does not go to church himself, but who fondly hugs the delusion that his boy will follow the fatherly advice rather than the fatherly example. And so parents (especially mothers) are turning to private, more often Church schools, if the advantage they seek may be had for their children. Here difficulties

which beset public institutions may largely be eliminated; here the individual life may be cared for; here Christian influences necessarily denied elsewhere may strengthen the young life and keep it from evil.

Secondary schools should be established and endowed, in which the most careful and intellectual training should be given. There should be a moral and religious culture to keep the young life true and upright. There should be training of the body in gymnasium and on field by all manly sports to make it a fit habitation for a strong brave soul. And then, when the preparation for college and university is completed, when the youth, the peer of any intellectually and bodily, the superior of many, in that he is not ashamed to confess Christ before men, goes up to the higher walk of learning, what then?

In all of our great universities there should be established a hall which might be the home of the Christian student.

It is a *terra incognita*, to which fancy and tradition give an almost indescribable fascination. To him accustomed to the wholesome restraints of the preparatory training, the freedom the university offers becomes an almost priceless privilege. It is a recognition (so he often regards it) of his manhood, of his power and ability to take care of himself, which is flattering in the extreme. Oftentimes (a mere boy in years, with little or no knowledge of the world and its temptations) he suddenly finds himself foot-free and hand-free, with little control over him other than that of the class room. Encouraged not infrequently by an ill-judged mental stimulus to regard an irreverent free thought as a mark of his manhood, he is tempted to deal with the most sacred mysteries of life, of mind, soul, and body, in a way which would be almost amusing were it not so pitiable. Amid new associations, in contact with currents of thought utterly unfamiliar, and yet which appeal to his pride and self-assertion, he is led all but unconsciously to regard the restraints of home as puerile; the prayers his mother taught him as childish; the faith once delivered to the saints as a medieval superstition; and his young eyes often turn to possibly skeptical teaching, from some professorial chair, as infallible, while he throws aside the Bible of his youth. Is it any wonder that young lives under such circumstances often drift into a kind of lawlessness and recklessness, with skepticism and tacit denial of the faith?

A higher education is demanded, and it is right that it should be provided. It must be accompanied by a larger liberty of thought and action.

But Christian men and women often throw lives dearer than their own under such influences, with scarcely a thought of, or an effort for, the protection so much needed.

There should be in every great university of our land a Hall erected, the home for those who need (never more so) the influence of the Christian family. It should not be intended for divinity students—this training comes later—but for undergraduates. It should be a building suitable in all its appointments for a young man's life, with its bedrooms and adjoining studies; with its reading room provided with the best periodicals of the day; with its library stored with the choicest reference books. It should have its well ordered dining-room, its gymnasium, its billiard-room, its smoking-room (if you will), for it is sometimes wise to avoid side issues. There should be suitable endowments by which expenses could be reduced to a nominal fee. Such a University Hall should be officered in the wisest manner possible; first by a Head or Father, not connected with the university; a man of wisdom, experience, and of a personal magnetism which would draw young men to him, not so much by rigid rules and regulations as by a personal respect and affection. There should be the Matron or Mother of the establishment, a lady, wise to guide the household, one who by an all but unconscious influence should teach that the highest type of manhood is a gentle manhood. There should be tutors able and ready to give that assistance in the preparation of university work often so much needed by young men to avail themselves of the full advantage of the wisdom of class room and lecture. In other words, the University Hall should be a refined and Christian home of learning, a kind of scholarly gymnasium where the young man might, amid gentlemanly surroundings, be taught to use his mental and moral equipments in the defense of what is good and pure, as the youth is taught with boxing gloves the manly art of defense of his person. One may not estimate the advantage in a day like this, when skepticism is attacking the strongholds of the faith, of such homes in the

busiest centers of the active thought of the age, in the university life. It would be something for a young man all untrained in the fence and and guard of polemics of the day, to be able to bring his religious troubles and doubts to one wise to counsel and advise, as the head of such a home should be. To have (when may be the divinity of his Master was attacked as if it were some new discovery of the immense knowledge of this 19th century) some one who could quietly step to his library, take down some volume of the past, and show that the attack is no new thing, that it is as old as Christ and Gnosticism. That the battle was fought out in the year 325, at the Council of Nice, and Christianity conquered. That Christ is God of God, light of light, very God of very God. That this marvelous discovery of the 19th century is simply the revamping of an old heresy, and its resurrection is all the more humiliating that the enemy assumes the ignorance of the Christian of today. And so of other attacks on the Bible and Christ and Christianity; that they are only modern attempts to raise old and dead issues, to thrash out again old straw. Who can tell the strength to young life thus guarded, thus trained to watch and ward in the defense of the blessed Master, in the very midst of the intense mental activity of our great universities? There will be—believe it—a special blessing upon the man or the woman who devotes something of his or her wealth to such a cause as this.

Your committee has tried in a simple way thus to present before the Church in this Diocese what might be done; an ideal, towards which we might work on educational lines. The Anglican communion has ever gloried in her educational work. The great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, her great public schools of Eton and Rugby, of Harrow and Winchester, and others, are noble monuments to her zeal. Her American daughter can not do better than to imitate the mother.

E. B. SPALDING,
A. L. BREWER,
F. W. VAN REYNOM.



Joaquin Miller's *City Beautiful*.¹

The Building of the City Beautiful is in its third edition. Those who are familiar with the charming imagery and delightful word-painting of this marvelous word-picture will rejoice that in this day of the railroad novel, a classic is meeting the success it deserves. Mr. Miller's ideal city is the old, old dream of Utopia in a new and beautiful dress from the hand of a master. The part that deals with his own struggles in the upbuilding of his own "City Beautiful" on the "Heights" above Oakland, will be found particularly interesting to his California admirers. No review of this book,—and it has been reviewed over and over again when it was in its first edition,—can adequately describe its peculiar beauty. It proves that a great poet may be a great writer of prose if he choose.

Under the Man-Fig.²

In *Under the Man-Fig* Mrs. M. E. M. Davis has painted, in some respects, a delightful picture of Southern life. It has its shadows, however, which the author brings out with startling vividness. The somewhat peculiar title of the book is derived from the old, barren fig tree in the center of the old Texan town under which the male gossips congregated from day to day to hatch scandal and exaggerate the daily happenings of the little city. It was under this tree that the theft of the Vanborough diamonds was fastened on the hero of the story, Vanborough Herring,—out of which the plot is evolved. While the tale is well told, the portrayals of the poor whites, and free "niggers" well done, and the plot interesting, one cannot but think that

¹ *The Building of the City Beautiful*. By Joaquin Miller. Chicago: Stone and Kimball: 1864.

² *Under the Man-Fig*. By M. E. M. Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895. \$1.25.

Mrs. Davis has rather strained the strength of Southern chivalry in the case of Herring. It hardly seems credible that a man of his position, and pride, and love of family would rather sacrifice his family, home, and life, than break a foolish promise to a hysterical kinswoman. This element of unreality jars.

Out of the East.³

LAFCADIO HEARN has added greatly to his reputation by his last book. It does not pretend to take up as complete a description of Japanese life as his well known "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," but is rather what it pretends to be: "Reviews and Studies in New Japan." It is a collection of bits of life, stories, romances, and studies of the inner life of the people,—their higher and nobler life. He does not discuss the giesha girl or the haunts of the ordinary globe-trotter. As a student and a teacher in the Japanese schools he has come closer and nearer to the main spring and life of these remarkable people. One understands after reading him why Japan won in her struggles with China. The very same spirit that made Greece invincible pervaded Japan. The love of the aged, and patriotism, are the first and holiest sentiments of the Japanese. There is nothing tiresome or shopworn about the book, and Mr. Hearn's ease and grace make the descriptions and homilies delightful reading. It is by far the best book of its kind on Japan that has appeared.

The Mound Builders.⁴

EVER since our people first came to America, their interest and curiosity have been excited by

³ *Out of the East*. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

⁴ *Report on the Mound Explorations of the Bureau of Ethnology*. By Cyrus Thomas. Washington: 1894.

the Mounds, scattered throughout the Mississippi Valley, and conjectures as to their origin and purpose grew into a regular mythology of the Mound-Builders, people of some great mysterious race, compared to whom the Indian was a degenerate savage. The Animal Mounds of Wisconsin and other States roused special wonder, and the old farmers who contemplated them in their busy days, discussed them in their idle evenings until they seemed to themselves to get glimpses of that prehistoric world of which Genesis relates, "And there were giants in those days."

Since 1881, the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington has taken up the labor of exploring these mysterious structures, of mapping them, and of excavating more than two thousand of them. The results of this long labor, of which Mr. Thomas has been the director, is embodied in a report of 730 pages, recently published by the Bureau. The report is richly illustrated with plans, engravings of skulls and objects, and is accompanied by an Ethnological map showing the location and distribution of these interesting monuments. The district which Mr. Thomas names the "Mound Builders' Section" comprises all the territory of the United States east of the Rockies, and probably extends northward into Canada. The works are found mostly near the Great Lakes and along the chief rivers. Roughly speaking, the Mississippi Valley from Lake Pepin to the Red River was the range of the Mound-Builders, although in the South they pressed nearer the Atlantic than in the North.

The variations in the Mounds, in shape, contents, and arrangement, are such as to leave no doubt that they were constructed not by one homogeneous people, but by various tribes, about alike in stage of culture, but varying in detail, as to manners, customs, arts, and ideas. Thus in Wisconsin Effigy Mounds appear; in Dakota, figures are traced out by lines of bowlders; in New York, defensive earthworks are frequent; in Ohio, "geometrical works," built in circles, squares, and octagons, are characteristic; while through the South occur various forms of terraced and pyramidal Mounds.

The contents of the Mounds also vary from area to area, and their character taken in connection with our historical and archæological knowledge of the North American Indian at the date of his first discovery, leads Mr. Thomas to the very decided conclusion that the Mound-Builders were the ancestors of our vanishing Indian tribes of today; the same ornamental patterns, the same forms of pottery, the same styles of wea-

pons, the same shell-ornaments, the same stone pipes, all point this way; and from the first explorers of our country plenty of evidence may be brought similar to the following from one of the historians of De Soto's expedition:—

"The chief . . . came out with five hundred men to meet him and took him to the village, in which were three hundred houses, and lodged him in his own. This house stood on a high mound similar to others we have already mentioned."

Other chroniclers of this expedition also make reference to "Mounts made by art."

Again many traditions of the Indians refer these Mounds to their own ancestors; and the burial customs indicated by the remains in the Mounds are similar to those practiced by tribes living in their vicinity when first visited by the whites. Still more interesting and conclusive is the fact that articles of European manufacture are often found in such relations as to prove the Mounds in which they occur to have been in active use after the period of Indian trade with Europeans had begun; instances of this are three copper sleigh-bells taken out of a Tennessee Mound in connection with the skeleton of a child, a small piece of glazed Spanish pottery found at the bottom of a Georgia Mound, two iron hatchets from a Mound in Minnesota.

The results of Mr. Thomas's work are considered almost final by archæologists. They sum up as follows:—

1. The Mound-Builders were Indians.
2. They ranged from the Mississippi eastward, along lakes and streams.
3. They lived in permanent settlements.
4. They built earth-works:—*a*, as graves; *b*, as defenses; *c*, as foundations for houses or villages.
5. The mound-building Indians are totally distinct from the Indians of Mexico and the Pacific Slope.

Meditations in Motley.¹

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE has brought out in book form six essays which he alleges on the title page are "A bundle of papers imbued with the sobriety of midnight." The best of them is without doubt—"About Critics and Criticism." It is at least the easiest to understand and the most human. There is meat enough, however, in all the essays, but they need boiling down. Ideas are repeated over and over in such a variety of ways that the reader begins to suspect that the writer did not enter-

¹Meditations in Motley. By Walter Blackburn Harte. The Arena Publishing Co.: Boston. 1894.

tain a very high opinion of his intelligence. Then again Mr. Harte does not scruple to separate the subject and predicate of a sentence by an entire page. The average mind objects to a thirty line phrase. There are plenty of good hits in the book,—notably at newspaper proprietors and publishers, but as a whole the work will not rank very high as an essay or collection of essays.

An Unprejudiced Life of Napoleon.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, author of the "Short Life of Napoleon," published by McClure, began the work in Paris, spending three years in the study of French Revolutionary history. The work is one that will be markedly popular as the author has not written it with a view to sustain any prejudice for or against Napoleon, but simply to draw a true and human picture of the man as he was. Josephine is stripped of much of the hysterical virtue morbid people have clothed her with and the state reasons for the divorce are given greater significance when it is remembered what a vain, flirting spendthrift the "Man of Destiny" was coupled with. Strange as it may seem, there are men today, who like Barras, are not possessed of sufficient brains to rise above the reputation of brilliant rakishness, that presume to criticise Napoleon's actions, especially when his star was on the wane. If the reader will turn to Miss Tarbell's "Short life of Napoleon" with a desire to form an opinion unbiased by memoirs of mediocre men, it will be found the most impartial of all the accounts of the great man's life.

The Watch Fires of '76.²

Colonel Drake has collected in most readable shape the stories of a little colony of old veterans of the Revolution. Each in turn relates in conversational style on a winter's evening some experience during the great battle for freedom. Stories that embrace all the battles of the war and contain the soldier's estimate of the battle and the general who commanded.

Every boy and even the girls cannot but be moved by the stirring record and feel their hearts beating faster as they read of the privations, hardships and glories of their forefathers. *The Watch Fires of '76* should be in every home where there are growing children. It is a lesson in patriotism. The book is handsomely bound and well illustrated.

¹"Short Life of Napoleon," published by McClure. N. Y. 1895.

²*The Watch Fires of '76*. By S. A. Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1895: \$1.25. For sale by Wm. Doxey

Modern English Poets.³

The religious aspect of modern English poetry is treated by Vida D. Scudder in a series of papers that very many people will enjoy. She is clear in her statements, convincing, often, in her logic, and the reader is fairly at one with her most of the time; on the vexed question of faith even the apostolic fathers cannot command universal acceptance. Nor is she free altogether from faults of style,—there are many repetitions in the book and many passages where the effort at fine writing is painfully apparent, a self-consciousness that interferes with the impression that she is quite sincere in all that she says.

Beginning with the great effect that science has had on modern poetry she shows how the ideas of evolution and of modern democracy have profoundly modified the poetic world, as well as the world in every other province of thought. These are among her most interesting chapters. Then she discourses on Wordsworth as an exponent of democracy. A very strong chapter is that on "Ideals of Redemption, Medieval and Modern," in which she chooses the Divine Comedy, the Fairie Queen, and Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, as the best exponents of Medieval, Renaissance, and Revolutionary poetry. Here her fondness for antithesis and epigram is at its best.

The new Renaissance with the recent neo-paganism occupies her next, but she hastens on to "Browning as a humorist, for she crowns him as the world's greatest humorist in addition to all his other greatnesses. "The Poetry of Search" calls up Matthew Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough, and the pre-Raphaelite school, and culminates in Tennyson, principally in *In Memoriam*. In this poem she finds the first great sign of the triumph of faith in all the conflicts waged on it with these strange modern weapons. In Browning and Tennyson with their strong militant, faith-conquering spirit she sees the culmination of modern poetry and the promise that the spirit of belief is not a waning force but the potent inspiration of the song that is to be.

Two Reprints.

AMONG the recent reprints of old time novel is *Tom Cringle's Log*.⁴ Written in the person of an English marine, it is a swiftly-moving and

³*The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poet*. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

⁴*Tom Cringle's Log*. By Michael Scott. Macmillan Co. New York and London: 1895. For sale in San Francisco by William Doxey.

crowded panorama of sea-life as it was between (apparently) the years 1820 and 1830, in the vicinity of the West Indies and Barbadoes. As such, the book may still be considered worthy of the fame it achieved when appearing as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine* somewhere, we believe, in the thirties. Pictures of sea-battles, and experiences with pirates, slavers, and "Johnny Crapauds," are placed before us vividly, giving the impression that the author was not only truthful in his representation of such life but a participant in it.

Few of the old favorites show more forcibly the change of thought—change for the better—that has come over the spirit of our books since *Tom Cringle* was written. With the exception of a few descriptions and allusions, the book might have been written by a very coarse-minded and ordinary English sailor. The author wrote down, and produced a book no woman will care to read through. After the first chapter it is blurred on nearly every page with oaths, and vulgar allusions and stories.

Macmillan & Company's very attractive edition has a flattering introduction by Mowbray Morris, and is illustrated by J. Aylton Symington.

There are at least a few of Captain Marryat's twenty-four novels which should not go out of favor for a long time to come. Clean and wholesome, yet full of life is *Japhet in Search of a Father*,¹ also just issued by the Macmillans.

For the younger generation some idea of the story may not come amiss. Japhet is a foundling, left in London (and a basket, as Marryat would say) at the door of a couple who take him to a foundling home. As he grows up the desire to know who his father is grows too, until it becomes his one object in life. He becomes morbid and his fancy, led by the slightest clews, draws him into ludicrous and strange situations. Thrown into the company of gypsies he lives with them for a time, chiefly to make money, and when he leaves them, a little girl stolen from her parents is put in his charge. He now has an additional object,—to find the girl's parents. Circumstances, aided by plausible sophistry put him into the position of a beau-about-town, a life he enjoys to the full. Gambling, and the exposure of a certain amount of deception he has practiced, ruin him, when he devotes himself still more strictly to his search and has stranger adventures than ever. In the end he of course finds his father, as well as the mother of the little girl.

¹*Japhet in Search of a Father*. By Captain Marryat. Macmillan & Co. New York and London: 1895.

There are spirited pen illustrations by Henry M. Brock, and an introduction by David Han-nay.

A Little Sister to the Wilderness.²

ONE really hates to speak adversely of Miss Bell's last book. The writer's intent is evidently so sincere and the tone of the story is so pure and clean,—then again, the book is printed and bound so daintily. But the story as a story and not as a study of human motives is as absurd as its title. There is no way of reconciling one's common sense to its characters, or at least to its heroine.

May Manley in a few short months develops from the daughter of the poorest of the "pore whites" in the bottom-lands of Tennessee to a queenly lady, the superior of the "first families." On the first page of the little story she is driving mules and talking hogs to her rustic admirer,—on the last page she is in the home and hearts of the aristocratic Chisholms and teaching the famous preacher, Camden, the way of life in language that the author may well be proud of. The unreality of the entire affair ruins the story. Nevertheless, the bits of description of the poor whites and their life are well done, and the chapter on the "Protracted Meeting" is capital. The story is hardly worth spending much time over although it is harmless.

An English View of Harvard.³

AS A graduate of the greatest of Old-World universities, Dr. Hill, of Pembroke College, Oxford,—where Dr. Johnson was a student,—is a very fit and proper person to write a history of the foundation and growth, and an account of the present condition, of the most venerable of New-World colleges. For was not John Harvard a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and did not Henry Vane, President of the General Court of the Colony which passed the first vote of money "towards a school or college," study at Magdalen College, Oxford? Dr. Hill is highly appreciative of Harvard, her president, professors, and under-graduates; yet he does not hesitate to make frank, though kindly criticisms; as when he suggests that "college yells" hardly become the students of a university. Dr. Hill thinks that Oxford and Cambridge, in compelling students of jurisprudence, modern history, natural science, and other branches of

²*A Little Sister to the Wilderness*. By Lillian Bell. Chicago: Stone & Kimball: 1895. \$1.25.

³*Harvard College, by an Oxonian*. By George Birkbeck Hill, D. C. L. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. Price \$2.25.

learning, to pass examinations in Greek and Latin, for which they may be utterly unfitted, do not act so wisely as Harvard. He is also of opinion that the selection of professors and assistant-professors is more sensibly managed at Harvard than is sometimes the case at Oxford and Cambridge, where assistant-professors are practically non-existent, and a man does not reach a professorial chair until he is too old to be a really effective teacher. He admires greatly the Harvard Graduate School, a feature which might most usefully be imitated by the universities of the Old Home. Yet he is not blind to what Professor Goodwin admits, viz.:—that while the average attainment at Harvard may be creditable, the best men fall "far behind the highest standard" of Oxford and Cambridge. "There are no scholars of Balliol, or of Trinity, Cambridge, to be found" at the Massachusetts university: Hertford, Ireland, Craven and Derby scholars are not even dreamt of. The Harvard education does not confer that "infinite dexterity and readiness" which are characteristic of the best Oxford and Cambridge men; it is incapable of producing such men as Cardinal Newman, W. E. Gladstone, E. A. Freeman, J. A. Froude, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Asquith, John Ruskin, and W. H. Mallock,—to mention only a few whose names rise instantly into one's mind. Dr. Hill hopes that graduate schools at Oxford and Cambridge may attract many American students in years to come, and that a "perfect good-will" may "some day by the help of books, scholars, and universities, * * be established between the great and kindred nations" of Great Britain and the United States.

The book is well printed, has a convenient index, and is adorned with several fine photo-engravings.

Arthur Inkersley.

Briefer Mention.

*Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby*¹ is cleverly told. It relates the efforts of two conscientious public servants—an Indian agent and an assistant—to reclaim a tribe from barbarism and place it on a footing of self-supporting respectability. Through Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby all the good work is undone. Two incapables are placed in office and then comes dire disaster. It is a bright skit, in a satirical vein, on the existing evils of the civil service.

Mr. Varney has compressed into his *'Patriot's Day'* an amount of valuable historical informa-

¹ *Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby*. By Sparhawk Red Letter Publishing Company: Boston: 1895.

² *Patriot's Day*. By George J. Varney. Lee and Shepard. Boston. 60c.

tion concerning the early days of American independence which it would be difficult to find in another printed volume of its size. He describes in the beginning the condition of things in Massachusetts just previous to the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, and then, starting with the eighteenth of April, 1775, he relates with great particularity the events of that night and the succeeding day in Boston and at Lexington and at Concord, the ride of Revere and Dawes, the massacre at Lexington, and the fight at Concord bridge. Paul Revere's story of his famous ride, the original of which is owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society, is quoted in full. Scarcely less interesting are the narratives of others who either took part in the doings of the day, or who received the accounts from those who did. An added chapter gives an account of the flags used during the war of the Revolution, and there are a dozen or more patriotic poems. Three excellent maps aid to a more perfect understanding of the text, and there are twelve full-page illustrations from recent photographs.

The Philistine, "A Periodical of Protest," published by White and Wagoner at East Aurora, N. Y., is the name of the neatest, best printed, and altogether most charming little bibelot that has so far graced the newstands. Its name gives one an idea of its excuse for existence. It devotes itself to a vigorous kick at the New York clique of literary mutual admirers,—Howells, Gilder, Bok, and the rest,—thus:—

"Mr. Gilder dishes up monthly, beautifully printed articles which nobody cares about, but which everybody buys, because *The Century* looks well on the library table."

Again, "Mr. Howells maunders weekly in a column called 'Life and Letters,' in Harper's Journal of civilization.

"Ginger used to be in evidence in magazines and pumpkin pies. Squash is a prominent ingredient now.

"*Scribner's* has a thrilling article on 'Book We Have Published.

"The Bok Bills of Narcissus.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1895

W. D. Howells,

To Edward W. Bok, Dr.

42 sq. inches in Boiler Plate, 'Literary Letters,' on What I Know of Howells' Modesty.....	\$ 4 2
Mentioning Howells' Name 730,000 times in same (up to date).....	7 3
Cursing Trilby (your suggestion).....	2

\$11 7

Less 2 per cent for cash.

Please remit."

The entire book is clever from cover to cover.

We have delayed reviewing "*A Story From Pullmantown*"¹ too long to be able to give it the assent it seeks and that it might have attained until recently. It is a story justifying the Pullman Strike by showing the cruel conditions of life that prevailed in the great center of car-building. Truly there were reasons for discontent, if the statements of the book and many other corroborating sources are trustworthy. There are reasons, and good reasons for discontent with present conditions all over the world. But that they were not intolerably worse at Pullmantown than elsewhere is proven by the outcome of the strike, by the fact that a considerable number of Pullman's workmen emigrated to another place and sought there to make their skilled labor available for their own benefit, that the movement was a wretched failure, and that contributions were sought to take these workpeople "back to Pullmantown."

It has been a grave question at the Post Office Department what to do with the great avalanche of cheap novels published in "libraries," so-called, and sent through the mails as second-class matter. That they had no real right to the pound rates, that their whole tendency was demoralizing, was painfully apparent. But since there has been found no way to restrict publishers' rates to legitimate periodicals, the more reputable book publishers have been forced into the field of cheap books issued regularly and having a yearly subscription price as a "library." One of the list of these series will be Macmillan's Novelists' Library, to judge by the two numbers yet to hand. *Marcella* and *Sant' Ilario*² have both been reviewed in these columns, and it is not necessary to do more than mention the edition. In the paper form nothing could be better. To be sure *Marcella* two volumes crowded into one makes the type rather trying, but it is clear and will not trouble good eyesight. If we must have "libraries,"—and it seems we must—it is well that we have good ones like this to make up for the masses of trash.

Mr. Paine calls his latest romance³ a hypnotic story. It is the tale of a feminine "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." A serious young woman, crossed in love, or otherwise made weary of her own society, seeks to be hypnotized into a frivolous society woman, and it is so thoroughly done

that she has the dual character. The hero is an artist, and of course is engaged to paint the portrait of both of the heroine. He is a bit puzzled by the similarity in some ways, but though he promptly falls in love with both, no hint of the identity of his sitters comes to him, any more than to the young woman herself. There is but one denouement possible to such a story, the frivolous, passionate heroine grows jealous of the serious, high-minded one, meets her in a dim passageway, and stabs to the heart—herself, by a glancing blow from a mirror. It does not strike the reader that Mr. Paine handles his material better than a very great number of our story writers, and the book leaves rather a bad taste in the mouth.

It would take a very unoccupied mind to get up much interest in *Naval Cadet Carlyle's Glove*⁴ for the story has little to commend it. It relates the adventures of the beautiful but impoverished daughter of an old Virginian family, and makes her pass through a kaleidoscopic variety of fortunes, always just missing the good things of life. She contracts a secret marriage with an Annapolis cadet, and almost immediately is made a widow. This marriage never comes up to bother her till at the end of the tale, where she has been adopted by a wealthy aunt and is in love with a distinguished statesman. Then because she hears him condemn secret marriages and hers is about to be revealed, she commits suicide. There is no charm of style or health of moral tone to redeem this greswome plot.

Lectures Faciles Pour L'Etude du Français. By Paul Berry, author of "Livres des Enfants," "La Langue Française," "Le Français Pratique," etc. etc. 2mo cloth. 256 pages. \$1.00. New York: William R. Jenkins.

This work has been prepared as a completion of the new and progressive method for teaching French as begun in "Le Français Pratique." The book contains short, interesting, carefully chosen, and simply told stories, by modern authors. Each story is followed by grammatical notes and rules. Where the most difficult phrases occur, they have been translated into English, and at the end of the book a complete list of the irregular verbs in use and a model of each conjugation is to be found.

Partir á Tiempo. Comedia en un acto. Por Don Mariano José de Larra. Edited and annotated by Alexander W. Herdler, Instructor in Princeton University. 12mo paper. No. 2 Teatro Espanol, 35 cts. New York: William R. Jenkins.

Don José de Larra's works are marked by an elevated style, acuteness of observation, vivid imagination, and rare skill in characterization.

Naval Cadet Carlyle's Glove. By Iona Ashley Gordon. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons: 1892. For sale in San Francisco by The Popular Book Store. \$.50.

¹ *A Story From Pullmantown.* By Nico Bech-Meyer. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.

² *Sant' Ilario.* By Marion Crawford. Macmillan's Novelists' Library. New York: 1895. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

Marcella. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. *Ibid.*

³ *The Mystery of Evelyn Delorme.* By Albert Bigelow Paine. Boston: Arena Publishing Company: 1894.



The publishing firm of Brentano's will inaugurate during the first week in July a series entitled "Modern Life Library," the editor of which is Mr. Henri Pène du Bois, one of the staff of the *New York Times*, who has been connected with that newspaper for a long time in the capacity of editor of the literary and foreign news. The initial volume of this series will be "*Le Mariage de Chiffon*," by "Gyp," and which as translated by Mr. Du Bois will be known as "*A Gallic Girl*."

The "Modern Life Library" will embrace the popular novels adapted to Mr. Du Bois' idea, without regard to the original tongue in which they are written. Italian, Spanish, German, French, Hungarian, Dutch and Flemish authors will be drawn upon as contributors.

Mr. Du Bois will edit all of the volumes, choosing at the same time translators best used to turning into English original works entrusted to them.

It is reported that the Memoirs of General James Longstreet, the war-horse of the Confederacy, who was the earliest of the Southerners to become reconciled to the Union, are now ready for the press and will be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company immediately. They are said to reveal many new phases of the Confederate cause.

The *San Francisco Nation* comes to us filling its particular field to a nicety.

The showing made in behalf of the Catholic schools and colleges in this State in the last number, (all original matter) was certainly to the credit of this exponent of the Catholic faith. Mr. Henry Geralde is in charge of the editorial department and his masterly use of the English language makes the *Nation* remarkable for its purity of diction and style. To the experience of a journalistic career on two continents Mr. Geralde joins the inborn graciousness of the *gentil homme* of the old school.

Rounseville Wildman, the editor—and we suspect his hand in the management of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, is making of that great Pacific Coast Monthly one of the most delightful magazines of the age—while retaining its unique Western flavor, yet in the beauty of illustration and ability of its articles it need not fear comparison with any periodical the East has produced. *To-Day*, March, 1895.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw the prima donna has just closed a contract for an European tour on a guarantee of one thousand dollars a night. The fair Californian has set the New York critics wild and they are loud in their praise of her bird like notes and her range in register. An account of Miss Yaw appeared in the April number of the *OVERLAND* detailing the new divas powers.

Other Books Received.

James and Patomas. By Gerard Foukes. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office: 1894.

Siowan Tribes of the East. By James Mooney. *Ibid.*

Chinook Texts. By Frank Boas. *Ibid.*

Canons of the Colorado. By J. W. Powell. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent: 1895 \$10.

Pudd'n Head Wilson. By Mark Twain. Hartford: American Pub. Co.: 1895.

Dr. Gray's Quest. By F. H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. 1895.

Jimmy Boy. By Sophie May. *Ibid.* 1895.

Common Land Buds of New England. By W. A. Wilcox. *Ibid.* 1895.

Across India. By Oliver Optic. *Ibid.* 1895.

The Naulahka. By Kipling & Balestier. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. Price 50 cts.

Annals of the Parish. By Thos. Galt. *Ibid.* 1895. \$1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenba. By Anthony Hope. W. G. Henry Holt & Co.: 1895: For sale by Doxey, 75 cts.

Dishonesty and Caste. By Ethel Davis. Boston: Home Science Pub. Co.: 1895. 60 cts.

Money. By Eli Perkins. Chicago: Chas. Kass & Co.: 1895.



IRVING INSTITUTE.

THIS Seminary for Young Ladies has been favorably known for almost a score of years. Its graduates adorn society in all parts of the Pacific Slope. It is a thorough finishing school, complete in every department. Its Conservatory of Music is one of the best in California, and employs eleven professors and teachers for the voice and various instruments. Elocution and physical culture hold an

important place in it and combine gracefully with the intellectual training for which this school is noted. The Institute is situated in what is known as the "warm belt" on the corner of Valencia and Hill Streets, San Francisco, and in addition to its forty boarding pupils has a large day patronage of all ages from every part of the City.



TRINITY SCHOOL.



A BIT OF THE HALL.

TRINITY SCHOOL.

AMONG the many excellent educational institutions in California, Trinity School for boys stands prominently in the front rank. For eighteen years, since its establishment, it has maintained a high reputation, and its curriculum takes in a wide range of subjects, uniting a practical education with a preparatory university course.

For fourteen years this school was located at 1534 Mission St., San Francisco. In 1893, it was removed to the spacious and commodious building at 3300 Washington St., Presidio Heights. The location of the school provides the best advantages to students, beauty of scenery, and means of physical exercise,—playgrounds, lawn tennis court, and gymna-



THE PARLOR.



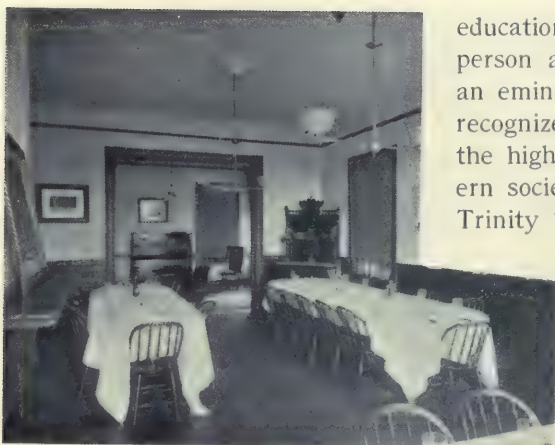
A LIBRARY CORNER.

sium. The school buildings are provided with every modern improvement, and the school offers facilities for one hundred pupils, including forty boarders. Boarding scholars have all the advantages of a refined home, and the personal care of the Rector and resident teachers, with private instruction. Trinity School is intended to provide the most careful intellectual and moral training for a limited number of

boys and young men, and to give them the advantage of Christian culture. This institution is an accredited school of the University of California and Stanford University, and other prominent universities of the country. The highest recognition has been accorded its graduates at home and abroad. The school has been represented by its graduates in Cambridge University, England, Harvard



THE DINING ROOM.



educational institutions are established by the person at the head. Rev. E. B. Spalding is an eminent divine, a deep student, and the recognized representative in his profession of the highest culture obtainable under our modern society and civilization. In this respect Trinity School has no equal in this State.

It is a near approach to a refined home life, with only the restraints that are necessary for correct deportment, and with the moral influence of paternal care and Christian example.

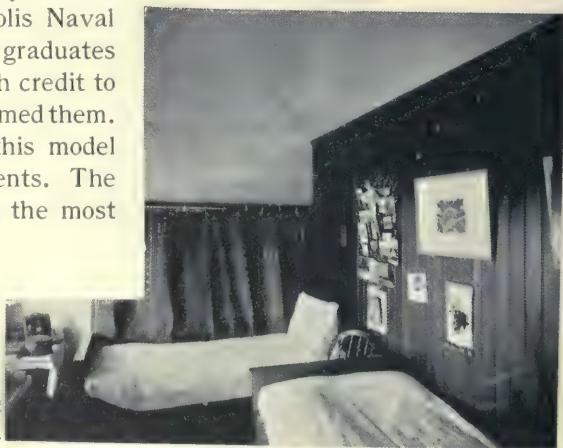
Truly those that wish their boys shaped for the duties of life under



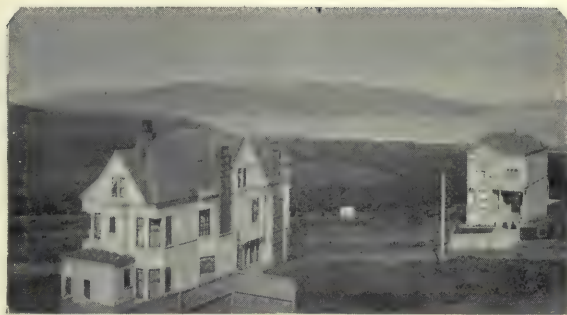
and Yale Universities, the University of the South, Trinity College, and Annapolis Naval School, forty-nine per cent of its graduates entering a higher course of study with credit to themselves and the institution that formed them.

The OVERLAND gives views of this model school with accessories and environments. The location has been happily chosen in the most respectable part of San Francisco. The Rector, Dr. Edw. B. Spalding, is untiring in his efforts in behalf of the welfare of the students, and is ably assisted by ten professors and teachers of the highest rank.

The character and standing of



the very best influences, are fortunate in having in the city of San Francisco so good a school as Trinity. Boys are there made not into scholars alone, but into men, able to care for themselves amid temptations, and into gentlemen, able to do themselves credit in any position in which they may be placed.



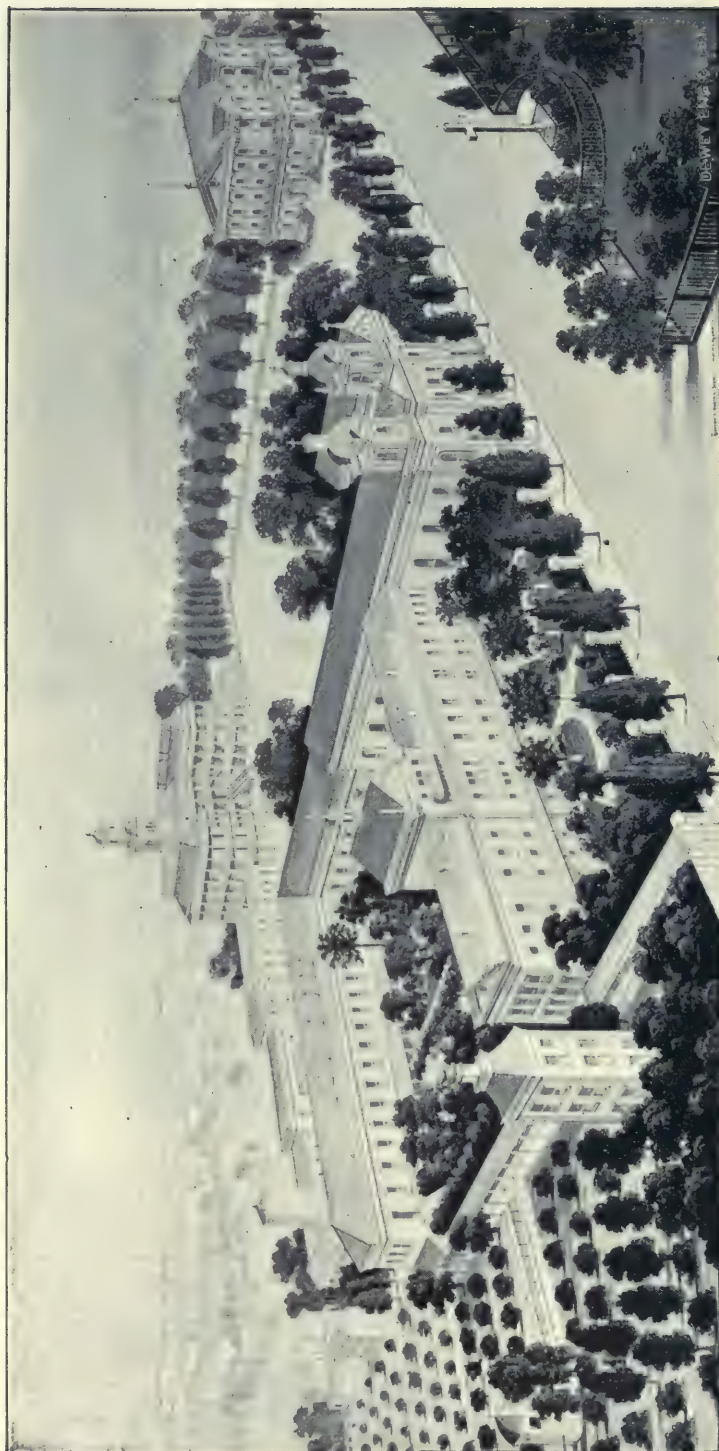
TRINITY SCHOOL.



ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

THIS institution is too well known in California and to OVERLAND readers to need extended commendation here. Established in 1866, it has ever since held the highest rank amid all the schools of the State. Accredited to the universities, using the best combination of the military system and the most refined home life, taught by able specialists and born teach-

ers,—no school can offer better advantages. Its buildings are fine, and thoroughly modern in all their equipments, its grounds are extensive and well improved, and its surroundings the most beautiful imaginable. Its Principal, Rev. A. L. Brewer, is one of the best known and most respected educators in the country.



SANTA CLARA COLLEGE—REV. J. W. RIORDAN, S. J., PRESIDENT.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, SANTA CLARA, CAL.

THIS well known educational institution grows with the growth of the State and is now better equipped than ever before, ready to give a good education in scholarship, morals, and religion.

TERMS.

FOR BOARDERS.

Entrance fee to be paid only once, \$15.00; Board, lodging, tuition, washing and mending linen, school, stationery, viz., paper, ink and pens, medical attendance and medicines, fuel, light, baths, etc., per session of five months, \$175.00.

If more than two brothers enter the College, each additional one pays only \$100.00 per session of five months.

Payments are to be made a half session in advance. Regular accounts of board, tuition, etc., are sent every half session, when an immediate remittance must be made of the full amount. This will be strictly enforced in all cases. Should any student be obliged to withdraw from the College before the term expires, a proportionate deduction will be made, but none for any temporary absence.

SYSTEM OF INSTRUCTION.

After a student has been admitted, he is examined and placed in the class for which he may be fitted. He then passes on regularly either through the Classical, the Scientific, or the Commercial Course. The Classical course embraces all the studies proper for those who aspire to the academical degree of A. B. The Scientific course comprises all the studies to be pursued by those who aspire to the degree of S. B. The Commercial course includes all the branches necessary to obtain the Commercial certificate.

The mode of teaching is such as to

make the pupils understand their lessons independently of text books, and rely on the latter rather as a reference and guide, than as their only stock of knowledge.

At any time during the year, and particularly at the first minor examination, if any one be found capable of passing to a higher class, he is promoted. To excite laudable emulation, the honors obtained in the several classes by the students are announced monthly, and printed certificates given to those who have distinguished themselves in application or good deportment. An examination of all classes takes place before the Christmas holidays, and before the close of the session. At the end of the year, gold and silver medals and valuable premiums are distributed to the more worthy. The scholastic year consists of but one session. It commences at the beginning of August, and ends at the beginning of June, with a public examination—either literary or scientific—followed by the conferring degrees and the distribution of premiums.

The entrance to the College is through a three-story building of 198 x 40 feet, which has a central fourth story, and contains a suite of seven parlors, the residence of the Faculty, the branch library of the Professors, the Training and Normal School of the Society, and the Pastor's office. The entrance hall opens on an interior garden of 200 x 135 feet surrounded by long verandas and crossed by arbors of grape vines, among which grow exotic plants and flowers, and very large palm trees. A bronze statue of the Sacred Heart in the centre. In the adjoining vineyard are seen olive trees planted in the year 1805, and a rotunda containing a life-sized statue of St. Joseph.



CASTILLEJA HALL.

CASTILLEJA HALL.

THIS school, just entering on its fifth year, is designed to prepare girls for college, and particularly for Stanford University, with which it is an accredited school. Its graduates for the last three years, have, without a single exception, entered that institution. The school receives both day and boarding pupils, and, being situated in the college town of Palo Alto, possesses all the advantages of close contact with University life.

Within an hour's ride of San Francisco; near the head of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, with a climate almost perfect; Castilleja Hall is without an equal in all

that is desirable for the location of an Educational Institution.

It offers courses in four languages, four sciences, mathematics, history, and English. The work in English, particularly in composition, is unusually thorough, and is required of all pupils. The school employs six teachers, representing the best colleges of the country; its principals, Miss Fletcher and Miss Pearson, are both graduates of the Harvard Annex.

For further information, address Miss E. B. Pearson, Castilleja Hall, Palo Alto, Cal.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh

"For two years, I was troubled with catarrh. At first, I paid little attention to it; but soon it became so bad that I could not sleep without being almost choked by mucus gathering in the head, throat, and lungs. Frequently, the only relief I could find was by leaving my bed and going out in the open air. Finally, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I finished one bottle, I began to feel better. I continued taking this remedy until my general health was greatly improved, my appetite restored, and I could sleep all night without being disturbed. I rapidly gained in flesh and strength, and I attribute my recovery entirely to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, that being the only medicine I tried."—

JOHN V. RICHARDS, machinist, Batchelder St., Lynn, Mass.

AYER'S THE ONLY SARSAPARILLA

Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills cleanse the Stomach and Bowels.



Lowney Building
World's Columbian Exposition
WHERE
Lowney's
Chocolate Bonbons

Received the Highest Award.

SAMPLE PACKAGE TEN CENTS IN STAMPS
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.,
99 PEARL ST., BOSTON, MASS.

THE FITTZ CURE

—FOR—
ALCOHOLISM.

NEVER FAILS.

CAN be taken safely at home. No publicity. No interruption of work. No injurious effects, but a **permanent** cure.

Hundreds have taken this Cure in San Francisco and throughout the Pacific Coast, and many of them have given us permission to refer to them. No one need be in doubt about the reliability of the Fittz Cure.

Correspondence and interviews strictly confidential.

It is endorsed by the Good Templars and Father W. D. McKinnon, Physicians, and Business Men.

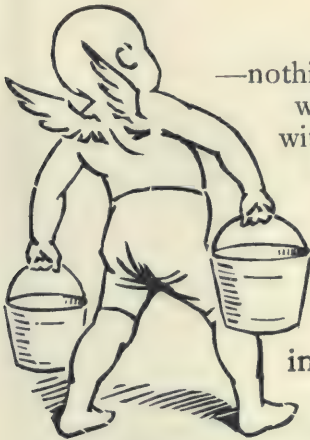
PRICE OF CURE, \$25.

Call on us or write to **N. J. STONE & CO.**

Room 7, Flood Building,

Telephone, Main 1240. **SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



Water

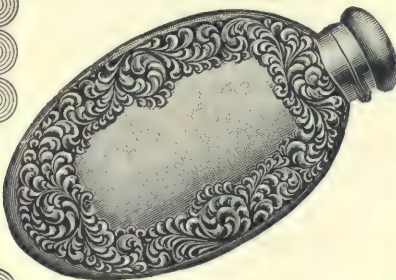
—nothing but water. That's all you need with **Pearline**. Don't use any soap with it. If what we claim is true, that **Pearline** is better than soap, the soap doesn't have a chance to do any work. It's only in the way. Besides, some soaps might cause trouble—and you'd lay it to **Pearline**. You'll never get **Pearline's** very best work till you use it just as directed on the package. Then you'll have the easiest, quickest, most

economical way of washing and cleaning.

477

Millions ^{NOW} _{USE} **Pearline**

Solid Beauty



One of the "Four Hundred" beautiful sterling novelties, made by Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co., Union Sq., New York City, and Wallingford, Conn.

NOW IT ONLY TAKES ONE MAN

Well dressed and up to date to convince you that H. S. Bridge & Co. are the best Tailors in San Francisco.

IN OLDEN TIMES

You will remember that it was said and currently believed to be true that

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN

In matters of dress H. S. Bridge & Co. do not need this amount of assistance, but will make a man of you on short notice without outside help.

SHIRTS TO ORDER
a specialty.

622 Market Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

"THIS comes of using one of those cheap wool braids that I thought would be so economical.



I'll never again have anything but the

"S. H. & M." BIAS
VELVETEEN
SKIRT BINDINGS."

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps.
The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

Sponge Crépon.

FASHIONABLE Paris and New York women wear big skirts, big sleeves and big collars, and the initiated can tell at a glance whether the gowns are properly interlined or not.



The correct stiffening is the elastic, uncrushable

Sponge Crépon, which gives the graceful effect

now sought and never loses its shape, nor allows the skirt to sag in

the seams.

very light weight for thin fabrics,

also in medium and heavy, and is sold by all leading dry goods dealers.

White, slate and fast black.



RALPH



It is a poor study in economics to pay a low price for a badly made dress. The maker of gowns must build up a business on the strength of good work, thus ensuring the best possible advertisement. The ladies of San Francisco who have given us their patronage are loud in their praise. We point with pride to people of the best society as our constant patrons, and while we solicit an increase, we will guarantee a well made dress at a moderate price. No. 225 Geary St. is our location.

MAKES DRESSES

FIVE COUPONS

MAILED TO DEPT H. PAUSADE MFG CO, YONKERS, N.Y.
WILL SECURE YOU THE ELEGANT SOUVENIR, ENTITLED:
"THE SOURCE OF THE

*Living
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Ideal Forms and Faces."

A work of art, containing 16 plates in colors, on elegant heavy plated paper, inside of elaborate colored cover, with raised ornamentations and lettering.

EACH PACKAGE OF

VELVET SKIN SOAP and POWDER

CONTAINS ONE OF THESE ORDERS:
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VELVET SKIN SOAP and VELVET SKIN POWDER ON SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.



PHYSICIANS Who use reliable Homœopathic Medicines purchase them from Brooks' Homœopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell St., San Francisco. Correspondence from laymen cordially invited. Pacific Coast Agency Boericke & Tafel.

GLINDEMANN & SCHWEITZER

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Diamond Setting SAN FRANCISCO
Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty

READY After waiting and working for some time our new edition of the large Illustrated Catalogue is ready to send out; we are



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Addressing wrappers and mailing them to our many customers. We want to send a copy to every one. Send us eight cents postage at once. This edition will not last long, though there are 5,000 more than ever before.

SMITH'S CASH STORE

414, 416, 418 Front St., S. F., Cal.

CRESTA BLANCA SOUVENIR WINES . . .

MADE IN LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA.

Livermore Valley is noted for the excellent wines produced. The grapes grown on our vineyard are from vines imported direct from the Medoc and Sauterne districts of France.

We received the Gold Medal at Paris in 1889; at Chicago World's Fair, 1893; San Francisco Midwinter Fair, 1894.

Shipments made to New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Philadelphia.

PRICE LIST

SAUTERNE TYPES	QUARTS. 1 doz. case	PINTS 2 doz. case
Sauterne Souvenir.	\$6 00	\$7 00
Haut Sauterne Souvenir.	9 00	10 00
Chateau Yquem Souvenir.	11 00	12 00
CLARET TYPES		
Table d'Hote Souvenir.	\$5 50	\$6 50
St. Julien Souvenir.	7 00	8 00
Margaux Souvenir.	8 00	9 00

We offer to deliver, freight paid, to any of the above railroad terminals at 50 cents per case additional; in lots of 8 cases, 25 cents per case additional, and in lots of 5 cases we pay freight.

ASSORTED CASE AS SAMPLES

ONE DOZEN QUART BOTTLES

1 bot. Old Port Wine	1 bot. Sauterne Souvenir
1 bot. Old Sherry	2 bots. Chateau Yquem Souvenir
1 bot. Old Muscatelle	2 bots. St. Julien Souvenir
1 bot. Haut Sauterne Souvenir	1 bot. Table d'Hote Souvenir
	1 bot. Margaux Souvenir

Including freight paid to any of the above railroad points for **\$8.10**

We guarantee these Wines to be absolutely pure.
REFERENCE: Anglo-California Bank.

WETMORE-BOWEN CO. 140 MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



The entire community should recognize the importance of the Bicycle in securing good roads. The influence in this direction and the results shown in road improvements in this country since the introduction of the Bicycle, are greater than all the other influences combined. To encourage the manufacture and use of the Bicycle is to promote the making of good roads throughout the country.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

James Keith, Pres., Murphys
Wm. Herrod, - Angels
E. M. Price, - West Point
M. Thornton, - San Andreas
E. F. Floyd, Secretary.

Office of School Superintendent.

Calaveras County, California.

San Andreas, Cal., July 1, 1895.

OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO.,

SIR:—The July number of the OVERLAND at hand and must pronounce it a splendid specimen of the art typographical. The magazine is well known to me, and I consider it among the best of our leading publications. The work is on our Library list, and I am glad to say, it is already in a large number of our schools. It fills a field not otherwise attempted in its purely Western literature, and should be familiar to the boys and girls of the Coast.

Yours respectfully,

E. F. FLOYD, Supt.

If you want to do something which will remain with you as a pleasant memory during life, and be of actual benefit to those dependent upon you in case of death, take out a policy on your life with the PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Their terms are easy and the security perfect. It is a plain duty which admits of no delay.

Since Rounsevelle Wildman took charge, the OVERLAND has developed distinctive enterprise, and it is a pity other of our leading magazine editors do not adopt his policy and give us matter relative to the unknown parts of our own domain, and neighboring places in which we are naturally interested, instead of filling good space with descriptions of remote localities that the most of us will never see and care nothing about.—*Commercial Traveler, San Francisco.*

The Zeno Mauvais Music Co., offer some unusual bargains in Second Hand Pianos just now. Each year this firm replaces its rented piano stock with new instruments, selling off the used ones at a great sacrifice. Many of these are good as new. All are put in most thorough repair and are fully guaranteed.

HOLLAND'S GREAT PIANIST COMING.

The musical season of 1895-96, will not be lacking in pianists. Among others, Martinus Sieveking is to be here.

Sieveking is a Hollander by birth, coming from an old and aristocratic family, which dates its ancestry back to the fifteenth century. From his earliest infancy, he displayed characteristics indicative of his future career. He is a man of magnetic temperament and striking personality, being over six feet in height and magnificently proportioned. Mr. Sieveking will come to the States in the fall, and play throughout the country. He will make his debut in New York City.

Wyld: Who are your best paying patients, doctor?

Dr. Doum: The men who have married cooking school graduates. *Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.*

Teachers.—only a dozen copies of the FAREIAN SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP—Copyright of 1894—remain unsold in the hands of CUNNINGHAM, CURTIS & WELCH, of this city. The book is nicely cloth bound—the regular price is two dollars; the remaining copies may be had for sixty cents. This offer is made simply to introduce them.

GREAT BARGAINS in the way of second hand books may be had at KING'S OLD BOOK STORE, 15 Fourth Street. Look in—you might find something choice, or some rare old work which you can secure for a song.

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounsevelle Wildman \$3.00.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY has purchased the good will and subscription lists of *Chic* and makes the following offer to all *Chic* subscribers.

Send us \$1.00, the difference between the price of *Chic*, \$2.00, and that of the OVERLAND, \$3.00, and we will enter you for the unexpired term of your subscription to *Chic*. Should you then renew your subscription to the OVERLAND, we will allow the dollar already paid on our price, \$3.00, and for \$2.00 enter you for a full year from date of such renewal.

This gives a liberal premium to all *Chic*'s subscribers that stay with us. The OVERLAND will be sent you beginning with the August number.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY PUB. CO.

* * *

Jack: Miss Mackeigh is a bright girl.

Tom: Is that the reason there is no light in the parlor when you call on her?

Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.

* * *

For toilet use, the famous BUTTERMILK SOAP enjoys the best reputation of any in the market.

Its purity and superior excellence for the complexion, toilet and bath has made its use universal. You can procure it of any first-class druggist.

* * *

It will pay well to study the "Ad" of SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDER CO. in this issue. It will pay you better to buy a pair of the suspenders and study your own comfort; particularly if you "bike."

* * *

The extensive factories of the Geo. H. Fuller Desk Co., manufacturers of Office, Bank and Church furniture, were burned in the \$1,500,000 conflagration on the South side on the night of June 27th. Although Mr. Fuller was a heavy loser by the fire he wishes his patrons to know that he is to be found at his show rooms at 638 and 640 Mission street, as usual, prepared to fill all orders. See advertisement in another column.

* * *

The OVERLAND MONTHLY, the pioneer magazine of the West, was long an object of pride to Californians, but the popularity it enjoyed in the days of Bret Harte and his immediate successors is far outstripped by the popular favor it has been steadily and rapidly gaining under its new management. The July number begins a new volume and it is a notable one, even among the recent brilliant numbers.—*News, Contra Costa, Cal.*

* * *

Your fishing outfit is not complete unless you have the AUTOMATIC REEL—the most perfect invention of its kind on the market. You will find a complete assortment of these reels at Geo. W. Shreves', 739 Market Street, this city.

It is not often that the President of a Republic contributes an article to a magazine. The OVERLAND has the unique distinction of presenting the country this month with a description of the land tenures in Hawaii, by President Dole's own pen.—*The Pathfinder, Wash., D. C.*

* * *

There's money in raising chickens. If you don't think so, go through the city markets and price them; the range is sixty-five cents to one dollar each. Now you can buy fresh ranch eggs from fifteen to twenty cents per dozen. Buy a PETALUMA INCUBATOR. We say "PETALUMA," because it is the best of all incubators for the purpose, and with a very little care and time you can raise all the chickens you can use. You can sell enough to pay all expenses and have more real pleasure in the employment than you have any idea of.

Write to PETALUMA INCUBATOR Co. for illustrated catalogue.

* * *

Hostess: Dear me, the conversation is flagging. What can we do to amuse our guests?

Host: I don't know, unless we leave the drawing-room for a few minutes and give them a chance to talk about us. *Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.*

* * *

Be sure and call at Professor Ansot's Fencing Parlors when you are visiting the Lurline Baths, corner Bush and Larkin. There is nothing more exciting than an assault-at-arms between the famous master and one of his pupils.

* * *

The OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY wish to be known as members of the MANUFACTURERS AND PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA; having for the past twenty-seven years been publishing to the world at large, through the pages of their magazine, California industries, manufactures and resources—advocating during all these years the principles on which the new association is formed, by virtue of the motto adopted in 1868, "The Development of the Country," and, in accordance with this motto the aim and work of the publishers has been to encourage the growth of the State, the development of its resources and the building up of its industries.

* * *

Rounseville Wildman, editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, received the degree of Master of Letters (M. L.) from Idaho University on June 11th.

* * *

Bound copies of the 25th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

It Means
the
Absorption
of
Oxygen.

POCKET



ELECTROPOISE

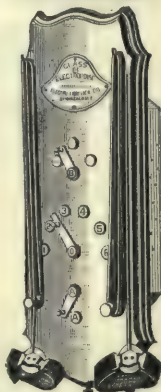
TRADE

Electropoise

MARK.

It Means, You
will be
Restored
to
Health and
Strength

STANDARD



ELECTROPOISE

PROFESSOR TOTTEN, of Yale College, is one of the most advanced thinkers, reasoners, and Bible students of the age, and all of his scientific works are of the highest standard. On page 228, volume 7, of his work entitled "Our Race," he writes as follows:

"But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electropoise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agents nor are in any way financially interested in the matter."

WATSON & CO.

124 Market Street - Pacific Coast Agents - San Francisco

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ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

BY FAR THE BEST
dentifrice; antiseptic—harmless—effective. No soapy taste. A trial will make you its lasting friend. Substitutes are not "as good." All druggists or by mail 25c. C.H. Strong & Co., Chicago.

LADIES TANSY, PENNYROYAL AND COTTON ROOT PILLS
Never Fail. Safe, Sure. Used 20 years. Try them when all others fail. Sealed, \$1.00. Royal Remedy Co., Canal Dover, O. P. O., Box 684.



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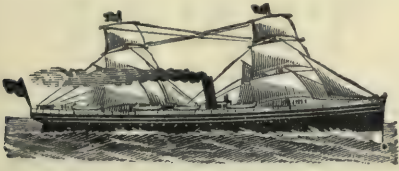
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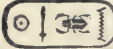
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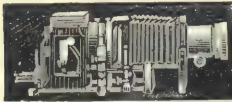
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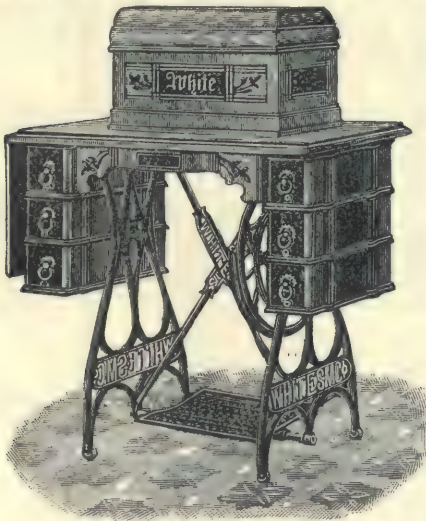
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	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49 353	15 063 367
Alvarado.....	1803	20 324	4 486 572
Watsonville.....	6388	65 291	15 539 040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26 801	4 708 500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11 149	1 835 900
Norfolk, Neb.....	2807	22 625	4 107 300
Staunton, Va.....	50	350	50 027

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	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
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Watsonville.....	2432.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

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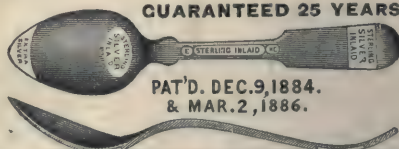
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No. 153.

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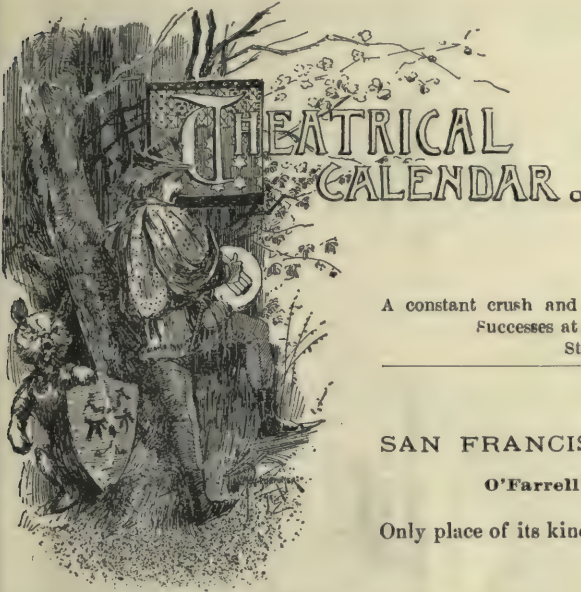
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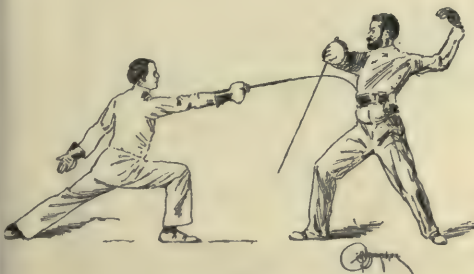
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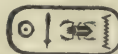
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Deposits to December 31, 1894	-	-	-	-	-	\$3,011,355.84

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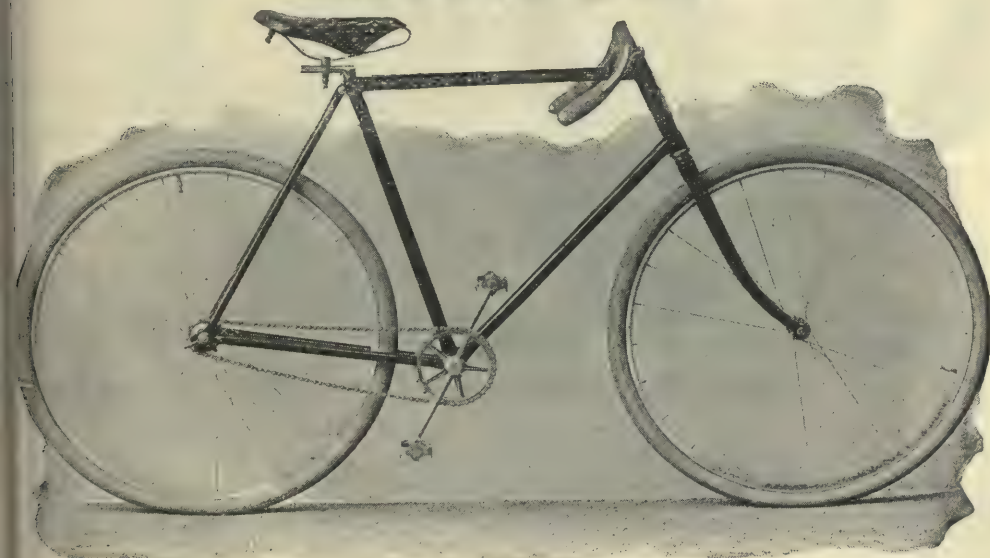
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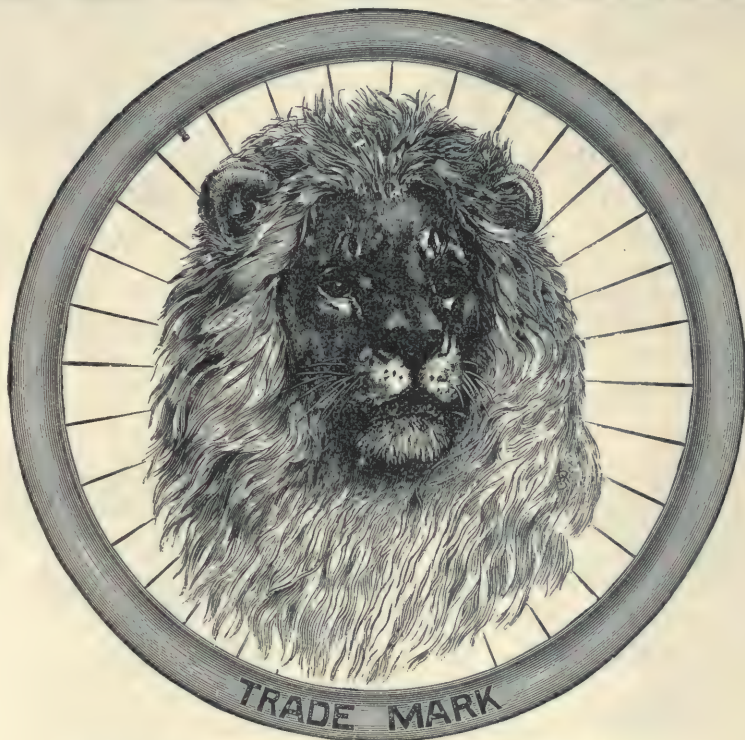
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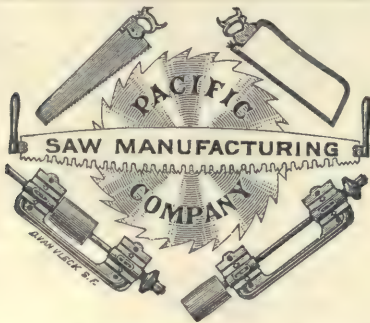
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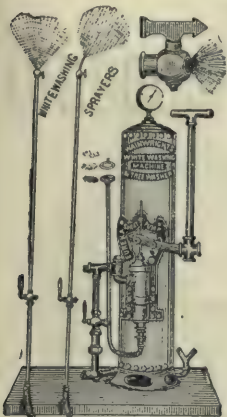
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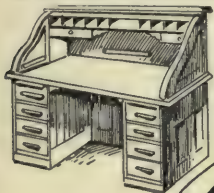
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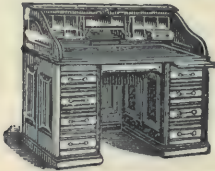
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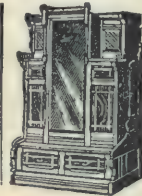
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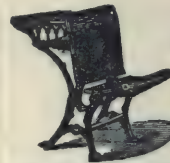


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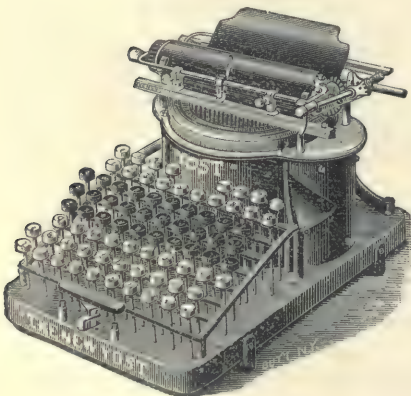
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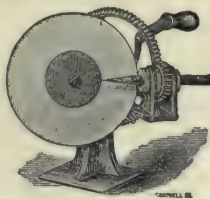
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CACTUS BLOOM.

CACTUS.

(ARIZONA.)



THOU outcast of the dainty floral bands,
Whose blood-red plumes and yellow banners gay
Burn like a fire upon the levels gray,—
Thou Bedouin of the barren desert sands,
Whose pied burnous makes glad these weary lands,
Thy nomad tents are on the plains alway,
Thy straggling squadrons ready for the fray.
Barbarian, thy savage Ishmael hands
Are raised against all men, outright and bold,
Thy sharp spines couching, like a lance in 'rest,
To careless seek a friend's or foeman's breast;
Yet, with thy blooms that hold the sun shut in,
Thou strivest, as with wealth of spendthrift gold,
To buy the love thou wouldst not stoop to win.

Grace MacGowan Cooke.





Overland Monthly

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AS TALKED IN THE
SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR

THE Sanctum has been deserted for the space of thirty days. Its members

have been here and there on vacations. "From Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierra to the sea," the name of summer resorts is legion. The Parson went up to the mountains and the Contributor down to the sea. The Reader sought the soft beauty of the lakes and the Editor the seclusion of the ranch. The Artist chose the springs

and the Reviewer buried himself in the fragrant redwoods. The report of each on his return was enthusiastic, but later there appeared certain little rifts within the lute.

A summer resort on this Coast is an anachronism. In July and August you leave the city to rid yourself of your winter clothes for a month—to get warm and not cool. In truth the breezes that sweep in through the Golden Gate leave nothing to be desired in bodily comfort. A few weeks of hot weather may be beneficial, but it has no pleasurable advantages for the ordinary work-a-day mortal. Monterey, Castle Crags, the Geysers, Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Tahoe, and a hundred rivals, empty our homes once a year in response to an absurd fashion that one must go somewhere every summer. But not one out of the many returning pilgrims fails to draw a long, deep breath as he boards the boat at Tiburon, Sausalito, or Oakland, and to thank goodness that he is once more in a civilized climate.

What was said by each in praise of his summer asylum, need not be chronicled here; it would fill many volumes and will no doubt be said later with numerous illustrations over well known signatures. There were remarks, however, that may be of benefit to the late hosts.

The Contributor. "On the three hotels—first class, so advertised—in which I abided, I make the same criticism. But before I begin I wish it understood that I

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am not a proud man or a purse proud one. I am no better than my fellows, I do not belong to the Daughters of the Revolution or the Colonial Dames. All men are born equal and some deteriorate shortly after birth. In this land of equality I believe in associating with my equals only. I refuse to fraternize with the hired-help simply because I am roughing it."

The Reader. "It shall be named the Code Contributor."

The Contributor. "I soon found that when the 'donkey-boy' was not busy he was occupying the biggest chair and the coolest place on the veranda and was willing to waive the function of an introduction. As long as the guides were your paid companions you were reasonably thankful for their professional conversation, nothing more. The landlord's children were no doubt interesting and well dressed, but you are not paying sixteen dollars a week to make the summer pleasant for them. The waitresses at the public tables feel it their duty to supply your mental as well as your bodily wants. In short I have found that the comparative isolation of these secluded resorts tends to let down the bars between classes to the profit of neither."

The Sanctum. "Agreed."

The Contributor. "Good. Now what are we going to do about it?—stay away from the only true though small resorts, with their fishing, shooting, scenery, and equality, and go to the big caravansaries where the servants know their place and there is nothing in the world to do but dress for dinner or—I have been thinking that we might formulate a letter and series of questions to be sent to our several landlords somewhat as follows:—

DEAR SIR:—The Sanctum desires to spend the summer next year at your charming resort. We have no objections to your remaining in your present position as manager during our sojourn. In fact we believe in every man knowing and keeping his place, but we would like to have fair answers in legible United States to the following queries:—

1. How long a lease have you? If it is about to expire you need not answer what follows. We have troubles of our own and our supply of the milk of human kindness is "Limited," as the English write after their companies.
2. Are you in the habit of relating your personal history to every guest and what you know of the personal history of every other guest? If so, what are the chances of collecting a judgment from you in a suit for libel?
3. Is it absolutely necessary to be introduced to every one on the place the moment we arrive? If so, is there any special etiquette to be observed in regard to dress on that occasion?
4. Do you think that we shall be benefited by a close acquaintance with your "hands?" If so, is it proper to call them by their first names?
5. Are there any easy chairs or hammocks on the veranda that are not engaged for the season by the family and servants? If so, are they indicated?
6. Does the quality of the food depend on the number of the guests? If so, please send Menu marked "Exhibit A," maximum; "Exhibit B," minimum.
7. Who has the prior claim on the baths, the family or the guests?
8. Shall you bear us any grudge for asking these questions?
9. ———

The Artist. "Before you submit number nine, I should like to remark that if the Contributor's questions are warranted by his experience I think it would be just as well to stay at home."

The Poet. "Not having depleted my pocket-book, ruined my digestion, or spoiled my temper, at any summer resort this year, I think I may pose as a disinterested party. Last year was enough. I decided after discovering that the 'help' at one place

were recruited from an almshouse and home for incurables, the butter salted, the eggs packed, the weather 110° in the shade,—no fruit, no ice, nothing but dust and the country newspaper,—that I was far too select for my fellow sufferers. I have noticed that most resorts are ‘has beens’ or ‘going to bes,’ and one is worse than the other. Not having any taste for the one or two big resorts in the State that are run for the benefit of the dressmaker and the haberdasher, I spent my afternoons on my wheel in the Park.”

The Contributor. “I refuse to accept any such interpretation of my proposed catechism. I wish it understood that I have been well treated wherever I have gone throughout California, and that I expect and rather enjoy a thorn with my roses.”

THE Poet. “I hold in my hand a poetic tragedy entitled ‘The Romance of Lord Earlcát.’ It came to me accompanied with the following letter:—

NEPHIE CITY, Utah, Mar. 12.

DEARE SANKTUM POAT

I hav some chice peaces of poems which I wood like to find a perchier if you publis souch things as poems in your magazine if you do pheraps you wood perches some of mine if you think u wood i could male you some samples of my riting and you could return them to me if you do not wish to take them an if you do wish to take them rite an let me kno abot whate prics u culd take them at our hul fambly is poats i am the prize wone.

The Reader has no romance in his soul, or The Romance of Lord Earlcát would not be scorned. As it is I appeal to the Sanctum. I will not read the seventy-four verses, but will confine myself to selections and supply the story in my own words as I proceed. Are you ready?”

The Sanctum. “Aye! Aye!”

THE ROMANCE OF LORD EARLCAT.

once thare livd a maiden
young and verry fare
proud of her posesians
none with her could compair
and untill lord earlcát
came this made to woe
all Suters ware neglected
and declined with Lofty air
the wedding day it had arrived
and the guests was waiting to
when from her room the lady cum
her Face like driven snow

in her hand she held a misive
from her love just too say
that he had a wife and children
and that he had saled away.
she did not cry she did not scream
her Hart was wreacked with pane
how could she go down stairs
and Face her guests again
She ran into the summer house
to cool her heated brain
her heart threads was so bent
ah tears would ease her pain

In the summer-house this maid with heart bowed down discovers the leader of a band of robbers who is intent on her dowry. As she listens to his tale a bright thought takes possession of her.

she gazed into his dark blue eyes
I will i will she cries
would u wed a noble lady
and from degradation rise
she said if you will marry me
know one shall know of this
and I can meat my
waiting friends a wedding
they shall not miss.

After two verses more the robber consents and the wedding takes place to the profound mortification of her many rivals.

the proud and haughty heroin
how well she played her part
could her fair friends have
peeped into her proud but
breaking heart.

with good bys and well wishes
she leaves the Dearest old home
with a stranger yet
her husband and what a
honeymoon.

In the next five verses the bridegroom reviews his past life with many blushes and won by the sad face of his mistress he strives to raise himself in her eyes:

he brought her books and flowers
selections rich and choice
she found herself a listening
to his deep and manly Voice.

However, she frankly tells him that she could have loved him if he had been of gentle birth, and in doing so, so far forgets herself as to call him by his first name — Gerald — at which “a smile creeps o’er his face.”

they traveled far they traveled near
when one day chanced to meet
a stranger who with outstretched arms
her husband he did greet

Whereupon the cat was out of the bag. It was the quondam robber’s father, the noble Lord Milford. The prodigal is forgiven and the wife introduced in a most touching verse. Lord Milford is captivated by the fair bride’s beauty. At this happy moment the husband sinks on his knees before his love and speaks as follows:—

i near will ask you for to love
a husband once depraved enuf
to rob a lady but o you have me saved
arise my dearest husband
for my love you shall not sue
lord earlcat who thought to break
my heart i loved but not like you

I thought my love and idel rent
my proud heart suffered tho
darling i shall near Repent
of marrying only you

The Reviewer. “The Reader must have a heart of stone.”

The Artist. “It strikes me that there is an ominous silence regarding the movements of the false Earcat.”

The Reader. “His share in the romance that bears his name no doubt took place on his return to his fond wife and small felines. I’ll bet ‘cat’ fur flew at Cat Castle.”

The Parson. “The Reader is determined that the title shall not be a misnomer.”

The Office Boy. “Proof!”



III. AT THE GEYSERS.

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old.

Milton.



IN A certain page in a dog-eared old geography is a wood-cut of a gulf filled with great billows of steam. There are figures of men in high silk hats and women in hoops on the borders of the gulf, and we recited in class that the two great natural wonders of the West were — the Geysers and the Yosemite Valley.

There is a halo of romance about those old wood-cuts, poor as they are, that is lasting. All the wonders of the Yellowstone Park have failed to rob them of their charm. When I at last saw that awful gulf and became one of the figures on its brink, it was as full of steam as pictured, and more wonderful than even my schoolboy imaginings had painted it.

It was five o'clock, not a minute later, when the guide knocked at our door in the rambling, wide-verandaed old hotel and we turned out with a readiness that surprised ourselves. It was our second day at the Geysers, and for twenty-four hours we had been gazing wistfully across the deep cañon in whose bottom flowed Pluton Creek, at a great cloud of

steam and vapor that filled a vast rent in the side of the mountain. We had been warned not to undertake its exploration in the heat of the day.

The morning was fresh, clear, and dry, for we were eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and the air was rich with the perfume of the bay-tree that stood just outside our window. The sun was warming the points of Cobb Mountain, three thousand feet above, pushing its heavy shadow directly into the cloud-land of vapors toward which we were climbing. As we crossed the rugged Pluton Creek the smell of the bay-tree was lost in the fumes of sulphur and a little breeze from down the cañon set us coughing.

A rocky glen through which flows a stream of hot water opened before us, and ere we realized the change the ground was soft and rotten beneath our feet and burning to the touch.

We were in the midst of a seething, boiling, roaring furnace of steam. It rose four and five hundred feet above our heads and shut out all view of the narrow, precipitous path by which we came. Wherever we thrust our sticks into the molten rocks jets of steam burst out.

Directly in front of us was the "Devil's Kitchen." With all its greswornness it is curious. On a bench that runs along



"IN THE MIDST OF A SEETHING, BOILING, ROARING
FURNACE OF STEAM."

the side of the cañon is a score of holes like the open lids of a great range. They are not two feet apart, yet in one of them the water is black, barely simmering, veritable ink with which we had inscribed our names on the hotel register, and in the next one a pool of green water is boiling at a furious rate, while a third of milky fluid is undisturbed by its neighbor of amber color that is sending out little jets of steam like a small volcano. As the eye runs along this series of natural pots, kettles, pans, and covers, it is easy to believe that the everlasting feast that is being cooked will be a credit to its chef. The range, the background, the floor, are ornamented with the colors from eighteen distinct minerals; and the vapors that greet the nostrils hold a dozen different acids.

As you penetrate into the bowels of the cañon, the scenery becomes more wild and the noises more ear-splitting, the footing less secure, and the path more uncertain. From fumaroles, cracks, and fissures, steam pours forth. The names with which man has designated these various wonders are all drawn from the nomenclature of hell. The "Devil's Tea Kettle" boils on and on and wastes enough steam and force to propel the Olympia; the "Devil's Gristmill" grinds away, throwing out steam and hot water with energy worthy of a better cause; "Pluto's Punch Bowl" contains a never failing supply of hot lemonade that lacks only sugar. Then there are the "Devil's



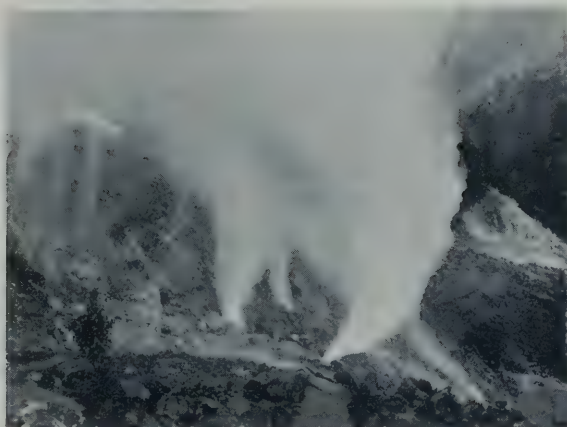
"ROADS THAT HUG THE MOUNTAIN SIDES"

Arm Chair" and the "Devil's Canopy." On the borders of the Epsom salt spring you can scoop up handfuls of salts as pure and white and light as cotton balls, while there is a perfect drug store of sulphur, copperas, magnesia, soda, alum, potash, to be had for the taking.

Description only repeats itself as we work our way slowly and cautiously among this world-wreck and up some hundred and sixty feet to a clayey plateau where we can gaze down in wonderment on the "Steamboat Geysers," which snort and blow so that they can be



THE SLEEPING GIANTS—THE GEYSERS.



THE DEVIL'S TEA KETTLE.

heard miles away. There is no sound that does not greet our ears as we rest. In this fifty acres there are fifty noises, fifty colors, fifty metals, fifty springs, and a host of unanswered questions.

A little further along is the "Lovers' Leap," and nearly two hundred feet below it the "Witches' Cauldron." If the fabled Indian maiden and her lover chief did choose this place to die in each

other's arms, their sublime courage should have won an atonement in the next world for their sin of self-destruction.

It is less than one hundred miles from San Francisco to the Geysers of California and yet in spite of our school-books and summer resort literature they are as little known to our own people as the Geysers of Iceland or the glaciers of Alaska. A ride of sixteen miles from Cloverdale or twenty-five miles from Calistoga in a six-in-hand over roads that hug the mountain sides and

hang over precipices, is an experience that the frequenters of the fashionable resorts know not of. There is no sham in the excitement of the ride and no amateur holds the reins. At times the leader has turned a short bend in the narrow road, while the rear wheels of the coach almost hang over a sheer fall of a thousand feet to the bed of the cañon. Every year this winding, twisting, hair line



THE COURT OF THE GEYSERS SPRINGS HOTEL.



"VAST VISTAS OF MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS."

oad has to be remade; for the winter rains carry it away into the gulfs below. A deer hides in a thicket above you, a party of campers far below wave a string of trout as you dash along, a road-runner like a flash of gray darts away from between the wheelers' feet, or a jack rabbit makes one great leap from under your eyes. Oaks and fir, pines and thickets of red manzanita, line the way and break the unyielding sides of the granite walls. Nature is seen in all its savagery, and a sense of danger stimulates while it awes.

I was wrong when I asserted that all this steam and mineral in the Geyser cañon was wasted, for in the bottom of the Pluton canon below the hotel are vapor baths¹ that have made the resort

celebrated the world over as a sanatorium. The water that flows past it turns a dynamo that lights the cañon and hotel with twinkling incandescent electric lights. It is an ideal summer resort, with its ancient old hotel and cottages, its hot and cold baths, its many medicinal springs, its mountains and cañons, forests and trails. It is ideal even in this land of ideal resorts.

One afternoon astride diminutive burros we left the hotel and dove down into the cool shadows of the cañon. We

¹ Geysers Bathing Water, Light Salino-Boric-Sulphurous Water. Dr. Winslow Anderson, Analyst, .883, Temperature 137 degrees F.

Mineral Ingredients	U. S. gal. contains Grains	Mineral Ingredients	U. S. gal. contains Grains
Sodium Sulphate.....	3.95	Magnesium Salts.....	traces
Potassi'm Sulphate.....	traces	Ferric Sulphate.....	0.25
Magnesium Sulphate.....	0.16	Aluminium Sulphate....	1.87
Magnesium Borate.....	18.20	Boracic Acid.....	0.27
Calcium Sulphate.....	0.73	Silica.....	7.98
Calcium Borate.....	7.10	Organic Matter.....	traces
Total Solids, 40.62			
Free Gases		Cubic Inches	
Free Sulphureted Hydrogen.....		27.90	



READY FOR THE MAN-FIG TREE.



IN PLUTON CAÑON.

were bound for a giant fig tree far up the mountain side. As far as we could see were vast vistas of mountains and valleys. The denuded sides of Eagle Rock rose above a growth of manzanita and madroño. A hawk in gradually lessening circles glided down the gray walls of a volcanic slide and ascended in another moment with a rabbit in its talons. The sun found its way in blotches of light through the network of leaves and wild grape vines above our heads. The burros, impervious to our blows and threats, hardly moved along the narrow trail that at times wound along shifting beds of gravel, where but one mistep would have dropped the rider down hundreds of feet among the great boulders in the bed of the creek. Ofttimes the trail was so steep that we held on with difficulty, and yet our long-eared, short-legged beasts plodded on with the same unvarying regularity that we had found fault with on the level.

The sides of the mountains above the

chaparral belt were as smooth as an English park with here and there a great oak to keep up the similarity. We were a thousand feet or more above the hotel and the air was cool and fresh.

Vast clouds of steam were issuing from the "Tea Kettle" to our right that met the sun and formed a dozen miniature fleeting rainbows. A deep stony arroyo separated us from the great man-fig. We were forced to dismount and crowd our burros into this gulch and up the opposite side. That they resented this treatment we found on our return; for one and all absolutely and positively refused to take one step downward into the arroyo. We pleaded and begged, patted and whipped, to no purpose. They simply braced their four small feet, laid back their long ears, and took it all alike in scornful silence. At last we ranged them along the edge of the arroyo, and then I took a run and a jump and threw my shoulder against the most stubborn of the lot. The move was suc-



A POOL IN PLUTON CAÑON.

cessful. Like a shot the little fellow went over the bank and landed on his feet in the bottom. The others surrendered and scrambled meekly down.

Each day we found a new trail and discovered new views and fresh pleasures. There was something ever surprising in every new outlook and the Geysers, which were always the center

of every vista, held a lasting fascination for our eyes and our thoughts.

The invalid can no doubt profit by a stay in this region and a regular course of one or more of the medicinal springs, but it is the tourist, the mountain climber, the hunter, that gets the best and fully appreciates the days or weeks spent in the heart of this wonderland.

Rounsevelle Wildman.



THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

V.



THE following day Dick journeyed southward as far as Menlo. At the Third and Townsend Street Depot he encountered no less a personage than John Chetwynd. He was passing the explorer with a civil nod when the great man suddenly extended a huge brown hand.

"Where are you going?"

"To Menlo."

"My goal is Del Monte. Come and sit with me in the smoking car."

Somewhat surprised at this invitation, he accepted with alacrity. The prospect of half an hour's talk with this modern Ishmael was alluring.

"You are an Oxford man," said Chetwynd abruptly. "Tell me about so and so." He mentioned the names of a couple of dons, men of international reputation, whom he knew personally.

Dick answered his questions with reserve, but presently Chetwynd told a racy story about the Master of Balliol, which he was encouraged to cap.

"Excellent yarn that," said Chetwynd, "and quite new to me."

Dick began to feel at his ease. The shyness and natural hesitation of his manner vanished. He talked and talked well. Chetwynd lacked that urbanity which—as the name implies—belongs especially to the dweller in cities, but he

was a capital listener, and the frank ingenuousness of young Barrington amused him.

"You find rather a strong contrast between San Francisco and Oxford, I should imagine."

Dick faced steadily the mesmeric glance of his companion.

"Well, *rather*."

"You must feel isolated, — a stranger in a strange land."

"Is this sarcasm?" asked Dick gravely. "Of course, Mr. Chetwynd, I look very English, and talk, so my father says, as an Englishman talks, but I don't like any one to question my patriotism. I feel towards California as Ovid felt toward Rome. As a loyal subject of the Queen you must know exactly what I mean."

"Don't speculate upon my loyalty," said Chetwynd, lighting a large black cigar. "And as to this sentiment you speak of, I cannot share it. I count myself a citizen of the world rather than a British subject."

"Is it true the Queen offered to make you a baronet?" The words were boyish and indiscreet, but the manner of putting the question was void of offense.

"Yes, it is true," replied Chetwynd coldly.

"Do you despise that sort of thing, sir?" asked Dick humbly. He realized his indiscretion.

"Certainly not. If I could have persuaded myself to settle comfortably down to lead the life of a country squire I should have, unquestionably, accepted

¹ Begun in August number.



"MRS. MURRAY LIVED IN A SMALL FIVE-ROOMED HOUSE."

the honor. But my tastes, my habits, and my opinions, conflict too much with British conventionalities. I might have made a good Crusader, but I cannot imagine myself justice of the peace. When a man accepts from a sovereign a title, he practically enlists himself under that sovereign's banner. I am a free lance. Mark you, I've a great respect for English institutions. There is a solidity about them which I find nowhere else, but I claim the liberty of personally doing what I please."

"I too, have a great respect for English institutions," said Dick after a pause, "and I wish they were better understood in this country. I admire the dignified leisure of a big landed proprietor, who has the interests of his tenants at heart."

"Ah, you've been behind the scenes."

"I spent most of my vacations with my cousins, the Langhams of Langley Abbey."

"Are the Langhams your cousins?"

"Yes, my mother was a daughter of Colonel Langham."

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"The man who got the Victoria Cross for pitching a shell out of the trenches before Sebastopol?"

"Yes, he was my grandfather."

"I congratulate you. The Langham strain is a good one. What became of the Colonel?"

"He sold out after the Crimean War and came to the States with his two daughters. He died here, almost penniless. Fred Langham's father was his first cousin."

"Which makes you second cousin once removed to Fred."

"Do you know him, Mr. Chetwynd?"

"Yes," he replied absently. "We belong to the same club, the Travellers, and I once shot tigers with him in Bengal."

"It's queer," said Dick, "but I never heard Langham mention your name."

"He is a good fellow," said John Chetwynd, "and a capital shot, but the ragged edges of his insularity cut our friendship. Here is Menlo. Good-by."

Under other circumstances Dick would have enjoyed further talk with Chetwynd. He would have liked—had he dared—to question him concerning those idiosyncrasies, those queer ideas and tastes, which clashed with old world prejudice, but at that moment he had something better to think about than the opinions of the sun-baked explorer. Phyllis Murray—he murmured the name more than once as he trudged briskly through the village—had occupied his thoughts, to the frequent detriment of a proper use of the caesura, many times during the past four years. For her slender wrist he had selected in the Rue de la Paix the bangle which had provoked so much sisterly solicitude; to find favor in her sight he had arrayed himself in a new blue serge suit, with trousers unbagged at the knee; and to tickle her dainty senses he had bought at the florists a huge bouquet of Parma violets, and at Maskey's a five-pound box of candy!

Mrs. Murray lived in a small five-room house upon the outskirts of Menlo, and as Dick approached he noted, with dismay, that the cottage no longer presented its former trim, well-ordered appearance. A shingle or two had slipped from the roof; the lawn, once so scrupulously mown and watered, was palpably neglected; and the cypress hedge, the pride of Aunt Mary's heart, was untrimmed.

The young man eagerly pushed open the little gate that hung quivering upon a solitary hinge, and as he did so a joyous exclamation fell upon his ears, mingled with the pattering of feet upon wooden steps. Phyllis, it was she, ran lightly down the garden path, flung a pair of white arms around his neck, and pressed a pair of soft, red lips to his.

"Dick," she cried gayly, "is it really you? How perfectly lovely!"

He returned the kiss, and stepping

back, scanned delightedly her lissome figure. Perhaps the warmth of his glance proved embarrassing; perhaps the girl considered the anxiety of an aunt to see a favorite nephew; (the reader can select either hypothesis,) but she suddenly turned and sped up the path to the house.

"Aunt Mary," she cried at the top of her strong young voice. "Aunt Mary. Come out at once. Dick is here."

Mrs. Murray proceeded leisurely to obey this imperative summons. She had never acquired the habit of moving hastily, and the plain sewing upon which she was engaged had to be folded and put aside before she rose from her chair. A faint smile illuminated her face, and two patches of red gathered upon her delicate cheeks, as she welcomed her nephew. Assuredly there was no perverse complexity stamped upon her careworn features. On the contrary, the studied simplicity of her dress and the unstudied simplicity of her face and manners were calculated to impress the least observant. One knew exactly what to expect of her. What she would say. What she would do. What, moreover, she would not do. Ambiguity of speech, for instance, and in particular that form of feminine inveracity euphemistically termed white lies, were abhorrent. She exacted from those who had the honor and privilege of her friendship what she herself rendered to them, the uncompromising, unvarnished truth. A bitter experience of the seamy side of life had traced lines upon that smooth forehead, crowned with its nimbus of silvery hair, but one might safely swear that the heart was still unfurrowed by either time or sorrow. She was some three years younger than her sister, Mrs. Barrington, whom she greatly resembled in features, and had married after the war an officer in Lee's army, a well-born

Southerner, but a man broken down in health and fortune. At the solicitation of Rufus Barrington Captain Murray left his impoverished estate and came to California, but he never prospered. Undesignedly he became the tool of the Democratic party and incurred thereby the bitter hostility of his brother-in-law. Politics severed a link which had never been strong, and of course Mrs. Murray sided with her husband. Finally the Captain died, leaving behind him a penniless widow, burdened too with the care of a niece, the orphan daughter of poor Murray's only brother.

As Dick Barrington took the chair his aunt offered to him he reflected with pleasure that if the outward aspect of the cottage had changed for the worse, the interior, at any rate, remained as he had always known it. Upon the wall hung the old familiar sepia drawings. Above the mantel was the picture, in crayon, of his grandfather, Colonel Langham, in full regimentals, and upon the chimney board, in its ebony and glazed case, reposed the silver mounted sword, presented by the non-commissioned officers of the Hundredth Fusiliers. Upon the wall facing the bow window was another portrait, even still more highly prized; that of Captain Murray in the uniform of the Confederate army, and to the right and left of the fireplace were low book-cases, filled with well bound, well used volumes. Cheek by jowl with an Abbotsford edition of the Waverly Novels might be seen the works of Hooker and Paley and Butler and other doctors of divinity, for Aunt Mary was a staunch churchwoman and a stickler for authority. She belonged to a type that is seldom found west of the Rockies, but common enough still — thank Heaven — in both new and old England.

"You will stay to luncheon, Dick?"

said his aunt, after a couple of pleasant hours. "And I shall make you a potato salad."

Mrs. Murray's income did not warrant the ministrations of a "hired" girl. She and Phyllis did the work between them.

"I shall be delighted, but please don't put yourself out on my account, Aunt Mary. Bread and cheese will do for me."

"Bread and fiddlestick," cried Mrs. Murray. "I shall prepare you a proper meal. I know the way to a man's heart. Phyllis will amuse you in my absence,— or perhaps I should say *you* will amuse her."

But somehow, when the door closed and Dick found himself alone with pretty Phyllis, his tongue—as the California phrase runs—went back on him. It is not easy to pick up the threads of conversation dropped for four long years, and the weaving of fresh strands demands time and patience. But a present furnishes a capital introduction to new topics of interest. Dick produced the small morocco case, and with trembling fingers slipped the bangle over Phyllis's little hand, and was debating in his mind whether or not he might claim a kiss, when a smart knock at the door recalled him to this work-a-day world and its many disappointments.

"Why, it 's Cassius Quirk!" cried Phyllis.

A tall young man in a frock coat (known in America as a Prince Albert), entered the parlor, and accosted Phyllis with what seemed to Dick insolent familiarity.

"This is my cousin Chester," said the girl. Chester was Dick's Christian name, but the nickname of Dick, had clung to the young man from the cradle.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Chester," said Cassius Quirk, with a

comprehensive glance at Dick's blue serge suit. "I see you are an Englishman. Just out, eh?"

"Yes," said Dick dryly. He did not think it was worth while to correct this loud-voiced youth. "I suppose," he reflected, "this beastly cad will make himself scarce in a minute or two."

But "the beastly cad" had no such intention. He appeared to be quite at home in Aunt Mary's small parlor, and chatted to Phyllis with an ease of manner that bespoke an acquaintance of some standing.

"Mr. Quirk," said Phyllis to Dick, "writes for the *Enquirer*."

"What does he write?" asked Dick.

"I can write on any subject," replied Mr. Quirk, "but my forte is interviewing. I interviewed John Chetwynd the other day. He's an Englishman. You've heard of him?"

Dick admitted that he had heard of the explorer.

"I did n't do much with John," continued Mr. Quirk. "Stephen, who does the interviewing for the *Tribune*, had the bulge on me. I met him coming out of the elevator at the Palace with a sickly grin on his face that meant twenty dollars."

"Well, sir, what did Mr. Chetwynd say to you?"

"He did n't say much. The fact is, John is a holy terror. That's what he is. Why they say he's made his dinner many a time off a nigger baby cooked *à la brochette*."

"Do the readers of the *Enquirer* believe lies like that?"

"It's a fact anyway, Mr. Chester, that he abandoned men to die on the line of march. And as for the readers of the *Enquirer*, they like spicy stuff. Of course there is nothing like a fact, but what are you going to do when you have n't got a fact, and your night

editor is shouting himself hoarse for copy?"

"Let us return to Mr. Chetwynd. What did he say to you?"

Mr. Quirk stuck his tongue into the corner of his cheek. He had learned the trick from a popular low comedian.

"He told me to go to Hades. And he did n't call it Hades either. He used a coarser word which I won't repeat before Miss Phyllis here. Stephen had pumped him dry and John was mad."

"What did you do then?" inquired Dick, who was beginning to get interested.

"Why, I obeyed him. That is to say, I turned my back on him without another word, which must have made him squirm, but I was mad myself, mad as a wet hen. However, after I had downed a schooner or two of 'steam' I wrote up a splendid interview, a scorcher. A full column and a half. It hit him where he lived too. You can bet your chips on that."

"You wield a great power, Mr. Quirk, you gentlemen of the metropolitan press."

"Yes, sir, a man can make himself felt. It's a big thing to be on the staff of such a daily as the *Enquirer*. But it takes snap, and brains. You see, Mr. Chester, you're an Englishman and you don't understand our methods. It will take you time to catch on, so to speak, but you'll get there if you give the subject the attention it deserves. Not to put a fine point on it I may say that the reporters of San Francisco write the only history that the people read."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir. Who cares about Romulus and Remus and Bloody Mary! Why, reading about those old stiff is worse than drinking flat lager. It is the history of the 'now' that stirs men's pulses. I feel proud to count myself in my humble way an historian."

"Of course, Mr. Chester, we newspaper men don't have it all our own way. Generally, it's either a feast or a famine. Only today one of the most brilliant and brainy men we have on the paper met me and asked me for a five. 'Charley, my boy,' he said. They call me Charley, you know. Cassius is too classical for 'em. 'Charley,' he said. 'I must raise a five. Can you let me have it?' 'No,' I said, 'but I'll give you half a dollar if that will help.'"

"Did he take it?" asked Phyllis, who had listened to the outpourings of Mr. Quirk with absorbed attention.

"Take it! Why certainly he took it. I've taken half a dollar from him many a time. That's the way it is with us. Up and down; up and down."

Mr. Cassius Quirk remained to luncheon; and after that meal, to which he applied himself with extraordinary vigor, he proposed to Phyllis a game of croquet. Dick was left alone with his aunt.

"Will you tell me," he said gravely, "who this fellow is and what he is doing here?"

"He is a good boy," murmured Aunt Mary, "a dear good boy. Half he makes he gives to his mother. You ask what he does here. I suppose he comes to see Phyllis. Several young men come here for the same purpose, but the dear child is to be trusted. Of course, Dick dear, you came down to see *me*, so it's just as well that we are left alone. I have so much to say to you."

Dick smiled amiably. "After all," he thought, "I can afford to wait."

VI.

BESIDES Dick remembered that if Aunt Mary were not the rose, or perhaps it would be more proper to say "the green bough," she lived near the rose and shared its fragrance. She questioned

him about his plans for the future, and he told her simply that on the second of January he was to take a place in his father's bank.

"Have n't you Barringtons got money enough?" she asked.

"Too much. But we must take care of it."

"I am sorry, Dick, to think that you have decided to soil your nice clean hands with money grubbing."

"That is rather an illogical sentiment, Aunt Mary. You assume that because some grasping persons have befouled themselves it must therefore be the common lot of all engaged in business."

As he answered he remembered that his aunt was merely voicing his own feelings on the subject. He had come himself to the conclusion, a conclusion he proposed to keep under lock and key, that the high road to wealth, great wealth, was horribly miry in places; and that foot passengers, if they expected to attain the goal, must pay the penalty of dirty shoes, tread they never so circumspectly. He had no wish to anticipate these views, and his inherent modesty reminded him that possibly he was mistaken. A man of twenty-three has much to learn. But the conviction remained deep down in his soul that no one can accumulate, say five millions, with moral impunity. His father—he hardly dared formulate the thought—had curious ethics on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*; that story of the rails festered. Fred Langham, he mused, would call such a transaction a d——d swindle. Of course Fred was outspoken. John Chetwynd bore witness to that. But most of his friends at Oxford would have endorsed his cousin's opinion. He knew that the old man was regarded in San Francisco as an honorable citizen, a beacon light to the rising generation,—but was not his father's wisdom the wisdom of Ulysses?

—that crafty, unscrupulous sagacity which commands the applause of the groundlings, and in its very essence is savage and barbaric. The sweetness and culture of university training sternly condemned the doctrine of expediency, and by that doctrine only Rufus Barrington was justified.

"However," he continued, "to descend from generals to particulars I don't mind assuring you that I have neither wish nor capacity to add to the family pile. To gratify my father I propose to master the rudiments of finance."

"Put it how you please, Dick, the fact remains you are going into business, and I dislike the idea."

"So do I."

"O no," she replied tartly, "I see that you like it."

"Now, Aunt Mary, how can you tell what I like. Just to astonish you I shall confess — this is between ourselves — that my idea of a good time is to lie in a punt in some quiet backwater of the Thames on a broiling day about the end of July, with the sunlight filtering through the willows, and the hum of insects above and the gurgle of water below, and some cool beer in the locker, and an inspiring book. It may appear strange to you, but I prefer that sort of thing to balancing myself upon a high stool from ten to three."

"Punts and beer, indeed!" cried Aunt Mary.

"I don't want to sail under a false flag," said Dick. His lips were twitching, and his keen, ugly pleasant face was illumined with good humor. "So I've told you the truth. I plead guilty to the charge of indolence, but I'm not an idolater. I feel towards the Golden Calf very much as you do. Let's change the subject. It's my turn to scold you. Do you know you've sadly neglected your pretty lawn?"

Aunt Mary winced.

"I cannot accept money from your father," she replied with compressed lips, and a baleful gleam in her fine blue eyes. "For two years I've not touched a cent of the allowance he made me at my husband's death. It's paid into the bank as usual, but I shall never draw it out,—never."

"Don't say that, Aunt Mary. It isn't like you to feel so bitterly. The money was given you ungrudgingly. Why should you hesitate to accept it. It's not fair to us. It's not fair to yourself. It's not fair to Phyllis."

"Since your mother and I agreed that it would be better not to meet I've not touched her husband's money. I have enough to keep the wolf from the door, and I can take boarders if necessary."

There was a note of inflexible obstinacy, not only in the words, but in the tone and appearance of the speaker, which effectually disarmed remonstrance. To combat his aunt's resolve, so Dick reasoned, would be merely kicking against the pricks. Her mind was made up, but perhaps an appeal to her heart would not be thrown away.

"Mother is very lonely without you," he said softly.

"And do you think that I am not lonely without her? But we cannot meet. She laughs at what I hold most dear, my faith."

"My mother never laughed at your faith. You know that, Aunt Mary."

"That is true, but you must understand what I mean to say. Your mother lives now in an atmosphere of unbelief. That atmosphere I cannot breathe and live,—it stifles me."

She put her hand to her throat as she spoke, and the pallor of her face marked the intensity of her emotion. "You do not know what my faith has been, and is to me. I don't speak now as the mem-

ber of any particular church, but as a Christian, as a woman who believes in Christ as God, not Christ—as your mother conceives him—the good, moral man, the amiable teacher, the hero of an idyl, but Christ the second person of the Trinity. The one conception goes to the very roots of my soul, stirs every fiber of my being, but the other leaves me desolate.”

Dick was not prepared for this outburst. He felt unable to cope with the issues involved. His sympathy was with the Christians, but he knew that the controversy bristled with difficulties. As an undergraduate he had read the Essays of Mill, and tried to assimilate the awful pessimism of that great thinker. He had heard it said “that the whole constitution of the world would be an unpardonable crime did it issue from a power that knew what it was about”. He had had the “Theological Bias” hurled at his head as the product of antecedent physical, and sociological conditions, and had remained unconvinced of the truth of the definition. Huxley could not destroy his belief in the divine verities of religion. The outpourings of Colonel Blatant filled him only with wrath and indignation. He had dipped deep enough into the origins of Christianity to know and despise the superficial arrogance that delivered final judgment upon problems that had puzzled the best and wisest of mankind. On the other hand he was equally unable to accept blindly all the dogmas and doctrines of the great doctors of the church. He felt that the higher criticism had impugned their authority, undermined their arguments, and that a new point of view altogether was required. Perhaps the thought that eventually crystallized in his mind was this: that any secularization of morals was fraught with the greatest danger to the masses; that the divine authority of

Christ appealed to his reason with a force and eloquence that would not, or could not, be denied; and that he, personally, was well content to remain in the bosom of that church into which he had been baptized and confirmed. But coupled with this conviction was a certain element of irritation. He felt that the “cussedness” of things—to quote his exact mental expression—was exasperating! Already the pleasure of his home-coming was marred. In a vague unformulated way he realized that he would have to decide between his mother and her sister, and that too at a crisis in his fortunes when any positive action was peculiarly distasteful. He told himself that this was not his affair, but conscience was not so easily stifled. His better nature suggested that it was indeed very much his affair; that neutrality would be pusillanimous; that as a Christian and a man of honor he could no longer hold his peace.

“Aunt Mary,” he said gravely, and speaking with strong emphasis, “I do not feel as you do. I fear that I’m only a Laodicean; but my mother’s miserable condition of mind touches me to the quick.”

“Then you do not share your father’s views. You are not a materialist.”

“Most certainly not.”

“Thank God! Thank God for that. Your mother has drifted apart from me. How could it be otherwise? A woman must adopt to a certain extent the likes and dislikes of her husband. Rufus Barrington cannot tolerate the sight of me or mine. He always disapproved of Alice coming here, and could hardly be civil to me in his own house. Don’t say a word. You know that I do not exaggerate. Money, the gulf that has always yawned between the rich and the poor, divided us long ago, and now this terrible agnosticism has widened the

breach. We have nothing in common,—nothing.”

“And yet,” said Dick, “she needs you now as she never needed you before. Why, only last night she told me that she did not know what to believe or disbelieve. She is muddled—as she puts it—and the word is printed in the blackest letters across her dear face.”

“Poor Alice,” murmured Mrs. Murray softly.

“Poor indeed,” echoed her nephew, “if her only sister deserts her in the hour of need.”

Mrs. Murray made no reply, but the young man saw that his chance shaft had sped to the mark. He had tact enough to say no more. In the distance he could hear the light laughter of Phyllis and Cassius Quirk. That young man was taking his leave, and presently insisted upon wringing heartily Dick’s own right hand.

“I’m very glad to have met you, Mr. Chester, and if I can do anything for you call on me. I’d go through fire and water for any cousin of Miss Phyllis, and you can always hear of me at the office of the *Enquirer*.”

An hour later Dick bade his aunt good-by. He intimated that he had some business in the village; that in the course of four years certain changes might be looked for; and that, under the circumstances, the services of a guide could hardly be dispensed with. Miss Phyllis Murray naturally placed herself at his disposal.

“And now, Dick, I’m dying to hear something about England and the English girls. Of course you left your heart behind you.”

“My heart, Phyllis, is, and always has been, in California. Make a mental note of that, please.”

“But the English girls, those delight-

ful maidens we read about, with their roseleaf complexions, Juno-like figures, and gentle, demure ways. Tell me about the ‘Miss Langhams.’”

“Gentle, demure ways!” repeated Dick. “Well, Phyllis, I don’t know what to say. I was at Langley last October and I remember very well what my cousins answered when I inquired tenderly after their health. ‘We are fit as fiddles,’ they said; and they added that they were so glad that they had been out cubbing regularly,—cubbing means hunting the cub foxes, you know,—because the exercise had made them as ‘hard as nails.’ The ambition of those young ladies is to ride straight to hounds,—not a bad ambition either,—and if you could see them taking their own line across that Oxfordshire country it would make your hair stand on end.”

“Did you hunt the fox?”

“Hunt? Of course I did.”

“And get the tail?”

“Brush,” corrected Dick. “No I did not carry off many brushes. The ladies generally get them, but I have brought back a mask or two, just to remind me of the good times I had.”

“I’m ever so glad you did n’t break your neck. Your return home will give Aunt Mary a new lease of life. Henry never comes to see us, and Helen very seldom. But you will come often,—won’t you?”

Dick eyed her askance. Was this coquetry? he asked himself. No. The girl’s honest eyes met his steadily. He reflected ruefully that her heart was certainly whole so far as he was concerned.

“I am not a ladies’ man, you know, but—”

“But you are a ladies’ man,” she interrupted. “I am sure that all ladies like you. You are so cheery and so sympathetic, you never pay silly com-

pliments, and you don't make love. Why you are just the kind of man women like."

This ingenious induction amused Dick.

"But I could make love if I tried," he said, with a broad grin. "I feel infinite capacity in me for that sort of thing."

Phyllis laughed. Her laugh lacked the silvery quality that distinguished the laugh of Helen Barrington, but it came from her heart and was good to hear.

"How funny you are! Fancy your making love! I suppose you will some day and I hope I shall be around."

"I hope you will," he answered promptly.

They had walked nearly half way to the village and were approaching a small shanty, situated in a charming little garden. Dick suddenly stopped. An idea had struck him.

"Does Uncle Joseph still live there?"

"Yes."

"Let's go in and see him. I have a job for him."

"Why, it's Master Dick," cried the old man. "Wal, wal,—an' growed too."

Mr. Joseph Claggett had once occupied the post of head gardener in the household of Rufus Barrington. Full of years and honors (he had several silver medals and one gold one, all awarded by the San Francisco Horticultural Society), he had retired to Menlo, upon a handsome pension: but his interest in the Barrington family had rather increased than diminished, and Dick, in particular, he had always regarded as the "toolip" of his race.

"I'm in an awful hurry, Uncle Joseph, but I want you to find me a competent man to fix up Mrs. Murray's yard."

"It needs fixin'," remarked Uncle Joseph.

"It does indeed, and I want you to see that it's properly done."

"Yes, Master Dick, I'll see to it myself. Maybe you and Miss Murray would like a glass o' sweet cider."

"No, thank you," they said together.

"I was forgettin'," said Mr. Claggett, "that you was growed up. Sweet cider lies cold on a grown man's stomach. I dass n't drink it myself, but the women-folks kinder like it. But, Master Dick," he continued, anxious to do the honors, "I've some mighty fine whisky here, which your father sent me last Christmas."

"I will take a thimbleful of that," said the young man, wishing to humor an old and faithful servant. So the inevitable bottle was produced and the rites of Bacchus sacredly observed. Dick refused a second glass, much to the surprise and disgust of Mr. Claggett.

"Now you understand, Uncle Joseph," he said, as he shook the gardener's horny hand, "I am coming down here again in a day or two and I expect to find that yard in good shape if it takes half the unemployed in Menlo to do it."

"You trust me, Master Dick, and you won't have no kick a comin'."

"And now," said Dick cheerily, "the next thing is to find a painter."

"A painter?" said Phyllis.

"Yes, a painter. I want a snow scene painted on that house of yours, and the shutters touched up with bright green, and the roof with dark red."

"You are a good man," said Phyllis thoughtfully. They had passed through Mr. Claggett's garden gate and were approaching the village.

"Nonsense, Phyllis. There is nothing of the saint about me. For Heaven's sake don't put me on a pedestal."

"But you are good," she persisted, regarding him intently with limpid eyes. "You are unselfish and thoughtful. Very few young men think of others."

Dick listened to these gracious words with a singular lifting of the heart.

"There is Cassius Quirk," he remarked abruptly. "I should call him unselfish. Aunt Mary says he supports his mother out of his miserable earnings. That means self-denial and self-sacrifice."

"And that is why I like him. I don't know many nice men," she added regretfully. "Most of my gentleman friends—don't you hate the expression, 'gentleman friends'?—are vain, conceited, and inane; I think I prefer the society of my own sex. There must be many splendid men in the world, but I have n't met them, but I have met splendid women; there is Aunt Mary. O Dick, you may thank God every hour of the day you were not born a woman."

Her earnestness surprised him.

"Is a woman's lot so pitiable?"

"Yes, a thousand times, yes! We are so helpless, such slaves to circumstance. Do you know, Dick, I sometimes lie awake at night and tremble at the thought of what the future may hold for me. Life is pleasant now, but it was pleasant once for Aunt Mary. And yet think how she has suffered. If I could lift the veil and peep into futurity and see the same sorrow and care awaiting me, I should wish, I should pray, that I might die,—now! I spoke to our clergyman about it one day, and he said that her trials had perfected her character, but I doubt it. Her trials have partially soured the original sweetness of her temper. She is sometimes irritable and impatient, and even unjust, but she is a saint, poor dear, all the same. Now if she had been a man she would have found compensations,—who can doubt that?"

"You must n't borrow trouble, Phyllis. Life is a queer jumble as we all know, but a morbid view of it makes confusion doubly confounded."

"I don't look very morbid, do I?"

she asked with a quick smile, "but I have seen so much trouble, here and in the South; and we Southerners seem so powerless to resist it when it comes. The Northern women have more 'snap,' as Cassius calls it. They become typewriters, and telegraph operators, and Heaven knows what beside, but Aunt Mary and I are made of less plastic clay. All we can do is to sit patiently and bear the burdens that fate lays upon us. Our incapacity is exasperating."

As she spoke her cheeks were tinted with the softest, most delicate flush; her eyes sparkled with animation; and her soft Southern accent—that accent which has been reproduced by some writers with almost phonographic correctness, and which the present historian has no intention of rendering—was melodiously audible. Was Sorrow destined to touch with defacing fingers this radiant personality? Not, thought Dick, if he could prevent it.

"Ah!" she continued, "we need a nineteenth century Aeschylus to depict a female Prometheus, with the vulture Helplessness tearing at her breast,"

"Prometheus!" echoed the young man. "What do you know about Prometheus?"

"More than you suppose, sir. Have we not Shelley, and Mrs. Browning, and Plumptre on our book-shelves. Aunt Mary and I have been keeping pace with you. We cannot read your crabbed Greek, but we can enjoy good poetry in English. Do you think we sit and twirl our thumbs when we have no one to talk to? Does not our plain living argue high thinking?"

Her mood had changed.

"Dear me, you are quite a blue-stocking, I expect. Does the chivalric Cassius share this enthusiasm? His hair is long enough for a poetaster."

"The chivalric Cassius, and he is

chivalrous, Dick, does not care for poetry. He calls it 'slop,' and dubbs Tennyson a 'chump.' I fear he is a Philistine."

"Why does he persist in calling me Mr. Chester?"

"Because he thinks that is your name. I did not undeceive him for obvious reasons. He is a newspaper man. If he had known you as the son of your father he might possibly have made you the subject of an article. As it is, he regards you as a harmless Britisher with no claim upon his pen. Here is the painter's."

Dick strode into the small, turpentine-reeking store, and gave his orders, while Phyllis outside paced slowly up and down the sidewalk. There was a frosty crispness in the air, and the salt breeze blew freshly from the bay. Dick, when he rejoined his companion, remarked with grave concern that she looked cold. He further observed that her flimsy jacket was of obsolete mode; that her hat showed signs of wear; and these symbols of poverty moved him profoundly. He debated inwardly whether he could, with propriety, send her a sealskin, and decided to do so vicariously in the person of his mother.

"It is cold," she replied, shivering slightly. "I must go home."

They had walked to the corner of the block, and crossing the road, stood for a moment in the lee of a mighty cypress hedge.

"Goodby," she said, extending her slim hand. "Goodby, Dick, it has done us ever so much good seeing you again; and we are so proud of the degree you took, and the medal for the Latin verse, and the other academic—that is the adjective, I think—yes, the other academic honors."

"May I have a kiss?" he asked humbly, "a cousinly kiss."

"I don't know, Dick. I have sud-

denly remembered that we are not cousins, not even relations. However, no brother could be dearer to me than you are, so you may take a little one,—if you like."

VII.

DICK returned to San Francisco upon the afternoon train, a prey to bitter-sweet reflections. The future, fertilized by the love of Phyllis, presented a glittering and enchanting prospect, a land of promise indeed, a very Canaan, but if this mental landscape so alluring and ravishing to the eye should prove a fool's paradise,—what then? What if the staff of hope upon which he had leaned during the past four years should turn out a reed!

These and similar misgivings oppressed his spirits, usually so buoyant, with a weight as of lead. Before his matriculation Phyllis and he had been the best of friends, but even then his susceptibilities had been fanned into a flame that waxed all the hotter for being suppressed. How could he talk of marriage to a chit of fifteen? If he had, she would have chaffed him unmercifully; and ridicule, to a boy of nineteen, is more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt. He had carried with him to England the comfortable assurance that she *liked* him better than anyone else, except of course Aunt Mary. At Oxford the memory of her sweet face had kept him straight, and had inspired, moreover, the *magnum opus*, the Latin poem.

For a laurel-crowned youth our Corydon was singularly modest. His estimate of women was possibly exaggerated. For instance, it never occurred to him that Phyllis, like Danae, might be wooed in a golden shower. Of his father's enormous wealth, and its concomitant advantages, he was comfortably aware,

but he suspected shrewdly that this mountain of dollars rather accentuated than diminished the difference between the son of Rufus Barrington and the daughter of a ruined Southern planter. The girl's pride, even supposing that he were fortunate enough to secure her love, must be taken into account. To outweigh his father's opposition he counted upon the assistance of his mother and sister, and eventually upon the kindness and common sense of the old man himself. He was prepared to encounter the shafts of Helen's wit, but he knew that after she had enjoyed her laugh he could rely upon her active sympathy and co-operation. Mrs. Barrington's sympathy would be passive, but might be reckoned as a *vis inertiae* that would tell in the long run. He determined to sound her first. There was the matter of the sealskin jacket to be arranged, and another question of pressing importance to be decided. This latter involved the propriety of sending or withholding an invitation to a masquerade ball to be given by his mother on New Year's Eve. To his intense disgust and disappointment his mistress had not received a card. He had learned as much from Mrs. Murray, who spoke with bitterness, and rejected scornfully the hypothesis of "a mistake." This ball would be the great function of the holidays, and preparations for the entertainment of San Francisco's four hundred were being made upon a stupendous scale.

He sought his mother's room, a charming boudoir next her bedroom, exquisitely decorated in ivory white and gold, and found her lying upon the sofa, prostrated with headache. She revived sufficiently to ask him innumerable questions about her sister. How was she looking? Did she send her love? Did she propose a meeting? Did she speak about

religion? To all of these queries Dick replied patiently. Presently his own turn came.

"Why has n't an invitation been sent to Phyllis?"

"An invitation to our ball, my dear?"

"Yes,—your oversight has cut Aunt Mary to the quick."

"It was not an oversight. Your father—you know how prejudiced he is—dislikes the poor child."

"What a shame,—what a burning shame!"

As the words left his lips he perceived that his father had entered the room and was standing in the doorway. The thick Axminster carpet had effectually smothered the sound of his heavy tread. His massive body almost filled the aperture, and the brocaded portières formed a fitting frame for his imposing figure. Dick compared, with a sharp inward pang, the ripe, satiny smoothness of his face with the anxious, pained expression that distorted the sweet features of Mrs. Barrington. The millionaire crossed the room, bent down, and kissed his wife, and then turned, good humoredly.

"What is a shame, young man?"

"It's a shame," replied Dick impetuously, "that no card for the ball has been sent to Phyllis Murray. I ran down to Menlo today to see my aunt, and told her there must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all, my boy."

"She is a connection of ours, sir, and besides that, a girl that can hold her own in any society. Why should this slight be put upon her?"

"Because, damn it, I am master in my own house, and I don't propose to entertain the spawn of that cursed rebel."

"Rufus," sighed Mrs. Barrington, "pray don't use such strong language. You are so melodramatic sometimes, and I have a headache."

"Your headaches are very convenient."

He spoke with irritation. His wife's headaches and other ailments provoked, not his pity and sympathy, but his spleen. He attributed her failing health to biliousness caused by want of proper exercise, and albeit a kindly man, had convinced himself that she was something of a *malade imaginaire*.

His heartless tone goaded the son to prolong a useless discussion. Ordinarily he would have held his peace. His father never tolerated opposition or criticism from members of the family. But Dick was now a man, and at any time fond of an argument for its own sake.

"You visit the sins of the father upon the daughter."

"I do,—unto the third and fourth generation."

"There will be the wives and daughters of fifty rebels here on New Year's Eve."

"Possibly."

"It seems absurd to bar out Phyllis Murray. Her father was an honorable man. He acted, as you did, according to his lights."

The son spoke warmly, raising his voice, but the father perceptibly cooled. It was a cherished principle with him to keep his own temper when other folk were in danger of losing theirs. He could fly into an apparently towering passion when it suited his purpose, but his enemies said that he was most dangerous when calm and collected. At this moment he was as suavely bland as when he entered the room.

"You will not question my right to invite here whom I please?"

"Any right may be abused."

"Certainly. You are abusing yourself the rights of a son in assuming this hectoring tone with me. I'm not angry. On the contrary, I'm amused at your

impertinence. However, I shall give you a word advice. You're too intelligent not to take a hint from a man older and wiser than yourself. I wish you to remember that I am not responsible to you for my actions, and that I brook no interference with my plans from any source whatsoever. I trust the occasion will not be far distant when I may ask your advice and act upon it, if it suits me, but till that time comes keep your own counsel."

He spoke emphatically, but with a smile playing about his lips, and closed the discussion by leaving the room.

"Why did you argue with him, Dick. Surely you know better than that."

"I lost my temper, like a fool, and with it my cause. A little diplomacy would have spared me this humiliation. His sneer at your poor headache has cost Phyllis her card."

He bent and kissed his mother's forehead.

"Your father is so strong that he can not make allowance for the weakness of others. But, my dear, don't feel hardly towards him. He has been so good to me, so kind, so generous, and he has reason to hate the name of Murray. After all, what is Phyllis to you?"

"She is *everything*," he murmured.

Mrs. Barrington glanced at him nervously.

"Was the bracelet for her, Dick?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean to say that,—"

"I mean exactly that," he interrupted. "I mean that I love her."

"Love her!" repeated his mother. "Why you are both of you mere children."

"I'm twenty-four, and she is nineteen. William Pitt I believe was prime minister of England at twenty-four. At any rate I'm old enough to know my own mind."



DICK, IS IT REALLY YOU?

"Your father will never give his consent."

"I've not the consent of Phyllis yet."

Mrs. Barrington breathed a heartfelt sigh at this intelligence. She reflected rapidly that the ardors of her son, her Benjamin, would be fanned by opposition, into fiercer flame. She must temporize. She sat up on the sofa. Her headache was banished. Her eyes were no longer heavy with suffering. All her maternal instincts were whetted to keenness.

"Phyllis is a dear girl," she began. "I could take her to my arms gladly. Any mother might be proud to call her daughter. She is well bred, well educated, beautiful, and—"

"She is all that and more! Dear mother, I knew I could count upon your sympathy."

"Phyllis is also as proud as Lucifer."

"Of course she is proud. She has reason to be proud."

"If you wish to win her you must be very careful."

"In what way must I be careful?"

"She knows your father's bitter feelings. Do you think for an instant that she will thrust herself unwelcomed into this family. It is an insult to her to suppose anything of the kind. You must use common prudence, Dick, and dissemble."

The young man laughed gayly.

"I shall dissemble, mother, if you say so. The end will justify the means. Machiavelli shall be outdone by your son. Proceed."

"It is essential that you should remember how dear you are to your father. He loves you, Dick, better than the others. Henry is cold and self-centered. Helen often provokes him. You have his entire confidence. He has been making endless plans for your advancement. For the past year it has been Dick this, and Dick that. Do you wish to forfeit this love and confidence?"

"God forbid."

"Ah, my dear, the love and affection of those nearest to us are what makes life worth living. We cannot afford to lose, or to trifle with, so sacred a possession. But how few of us realize its value till it is gone. And the bloom of tenderness is so easily brushed off. Your father counts upon you to fill worthily his place; he has pinned his hopes, his faith, his pride to you."

"But mother, must I choose between him and Phyllis?"

"I am coming to that. Don't you see, my child, that your sole chance of winning your bride lies in the palm of your father's hand. If you provoke his opposition, you provoke the opposition of Phyllis. If on the other hand you cher-

sh his affection for you, and prove yourself worthy of his confidence and respect, you can ask and receive anything. He is the most generous of men. But remember that till now you owe him everything. He owes you nothing. Prove to him your value. Leave love-making alone for the present. See Phyllis occasionally, not too often. Exercise a little self-denial."

"These are wise words, mother."

"I am not wise, Dick. Sometimes my heart misgives me. I feel that I have neglected Helen; that I have not held upon her that a wise mother should have upon a daughter. Henry corns my apron strings. He stands alone. That too must be my fault."

"No, no," cried her son.

"I am superstitious," she continued, with a slight shiver. "I believe in presentiments. Have you ever considered, Dick, what marvelous prosperity we have enjoyed?"

"We have certainly been very lucky."

"It has been nearly always sunshine with us, but the shadow must come. Who can escape the terrible laws of compensation? I have often lain awake at night and wondered what awful afflictions fate held in store for us. Lately I have had a feeling that the change is near at hand. "*You*—she emphasized the pronoun—"could precipitate it. That is why I implore you to be prudent, for your own sake and for ours. Keep your attachment a secret. If your father suspected today your love for Phyllis he would be furious. And with no hold upon his confidence, what influence could you bring to bear? He would certainly see my sister. There would be a terrible scene."

"Enough, enough," cried Dick. "I recognize the force of what you say. I must establish my record. I must work

for my Rachel. Why not? I shall see her now and again. With you for my ally I feel that all things are possible. I have nearly made an immeasurable ass of myself. With a little encouragement I should have declared myself today. But Phyllis is quite heart whole so far as I am concerned. She does not regard me as a possible Romeo, I can assure you."

Dearly as Mrs. Barrington loved her son she could not help hoping that Phyllis would continue in this amiable condition. It would simplify matters immensely. In temporizing she had his welfare at heart, and her advice was probably the very best that could be given under the circumstances. She knew her husband. As she said, he was generous to a fault. Properly approached an easy man to deal with. She did not despair, therefore, of ultimately obtaining his consent, but she realized fully that the matter demanded the utmost tact and delicacy, and might possibly lead to miserable complications. Mrs. Barrington had not lived her life for nothing. From a girl she had been interested more in others than in herself. She talked little and thought much. Such persons develop by practise a marvelous faculty of accurate and discriminating observation. They possess a chameleon-like readiness of absorbing local color. They habitually make the most exasperating allowances for the faults and follies of others. Their altruism often begets an insidious selfishness in other members of the family. As years pass by the conviction is forced upon them that peace, peace at any price, is the great desideratum. Mrs. Barrington had long ago adopted the rôle of arch-mediatrix, and her favorite policy was one of non-resistance. At this particular juncture her mind dwelt with pleasure upon the fact that the affections of Phyllis were

disengaged. Her son, with his keen eyes fixed upon her placid face, fathomed these reflections.

"Don't forget, mother," he said gravely, "that I love Phyllis. She is the alpha and omega of my future. I have the disease badly. As a man only gets it once in his life. For a time I'm willing to wait and work. But not forever."

There was something austere in his tone; a note of self-respect that appealed to his mother.

"I shall remember," she replied simply, a faint blush mantling upon her cheeks. "After all, Dick, I am glad that my son should have the stimulus of a good woman's love, even if it has not been given to him. If anything will awaken your full powers, that will. Without it a man can hardly attain to his perfect stature. But," her gentle voice faltered, "don't set your heart too exclusively upon this love that may never be yours."

She passed her delicate hand over his head, and stroked his hair. Suddenly he seized her straying fingers and pressed them eagerly to his lips.

"Dear little hand," he whispered. "How cool it is! How soft! I often thought of it in England. Is your headache bad, mother?"

His anxiety to show that his love for her had undergone no change touched her profoundly.

"My headache is quite gone. Your exciting news charmed it away."

"Mother," he said presently, "do you know that Aunt Mary is very poor? She talks of taking boarders."

"Why, she has her allowance."

"Which she has not touched for two years."

Mrs. Barrington winced.

"O! Mary, Mary," she murmured, "how hard you are, how unforgiving."

"Phyllis," continued Dick, "has no winter jacket. To think of us living in all this luxury, and those two women down at Menlo with hardly a decent rag to their backs."

He spoke with pardonable exaggeration.

"What can I do, my dear?"

"You might send Phyllis a Christmas present. A nice warm jacket, a seal-skin. She would take it from you."

"But I have no money, my dear,—not a cent."

He looked at her incredulously.

"Your father," she continued, "pays all bills and he looks over every item. He gives me everything I want but ready money."

"That is hardly fair to you."

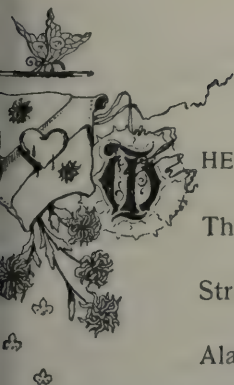
"I have such a wretched head for figures. I get confused and your father is so exact. When we married he tried his best to teach me book-keeping. It was Sanskrit and Arabic to me. I made as bad a muddle of my accounts as the first Mrs. Copperfield did. Of course I could buy a sealskin for Phyllis but the chances are Rufus would find it out, and do you think it would be wise to risk that?"

"I'll buy the jacket, and you shall send it. Phyllis would not take such a present from me. To-morrow you and I shall go shopping."

"I fear, Dick, that you have, as you say, got the disease very badly."

Horace Annesley Vachell.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



BALLADE.

WHEN RICHARD LOVELACE CAME TO WOO.

The feet of time make fast apace,
And we, like players in a play,
Strut up and down our little space,
And act our parts as best we may :
Alas ! Alack ! and Well-a-day !

The stage is dight in somber hue,
Where once that stately vogue held sway,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

And much we marvel as we trace
The feuds and foibles passed away ;
While pomp of power, and pride of place
Troop down the years in grand array :
In court and camp, in fête and fray,
Fickle and flippant, staunch and true,
Such were the gallants, bold and gay,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

In doublet fine, and frills of lace,
The lover sought his suit to pay ;
With such a form and such a face,
Who could resist his plea, I pray ;
And then that tender roundelay,
So like a wood-dove's plaintive coo,
Sweet Lucy could not say him nay,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

Envoy.

Ho Kentish Towers ! your lordly race
Had swords to draw, and deeds to do,
In that eventful Year of Grace,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

Lucius Harwood Foote.





IN CALIFORNIA.



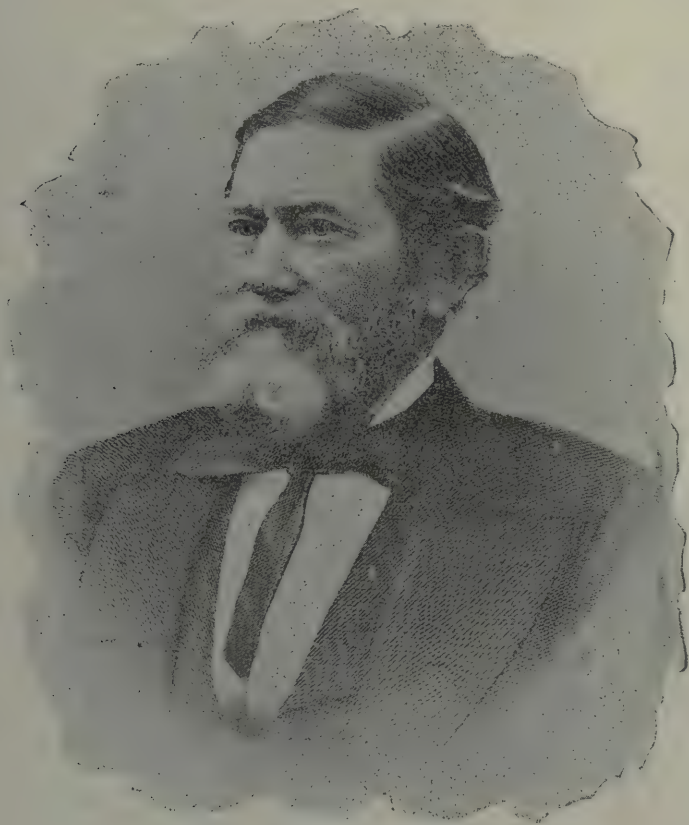
float its flag from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. At one time overshadowed by sectional strife, and then pressed into the background by the great achievements of the Civil War, the brave warriors of Cerro Gordo, Vera Cruz, Buena Vista, Chihuahua, and the City of

IN the half century, since the Mexican War the grave has claimed many of its heroes, and yet but meager praise has been meted as their portion in the glory of a nation which they enabled to

Mexico, have received little of the recognition due them. Slavery has been done away, and brotherly feeling has largely healed its animosities. Still the issues of those days, are not so dead that the politician does not occasionally resurrect them that the sinewless bones may play a part in the living present. Partisan interests bring up the agitations which led to the Mexican War, and twist and bend the records to serve the aspirations of the candidate for office. A presidential campaign has rarely ended without several skirmishes over the "Occupation of Mexico." The situation is defiantly sustained by those of one political faith; while the opponents denounce it as an aggressive and disgraceful slavery measure. But it is never proposed to restore the territory ceded as a result of

the bravery of the men of '46. If that question should come up, North, South, East, and West, would rise to declare the War with Mexico justifiable, its heroes second only to those of the Civil War and brothers of the Declarers of Independence, and its results a glorious achievement in the history of the United States.

The unsettled condition of the States of Central and South America, gives a clear conception of the grave disadvantages under which Texas developed into the importance of Statehood. It was only yesterday that a fleeing President of Guatemala was anchored without the portals of the Golden Gate, asking for sanctuary and the protection of our flag.



CAPTAIN J. C. HAYS.

The documentary evidences preserved in Washington—the diplomatic and House correspondences, presidential messages, Senate documents and journals—give abundant proof that the government acted in good faith and with judgment in its negotiations previous to, during, and after, annexation proceedings.

Instated and deposed Ezetas were the familiar and ruling feature of the Mexican government of the day when the spirit of independence and a love of order grew among the people of Texas. It was then they took up arms to support a federal system. Once having tested the strength and realized the great possibilities of the

country, a desire of freedom from a trammeling power naturally followed.

There is no record that the United States stimulated or encouraged their rising hopes. The Texans adopted a declaration of independence, and after the battle of San Jacinto received recognition from the defeated Mexican President, Santa Anna. Still this government held a dignified silence. It sustained its international policy to the sacrifice of its interest.

For ten years Texas maintained its independence. Great Britain and France acknowledged the Lone Star Republic. This nation held aloof, although there was little reason for consideration for Mexico. Our relations with that government were strained. It had been found impossible to preserve strict amity and respect the treaty of 1831. At last the recognition came, and following soon after was the earnestly expressed desire of the citizens of the new republic for annexation. The formal petition for admission into the Union would probably have been eagerly accepted by statesmen, had it not involved the subject of African slavery. It created warm discussion in Congress. Senator Benton gave the key note that ruled the thought of the day when he said, "Nine slave States of the area of Kentucky could be formed out of the two hundred thousand square miles of undisputed territory held by Texas."

Looking back and thoughtfully weighing the many changes and developments that have come with the years, we can but consider it well that Texas formed part of the Union during the dark days of the Civil War, in place of having existed as an independent slaveholding republic.

During four administrations, Jackson's, Van Buren's, Harrison and Tyler's, and Polk's, the United States was tormented

by the attitude of Mexico. Vessels sailing under the American flag were plundered, — goods of merchants confiscated, — and owners or agents imprisoned. The advent to power of each usurper in Mexico was attended by renewed violation of law and rights. President Jackson in his message to Congress in 1837 said the outrages would justify immediate war. The two houses of Congress coincided with Jackson that an act be passed authorizing reprisal. The annual message of Van Buren in the first year of his administration finds that, "for not one of our public complaints had satisfaction been given or offered." President Polk in December, 1846, says, "The course of seizure and confiscation of the property of our citizens, the violation of their persons, and the insult to our flag, pursued by Mexico previous to that time (the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, of April 5, 1831) were scarcely suspended for even a brief period."

Of the unsettled, demoralized state of Mexico during the era that resulted in the war with the United States, history paints a vivid picture. Mr. Webster, though he was a leader of the Whig Party to resist the annexation of Texas, felt constrained as Secretary of State in 1842 to instruct the American minister to Mexico to call the attention of that government to the manner in which the war against Texas was prosecuted as being totally opposed to the usages of civilized nations. Brought into excellent relief are the portraits of Herrera, Paredes, Santa Anna, and Anaya, who followed each other as President in quick succession during the actual progress of war, and give a strong idea of the restless spirit that swayed Mexico even while her armies were contending with a foreign people.

The boundary line of Texas and Mexico — whether it followed the course

of the Nueces or the Rio Grande—is the usually accredited cause of the war. With the United States the encroachment on the disputed territory was the absolute reason for hostilities. The Rio Grande had been the boundary named in the convention between Santa Anna and the Texan officers in 1836. Although the agreement was not confirmed by the Mexican government, the Texan Congress established the Rio Grande as the boundary, and as such it had been accepted from the inception of negotiations with the United States. To strengthen the position held by the Lone Star Republic on the subject, the public lands between the Nueces and the Rio Grande were surveyed, sold, and entered among the records of Texas; residents from the right bank of the Nueces were accepted as members of the Texan Congress; in an armistice entered into in 1843 it was agreed that the Mexicans confine themselves to the right and the Texans to the left bank of the Rio Grande; further, post offices and post roads extended to the last named river.

That with Mexico the cause of war was deeper set and pressed more keenly on a superlative national pride than could possibly a mere matter of boundary line, is readily perceived from the temperament of the people, even if there were no recorded statements to sustain the theory. They had lost, when Texas wrested from them her independence, a valuable holding, and they had never become reconciled to the shrinkage of territory nor allowed wounds, which they regarded as humiliating, to heal. In 1844 Santa Anna expressed the determination to reconquer Texas, following the announcement with a requisition for thirty thousand men and four million dollars. In 1845 President Herrera declared Mexico would maintain her rights by force of arms.

Pressing close on the strained relations of the United States and Mexico was a serious complication which might arise at any moment and mortally embarrass this government. Mexico had no love for the republic which had adopted her renegade daughter. To some of her leaders the idea of a monarchy was not repulsive. Many of them were themselves military usurpers. The people had never tasted thoroughly unadulterated republicanism. The flavor had been too often smoked with powder and drenched with blood. They as well as their rulers would not have recoiled before the idea of a European power coming in to bring enforced peace and as return take possession of slices of territory. That some plotted to produce such a situation and thereby as a means of retaliation, jeopardize the interest of the United States on the west side, is incontrovertibly sustained by evidence.

The chronic Didymuses of historical records may doubt that Washington Sloat, son and private secretary of Commodore Sloat, while the dinner guest of Admiral Seymour of the British squadron in the Pacific, received from a young British officer—who had partaken of sufficient champagne to drown his prudence—the first information of the defeat of the Mexicans at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; with the further intelligence that the British ship Collingwood was going to sea, which would prevent the officers enjoying a ball arranged for the night following; that Commodore Sloat, when told, acted on the information, out-maneuvered the Collingwood, and sailed first, reaching Monterey, California, July 2, where the English battle ship greeted him two weeks later; and that Seymour there and then revealed the intention of his government, when he asked Sloat what he would have done had there been, when he (Sloat) reached Monterey, the flag of

another nationality floating where the Stars and Stripes then floated and that other flag guarded by a ship of the line.

The recorded remarks of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo when the "Department Assembly" proposed turning over California to France or England, carry unquestionable weight, that a foreign power just at the door of the Pacific Coast might at any moment be invited to enter. "Never will I consent to place my native country again under the government of a monarchy, or appeal to a European power for protection; but if it is our destiny that we shall have to apply somewhere for protection, let us go to that great Republic of our own country, where true freedom and protection exist for all—the United States of America."

General Vallejo lived to be a guest of honor at the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the raising of the flag at Monterey, which was solemnized July 5, 1886, under the auspices of the Associated Veterans of the Mexican War. There he heard his words repeated and received with applause more than four decades after he had given them utterance.

With the exception of that of Texas, the statehood of California is more intimately connected with those brave struggles and noble deeds of the years of 1846, 1847, and 1848, than is the development of any other State. A tie that binds it still nearer to the heroes of those days is the bond of citizenship. Many of them came, when the roar of cannons had died away, to make a home in this community and give to it the best years of their lives,—for most of those participating in the Mexican War were young men.

In 1866, twenty years after the war, the representatives of the American army in Mexico residing in San Francisco organized an association. A committee was appointed in July, consisting of Alexander M. Kenaday, William Rankin,

H. C. Patrick, Charles Wochatz, James E. Nuttman, E. Barthop, and J. Burke Phillips, who prepared a constitution and by-laws. Major General Henry W. Halleck, then in command of the Military Division of the Pacific, was the first president; Thomas W. Freelon, P. Edward Connor, and William Kelly, vice-presidents; and William Huefner, secretary. The organization was called the "Associated Veterans of 1846." On February 25, 1870, it was incorporated as the "Associated Veterans of the Mexican War," and a new constitution and by-laws adopted. General Halleck was president, with Major R. P. Hammond, John W. McKenzie, William Kelly, P. Edward Connor, J. D. Chamberlin, and James M. Auliff, vice-presidents; John C. Robinson, secretary; Daniel E. Hungerford, Henry R. Crosby, Bornt Segguine, Charles Vernon, and James E. Nuttman, trustees.

The objects of the society are, "To keep alive the reminiscence of the war with Mexico; to cultivate social feelings among its members, and to extend aid to such of them as need it." Those entitled to membership are, "Any who were regularly enlisted in the army or navy of the United States and who took part in the war with Mexico on the soil or waters thereof, and received an honorable discharge or are still in the service."

Previous to July, 1872, the association formed a part of the National Guard of California, under the name of Company A, Second Artillery, Second Brigade. The members wore a plain navy blue uniform and were detailed in Fourth of July processions as guard of honor to the flag. Since they have been mustered out of service, the only uniform worn by the veterans is, with their civilian dress, a black soft felt hat ornamented in front with a gold wreath encircling the letters V. M. W., wrought in silver. The badge

is a shield of silver, on which is represented a cannon pointed towards a fort. Engraved upon the upper edge is, "Veterans of the Mexican War," with the date, 1846, beneath.

The medal of the National Association was designed by Lieutenant Colonel A. J. Dallas, United States Army. It is of bronze and was cast at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, from a captured Mexican gun donated by the War Department for the purpose. It is shield-shaped; has engraved on it the different arms of the service and the names of the most prominent battles. It is suspended by a ribbon of red, white, and blue, from a bar, bearing the inscription, "Veteran of the Mexican War."

Many prominent citizens of San Francisco, men who have taken a leading part in the development of the community, political, civic, and social, are men who fought from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, crossed prairie, desert, and mountain gorge, unfurled the flag at Santa Fé, in the upper valley of the Rio Grande, and carried it with persistent zeal until it waved in the sea breezes of San Diego.

Wellington C. Burnett, who for several terms has held the offices of President and of Secretary in the association, is one of the highly esteemed members of the community. No greater commendation is needed for his war record than the statement that, enlisting as a private in the regular army, he rose from the ranks to the office of second lieutenant, an unusual and difficult promotion. Although born in Connecticut, his youth was passed in the then rapidly developing Middle West. He left home one day for a trip to Cincinnati. *En route*, the way of the canal boat on which he was traveling became obstructed. Young Burnett occupied himself during the delay in wandering along the canal bank, when as a

flash the impulse came to join the army. He immediately went into Dayton, Ohio, and enlisted in the Fifteenth Regiment, U. S. Infantry, George W. Morgan in command, and was soon off for Mexico.

Mr. Burnett lives those days all over again as he tells of the first view the Americans had of the enemy as they rose over the slope of an incline. The men were in bright, new green uniforms, with high stiff hats of a kind rarely seen outside of picture books, and they were no mean enemy to meet. He saw service in the Valley of Mexico, at Contreras, Churubusco, El Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico. On the field he was promoted from private to corporal, sergeant, and second lieutenant.

At the conclusion of hostilities he returned to Ohio, where he studied law. He subsequently read at Cambridge Law School, and was admitted to practise in New York. Having returned West, he left Chicago for California in 1854. He first established himself in practise at Yuba, and was soon elected justice of the peace.

Mr. Burnett's career in California has commanded the confidence of his fellow men. He has been elected to office and has always held positions of trust. His philanthropy is well known.

Another prominent member of the Association is Captain William L. Duncan, native of Maryland and pioneer of this State. He was a member of Company B, Fourth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, which was in active service in the siege of Vera Cruz. So anxious to participate in the bombardment were the men of the navy that at the earnest request of Commodore Perry, General Scott assigned a position in the trenches to be mounted with guns from the squadron and worked by seamen. A strong battery was constructed by the engineers. The last day's work on it was done by companies

of the Fourth Illinois. Captain Duncan, in giving his personal experience of that exciting spring day of 1847, says:—

“At daylight I stood on a gun while the chaparral was being cut away in front. The view of the city and castle was grand. All within was apparently in repose. Suddenly a sentry on the wall saw the frowning battery as it was uncovered. Dropping his gun, he yelled, and the ramparts in the instant were black with the astonished garrison. A terrific fire was opened on us. So furious was it that our relief could not cross the open until night, and we remained all day without our rations, refreshed only with a few crackers.”

Captain Duncan was with his company on the memorable day before Cerro Gordo, when General Shields received a grapeshot wound, the missile passing entirely through his body above the lungs. The volunteers, supposing General Shields mortally wounded, determined to avenge his loss. They charged the enemy's lines, driving them from their loaded guns. The Mexican generals had difficulty in effecting their escape. The private carriage of the Mexican President, Santa Anna, his baggage, and the military chests of the army, were captured. The pursuit was led by Company B and a portion of Company H, all under command of Captain, then Lieutenant, Duncan. There was a brisk skirmish with the rear guard of the Mexicans until a halt was called by General Twiggs, who complimented the men for their gallantry.

Captain Duncan tells with glee of the handing out of the artificial leg of Santa Anna from his carriage by private E. Elliott of Company B and of the sack of doubloons sufficient to fill a pail—which was captured by the volunteers and turned over to the regulars. With commendable exultation he will add, “And

our men did not touch a piece of that money.” Then a twinkle will come into his eyes and a laugh ripple in his voice when he relates how he received as his share from the lunch hamper of the Mexican general, the wing of a roast chicken, and how good it tasted. Captain Duncan came across the plains to California in 1849.

General Shields twice visited this Coast and made his residence here for a few years. His second visit to San Francisco was after the Civil War. Shortly after his return East, he represented his State in the United States Senate. In speaking recently of General Shields and his phenomenal career, which was as unprecedented in politics as it was glorious in war, Judge Wellington C. Burnett said: “During the General's first stay here I advised him to select this State for his home and in time announce himself candidate for the United States senatorship. I felt at the time that there could be no doubt of success, the man was popular and could bring great power to bear.”

Judge William T. Wallace of the Superior Court, in his boyhood left his home in his native State, Kentucky, to join his uncle, the late Major Roman, on the field of battle. Full of youth, vigor, loyalty, and ambition, he cast his lot with the soldier and received a wound in the foot that even now at times twingingly reminds him of those days of 1846 and 1847. In 1850 Judge Wallace, then just entering manhood, came to California, where he again joined Major Roman, then Secretary of State. Peter H. Burnett was then Governor. Mr. Wallace naturally became acquainted with the Governor's family; the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and in 1853 he was married to the Governor's second daughter, Romeetta J. Burnett.

Judge Wallace has always ranked



Bradley & Rulofson, Photo.

JUDGE WILLIAM T. WALLACE.

among the most prominent and successful attorneys of the State. He has filled the office of Attorney General; was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and has occupied a bench of the Superior Court for several terms. He is a lawyer of sound erudition, and his opinion on legal subjects is always received with more than ordinary respect. During his long judicial service he has always cast his influence for good government, elevated statesmanship, and pure politics. His position in regard to selecting a grand jury and his appointing an elisor to make the selection are too recent to require comment. The event will go down in the history of the State as the act of a man who with firmness put aside all personal considerations in a great and determined effort to lift San Francisco politics.

William A. Piper, ex-Member of the House of Representatives from this State, saw service in the Mexican War as a

private. He enlisted in the first volunteer corps of Missouri, organized in St. Louis, which consisted of two companies, A and B, Mounted Battery, Light Artillery. The members of the companies furnished their own horses and equipments, the United States supplying ammunition and rations. Company A was composed of young Americans under command of Captain Richard Wakeman; B of Germans, Waldemer Fischer in command. The corps left for the scene of war May, 1846, and proceeded to within eighteen or twenty miles of Fort Leavenworth, where amid a growth of hickory wood and chaparral, the present site of Kansas City, they were sworn into the United States service as soldiers under General Stephen W. Kearney. Arriving at Fort Leavenworth, the command was divided; two companies proceeding with Kearney to California over an old Spanish trail. Company A remained with those in garrison at Santa Fé, where General Price subsequently assumed command. Early in January, 1847, the company went south to Colonel Doniphan, who was met at El Paso. It was under command of Major Clark, one of the early graduates of West Point and a son of General Clark of Lewis & Clark of Oregon fame.

Mr. Piper was a member of the light artillery, which was composed of stalwart young men, who bravely followed Doniphan into the field on the 28th of February and fought the well contested battle of Sacramento, when three or four thousand Mexicans were defeated by a limited number of our men. Among the several national and regimental standards that day captured was the black flag which had been so tantalizingly flaunted a short time before at the Bracito.

On to Chihuahua the command proceeded after the victory, and expected there to meet General Wool, but he was

busy on the battle field of Buena Vista. The city was garrisoned by Doniphan's troops for three months. The Colonel grew restless under the enforced inactivity. He saw that the comforts of city life were interfering with the discipline of his troops. Edwards, in his "Campaign in New Mexico," describing a council the commanding officer convened to consider the subject of leaving the city for more stirring scenes, says; "Some of the officers were for remaining in quarters. Doniphan heard them for some time, with impatience, and at last, bringing his heavy fist down on the table, he gave the board to understand that they might possibly have found fair reasons for staying, — 'But, gentlemen,' he added, 'I'm for going home to Sarah and the children.' " The remark was hailed with glee and of course became trite before many weeks.

The troops were soon after in line again under their active leader, making their way towards Parras, Buena Vista, and Saltillo, — back across the dry stretch of road, *La Jornada del Muerto*, through the forests of Mapimi, until they were once more at El Paso Rancho. Here they were to see a new phase of war, be pricked by the powder of the Indians, and become the defenders of the enemies with whom they were at war. A party of officers and men, about twenty-five in number, under the direction of Captain Reid, started out in pursuit of a band of Lipan warriors, who had been making aggressive and annoying raids upon the settlement. The red men were overtaken, eight or ten Mexican captives rescued, a number of horses and cattle, and other plunder, regained. Twelve of the marauders were killed in the fray and the handful of United States soldiers returned to be greeted with a perfect ovation by the grateful residents. The Department of Parras gave Captain Reid an official acknowledgment of the

gratitude and thanks of his fellow citizens.

"Our enemies became our hosts," said Mr. Piper who was one of the twenty-five intrepid men who went out on the warpath after the Indians. "We were received with eclat in a hostile country, fêted, and served with the best of the land by our foe."

In May, 1847, just one year after they entered the service, the men were mustered out at New Orleans and returned to St. Louis, where they were received with a perfect ovation.

Mr. Piper early in pioneer years came to California, where his attention to business and faith in the possibilities of the country have been rewarded. He represented this State in Congress a score of years ago, but within recent years he has retired more or less from active pursuits.

In 1846, the Federal government made a requisition on the State of South Caro-



From a Daguerreotype.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM DE SAUSSURE BLANDING.



CAPTAIN JOHN MCKENZIE.

lina for a regiment to serve during the war with Mexico. William Blanding at once enlisted a large company, was elected its captain, and was mustered into the service in December of that year. The city of Charleston furnished a complete outfit for his company, and the citizens raised a special fund to be used during the campaign for the relief of his sick and wounded. The regiment was commanded by Pierce M. Butler, who had been an aid-de-camp of General Scott, and governor of the State. It rendezvoused on the Carolina bank of the Savannah River, and on January 1, 1847, after receiving from the venerable governor a stand of State colors and an impressive charge to guard it with honor, they departed for the seat of war, eleven hundred strong. Eighteen months afterwards, the war being ended, the survivors, a little over two hundred in number, returned that banner to the governor's hands covered with renown.

That valorous regiment, known as the Palmetto, shared in the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and with the rifles under General Persifer F. Smith, formed the storming party of the Belen

gate of the City of Mexico. Captain Blanding's name is so identified with this regiment, that it seems but proper to give some extracts from the official dispatches concerning it. General Shields found himself confronted at Churubusco by a vastly superior force of four thousand infantry, intrenched and supported by three thousand cavalry. "Exposed in an open field, and threatened with annihilation, I determined," he says, "to attack the enemy directly on his front. I selected the Palmetto regiment, as the base of my line, and this gallant regiment moved forward firmly and rapidly, under a fire of musketry as terrible, perhaps, as any which soldiers ever faced." General Scott officially spoke of it as, "a battle long, hot, and varied," which was attested by a loss of two hundred and forty out of Shields's brigade of six hundred men. The Palmetto regiment, alone, lost one hundred and thirty-seven of its three hundred and thirty men engaged in the action; its colonel and lieutenant-colonel both were killed. Of Captain Blanding, in this action, it was officially reported that, "he bore his company's flag on the right flank of his company during the heaviest of the fire, receiving it from his color-sergeant, who had fallen, severely wounded."

In 1856 a discussion took place in the Senate of the United states in relation to what American flags were first displayed in the City of Mexico on the day of the assault. The matter was referred to a committee for investigation, and after hearing the statements of many of the principal officers who directed the assault, they reported that, "The only flag raised at the Garita de Belen was that of the Palmetto regiment, and it was there displayed, under the personal order of General Quitman, by an officer of the South Carolina Regiment, who was



Taber Photo.

W. C. BURNETT.

severely wounded in doing so." General Quitman in his statement to the committee, after describing the desperate charge on the Garita, says:—

"Anxious to wave up the whole column, with the view of entering the citadel pell-mell with the retreating enemy, I called for colors. The Palmetto flag was the first reported to me, and by my orders, Lieutenant Selleck of the South Carolina Regiment was ordered to display that flag on the Garita. In doing so, he was severely wounded."

General Quitman, in his official report of this eventful day, beginning with the storming of the heights of Chapultepec and ending with the capture of the Belen gate of the City of Mexico, says, "Captain Blanding, whose conduct happened to fall under my own eyes, was conspicuous for his bravery and efficiency."

As is well known, the result of this

memorable day's conflict was the surrender of the City of Mexico, followed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which ceded California to the United States. Captain Blanding accompanied Messrs. Sevier and Clifford, the United States commissioners, to Queretaro, and was present at the discussions in the Mexican Congress and at the signing of that treaty. Before the close of the war, President Polk offered him a commission in the regular army, which he declined, preferring a lower rank in his own regiment and a return to his profession in time of peace. In acknowledgement of his services he received from the State of South Carolina a gold medal, another from the military of Charleston, and an elegant sword from the city council of Charleston. He had with him, in this campaign, two brothers and two cousins. Of the five, three were captains, one a lieutenant, and the other sergeant-major of the regiment. Three were wounded at Churubusco.

Colonel A. Andrews, a citizen always in the forward ranks of civic activity, not only fought in Mexico but continued in the line of promotion in the army. He was born in London early in the second quarter of the century. His courage is his by inheritance from his father, who served as a corporal under Napoleon Bonaparte. In childhood Colonel Andrews came to the United States with his mother, his father having died. A home was found in New Orleans and before he came of age, young Andrews was in active service in Company A, Second Ohio Regiment. He held a lieutenant's commission, rose to a captaincy, and was specially commended for gallantry by General Scott.

At the close of the war he went into business in St. Louis and on the announcement of the discovery of gold in California, tempted by its bright promises,

he came to the new El Dorado. He selected Sacramento for his first financial ventures and after successes and reverses, — among the latter the ravages of fire, — he left the Coast. After a stay in New York and a taste of the Civil War, he received the appointment of major in the second cavalry regiment, — an experience of life in Chile and Peru, a tour of Europe, and a visit to Asia, he again came to San Francisco and established himself in the jewelry business, which he still conducts.

William Singer, rich in years, — he has reached the age of 82, — has many interesting reminiscences of the formative period in several of the Western and Southern States. Early in the dispute between the United States and Mexico, Mr. Singer was called to Washington, received appointment in the regular army with rank of major, and under confidential instructions was ordered to go into New Mexico and California to make



Thors Photo.

WILLIAM A. PIPER.

investigations of the mineralogical resources and geological formations. The investigation was undertaken by the government to meet some misstatements made by Daniel Webster before the Congress. Mr. Singer's report was published by the War Department, and copies placed, without comment, upon the desks of the members in the House.

After the breaking out of hostilities, Major Singer found himself on several occasions in very critical positions. At one time, when halting with the troops near Las Vegas, he was the custodian of two hundred thousand dollars of government money. He had been with Colonel Lane's detachment, but the forces had been withdrawn, leaving Major Singer protected by fifty Germans, poor cavalrymen unaccustomed to horses. Thus situated, the Major was told by some American traders that a party of guerillas and other Mexicans were preparing



COLONEL JONATHAN STEVENSON.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM DUNCAN.

to make an attempt to capture the money. His only hope of assistance was from Major Reynolds of the Missouri Volunteers, who was guarding the storage trains in that district. Dispatching a messenger, Major Singer prepared to make a valiant defense. Marching his raw protectors out of a cañon, where they would be commanded from the heights directly over them, he advanced towards a small valley into which the guerrillas, headed by their red uniformed chief, had entered. The first rush was made upon the surprised enemy about sundown. Two sallies were made to invite the enemies' fire, but economy was used in ammunition which was a scarcity. In the midst of the grave distress the bugle notes from Major Reynolds's detachment were heard; the men were encouraged and the enemy routed. Major Singer pursued them and did not reach Santa Fé for two days.

In the meantime some discharged soldiers left for the United States and car-

ried the news of the supposed killing of Major Singer by the guerrillas. A flattering obituary appeared in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, the recollection of which causes vast amusement to the aged veteran who has lived to take pleasure in telling of what happened a half century ago.

Major Singer started for California in 1851. He first tried mining, but finally established himself in Marysville where he filled the offices of justice of the peace and mayor. He was a member of the Court of Sessions, a body of which Justice Field was also a member. Later, he made his home in Sacramento, and in San Francisco.

Away out at Ocean View, in a neat little cottage with blooming garden beds in front, lives Sergeant John W. McKenzie, of Battery A, Second Regiment, U. S. Artillery, the man who fired the first gun at Palo Alto. Of that battle and the one immediately following, Resaca de la Palma, Sergeant McKenzie says, "These two battles were without any doubt the index of the whole war, for from Palo Alto to the halls of the Montezumas, they (the Mexicans) never won a battle." Of the defeat of the enemy at Resaca de la Palma with all the pardonable exultation of a true veteran, his words spiced with a little bit of humor, he remarks: "The enemy fled in every direction, throwing away their arms and accouterments in their wild flight. Their lines of retreat must have been perfect, for they vanished before us like a dream. We captured all of their camp equipage, their ammunition, stores, and six thousand Mexican dollars. And did we not do justice to their forced and hurried hospitality!"

McKenzie saw five years service in Mexico. He was at Corpus Christi when the war cloud actually broke. He went down from there with the United States troops to be provisioned at Point

Isabel, and was present at the construction of Fort Brown. He was with the army in thirteen battles, and he manned and fired a gun when every comrade who had been in position near it lay dead or dying by its side.

A soldier by inheritance, — his grandfather was a petty officer under Nelson at Trafalgar and his father was with Jackson at New Orleans, — he himself was inured to the scenes of the battle field when but nineteen years of age. His war record is one of bravery and honorable endurance.

In 1850 he came to California, and during the prime of life held many responsible positions. In 1852 he was Superintendent of the United States prison ship at Angel Island. He was elected Chief of Police in 1854, was appointed Notary Public under Governor Low and again by Governor Haight, and in 1889 was in charge of the State Prison.

Many names woven in the history of the State can be traced back until their owners are found carrying arms on the battle grounds of Mexico or serving the United States during the years of that conflict. One of the most important and prominent fortifications of the Bay of San Francisco — Fort Point, as it is familiarly called — is officially named Fort Winfield Scott. A couple of time worn guns, trophies of the war, stand at the entrance to the old Fort building, which at present is considered of little military value. Two other guns with their silent mouths well buried in the ground form historic and quaintly esthetic posts on each side of pretty, garden-surrounded Fort Mason (Black Point).

General Frémont, whose widow is peacefully spending her closing years in Los Angeles, cannot be omitted from mention with those who had part in the troublesome days just previous to the



MAJOR R. P. HAMMOND.

acquisition of California. General Halleck for a number of years made his home on Rincon Hill in San Francisco. General Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff, gained his first military honors in Mexico and had a residence in San Francisco for a time out on Pacific Street near where it widens into Pacific Avenue. Descendants of Major Ringgold still make a home here. Colonel J. C. Hays,¹ well known to early Californians; Mr. Eastland, father of Joseph G. Eastland, the well known capitalist; William A. Boggs of Napa; General John Bidwell of Chico; Colonel Hooper of Sonoma County; Colonel Jonathan Stevenson; Major Platt; Captain John B. Frisbee; Calhoun Benham; Samuel Deal; Lansing B. Mizner; David Scannel, of the San Francisco Fire Department fame; Sidney I. Loop; Colonel John C. C. Cremony, held in

¹See OVERLAND for December, 1894.



Dames & Hayes Photo.

WILLIAM SINGER

tender memory by the members of the Bohemian Club; Selim Woodworth; William K. Benjamin; William L. Dickinson, and John D. Callaghan, are among those—many gone to rest; some passed into the shade of many numbered years, others still in active life—who after the war selected California, one of the brightest results of that conflict, as their abiding place.

Another very prominent San Franciscan who won his spurs in the Mexican War was Major Richard P. Hammond. Born in New York in 1820, he graduated from West Point in 1841. When the war began he was a first Lieutenant and was made acting assistant adjutant general to General Shields. He was at the siege of Vera Cruz, was breveted captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct" at Cerro Gordo, and major "for heroic services" at Contreras and Churubusco. He had a horse shot under him and was slightly wounded at Chapulte-

pec, and on the entry into the City of Mexico, was made military secretary and acting judge advocate. He was one of the early members of the Aztec Club, the Cincinnati of the Mexican War, and always wore its button.

In 1849 he came to California in command of a party of United States engineers. In 1852, in conjunction with Captain Weber he laid out the city of Stockton and was made speaker of the Assembly in the Legislature of 1853. Many honors came to him, he was collector of the port of San Francisco, president of the Board of Education, regent of the State University, and president of the Pacific Union Club. His most notable civic services were rendered as first president of the Board of Police Commissioners. His military education and strong character enabled him to make a lasting impress on the city's police force. His wife was a sister of Colonel Jack Hays, also of blessed memory in Mexican War annals, and his sons have all made their mark: John Hays Hammond is the well known mining expert, now in Southern Africa; the late Colonel Harry T. Hammond left a brief but brilliant record in the army; William H. is a prominent citizen of Visalia; and Richard P. Jr. has been U. S. Surveyor General for California and a notable Park Commissioner.

They were heroes, those men of 1846 and 1847; for, many of them mere boys, they went to fight in a strange country and against a people differing from them in language, customs, methods, and ambitions. Nor did they find an enemy unworthy of their zeal and steadfastness. Watch a veteran of that war, as he tells of his experiences, and invariably his features will light up, and his voice sound with awakened enthusiasm, as he adds: "And they were right brave fellows,

those Mexicans. They did not shrink from contest on close ground with lances as weapons, and they clung with spirit to a battle-field, even after hope must have died."

It was the first and only time in the history of the country that the troops of the United States have gone into the enemy's country, and the record is creditable. They neither pillaged nor maliciously destroyed. At times they passed through fruitful countries, but their presence often brought protection to the inhabitants and always a profitable market for their produce. The government paid for what its soldiers consumed.

The march of Kearney and his men across the country is as interesting reading as pages of romance. Their victories were bloodless. The footworn soldiers, travel-stained, thirsty, hungry, and aching from want of refreshing sleep, often suffered far more than the enemy who was brought under the protection of the United States government.

Two thousand miles the army marched, sometimes through green prairies, sometimes over alpine ranges, and then through hot treeless deserts. Building roadways, killing game for food,—they always had to be frugal with ammunition and waste as little as possible on a buffalo or deer,—drinking some days their fill at a cool tree-shaded brook or river, again famishing with drought,—they pressed on to California and the Pacific Coast, cities yielding up at their invitation as did the Scriptural cities at the bugle blast of the Hebrews. It was only when they passed within the borders of California that their powers as warriors were called into play. It was in San Diego and at San Gabriel, that the army of Kearny first found it necessary to look to its powder and unsheathe its swords.

This was the army of the West. The

progress of the United States in the center and the south was marked by tragic episodes throughout its entire course. Hills with strong batteries on their crests had to be scaled; rivers and streams were waded while the shot fell in the water around; cities grandly fortified by art and nature were besieged with vigor and success;—Mexico, so far as its defenses were concerned, was as strongly guarded as any principality of the Old World. As a government it was an anomaly. It was a bit of feudal Europe planted in the midst of a new, undeveloped continent. The soldiers of this Republic at one time would be called upon, as in the siege of Monterey, a city founded over two centuries ago, to assail a perfectly equipped and most magnificently fortified stronghold; again they met the enemy in wild, narrow gorges and from under cover of the chaparral the enemy would pour a shower of shot upon them as they, clambering up the rugged sides, clutching jagged stones and thorny branches for support, would step by step advance to gain a mastery of the superior position occupied by a foe who knew the country and its natural defenses as thoroughly as the fox or the bear knows the mountain fastnesses.

These armed troops of this government were men of whom their commander, General Taylor, said: "They have had half rations, hard marches, and no clothes. They curse and praise their country, but fight for her all the time." Colonel Doniphan's command had been in the service nine months, had marched two thousand miles, and had not received one dollar in pay.

At the close of the war these veterans neither looked for nor expected preferment. Their baptism in fire seems to have accentuated their loyalty, as was evidenced when a more menacing war cloud broke over the country. These

same men came forward in numbers to enter the ranks again. Many of the most successful officers of the Civil War had gained experience in the conflict with Mexico.

As the years rolled on, it became evident that with age, want and suffering often entered the lives of those to whom their country owed so much. Steps were taken to move Congress to pass a pension bill in behalf of the Veterans of the Mexican War. The bill, which was ably presented by Captain William Blanding, was signed by the President in 1887 and has been the basis upon which subsequent pension bills have been modeled. It granted eight dollars a month to each survivor of the Mexican War or to his widow, after sixty-two years of age have been reached. In 1887 there were 7,503 survivors and 895 widows; in 1889 there were 17,065 survivors and 6,206 widows; in 1890 there were 17,158 survivors and 6,764 widows. During the fiscal year 1894 \$1,388,707.07 was paid to veterans and \$803,345.91 to widows. The total amount distributed from the Pension Bureau in behalf of the Mexican Veterans from 1887 to 1894 inclusive was \$16,168,013.09.

A noticeable feature of the pension list is the gradual falling off in the ranks of veterans, and the marked increase in number of widows. The ratio of increase is so extraordinary great,—there were 540 widows in 1891, and 7,686 in 1894,—that it is necessary to look to some other cause than the natural death rate.

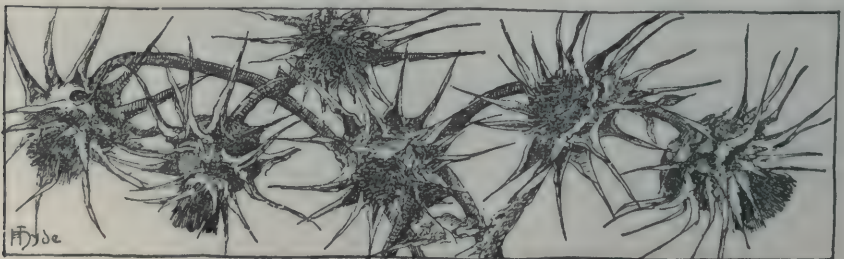
Men who are busy with many cares,

or who in youth are called from home, often marry late in life women much their juniors. Again, many of the veterans may have married a second and a third time. A still more plausible reason may be that widows might for several years be ignorant of claims on the government and then suddenly gain the knowledge and flock to enter the authenticated requisitions.

It is well to turn attention for a moment to some of the beneficial national results of the war. To acquire merely for the fascination of acquirement; to measure acres by the square miles just for the gratification in it; to boast of a country whose two shores are washed by two oceans,—would be but paltry, undignified reasons for laudation and self-exultation in any nation,—notably one founded on high moral principles. The Mexican War gave to this Republic nobler and loftier results.

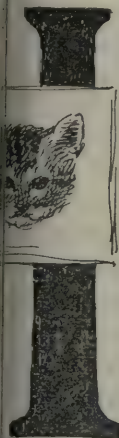
The removal from the Western frontier of an unsettled, aggressive neighbor, whose borderers brooked no restraint and acknowledged no allegiance, even to the government that claimed their fealty; the planting of the flag of republicanism and freedom along the Pacific Ocean from British Columbia to Fort Yuma and the Rio Grande so firmly that all foreign powers have ceased to cast upon the territory covetous desires, are grand achievements of a war, which even some of the most favored residents of this State, whose very existence is due to it are found when the humor prompts mentioning in deprecating terms.

K. M. Nesfield.



TINNIE.

A STUDY IN PHILANTHROPY.



IT WOULD be difficult to say just why the name had clung to her. She was a woman of thirty-five, large and inclined to be rather masculine. She was known properly as Miss Cynthia Markland (Cynthia E. in the family Bible, I believe), but to her friends she was still Tinnie—the baby name that long ago her own lips had formed, trying to pronounce the real one.

She was not handsome and was rich accordingly. She had received numerous offers of marriage, prompted, most likely (and as she no doubt shrewdly guessed), by her possession of worldly goods. These offers, she had, without exception, gently but firmly put aside, devoting her life mainly to certain benevolent undertakings which seemed to her to be in the direct line of duty. That she accomplished some good is certain. That she was inclined to be rather narrow in some of her views and very set in her ideas of human requirements, is equally evident. She was willing to do much for unfortunate humanity, but she desired, as compensation, that humanity should be at least reasonably grateful, and heedful of her precepts. Unfortunately for Tinnie, humanity is not always constructed that way.

Once she took a party of poor factory girls to the seashore for the summer. She provided them with new clothes, Testaments, bathing-soap, and fine-tooth-combs. They regarded the plain, neat apparel with more or less indifference, and disregarded the other things

almost entirely. Then, too, they shocked her with their behavior, quite beyond expression. At the end of three weeks she gave up in despair and returned home sick at heart.

From time to time she gathered in numerous little ragamuffins from the streets,—clothed them, fed their stomachs, and endeavored to provide for their spiritual comfort. Now and then she saw, or fancied that she saw, a ray of hope; but for the most part the crumbs which she had cast upon the great sea of life seemed to have gone to the bottom or drifted to an unknown shore.

One bitterly cold day, coming down Washington Street, (Miss Markland lived in Boston, by the way,) she overtook a small, pale-faced boy whose clothes were very poor, whose hands were stiff and blue with cold, and in whose shrinking blue eyes there was a look that went straight to Tinnie's heart. He was trying to sell a few papers, but he was trembling with cold, and people stumbled over him with harsh words or hurried past him without looking.

Tinnie stopped and questioned him, then walked with him to his home—a miserable room up close to the roof of a tall tenement house in a squalid street. His parents were Swedes—dull and apathetic in their misery. Tinnie tendered them some money to relieve immediate want and offered to take the child away,—at least for the present. Both offers were accepted with an equal degree of stolid indifference. The little boy Jan looked from one to the other, and seemed glad of the change that all at once had come into their lives. But when Tinnie

rose to go and offered him her hand, he paused for a moment on the threshold to look back, and was weeping bitterly when they reached the pavement. The next day Tinnie found some rough employment for the father, while Jan, in a new suit of clothes, began his new life.

Tinnie's attachment for the pale-faced, tender-hearted waif—so different from his parents—who appeared to have little or no interest in the child, and who moved to the far West in the early spring—increased daily. One day she discovered in him a natural instinct for art. Art was one of Tinnie's strong points. She could draw, paint, and model in clay, and could do all of these things well. The discovery of Jan's latent talent, therefore, made her very happy. She added drawing to his list of studies at once. His progress was rapid. Other branches of learning became drudgery to him, and his devotion to this new mistress bade fair to rival even his love for Tinnie herself.

To Jan Tinnie was of a superior order of beings. It seemed to him that in her all human skill and knowledge had been brought to perfection. There was nothing beyond. One cannot wonder at his worship of her who had opened to him the heaven of genius and its possibilities.

For Jan was a genius. Tinnie soon realized this, and felt that at last her reward was coming. Carefully she watched and tended those budding passion-flowers that were one day to blossom into immortality. There were more than one of these; the boy's soul was sown thickly with the germs of melody and song as well as with those of form and color. His ear for rhythm and harmony was faultless. By and by, she gave him some lessons on the piano, and while yet a child he astonished her one day with a pathetic little composition all his own.

Tinnie, who had studied heredity and was inclined to think deeply, was lost in a maze of conjecture as to the natural causes that had resulted in these things. But she was still more interested in the young life itself that was now developing so rapidly under her hands. She lived with her mother, who never opposed her in any thing; hence, she was free to apply all her favorite precepts and to test her cherished theories in the shaping of Jan's future with the knowledge that they would be neither interfered with nor disregarded. Jan accepted her ideas and obeyed her in all things without question. Perhaps, after all, his obedience was too perfect, and revealed a weakness and lack of self-reliance that is, only too often, to be found associated with natures like his.

And so these two were companions for ten years, and Tinnie guarded her protégé so carefully from the world, and wielded so powerfully her spotless influence upon him, that at eighteen Jan was as ignorant of men and their vices as a girl. She had watched the unfolding of his genius so eagerly, and the growth of his confiding and affectionate nature with such a jealous eye, that she had quite forgotten the fact that he must one day mingle with men, and that the world is rough and tumble; or that the boy's tender nature might be as susceptible to other influences as it had been to her own. She knew his love and admiration for her, and she felt a little touch of regret sometimes, when she reflected that he must one day step far beyond her in his work, and realize her true capabilities. This reflection saddened her now and then, but that the selfishness and the unworthiness of humanity should ever estrange him from her, she did not even dream. Even when she sent him away for three years study in Paris, she only wept with him at partin

and told him to pray for her nightly,—not to study too hard, to write often, and to take care of his health.

Her confidence in those precious theories of life which for ten years she had been instilling into the bosom of this slender, blue-eyed boy was such that she made no mention to him of Bohemia, with its wild fascinations, its reckless influences, and its glorious atmosphere of dreams. Perhaps Tinnie did not even believe in the existence of a Bohemia, outside the novels.

And so through the next three years she planned for her boy when he should come home, and looked anxiously for his letters each week, replying to them with words of encouragement and affection,—and still did not seek to warn him against the fierce temptations of life and especially the art life of Paris. Her boy could never affiliate with those unworthy of him,—she was sure of that.

His letters to her were all of his work and the art treasures of the great city. Now and then he spoke of meeting some great man—some one of whom they had talked long ago. Then he wrote of the encouragement he had received; finally of how his picture had been admitted to the Salon and taken a medal.

Tinnie was satisfied. How proud she would be of him when he came back to her loaded with honors. One day an acquaintance just from abroad met Tinnie on the street.

"O, by the way, I saw Jan in Paris," she said briskly, after greetings were exchanged.

"Yes, he told me in his last letter. And how does he look?"

"Splendidly. He is a great favorite among the students, and will make his mark, too, they all say that. Of course you know how his Salon picture sold. He is a little gay, I believe, but then boys must have their fling." And the

bright little gossip trotted away, leaving Tinnie troubled.

Jan had not written about the sale of his picture. He must have forgotten it. What did this woman mean about his being gay? Nothing, of course. Mere innocent fun such as all boys enjoy. And he was a favorite, too; of course he was,—her Jan! That woman talked too much,—a mere chatterbox.

That night Tinnie wrote to her boy, and in due time there came a letter that filled her with happiness.

He was sorry she had learned of his fortunate sale of the picture. He had meant it for a great surprise when he came home. It was too bad that Mrs. L—— had told. Mrs. L—— was a very pleasant lady, but frivolous and inclined to talk. He hoped his kind benefactress would forgive him and not mind Mrs. L——'s chatter. He would soon be home now, and would try to repay a small part of his heavy debt of gratitude.

And one day in the autumn Jan came. When he stepped from the steamer and greeted Tinnie with a hearty kiss, how dashing and graceful he was, and how handsome! And yet—somehow—there was a lack of freshness and youthful innocence in his face, and there were a few scarcely perceptible lines about the corners of his mouth and eyes. He had been overworked, she told him; he must rest now and freshen up. But Jan only laughed, and said he was getting old. Just think, he was twenty-one; he could not afford to lose time now; he must open a studio and make money. Yes, he had sold some pictures in Paris; enough to assist in paying his last year's expenses, which had been heavy—more so than usual, as he had taken frequent trips here and there to broaden his ideas. One must mingle with men and see places, to learn life and the realities of art. There were so many things he

wanted to paint; his head and his fingers were full of them. He would make her his banker. She would see very soon now that her efforts had not been wasted. He would settle down to work at once.

"But, Jan, you have been working very hard already, have you not?"

Jan colored and smiled.

"O, yes, but not real, steady work, you know. I have been studying and gathering ideas. One must see all kinds of life to get ideas — real art, you know."

And so he rattled on while Tinnie, proud and happy, walked beside him, and felt that her scattered crumbs were drifting back to her after many days.

Jan's studio was a success from the first. The young artist's ideas were fresh and vigorous, and his treatment of them masterly. His first picture received favorable comment and sold well. He brought the money proudly to Tinnie and placed it in her hands. Then she kissed him and called him her boy, and told him not to work too hard. He must have time to think and dream.

Jan seemed inclined to heed this admonition, for his next picture lingered on the easel for many months, during which time Tinnie saw much less of him than she could have wished. But he told her he was studying his subject from life, and she was satisfied.

She was all the more satisfied when the painting was complete, for it was a far greater work than the first. There was a genuine stir in the art circles, and Jan was becoming a hero.

The picture — "A Girl of Corsica" — hung in one of the select little art galleries and was already sold. One afternoon two handsomely dressed women stood before it. One of them was Mrs. L —.

"Jan is an artist," she was saying. "I saw his work in Paris. They said there he would be famous if he lived till thirty."

"And why should he not live?" inquired the other, who was evidently a stranger in the city.

"O, well, artists, you know, — '*Wein Gesang und Liebe*', — candle burns at both ends. They say he has been steadier here; more careful, I judge, on account of Cynthia Markland. What a beautiful face his Corsican has! I've heard it's his sweetheart. An empty-headed, frivolous girl. Blake — Dora Blake — I believe her name is. I'll wager Cynthia Markland does n't know of it."

"Miss Markland is his patroness, is she not?"

"Yes, and believes her protégé to be a paragon of all virtues. A sad day for her and for poor Jan, too, probably, when she finds out the truth."

They passed on, and standing in a little curtained alcove a few feet distant was Cynthia Markland. She had come twice here during the past few days, unable to forego the pleasure of hearing, unseen, what people were really saying of Jan's picture. She was standing perfectly still now, and had heard every word. As the women passed on she sank down on one of the iron seats, pale and trembling. For a long time she sat there without moving. When she arose her face was hard and cold.

Poor Tinnie, her narrow nature could not broaden itself to the situation and its needs, nor comprehend the realities of mankind and humanity in general. For herself, she had never loved nor performed an unworthy act. If Jan loved, he would love worthily, and would tell her of it first of all. As to the other things suggested by Mrs. L —, they were the words of mere gossip, — either this or Jan was a traitor. This was how Tinnie reasoned.

She passed out of the alcove and stood before the picture. The others were gone. She had seen the painting before,

but she regarded it now with renewed interest. The woman had spoken of this girl as Jan's sweetheart—pretty, but foolish and frivolous. She was certainly the former. She searched the features carefully for indications of character. She turned away, at last, unsatisfied. The girl might or might not be all that they said. And why had Jan never talked to her freely of his model? It occurred to her now that he had never done so. She would see him at once. She would go to his studio and tell him all she had heard. Then her features softened. Mrs. L—— was a gossip. There were always stories about rising young artists; it was mere talk. She would go to Jan, and he would reassure her at once.

She left the gallery and proceeded farther down town. She walked erect and her tread was firm and elastic. As she reached the entrance of the large building where Jan's studio was located, a girl stepped out of the elevator that had just descended. Tinnie glanced at her hastily and started. It was Jan's model. As the elevator shot skyward she was trying to think. The girl was like the picture, but different. Her face in the picture had been idealized. The real face indicated all that Mrs. L—— had said of her—and more. Not only was she frivolous, but heartless and unscrupulous. Tinnie had read it all at a glance. Jan could never love such a face as that—never. No doubt she had been up for her wages. Well, his picture was finished now, and he would need her no longer. This reflection was, for some reason, comforting.

Jan welcomed her effusively, a little flustered, perhaps, by the unexpected visit. Tinnie congratulated him on the success of his picture.

"I saw many admirers and heard much admiration," she said, trying to be calm

as she drew nearer to the subject that was weighing on her mind. "Mrs. L—— was there among others," she continued, a little hurriedly, "she seemed to know the original of your Corsican,—your model,—whom, by the way, I believe I met as I came up,"

Tinnie looked at Jan inquiringly, who blushed hotly and nodded.

"Yes, Dor—Miss Blake; sh—she was here for a moment on an errand."

"I thought so; I just got a glimpse of her face, but I recognized her at once. The likeness is good, very good,—only, Jan, you have idealized. Your fisher girl impresses one better. Your model is a silly, unscrupulous girl; I could tell that with one look."

As Tinnie noted the quick changes that came over Jan's face, her heart sank, but she forced herself to continue in the same careless tone.

"You would not be flattered, Jan, if you knew what Mrs. L—— said to a friend who was with her in the gallery. I was in the alcove and overheard."

Tinnie paused, and Jan twisted uneasily in his chair, getting very red. Somehow the woman felt that she was treading on a volcano, but she forced herself to go on. She must know the worst.

"What did Mrs. L—— say?" inquired the young man a little sharply, at last. There was trace of rising anger in his voice that Tinnie felt and resented. He was guilty, then, and meant to be stubborn as well.

"She said," replied Tinnie coldly, "that your model is also your sweetheart. That you are in love with her; that she is a brainless, frivolous girl; and she hinted at other things which I do not care to mention and do not believe, but I do want you to tell me, Jan, that what she said about this girl is mere idle talk. I think you owe me at least your

confidence, and I am sure you would not demean yourself by falling in love with such a person."

Tinnie's last remark was a mistake and perverted anything better that had preceded it. The hot blood rushed to Jan's face, then receded and left him pale. It is a peculiarity of human nature that we are easily angered at our benefactors. The consciousness of his obligation to Tinnie, and the inadequacy and injustice of his return, galled and irritated him.

"Miss Markland," he said warmly, "I am quite aware of my indebtedness to you. I owe you more than I can ever pay. You have made me what I am. As a boy you molded me in accordance with your favorite ideas. I have heeded and respected you always above all women, and tried hard to do you credit. I have hoped some day to make you proud of me; but no man can owe his *freedom* to another, and I am no longer a child. Furthermore, I cannot agree with you concerning the lady whom you have designated as an unscrupulous, silly person, upon the authority of Mrs. L—— and a passing glance of your own in the hall. I have known Miss Blake for a somewhat longer period, and have found her none of these things."

Jan spoke rapidly. His voice had risen and he was working himself into a reckless passion. Tinnie sat motionless before him, silent and very pale.

"She is to be my wife," he added hotly. "We are to be married soon. We have been waiting only until I had made enough money. I have sold my picture now, and with what I have with you I shall have enough. I meant to tell you right away and have you meet her. I should have done so long ago, but she was afraid of your disapproval. Now it is all out and settled. You have spoken your mind, and of course will wash your

hands of me. Very well, give me my money and let me go."

The young man paused, and wheeling toward the window, looked out. Tinnie stared at him a moment, white and speechless. This, then, was her little Jan. Little pale-faced Jan, whom she had taken from the pavement, and had warmed, and loved, and molded, and watched over, for ten years! It seemed to her like a bad dream. She rose to go.

"No, Jan," she said, her voice breaking a little, "I will keep your money, I think, for the present. You will see differently after you have reflected, and will realize your mistake."

She had her hand on the door. Jan, now thoroughly roused, and exasperated with the sense of being in the wrong, was furious.

"So," he burst out, "You refuse me my money. You want to pay yourself back what I have cost you. All right, then, keep it. Let me know how much more is coming and I will raise it for you."

In spite of his fury Jan instantly realized the enormity of his mistake and stopped short. Tinnie, white as death, staggered back from the door into a chair. Her hands shook so she could hardly open the reticule which she carried. Then drawing forth a little check-book, she hurriedly and tremblingly filled out one of the blanks, and tearing it out, thrust it into Jan's hands. Before he could collect himself she was gone. For a moment he remained staring stupidly at the closed door. Then he looked at the bit of paper; it was a check for his money, in full.

Suddenly the injustice of his behavior and its evil results came upon him, and with it the reaction of his passion and shame. He took a step toward the door to call her back; then he hesitated.

His false pride and love for Dora Blake were stronger than his sense of justice. He had his money, now, and they could be married at once. Besides, Tinnie's claim upon him, and the restrictions which that claim had imposed upon his freedom, had galled him more or less for some time. He threw himself into an easy chair and tried to be glad of his newly acquired independence.

"She will come around all right," he thought, "after I am married and settled. It had to come some time, and I'm glad it's over. I'll give up every thing and get down to steady work. I'll paint another picture—one that will take things by storm. She'll be glad to make up again when she hears what they say, and sees that I can get on alone."

He rose and began to pace the room. He picked up a guitar from the corner and struck a few chords. His anger was going rapidly, and his touch was perfect. His mind reverted to his sweetheart, and he began to hum a tender little air of his own composition.

The day was drawing to a close, and the light in the room had grown dim as he walked up and down the studio, still striking the chords, humming his little melody, and thinking. He was thinking of Dora Blake, but he had not wholly forgotten Cynthia Markland. Once he paused by the window and looked down on the lighted street.

"Poor Miss Tinnie," he said, half aloud, "poor old girl."

Tinnie, meanwhile, was hurrying homeward. She did not take the car, but walked fast, looking neither to the right nor the left. People that she knew were passed unrecognized. Some of these noticed that her face looked pinched and old. She was forty-five and more, but she had never shown it so plainly as now. Though she took no heed of ma-

terial things her mind was unusually active.

This, then, was the end. The work to which she had given her best years was a failure, after all. The life she had nurtured and guarded until it had become strong and beautiful, had turned upon her at last in anger, and accused her of baseness. It was true, then, what they had told her long ago,—that philanthropy was a mistaken idea, and gratitude but a name. And Jan,—Jan who had been so docile, so eager to learn, so heedful of her wishes,—who had believed in her almost as in a saint,—he, too, had turned upon her at last, the harshest and bitterest of all.

She reached home at dusk, and complaining of a headache, went directly to her room. She did not mention the matter to her mother, who was now old and feeble. She dreaded, in fact, speaking of it to any one. Jan's marriage and disgrace would tell the whole wretched story all too soon. The next Sunday when she went to the little chapel to which Jan had always accompanied her, she occupied her pew alone.

The cold weather came on and Tinnie went out but little. The mother inquired after Jan now and then, but was put off each time with some commonplace excuse, offered guiltily by the daughter, who despised any kind of subterfuge and yet could not bring herself to confess the truth. She told herself that this hesitancy was on Jan's account only; but in reality she could not face the mortification of her failure, and the confession that her precious theories of life had crumbled into ashes.

One day Mrs. L—— called. Tinnie received her alone. After the usual exchange of courtesies, the little lady came promptly to the real purpose of her visit.

"Have you heard about Jan?" she inquired abruptly.

Tinnie guessed at once that Mrs. L—— knew of the rupture that had occurred. She therefore made only a slight negative movement and remained silent.

Mrs. L—— flushed with pleasure at being first to bear the news.

"Why," she continued with brisk animation, "they say that now he has spent all his money on that Blake girl she has gone back on him,—and—and turned out bad, a regular adventuress, in fact, and that he is drinking like a fish. She never wanted to marry him after he broke off with you, and now she has quit him for good, and his last picture is a perfect failure.

Mrs. L—— stopped to take breath. Tinnie had grown a little pale.

"He will likely want to make up with you now," proceeded the talkative little lady after a moment's pause. "Such people generally do that way," and she looked at Tinnie inquiringly.

A long pause followed during which Miss Markland seemed to have forgotten her visitor, who grew nervous and began to wish she had remained at home. When at last Tinnie spoke, her words were not reassuring.

"I know nothing of Mr. Andresen's circumstances, nor of his intentions," she said coldly, "nothing whatever." And shortly after the interview closed.

Whatever Tinnie may have thought about it, Mrs. L—— was right in her conjecture that Jan would now seek reconciliation. In his misery of desertion, disappointment, and failure, he realized all the more fully the value of Tinnie's friendship and counsel. His remorse and penitence finally overcame his pride and shame. He wrote Tinnie a letter one day, confessing his faults and begging her forgiveness. He waited a week, but there came no reply. Then he composed the air and words of a lament bewailing

his pitiful fate. Transcribing both in a beautiful manner, and with the exactness of steel engraving, he sent the roll to her by post.

Tinnie received it one morning just after breakfast. Opening it in the drawing room, she placed the sheet upon the piano and ran over the air. The words were of little merit, but the music was like a wail of anguish. Why Tinnie did so she never knew, but turning from the piano, she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. She had not laughed before since the day of her quarrel with Jan. Her mother tottered in to learn the cause of her merriment.

"Oh," cried Tinnie, between her peals of laughter, "I have just read something that struck me as so perfectly ridiculous. You would n't care to hear it, mamma; it is about some one I used to know."

But, by and by, when her mirth had subsided, she grew very silent and her face hardened. Then she rerolled Jan's music, and writing his address on the wrapper, dropped it in the mail. The milk of human kindness in Tinnie's nature had been skimmed—and had turned sour. Jan did not write again.

Winter passed, and spring, later than usual, filled the city with new life and hope. Summer and warm weather came crowding along quickly behind it, and flocks of people were drifting away to the mountains and fashionable watering places. Early in the season Tinnie went with her mother to a little cottage on the seashore. It was quiet there, and she gave much of her time to reading and making sketches of the sea and picturesque bits of shore. The mail came once a day, bringing down Boston papers and occasional letters from her few friends.

One evening, when Tinnie came in from a long walk, she took the papers out to a little bench where she could watch

the sunset, and run over the news by the fading light. She noticed nothing of special interest at first, and was about to lay the paper aside when a name in a brief item caught her eye. Pausing, she read.

AN UNHAPPY ARTIST.

Last evening about eight o'clock, at his studio on Tremont Street, Jan Andresen, a young Swedish artist of considerable promise, committed suicide by shooting himself through the temples with a revolver. Disappointment in a

love affair and subsequent dissipation are supposed to have been the causes. He leaves no relatives so far as is known.

Then Tinnie laid the paper down and looked off at the fading west. The sun was just going out and the air felt chilly. The tide was creeping up the beach with a dull roar. She shivered a little, and drawing her wrap more closely about her shoulders, sat staring at the darkening sky until she heard her mother's voice calling to her to come in.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE VENGEANCE OF PENDLETON.

A NEWSPAPER STORY BY THE EDITOR OF ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTER.



F Voltaire Pendleton could have foreseen the consequences of what his anger was driving him to do, he certainly would have been appalled. He even might have withheld his vengeful hand, though that is doubtful, for when love and rage combine to push a man to action, mercy and magnanimity sit very far back in

the mind. After he had walked down the broad granite steps of Mr. Product's mansion—a descent made with stateliness and slow pulling on of gloves—young Mr. Pendleton did not turn and shake his fist at the abode of insulting wealth, nor did he bare his gleaming teeth and mutter a curse, for there was nothing theatrical about young Mr. Pendleton. He hailed a cable car simply, took a seat on the dummy, paid his fare like the rest of the passengers, and outwardly was as composed as any, though a great crisis in his life had been precipitated. Arrived at his lodgings, he wrote a letter, which

presently was mailed to Miss Gertrude Products, No. 1001 Toppington Avenue. It ran:—

My darling:—

Our future rests in your hands. I have spoken to your father, and was never more astonished than by his behavior. I have seen life in a good many phases, and the world has not always used me well, but not in all my varied experience have I been so outraged. Were Mr. Products not your father I fear that at this moment he would not be in the enjoyment of unbroken bones. It appears that I am preposterously presumptuous in lifting my eyes to the daughter of a wholesale merchant. And so I am, since the daughter is you, dear; but that was not what he implied. He was thunderstruck at my impudence, and candid enough to tell me so. What the deuce (he did n't say deuce) did I, a mere newspaper scribbler, mean by talking to a man of his standing in the community about marrying into his family? Had he been a noble and I a peasant, his amazement could not have been more insulting, his scorn for me and my profession more open and sincere. That, however, is a score to be settled between him and me, and I shall begin his education at once, not without hope that ere long he will obtain new light on the subject of the relative dignity of commerce and journalism. To you, my darling, I will speak only of love.



A THOUSAND COPIES! GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THEM?

You, I know, are free from your parent's grotesque prejudices, and are sufficiently modern to understand that your marriage is your affair not your father's. I have informed you of my income. It is better than his was when he married your sainted mother. You share my confidence in my literary future. After what has occurred, your father and I, of course, can never again meet as friends and it did not need that he should forbid me the house.

He has separated us, Gertrude, but it is for you to say whether this unexpected opposition will hasten or postpone our union. My arms are stretched out toward you, my darling. Will you come?

Ever your loving Voltaire.

And the following day brought this to young Mr. Pendleton's lodgings:—

Dearest:—

I'm not at all surprised. I know Papa better than you do, you see. He is perfectly absurd, and indulges prejudices as to money, social position, and that sort of thing, that

would disgrace an Englishman. But in this, of course, he is simply like the average American business man. You were dreadfully excited when you wrote. I could perceive that by your style, which was charmingly mixed. I do not see that Papa's folly should affect our plans in the least. I have said that our marriage shall take place after my graduation. Then I can put out my sign as an M. D., and you can go on with your work as usual. I dare say Papa will be very glad to be reconciled eventually; but should he remain hostile after we are united, I must bear the pain. As for his money, we shall need and want none of it. Don't feel too hard toward him, Voltaire. He is getting on in years, and for men of his class it is exceedingly difficult to acquire new ideas. Leave him to me. I know I can manage him.

Come up to the college this afternoon and walk home with me.

That editorial of yours this morning on the silver question was dashing, but not quite convincing. Why don't you deal with the point: "Could the United States alone sustain free coinage? Would, or would not, our mints be deluged with the surplus silver of the world?"

Here is a kiss * to comfort my poor dear boy.

With lots of love, Gertrude.

P. S. Control yourself more, Voltaire. Your calling makes great demands upon your nerve force, and you can afford to waste none of it in fuming at my father, who if ridiculous, is, when you know him, an excellent man. I enclose a prescription. Take after meals and at bedtime. You will find it soothing.

In the interval between the dispatch of his own letter, and the receipt of Gertrude's, which quite restored his balance, his self-esteem, and his good-humor, young Mr. Pendleton had done something which was destined to bear tremendous results. His pen was in a good many inkstands, and when he had employed it for an hour or so, he went to bed chuckling.

"Perhaps," he reflected, with a satisfaction that was purely human in its malignity, "my eminently respectable friend, P. Hamson Products, Esq., will awaken to the fact that journalism as well as commerce is a power in the life

of the nineteenth century. I'd like to watch the old boy's face while he reads that."

Had that privilege been vouchsafed young Mr. Pendleton, he would have seen a face that grew white and then purple over its whole fat, clean shaven breadth. The paper was but an obscure weekly. Mr. Products had scarcely been aware of its existence, and lifted it from his desk only because it lay there with curiosity-compelling blue pencil marks on its editorial page. It was a monstrous article, perfectly monstrous; and yet, as he read, the elements of truth in the mendacious thing surprised while they tormented its subject.

When one has been respectable all his life, when one has worked and planned and saved and conquered, and become at fifty the realization of what one at sixteen set out to be, it is murderous to be suddenly awakened, if only for an illuminating instant, to the worthlessness—yes, the criminality—of the achievement. To be a clerk, then a small merchant, then a large one; to rise with the years to a great bank account, directorships in corporations, to a fine mansion on the avenue, to the presidency of the Chamber of Trade, to unsurpassed importance and dignity in the business district,—surely it is a life well spent. Mr. Products had had little time for books, to be sure, and less taste. Everything that was not connected with business seemed to him so slight as to be trifling, and worthy the thought only of women and fribbles. He was not unused to seeing his name in print, but it had always been placed there with extreme respect—respect so extreme that, quite as a matter of course, he had come to despise the press. To the reporters, who called frequently at his office and asked his opinions on all sorts of questions of a public nature, he



"AND I MAY INSERT YOUR MORNING GLORY
ADVERTISEMENT?"

was gruff and brief in his replies. He knew nothing as to these questions that was really worth printing, but then his answer that he had no time, as a business man, to think of such things, that he left them to the politicians, raised him in his own and the press's esteem. To it and himself he seemed properly above such unsubstantial matters, dwelling as he did in a heavy atmosphere of wealth and respectability. As senior member of the firm of Products & Lardington he had an instinct, this degenerated burgher, which told him that it would be unbecoming in him to step down to the plane of the community's interests and concern himself with its affairs. He voted, like a respectable man, with the most respectable party, read and con-

descendingly agreed with the city's oldest and most respectable newspaper, attended church with some regularity, and solemnly patronized the clergyman, who never ventured to speak to him of spiritual things, and with a slight frown subscribed to the recognized charities,—not grudgingly, but as one who does a more or less doubtful thing because it is expected of a man of his position.

A typical Gradgrind,—
he read, and choked as he read,
a man without an idea above his pork barrels, and a heart that would be salted and sold if it were marketable. Why should dull organisms of this sort be put forward among us as leading citizens? What have they ever done for anybody besides themselves that they should be honored by the city's press and people? Are they not as innocent of public spirit as they are of soul, and every species of knowledge and sentiment that dignifies men? P. Hamson Products has been reelected President of the Chamber of Trade. Why? Has he intellect? Has he more mind than his porter? Was he ever known to say a wise thing or do a generous one? Is he more fit than his unknown porter to represent the commercial interests of this metropolis, with its magnificent future? He has money, yes; but how did he get it? By squatting in the road like a toad with its tongue out to catch flies. He came early, sat down, grew fat, and now blocks the pathway of progress. The Products fatigue, with their undesert, and the stupid complacency that swells them and renders them intolerable to men of ability. The Chamber of Trade, composed as it is of the city's business men, has disgraced itself by again honoring with office this nonentity, who, whatever he may have been in years gone by, is now weighted down by his gross dollars as heavily as Twain's Calaveras frog was with equally honest shot. The *Lance* is ashamed of the Chamber of Trade. The best thing it can do for its own and the town's credit is to rescind its action, retire the insufferable Products, elect a man with some gray matter under his hair, and some capacity for comprehending the breadth of the city's commercial needs. Hamson Products is well enough among his barrels. Let him stay there.

"Pooh," said Mr. Products, tossing the *Lance* carelessly into the wastebasket

and yawning, "of course I care nothing for such vile trash."

This was said to Burlap, of Burlap & Bivouac, and Nailson, of Nailson & Cleets, and Ankerly, of Ankerly & Chains, who had dropped in, separately, each with an open copy of the *Lance*.

"Of course not," agreed Burlap, "but it's an outrage."

"The Street's indignant," said Nailson. "The newsboys are crying the paper everywhere and everybody's talking about it. It's time a stop was put to this personal journalism."

"It's blackmail," said Ankerly, "and I'd sue 'em for libel."

"Pooh," said Products again. "The thing's harmless. A man in my position can't afford to notice it. I don't care that for it." And he snapped his fingers, which trembled.

It surprised him that the oldest and most respectable paper that evening did not contain an editorial denouncing the atrocious attack upon so eminent a citizen.

"Why should it, Pa?" asked Miss Products, to whom at the dinner table he had growled out some faint expression of his disappointment and wonder.

That was substantially what Colonel Scadsby, the editor, also asked when Mr. Products sent for him next day.

"My dear sir," the Colonel observed, "you surely can't expect the *Intelligencer* to notice in any way such a sheet as the *Lance*."

"But sir," cried Mr. Products, whose sense of wrong had not diminished within the twenty-four hours, "you forget that this is no ordinary case. The attack is upon me, sir!"

"And what, might I ask," coolly responded the Colonel, "does the *Intelligencer* owe to you, Mr. Products? What have you ever done for the *Intelligencer* that it should break through its rules to fight your battles for you?"

"If you mean advertising, sir," sputtered Mr. Products highly, "the position of the house of Products & Lardington in the commercial world is such that advertising would—would lower its tone, sir."

"Precisely. It is n't business for you to help the *Intelligencer*, and I can't see, on the other hand, that it would be business for the *Intelligencer* to help you, in a matter that is purely private and does not concern the public. Besides, it would be foolish. Take my advice and ignore the *Lance*. That's always the best way."

"Good heavens, what a cold-blooded, sordid brute!" thought the victim as the door shut on the Colonel's able back. "I never would have dreamed it of the *Intelligencer*, that I've taken for thirty years and—and felt so friendly to. So respectable and high-minded and disinterested as it seemed, too."

But being a man of business to the core, Mr. Products, alone in his office, reflected, and the justice of the Colonel's position, from the Colonel's point of view, soon forced itself through the resisting armor of angry suffering.

"Smith," he said, so peremptorily as to forbid the interrogations of surprise when the head clerk had answered his bell, "make out a column advertisement of those Morning Glory Hams—the new lot—and send it to the *Intelligencer*."

"Smith," he said, ringing his bell again five minutes later, "don't send that advertisement to the *Intelligencer*."

He had considered what the Street would think of Products & Lardington doing a frivolous thing like advertising. So he wrote a check and sent it by messenger with a polite note to Colonel Scadsby. Back it came, by the same messenger, with an indignant note from the Colonel. Mr. Products threw it on

his desk, and stared at it, not knowing what to do. He was in new waters, unmarked on commercial charts.

A card from the Business Manager of the *Saturday Flayer* was followed by an old young man, ingratiating as to smile, not very clean, and perfumed with tobacco and something stronger.

The *Flayer* was deeply pained, in common with the whole city, at the scurrilous abuse heaped on a citizen of such high standing by that characterless disgrace to journalism, the *Lance*. The editor of the *Flayer* believed in doing justice to every man, and he had long been waiting for a suitable opportunity to show up as he deserved the black-guard editor of the *Lance*.

"Well," burst out Mr. Products, shaking the queer visitor's hand energetically, without a thought of condescension,—for so does sympathy unbind us,—"I'm glad there's one paper in the town that has the courage to go after that low villain. What did you say the name of your paper was? Put me down as a subscriber."

"And you'll want some extra copies of the issue, of course?"

"Certainly, certainly. I'll send them to my friends. That *Lance* should be driven out of existence."

"That's what the *Flayer* lives to do," said the Business Manager, making a memorandum. "One thousand copies, one hundred dollars, Mr. Products."

"A thousand copies! Good heavens, what should I do with them?"

"O, you can leave them with us and call for them as you want them. They're cheap at a hundred dollars, Mr. Products,—under the circumstances. Don't you think so?"

The Business Manager drew from his vest pocket a cigar, bit its end off, and winked.

"Leave my office, sir!" roared Mr.

Products. "Smith, throw this black-mailing scoundrel out!"

And in the next *Flayer* there was a page, giving a circumstantial account of the corruption of the *Intelligencer* by the notorious Hamson Products,—not to secure it as a defender (that would be too much, even for the *Intelligencer*) but to procure its guilty silence. The *Flayer*, whose eyes were everywhere, and which, as its fortunate readers were often made aware, had means of its own for procuring important information, knew of the existence of a check, drawn by the shameless Products in favor of the conscienceless Scadsby. The *Flayer* challenged those enemies of decent journalism to test the accuracy of its information in the present instance. Let them sue the *Flayer* for libel, and ascertain whether it could or could not give the amount of the check in question, its number, its date, and the name of the bank on which it was drawn. Thank God, there were honest journals left in the community. Whatever the *Flayer's* differences in the past had been with its esteemed contemporary, the *Lance*,—and the public knew that they had been many and radical,—the *Flayer* yet recognized that its contemporary had rendered a high public service when it came, as it had done, to the defense of intelligence and integrity in our commercial life by exposing that worse than hollow sham, the too-long-tolerated P. Hamson Products, of the at-last-sufficiently-advertised firm of Products & Lardington.

A week later the *Flayer* contained the portrait of Mr. Products and a column of eulogy, with the explanation of how it had been infamously misled by a lying, and since discharged employee, who, acting the vile part of a spy, had misread one of the many financial documents that for a moment were under his eye on the private desk of the slandered gentleman

while the discharged employee had been in the honored merchant's private office on business.

The Business Manager took Mr. Product's order for two thousand copies of the issue, after submitting the proofs for his inspection, and this time bit his cigar and winked without rebuke.

The *Whip*, the *Breeze*, the *Tomahawk*, the *Blast*, the *Groundhog*, the *Illuminator*, and the *Naked Truth*, all presently published Mr. Product's portrait, with accompanying eulogies. The Morning Glory hams were advertised in the *Intelligencer* and, twenty-four hours later, in the other daily newspapers.

"Products," said Lardington, a brisk small man with fair hair, and light blue eyes set close beside an eagle's beak, "this won't do. You're ruining the business. We can't afford to advertise. The Street's talking, and here's Smith telling me that Spily's Commercial Agency's sending about nosing into our standing. The Los Diablos Bank has drawn on us for that ten thousand without explanation. I can't sleep."

"Sleep! Sleep!" groaned Mr. Products. "By the Lord, Lardington, I have n't slept for three weeks except with the help of things Gertrude's prescribed for me."

"Well, this advertising's got to stop."

"But, Lardington, how can we stop it, with that infernal *Lance* abusing me week after week?"

"That's your affair, not mine. What the deuce did you ever get into the newspapers at all for? I'd no idea you cared any more for publicity than I do myself. Have you gone crazy that you're printing your portrait everywhere, as if you were a cigar or a politician?"

"It's the *Lance*, Lardington. I could murder that man, whoever he is."

"Why don't you send for him and buy

him off? Anything's better than this publicity."

The editor of the *Lance* came, and greeted the President of the Chamber of Trade with a sunny friendliness. O yes; he could be induced to stop easily enough.

"The truth is," said the nicely dressed, carefully gloved, and cheerful young man, laughing softly, "you take this sort of thing too seriously, Mr. Products. We really haven't said anything very bad about you, or you'd have had us for libel long before this. I assure it's done without the least malice. We must have something to write about, you know; the people demand it. What was it you wanted to see me about? Eh? Oh, for shame, Mr. Products! Really, I thought that *Intelligencer* check was a stupid invention of the *Flayer's*. Dear, dear, I shall have to bid you good afternoon."

"And," asked Mr. Products in a smothered voice of agony, "and print all about this — this interview?"

"Of course."

The unhappy man caved together in his chair, looking his dire and impotent dismay.

"Come, Mr. Products," said he of the *Lance*, relenting at the sight, taking his seat again and smiling brightly, "don't despair. I'm not implacable. Let me ask you a frank question or two. Now — aside from what it has been saying about yourself, of course — don't you think the *Lance* is a pretty bright and interesting paper?"

"Well, — yes." The racked Products would have admitted anything.

"That's what I think. And it's a good property. At least it can be made so. I am not a business man, and you are, and you can tell me. If you would give me your advice you could help me

greatly. My conviction is that with a little more capital to increase the paper's attractions and advertise its merits better its stock could be made to pay handsome dividends. It's a stock company affair, you know."

"Oh, is it?" inquired Mr. Products, beginning to brighten. Business always interested him.

"Yes, and its affairs stand about in this way."

The explanation of the affairs of the *Lance* was rather long and somewhat intricate, but Mr. Products listened attentively, and when the other had finished and smiled at him, he said with manly decision that he could not conceive of a better opening for a small and safe investment, for one who had more money lying idle than he liked to have. He took a hundred shares of the stock on the spot.

"And I may insert your Morning Glory advertisement, I suppose?" said the gratified journalist, still smiling, and tucking the check into his vest pocket as he arose.

"God forbid!" cried Mr. Products, all effusion departing from his manner, and anxiety returning to his inflamed eyes.

"How's that?"

Mr. Products explained. He grew voluble, earnest. Yes, he confided in, leaned on, the editor of the *Lance*, who seemed by comparison a friend and a gentleman.

"It won't do at all," smiled that adviser. "If you stop the ads they'll all begin roasting you, and then your portraits will have to appear again. You've been through it once, and that's enough. Listen to me, and grin and bear it as it is."

"Yes, but here are all the dailies after me, too, Mr. Hooker. The holidays are coming, and the *Intelligencer*, and *Forum*, and *Court*, and *News*, and *Record*, and

Times, and *Day*, and *Evening*, and *Searcher*, and *Hour*, and *Arbiter*, and the rest, are getting up their special editions. You've made me a public man, Mr. Hooker, and they insist on my portrait and biography."

"At the usual rates?"

"Yes."

"Then give 'em to 'em. You can't help it."

"But it's hurting my business, this dreadful publicity."

"It'll hurt you more to quit now."

The dissolution of the firm of Products and Lardington disturbed the Street, the more so as the entire press of the city, Mr. Products's ardent friend, placed the most unflattering constructions upon Mr. Lardington's motives in this strictly private transaction. Stung by the injustice of this treatment, and taking an eagle glance at the future, the retiring partner opened a rival establishment. In self-defense Mr. Products added a retail department to his own, and became a larger advertiser than ever. His political party, seeking for a man at once popular and solid, representing alike the masses and the progressive business elements, allowed itself to be guided by the newspapers and nominated him for Mayor. P. Hamson Products, supported by an unanimous press, which for once rose above degrading partisanship, made a magnificent canvass, developed surprising eloquence as an orator, and was beaten.

"Gertrude," said Voltaire Pendleton, endeavoring to quiet his playful two-year-old son on his knee, and addressing the fine-looking young lady seated in a low easy chair by the reading lamp and lost in a magazine.

"Gertrude."

She looked up, and laid the *Medical*

Review face downward in her lap, to keep the place.

"Well, Voltaire?"

"Your father was after me again today with another of his propositions."



"I HAVE THOUGHT AT TIMES I COULD DETECT THE
PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF PARESIS"

"Poor dear Papa. I suppose it was as wild and unbusinesslike as usual. Since that election ruined him and Lardington got his trade away, I'm afraid he's been slightly affected mentally. I have thought at times I detected the premonitory symptoms of paresis."

"No, it 's politicians and bad habits and a quenchless desire to be before the public. If we could steady him he'd be all right again, I'm sure, and fit for business—in some small way, of course. I've told him that if he'd drop politics and irregular hours I wouldn't mind backing this proposition with a little capital. If we can keep him profitably employed, we can save his allowance."

"I'm afraid, dear, that poor Papa—"

"Yes, I know what the risks are, but there are many considerations. Now that I'm one of the proprietors of the *Intelligencer*, it's hardly quite the thing, you understand, to have the old gentleman gadding about in this way, making speeches and stirring up the workingmen and all that. It does n't comport with my —"

"Your position. You are right, Voltaire. Our social standing requires—"

"Precisely. Our duty to society requires us to keep your father up as well

as we can, and he's very embarrassing as it is, I confess. But I'm hopeful that we can get him out of politics. He's on fire with enthusiasm over this new project of his."

"Is it commercial?"

"Well, no,—and yes. He wants me to buy the *Lance* from Hooker and give him a half-interest."

Dr. Pendleton was amazed, and scandalized, too. She permitted her son to drag the *Medical Review* from her lap unnoticed.

"Oh," the husband hastily explained, "I should not be known in connection with it, and could edit its political and literary departments without interfering with my *Intelligencer* interests. The old *Intelligencer*, God bless it, is so slow and safe that it runs itself. And honestly, Gertie, I'm pining to do a little strong writing again. It's in the blood."

"But, Voltaire, the *Lance* —"

"Yes, I know, but it will be understood that your father shall have the active business management of it, and not trouble me with the details. Hang it, there goes that bell. That's one reason why I'm anxious to increase my income, darling. I want my sweetheart to retire from practice."

Arthur McEwen.

IN A WESTERN FOREST.

DARK boughs, weighed down with silence; in a dim,

Cool nook a brown doe and her spotted fawn;

Above, upon a fir tree's massive limb,

A crouching cougar with keen daggers drawn.

Herbert Bashford.



THE MITCHELLS.

A BRUNETTE DARBY AND JOAN.



TUCKED away among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, where the dark pines nod familiarly to each passing breeze, is a picturesque spot known as Penn Valley. The greater part of the valley, is a succession of low, rocky hills, covered with chaparral and clusters of small pines, while dotted here and there on the low lands are numerous springs of pure cold water, with adjacent fertile spots covered with orchards, vineyards, and green fields of alfalfa. Owing to the heavy growth of brush and pines, there is no extended view of the valley, but from an eminence within its limits,

can be seen an ocean of waving grain fields, and beyond the mist that overhangs the Sacramento River, the Marysville Buttes outlined against the sky in all their somber grandeur, while far, far away, where the sun suddenly drops from view, is the dimly outlined, misty blue of the Coast Range.

Taking a serpentine course through the valley, is a clear cold stream, called Squirrel Creek, which lies here and there, in deep, silent pools, and again rushes headlong over rocky falls, where but a ray of sunshine finds its way through the wide spreading boughs of the pine trees.

At the extreme lower end of the valley, on a rocky upland, stands a little cabin, looking out upon a brush-covered opening, with only here and there a tree

to intercept the first rays of morning light. On the north and west, a forest of pines protects it from the chilling winds of winter, and the warm afternoon sunshine in summer. A few rods to the south, lies a rocky road, over which the Marysville stage bumps its passengers every day in the year; and beyond this lies a half board, half ditch fence, enclosing the pasture lands of a thrifty farmer. The cabin was built by an old negro, named Jim Mitchell, and the quarter-section on which it stands he took as a homestead, and there with his squaw wife spent many peaceful years, esteemed by all who knew him, for truthfulness and strict integrity.

As is characteristic of his race, he loved companionship, and there were many hard struggles before poverty and ill health forced him to settle in this quiet spot. The ranch was of no value, aside from the timber and a small amount of pasturage, so he made no attempt at farming, but did odd jobs for the neighbors, and occasionally a full day's work, when the state of his health would permit.

His greatest solace in his isolation was an old fiddle. Ellen, the squaw, sat near, stroking her dog, "Cully," and looking upon her liege lord with love and admiration, as he played on long winter's evenings. The other dogs stretched themselves at full length on the hearth, to enjoy the warmth of the open fireplace. The instrument was not in the hands of a novice, and as the lively strains rose and fell in quick succession upon the ears of the uncritical listeners, a vigorous pat, pat, kept the time perfect, while an air of enchantment pervaded the humble dwelling. The poor old face, suffused with smiles, looked again youthful in the fire-light glow. In an intoxication of fond memories aroused, aches and pains were forgotten,

—the old rheumatic leg was, "First upon the heel tap, then upon the toe;" —and before Jim came back to the realities of life and his infirmities, he made a futile attempt to leave his chair, and "jump Jim Crow."

Ellen kept the house in order, had the frugal meals on time, and otherwise busied herself, in piecing quilts of scraps given by the neighbors, and weaving beautifully designed baskets. The quilts kept the bed neat and made Mitchell comfortable, while the baskets were for her own people. Although very happy and contented with Mitchell, she still loved her tribe, and when a death occurred among the Indians, none contributed baskets more generously for the funeral fire than Ellen. It is doubtful if she could have broken her relations with the tribe, even had she wished to do so, for they settled down on Mitchell like a lot of vultures, ready to eat every sack of flour and side of bacon that found its way into the scanty larder.

Friends remonstrated with such arguments as, "They are more able to work than you, let them rustle for themselves."

"Could n't tell em dat, boss, dey 's her people, 'n she 's good to me. What 'ud I do without dat ooman, I's a mighty sight to be thankful for."

By and by, Ellen got very little time for her patchwork and basket-making, as Mitchell's failing health made it necessary for her to seek employment at the neighboring farmhouses. Much of her time was spent on the ranch adjoining their homestead, where she made herself useful at the wash-tub and mending baskets, humming the while a mournful dirge that contrasted strangely with her beaming countenance and childlike simplicity. The little dog was her constant companion, and the invalid, too, accompanied her, as long as he retained the strength to do so; for "Boss and

Madam," as he called them, were generous to a fault, and the trio were sure of a good meal and a package to carry home, if they only made a call, "up to de house."

They were in the habit of calling frequently, on their friends, and were made very welcome at more than one home in the valley. Sometimes the three came, bringing along the old fiddle; this was for pleasure only,—and Madam was entertained with the artist's very best selections. At other times the calls were of a business nature, such as "dischargin' a settin' of aigs, to get some of Madam's percochins," or to get some "distructions 'bout makin sof' soap."

A family to whom they paid regular visits, moved away, and in the course of time, the lady sent her "love and kind remembrances to Mitchell and Ellen." When the message was delivered, Ellen as usual had nothing to say, but Mitchell beamed with delight and volubly enumerated the many gifts to "me 'n Ellen," and with emphasis declared, "Madam Hyte 's a squar up and down lady to think uv an ole nigger." This little token of regard was a lasting memory, kept fresh in the minds of his friends by frequent repetition, and reference to the lady, as "a mighty good ooman."

Ellen was very quiet and unobtrusive, seldom speaking unless spoken to, and not always then, but when Mitchell entertained his friends with some highly embellished narrative of past adventures, she would blink her eyes and smile, and blink again, before she made the explanation, "Jes' a talkin' now."

The neighbors were unanimous in the verdict, that "Mitchell was no common nigger." Without any education beyond reading and spelling a little, he spoke French, Spanish, English, and Indian. Although old, infirm, and destitute, he

cheerfully acknowledged there was "so much to be thankful for." He had the politeness and suavity of a Frenchman, the good-natured improvidence of his own race, the hopeful simplicity of a child, and the love of a true gentleman for his wife, although she was only a Digger Indian.

In conversation with Madam, he said: "I was borned a slave, in Loosyanny. Mars Bruce he borned same day, 'n ole boss he give me t' Mars Bruce for his 'n, —'n mighty good times did me 'n Mars Bruce have ridin' the hosses. We rid when we 's no taller 'n yan table, 'n 'f anybody 'd cuff my years, Mars Bruce 'ud rave, 'n tell 'um he 'spex he can cuff Jim 'f 'e needs 'busin' dat way. Mars Bruce 'ud never sole my Jinsy down de Massassipy,—ole boss dun dat. Me 'n Mars Bruce done come to Californy over a plains, 'n jist at the Sabeen River, we met up with Dave Terry, a chum of our 'n, 'n right there Mars Bruce give my free papers, 'n I dun been my own man ever since. We wuz forty-niners, 'n made a sight o' money,—I dun made six dollars a day, jes' a washin', an' sich,—pears like I can't say whar mine 's gawn to. I never got drunk, 'n I never smoked, 'n I never chawed,—so 't ain't drunk up, nor 't aint smoked up, nor 't ain't chawed up,—but it 's gawn up de flume somehow, dat am a fac', but I 'se a mighty sight to be thankful for, anyways."

Sometimes the cabin was shut up for a few days, while the Mitchells on their old horse, Suzy, went off to a Digger fandango, Suzy had a special habit of always holding her mouth open,—Mitchell said she was "a laffin'," but from appearances, the poor animal found living a rather serious matter, with but little to excite her risibles. "Laffin'" Suzy with Mitchell and Ellen on her back, and Cully in Ellen's lap, set off at a deliberate

gait,—while Ponto and Sally, with tails erect, trotted ahead, as if to encourage Suzy to quicken her pace. All together they made an interesting group on the highway.

"We allus takes our own grub," Mitchell explained apologetically, "fer I don't want none uv their truck, 'pears like it 's little uv everything."

At one time Madam missed the social calls of the Mitchells. Month after month went by, without a sight of their friendly faces. She was puzzled to ascribe a cause for their absence. They were not gone, for with great regularity Cully came as usual for food that was always awaiting her. One day after she had finished her lunch and licked her mongrel chops, Madam tied a bit of gay ribbon on the dog's neck, and saw her trot off home.

Mitchell espied the ribbon at once, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed: "Madam dun dat. She want us to come."

If there had been any ill feeling, it was all gone now; that bit of ribbon bridged the chasm. Visits were at once resumed, without any reference to the past, and Cully became a greater favorite than ever with the Madam, who enjoyed making life a little easier for her poor neighbors.

More and more feeble the invalid became, until a stroke of paralysis rendered him helpless. For three months Ellen gave him loving care, and when the burden became too heavy, some of her tribe assisted in ministering to his wants. Madam and the friends kept a better supply of provisions than had ever before rested on Ellen's "fall leaf table," in which she had especial pride.

One morning Tanaka came with a message "up to the house,"—but Indian like, he leaned on the fence, not offering to come in, or speak, until asked, "What do you want, Tanaka?"

"Mitchell gone," he replied, and without another word departed.

Madam with her best lace pillow-cases and whitest sheets, and minor articles for Ellen, was admitted to the cabin, and led by the widow to the bed, where lay the body of her husband, covered entirely over with the best patchwork quilt. She removed the quilt from the face, and putting a hand on either side, knelt beside the bed and wept. All was done that could be for the respect of the dead and comfort of the living.

A few months later, Ellen sold the land for \$600, with permission to occupy the cabin as long as she chose. Money now began to be spent freely,—not by Ellen, but her Indian friends, who came and put up a cabin conveniently near, and lived entirely on her bounty, begging the money by tens and twenties from the kind-hearted creature, who could not refuse her improvident brothers.

With a bright golden twenty, Bob was sent to Smartsville for supplies. It was late before he returned, and then beastly drunk, and the money all gone. Some dissatisfaction was expressed, and Bob became furious, vowing vengeance on everybody in general. In a frenzy, he discharged a loaded Winchester, and accidentally ended his spree in a very few minutes. Ellen's face wore a pained expression when she saw the bloodstains on her patchwork quilt. No doubt she thought of the peaceful days that were past, but no word escaped her lips.

Soon after this Ellen and her friends set off for a fandango, sixteen miles away, over toward San Juan,—Ellen on "Laffin' Suzy," with numerous bundles of bedding and clothing, and the rest on foot, each with a basket or bundle. Ellen locked her cabin securely, but in the other house was left an old blind squaw, named Catum, who was too old to enjoy the fandango, and too feeble for

the journey. Provisions were placed in the chimney corner near her blankets, and Cully was left for company.

Two days later the boss was passing by, and saw the cabin door standing wide open. Aware of Ellen's absence, he went to close it and beheld a scene of destruction that made his heart ache for the helpless owner. In the center of the room was heaped every article of dress and furniture the cabin contained, hopelessly chopped into bits. There lay the "fall leaf table" and dish safe, split into kindling, the cooking-stove, dishes, and chairs, a mass of debris, and over all, was emptied sugar, salt, and flour. The feathers that Ellen had been so long in collecting for pillows, were floating about unrestrained, while on top of the heap, resting snugly in its box, was Mitchell's fiddle, not one string amiss, and the only thing in the house that was not broken beyond the possibility of any future use. Before reaching the other cabin, the boss threw up his hands in horror; for there before him lay poor old Catum, stone dead. The shriveled old body was burned to a crisp, a band around the waist was all that was left of the clothing, and there, close by her side, sat faithful little Cully. She greeted boss with a growl, although the little eyes wore a pleased expression at the approach of a friend.

Out across the pine forest, not far from the big bend of Squirrel Creek, lived an ill-tempered, revengeful negro. Ineffectual attempts to convince the neighbors that he was not a gentleman of color, also added to the surly disposition. Two weeks after Mitchell's death, this person was anxious to take charge of the homestead, and fill the void in Ellen's affections,—but in both he was disappointed, and the destruction of her property was the result. Whether the death of Catum is attributable to acci-

dent while preparing her frugal meal, or a crime to be laid at the door of the same demon, will forever be a mystery.

Lack of sufficient proof was all that prevented boss and Madam, from seeing justice done their poor neighbor. Ellen was sent for, and Madam accompanied her, to be a support in her grief. She gazed long and earnestly on the ruins in her once comfortable and happy home. Silently she made her way to the little storeroom, where her beautiful baskets lay scattered about over the floor, cut up into bits. Mitchell's ax had been used for their demolition, and was lying near with the handle broken. Madam knew these were her dearest treasures, that year after year, she had worked on them, stitch by stitch, that Mitchell with his violin sat near, and watched the busy fingers weaving in and out, and praised the ever-varying designs. With such recollections, her eyes were brimming with sympathetic tears, while Ellen, with clasped hands, and a half audible "Oh!" gazed on, shedding no tear and giving no further evidence of emotion. How keenly the loss was felt, is a secret in her own bosom.

As Madam and boss were returning from Rough and Ready the next day, they met a small company of Indians, with their customary budgets and bundles, presumably all their worldly effects. It was nothing unusual to see them en route, so they were scarcely given a second glance, still it was remembered that one squaw, with muffled head and averted face, kept to the farther side of the road. It was afterwards learned that this was Ellen, fulfilling the promise made to Mitchell, of "going back to camp,"—going back to her tribe, as poor as she left it years ago, going back to certain hardship and penury, going without one word of goodby, even to Madam, her very best friend.

Helen M. Carpenter.



SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

STOCKTON.

THE COMING CHICAGO OF THE WEST COAST.

A HISTORY of Stockton or San Joaquin County, brief as is the time covered, may extend indefinitely; for the place has coupled with it so much of value to the world and so many natural advantages that it cannot be passed over in a few words.

There is but one beginning to Stockton and that is Captain Charles M. Weber, justly called the "Father of Stockton." True it is that its many natural advantages could not long have remained unappreciated, still the fact remains that much of the prosperity and advancement of the city is due to his early planning, foresight, sagacity, and liberality.

Captain Weber settled first on the present site of Stockton in 1841, and in 1843 indirectly from the Mexican government got a grant of eleven square leagues of land then known as the Rancho del Campo de los Franceses, and soon laid out the present city. Now, where but a few years ago the Indian pitched his tepee, noble monuments stand, the pride of our nineteenth century.

In San Joaquin County's short history there have been three distinct ages or epochs, and each has contributed its share to the advanced state into which we are now entering.

First, in common with the rest of Cal-



COUNTY JAIL.

ifornia, the feverish excitement caused by the cry of "Gold! Gold!" as it rang across the continent. This age lasted about twenty years, and here it is enough to say that it was productive chiefly in populating our State with a hardy band of energetic, determined, whole-souled men.

During this period Captain Weber never for once lost faith in the future of Stockton, which had been constantly growing until it had become a vigorous, wide awake city.

But the country lands had all this time lain idle and by the most enthusiastic admirer of California were considered of little value. Just here the second era was ushered in. Men by the hundreds

left the mines and began to take the gold from the valleys. Wheat was the chief crop, and the time has been called the "wheat age." This age like the preceding lasted about twenty years. And no man was supposed to be farming at all who had not in from a thousand acres up. Then wheatfields began to be cut up into smaller fields, and a variety of crops was planted. People found to their astonishment that the land would raise other things just as well,—yes, in many instances better than wheat,—and the old men of 1849 began to awaken to some of the possibilities of San Joaquin soil and climate.



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND GUILD.

California had long been known as the "Wonder Land," and no story was believed by our Eastern friends if any where near the truth. Now even the Californian story teller began to be surprised, as the actual possibilities opened up to him.

Until then nature had been depended on to furnish water for the growth of all cereals and fruits, and today many a San Joaquin farmer will tell you that it is all well enough for Fresno or Los Angeles, or counties similarly situated, to irrigate,—it is necessary in such dry places,—but San Joaquin can raise as much without irrigation as with it. He never stops



MASONIC BUILDING.



CAPTAIN CHARLES M. WEBER, "THE FATHER OF STOCKTON."



STOCKTON HARBOR, 1849.

to think that if San Joaquin can raise so much without irrigation what can she do with it, if she is but given a chance.

Now the Woodbridge canal in the northern part of the county supplies about sixty thousand acres of land with water, and the Stanislaus and San Joaquin canal in the eastern and south-

eastern part will cover an area of some 200,000 acres when completed. These together with irrigation by other methods, the changing of the large wheatfields into smaller holdings, and the cultivation of all kinds of fruits and vegetables, has opened up the third era, which is merging into an awakening greater than the city and county has ever yet known.

The growth of Stockton and the county has ever been slow, but it has been steady and substantial, and if but one half of its natural advantages were known to the world that intangible something we call a "boom" would not be long in making itself felt.

Some of the agricultural productions are, wheat, corn, bar-



THE HAZLETON FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY



STOCKTON HARBOR, 1895.

ley, rye, oats, potatoes, onions, hay, sweet potatoes, watermelons, beans, apples, figs, quinces, prunes, almonds, walnuts, grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, peaches, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, plums, apricots, pears, nectarines, beets, and sugarcane. In fact almost any of the fruits, vegetables, cereals, and textile plants, that will grow in any part of the State seem to flourish under the peculiar conditions of San Joaquin. Live stock of every kind is found in abundance on the various ranches and is the main product of some. Small indeed is the percentage of the land of the county not susceptible of cultivation.

And Stockton is not only the storehouse for all this, but it is the gateway for the enormous products of both the San Joaquin and the Sacra-

mento valleys, a district larger than most of the States in the Union. It is difficult to form any just idea of Stockton's shipments by water and rail. The annual record would be something like this: 60,000,000 feet of lumber, 100,000 tons of grain, 100,000 tons of mill stuff, 50,000 tons of coal, 50,000 tons of general merchandise, great quantities fruits and vegetables, and innumerable other things. The Armstrong-Hatch orchard of over



AN EVERY DAY SCENE ON STOCKTON LEVEE.



PAVILION OF THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY FAIR ASSOCIATION.

3,200 acres, the famous West's vineyards, and thousands of other smaller holdings, help to swell the shipments.

As in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* so in Stockton, "Water, water everywhere." The ground is full of it. Bore down a few feet anywhere and you strike a vein that you cannot pump dry. This is in many instances brought to the surface by windmills and used for irrigation. Stockton has long been known as the city of windmills. Artesian water is also found in abundance all over the country.

The water supply for the city of Stockton, one of the most complete in the State, is obtained from artesian wells. Still she is not satisfied, and arrangements are making for bringing water in aqueducts from Blue Lakes, 125 miles to the east, on the very cap

of the Sierra, the land of perpetual snow. When this is done, the most fastidious can have no cause of complaint,—water, clear, cold, and pure,—no germs of disease, no "death in the pot."

The water communication with the sea is one great feature of Stockton,—free as air and as plentiful as sunlight. Other cities have been oppressed by railroad monopoly, but in vain have they tried to



RACE TRACK, SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY FAIR ASSOCIATION.



BRINGING IN THE WHEAT.

bring ruin to Stockton. Each day the tide rises and falls, and carries with it all its attendant benefits. The harbor is sufficiently large to accommodate all the needs of the city.



STEAM GANG PLOW AT WORK.

Two rival steamship lines ply daily between Stockton and San Francisco, and there are barges, launches, boats of all descriptions, constantly passing up and down and carrying all kinds of merchandise. Added to this, surveys have been made and the time is near at hand when a deep water ship canal will connect Stockton with the sea. The cost of such a canal is of but small moment compared with its advantages. The United States government has promised to do a large part of the

work, and Stockton will soon be a veritable seaport.

The steamers now plying are models of elegance, and the management is gentlemanly and considerate. This combined with the cheapness of the trip makes it one of pleasure, and large crowds go daily on these boats.



From a Daguerreotype.

CAPTAIN WEBER'S HOME.
ERECTED WHEN LUMBER WAS ONE DOLLAR A FOOT.

Stockton's public schools are her pride. The board of trustees are business men of ability and influence, and conduct the schools on business lines, in the interest of the community. Teachers of ability and experience alone are employed. Each year such changes are made in the various buildings as make them more inviting and capable of accommodating the fast



FEMALE WARD, INSANE ASYLUM.



FREMONT SCHOOL.

increasing population. This year special efforts are making, and a proposition will be submitted to the vote of the people to build two new buildings at a cost of some \$200,000. There are now nine school buildings and over fifty teachers. The High School is one of unusual thoroughness and merit. Graduates are accredited to the universities without further examination. The schools generally are managed by high-minded, broad-gauged men, and so long as they are entrusted to the guardianship of such men, "The bulwark of our American liberties is safe."

The present superintendents are, of the county, George Goodell, and of the city, James A. Barr,—thorough students endowed with executive ability and a liking for hard work. The most minute



WASHINGTON SCHOOL.

thing connected with the whole school-system does not escape their notice, and the teacher that tries to dodge work and still retain his position finds himself in a bad place. Mr. Barr is a graduate of the Stockton Business College, and the special training he there received and his studious life have given him special rank as an educator. The schools are likely for a long time to come to be molded by his genius.

Stockton has long been famous also for her private schools. The Stockton Business College has been established for over twenty years and is the best known school of its kind on the Coast, by reason



JACKSON BATHS.

of the advantages it offers and the number of prominent men who have graduated from its halls. Much of its popularity is due to the fact that the students board at the college and the teachers are men of experience, ability, and business methods.

The Brothers' College and St. Agnes's Academy have for years made a crusade against ignorance.

Stockton was one of the first interior cities to establish a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and during the fifteen years of its existence untold good has been accomplished. It has good rooms, well fitted up with gymnastic apparatus, games, reading matter, and



Weber Point, looking toward Masonic Temple
McCloud's Lake looking toward Masonic Temple.
Stockton Channel looking toward Mt. Diablo

Arks on McCloud's Lake.
A Typical San Joaquin River Reach.

musical instruments. The president, J. H. Henderson, and the board of directors are all business men and thoroughly devoted to the work.

The population at the last census was 20,000. If however, the outside additions and colonies surrounding are included, the number is much greater.

To give an idea of the magnanimous public spirit of the average Stocktonian

Nor is this public spirit marked alone by the giving of money, but it shows itself on every occasion where the public good demands it. Few cities can boast of so many and such liberal-hearted men.

Some of Stockton's professional men have a reputation for ability and public spirit that any community will find it hard to match. Of these may be mentioned as a favorable example, the law



THE YOSEMITE HOTEL.

it may be said that within the past few months, hard as times are, over two hundred thousand dollars has been raised and absolutely donated to the public good, —ten dollars apiece to every man, woman, and child, in the city. For this generosity there are many whose names should be mentioned, but there are such a legion of them it would be impossible.

firm of Woods & Levinsky, S. D. Woods and A. L. Levinsky. For eight years the firm was Loutitt, Woods, & Levinsky, but since January, 1894, it has been composed of the two men first named. This firm is given on yearly retainer the business of the largest corporations doing business in the City of Stockton:—P. A. Buell & Company, The Alameda & San



WHEAT HAULING BY TRACTION ENGINES.

road Company, Stockton Savings Bank, Farmers Union & Milling Company, and a number of others, besides the business of many of the largest firms and single capitalists. But in spite of this volume of work, these men never refuse to hear the call on them for their services in any public need. They have done so much for the San

Joaquin Railroad (the Corral Hollow line), the Glasgow & California Land Co. (Limited), The Stockton Car, Machine & Agricultural Works, the Stanislaus & San Joaquin Water Company, The California Navigation & Improvement Company, Stockton Electric Rail-

road, that Vice-President Watt said of them lately, "They have rendered the road valuable service for a long time without any expectation of reward." "New Stockton" is the result of the labors of such men and she never calls





A DESIGN DRAWN BY MRS. P. A. BUELL FOR THE LADIES' EDITION OF THE STOCKTON "MAIL." PROCEEDS GIVEN TO THE VALLEY RAILROAD.

on them in vain for either time or money. The offices of the firm are in the Yosemite Building which besides being a theater, as mentioned elsewhere in this article, is an office building that any city might be glad to claim. Woods & Levinsky occupy the best suite of

rooms in the building, the entire north end of the second floor.

The best court house in the State is found in Stockton. It was erected of California granite in 1890 at a cost of \$366,000. The building is an imposing three story structure surrounded by a



VIEW OF STOCKTON, NORTHEAST FROM COURT HOUSE.

beautiful lawn covered with palms. It is lighted and heated by natural gas and provided with all modern conveniences. Its vaults and safes defy alike the fire fiend and the burglar.

Next in importance in beauty and usefulness is the Public Library building. It was built of the best polished marble at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, and contains over twenty-six thousand volumes of the finest selection of books on the Coast.

The general government has already appropriated \$75,000 towards building a post office, and substantial reasons are given for believing that another appropriation of \$100,000 will be made for the same purpose. In that event the city will have one of the finest post offices in the West. The government has already bought a block of land for it on the corner of two of the principal streets.

The finest theater—the Yosemite—in the interior of the State is also located at Stockton.

Five banks through which flow the

financial life of the city have not been effected by the general depression. Prominent among these is the Stockton Savings and Loan Society.

There are some twenty religious organizations, many of them with fine structures. Some of the most progressive and eloquent ministers in the State are found in Stockton.

Societies to suit every taste and embracing over fifty include for their object benevolence, education, diversion, athletics, art, literature, music, protection, and fraternity.

The Athletic Association, is one of the strongest young athletic institutions in the United States, and is strictly an amateur organization. Its building has just been completed and furnished at a cost of \$7000. This includes a boat house where \$1200 worth of shells and rowing apparatus is stored. The Association has a membership of nearly three hundred, and its objects embrace every ennobling sport that is known both for inside and outside work. The Oakleaf



CENTRAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Wheelmen, the Signal Corps, and the Camera Club, have all disbanded and joined the Association. It has also a ladies' annex, which is to be an important feature of the institution.

The San Joaquin Valley Fair Association was organized in 1860, the coming fair being the thirty-fifth one held. Mr. L. U. Shippee is president of the association and C. E. Doan, secretary. September 16th is set for the opening day, the races lasting one week and the pavilion exhibit two weeks. The pavilion is the finest one on the Coast and the best for the size of the city in the United States. The kite-shaped and regulation track combined is the only one in the world. A large number of entries have already been made and the prospects are that the coming meeting will be the

largest ever held in San Joaquin County. A large number of novelties have been secured for the pavilion and a most entertaining programme will be given each evening. The cost of the pavilion was \$50,000 and the grounds are worth \$150,000. All the improvements have been made under the supervision of Mr. Shippee, who for twenty-two years has been president of the association.

Few tracks are so famous as the kite-shaped track of Stockton. In 1892 all the racing records of the world were broken there. Annually a large number of horses are brought to it from famous stables, not alone on the West Coast but in the East, to be trained.

At no other place on the Pacific Coast is natural gas found in such quantities and so generally used as at Stockton. Over



THE SPERRY MILL.

twenty wells are in use and they furnish from 2500 to 100,000 cubic feet each of gas per day. No trials for gas have as yet been unsuccessful. The depth bored is from 8000 to 15,000 feet and the wells range from ten to seventeen inches in diameter. The gas is forced up in connection with water, which flows as in an artesian well, the gas separating as it comes to the top of the ground. The gas is superior to any other known, and may be used for both lighting and heating. It is piped into the homes, and on account of its cheapness is quite generally used. There is no odor about it, either when consumed or when it escapes. It has never been known to explode, and it does not asphyxiate under any circumstances. The water from the wells in many instances is utilized for bathing. One of these places, known as Jackson's Baths, has become quite celebrated, both as a pleasure resort and for the medicinal

qualities of the water. Many suffering from different maladies find almost instant relief. There is one large bathing reservoir and a great number of smaller ones of different depths. Those having no experience in the use of natural gas can form no just idea of its advantages. It is much cheaper than either wood or coal and is decidedly more satisfactory. One can regulate the quantity, and turn it off when not needed, thus stopping the expense. It is also clean and handy and perfectly harmless. Anyone once using it does not care to return to coal or wood any more than one used to riding in a palace car would wish to take a pleasure trip in an ox wagon. Manufacturers find it superior to other fuel. This together with the prospects of cheap coal from the Corral Hollow Railroad will give to Stockton still greater impetus as a manufacturing center. There are also gas works of the usual kind.

One of the needs of the Stockton of today is larger hotel accommodations. The hotels are good as they now are, but they are not sufficiently large.

The intelligence and advancement of a city is shown by the number and the grade of its newspapers. Stockton has a goodly number, *The Record*, the *Mail*, and the *Independent*, are issued daily. The *Record* is the youngest in point of years, but it is progressive and reliable. The *Mail* and the *Independent* are much older and are well known throughout the State.

The Fire Department is well organized and efficient. Chief Rolf is careful and conscientious and exacts of his men that each shall do his duty. Since he has been in office insurance rates have been lowered about 20 per cent and risks are considered better.

In but few cities has nature done so much to furnish good streets. The ground is almost a dead level for miles. Then this level ground is covered for miles with bitumen or basalt and shaded on either side by beautiful trees, making cool, inviting walks or drives all over the city. This together with the fact that no other city in the West has so many beautiful residences, surrounded by grassy lawns, arbors, and the like, makes home life very attractive.

The report of the secretary of the State Board of Health says: "Stockton has the best system of sewerage in the State." These sewers are a complete barrier against impure water, miasma and fevers. The welfare of a community is its civic management. In this respect Stockton and San Joaquin County are especially favored. The county and city officials, supervisors, mayor, boards of public works, and council, have on the whole been men of advanced ideas and stability of character, capable and efficient.

Stockton's street car facilities are com-

plete. A system of electric roads with double tracks ramify throughout the city, giving the people unusual accommodations for reaching any desired place in the shortest possible time. And as all lines belong to the same company, by transfers one may travel, for one fare, until tired of riding. The company that furnishes the electric lines with power also runs a complete system of electric lighting for the city.

In a few years, at most, Stockton will be the railroad center of the Pacific Coast. The Southern Pacific has lines extending from the city in two directions and besides these there are three others in process of construction. One, the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad, will extend the entire length of the San Joaquin valley, and probably connect with the Santa Fé, making Stockton a terminus. This is being rapidly pushed and will open up overland competition. The next is the Alameda and Corral Hollow road. This also makes Stockton its terminus and opens up vast coal fields, which in turn will develop the manufacturing interests of the city. This road is in course of active construction, with plenty of capital and energy behind it. The third will extend from Stockton to Lodi and open up a rich agricultural district with Stockton the only outlet. There is still another contemplated, which will extend from Stockton to the Yosemite Valley. It would be a difficult matter to estimate the value of these roads on the future of Stockton.

Those who have never been in California often speak of our climate as though it were alike in all parts of the State. In truth no State in the Union possesses a greater variety. San Francisco and the coast are noted for their cold winds and chilling fogs, the interior cities in the upper part of both the San Joaquin and the Sacramento

valleys, for the extreme heat and dry atmosphere. The mountain has still another climate peculiar to itself and varying at different times of the year. But Stockton, close to the geographical center of the State, is not subject to the extremes of any of these parts, but partakes of the nature of all and is the golden mean. Another thing that tends to modify the climate of Stockton is the fact that the water communications extend directly to the coast through a break in the mountains, and the sea breeze rushes through this break and travels over water all the way, until it is robbed of its harshness. Hence, Stockton is devoid of chilling winds and dense unhealthy fogs, while the tide rises and falls each day, giving freshness and cleanliness to the water.

If it were not for the fact that statistics are such unpleasant things I would quote figures from the secretary of the State Board of Health, which show conclusively that Stockton is the healthiest city of 15,000 inhabitants on the Coast.

In speaking of the public buildings of Stockton I omitted to refer to the State Insane Asylum. It is the largest and best arranged in the State. With the exception of a small part, the buildings are all new, and an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars has been made towards rebuilding and remodeling the old structure. It would be difficult to conceive of a neater and more carefully kept place. The inmates are treated with the greatest consideration and shown every privilege that their condition will allow.

Then the private asylum of Doctor Asa Clark is so arranged and managed that no better place could well be devised in which to confine those in the condition of these poor unfortunates. Doctor Clark has made a life study of nervous diseases and has arranged this place,

giving to it all the advantages of his experience and ability.

On account of natural advantages Stockton has long held a front rank as a manufacturing city. In the aggregate output it stands second in the State, but in variety and in many specialties it leads all cities on the Pacific Coast. As first in importance we will mention the flouring mills, as there are here the largest mills west of Minneapolis. The proximity to the immense wheat belts, the cheap fuel and unsurpassed facilities for shipping, have resulted in the building of four gigantic mills with a daily output of ten thousand barrels. Not alone is this large amount turned out, but on account of the superior class of wheat raised and the latest improved machinery, the flour is famous for its quality, and it readily finds market in China, Mexico, and the Islands, as well as in all parts of the United States.

The Pacific Tannery was established in 1860 and has been constantly enlarging ever since, until today the annual output is 65,000 sides of leather, valued at \$350,000. This leather finds ready market in all the large cities of the East, on account of the grade produced. About sixty men are constantly employed at an expense of \$50,000 annually. A general assortment of leather is produced, all of high grade.

The Stockton Woolen Mills are the largest on the Coast. They employ about 200 people in all the departments and turn out all classes of blankets, flannels, and cassimere. It is worth the time of any one to go through the mills, beginning with the raw unwashed wool, and note the various stages it goes through until it comes out the finest, most delicate fabrics.

Near the woolen mills is the extensive paper mill plant. All classes of paper are here manufactured.

The manufacturing of pottery is one of the oldest of arts and all ages have produced it. But few plants of any age or country have turned out a superior grade or a greater variety than the Stockton plant.

No Eastern made vehicles are found to stand the climate as well as a California buggy does, and while there are a number of factories in Stockton, the most notable, both in regard to the amount produced and the superiority and variety of workmanship, are the firms of W. P. Miller and M. P. Henderson & Son.

The combined harvester is a California production. The first machine was invented here in Stockton and here the machines are still made. The principal factories are the Stockton Combined Harvester and Agricultural Works, Holt Brothers, and Hauser, Haines & Knight. Each of these have extensive specialties in connection with the building of these machines. The Agricultural Works make a specialty of building railway and street cars. The Holt Bros., wheels of all possible descriptions, while Hauser, Haines & Knight build gas engines. In addition to these there is the extensive factory for agricultural implements of Matteson & Williamson.

The Stockton Iron Works was established in 1868. Its annual output is \$35,000. It employs an average of thirty men. It makes a specialty of dredging and pumping plants, but its work is not confined to reclamation machinery, but includes hoisting engines, boilers, cars, and the like. It is one of the most extensive plants in the interior of the State.

Then there is the Globe Iron Works which is similar in most respects to the above plant, except that it makes a specialty of moulding, blacksmithing, and in

fact working iron into every conceivable shape or for any purpose. It supplies a large territory.

There are large lumbering interests in Stockton, and several extensive yards. The P. A. Buell & Company, and the Stockton Lumber Company, are the most prominent.

Taken as an aggregate the city has an output of \$13,000,000 annually, giving employment to 1,600 men, with a pay roll of \$1,250,000.

The assessed value of the city is some \$15,000,000, and of the county, \$35,000,000.

To recapitulate, the articles manufactured are flour, woolen fabrics, building material, furniture, street and railway cars, carriages, windmills, agricultural implements, pottery, wine, brandy, chicory, buhach, macaroni, and leather.

Unlike an Eastern city, Stockton is cosmopolitan in its nature, and people are here found on its streets from all points of the globe. It is a study to stand on the plaza and watch what is to be seen.

To a stranger coming here the streets are not kept so clean nor the city in general so neat and inviting as it should be. In this a reformation is needed. A better advertisement would be to pay more for actual work done and less for salary to figure heads.

Among the other prosperous towns of the county are Lodi, Lathrop, Banta, Farmington, Elliott, Haldan, Peters, Woodbridge, Locksford, Clements, Ripon, New Hope, and Linden.

Take it for all in all, the citizens have much to justify the oft-repeated remark that, "Stockton is the best city in the best county of the best State in grandest country in the world."

W.C. Ramsey

A PARTLY CELESTIAL TALE.



WATSON'S, with mountains on one side and sage-brush plains on the other, was the resort of both miners and cowboys. Each of these classes has its own peculiarities, and within those certain lines where these peculiarities overlapped, there was an abnormal development at Watson's. Thus, the leading elements of the little town (as, alas! they are in some places of greater pretension) were the saloon-keepers, the gamblers, and certain feminine members not of good repute. But it was not a mushroom town. It had its good old days of '53, its pioneers, and its history.

About half way down the main street and directly opposite "Tim's" there was a tall post in the highway, from the top of which projected a gibbet-like arm, and sign board, and upon this was painted the likeness of a squabby goose with a ridiculously long neck, and the legend "Swan House, Widow Goram, Proprietor." When it was painted, twenty-five years or more ago, the word "proprietress" was not in general use at Watson's. But proprietor or proprietress, the Widow Goram had, for that length of time, been the landlady of the Swan House. Tall, rather raw-boned, extremely decided in word, look, and action, the Widow was almost as familiar a figure in the little town as Tim Barney, the pioneer saloon-keeper.

Another well-known resident was Tom Quong, the village laundryman, a pioneer and its only celestial inhabitant. Chinamen had come and gone, but Tom stayed. He was a weazened up, dried out little Chinaman, sharp and shrewd as need be, but still accounted honest. It was gen-

erally believed that Tom had severed all connection with the Chinese Six Companies and was his own master. It cannot be stated with any authority that this was the case, for, really, there are many mysteries concerning celestial life too deep for the Caucasian mind to fathom. When anyone tells you he thoroughly understands Chinese ways and motives, do not ask him to prove it. A Chinaman is not naturally inclined to tell the barbarians much concerning himself, and as many of his ways do not meet the approval of the barbarians, there is every inducement for the Chinaman to keep his own secrets, and also those of all other Chinamen.

"Why you no marry, Tom?" Mrs. Goram was busily engaged in doing up a bundle of washing, for which the Chinaman was waiting.

Tom grinned. "Me mally? No catchee money."

"Oh, go long. You make plenty money. You support wife all right."

"Um,—costee too muchee money buy wife. Gettee one not muchee good wife, tlee hunnen dolla. Catchee one good wife, mebbe one tousan dolla, mebbe twelf hunnen dolla. Me no catchee money."

"Why, you don't have to buy a wife in this country."

"M e b b e Melican man no buy wife. Chinaman no pay money, no cacthee



TOM.

wife. Me no like wife anyway. Mebbe buy wife, she too muchee talkee, talkee alle time. Mebbe too muchee lasen (too lazy). Mebbe heap dirty. Mebbe lon 'way odda Chinaman. Wife no good."

The Widow and the washerman were good friends. He did the Widow's laundrying, and she took a kindly interest in his affairs. Her twenty years acquaintance with Quong, however, could not overcome the patronizing air with which she treated him.

There seems to be a curious, yet almost unanimous, belief among the American people that a Chinaman is not in reality a human being. By most men he is bully-ragged and domineered over; by many women, treated as they would treat a half-witted child; and by others, as if he were an automatic washing machine, yet possessed of faint glimmerings of reason. It is apparently taken into consideration by none, that he is a man, with all the passions and most of the feelings of common men.

However much Tom may have been set against the idea of marrying, the leaven of the Widow's words must have worked within him; for, three or four months after delivering his unfavorable opinion regarding matrimony, upon bringing her washing home one evening, he surprised the Widow by saying,—

"Next week I go Po'tlan', catchee wife."

"What," exclaimed Mrs. Goram, "you go catch a wife! How much you pay?"

"O, mebbe tlee, fo' hunnen dolla."

"How you get a wife in Portland?"

"Long time go I litee my blodda Canton buy me one wife. He litee me he buy one good wife fifty dolla and send him on steamer. I litee flend Victo'; he pay fifty dolla tax, puttee wife on nodd steamer. I go Po'tlan', and I say Melican man, 'How much gettee one Chinawoman from Victo'? He say, 'Mebbe hunnen

fifty dolla.' All litee, I pay hunnen fifty dolla, gettee slifcate, catchee wife. You sabbe?"

"Yes, I sabbe, and a mighty heathenish way it is of getting a wife."

We may all agree with Mrs. Goram on this question; but that will not prevent all Chinamen from having a most sovereign contempt for what they consider our sentimentalism in treating a subject which is with them purely a matter of business. You will also please note that, however bland Quong might have been, he was far from childlike in the matter of smuggling in a wife in opposition to the laws of the land.

Tom's little dealing in contraband seemed to be successful, for in due course of time he returned from Portland, bringing with him the cutest little Chinese maiden, who looked like one of those dolls you sometimes see in Chinese bazars. The Widow Goram immediately took a great fancy to Len Oi Chew, otherwise known as "Tom Quong's wife." Of course Len Oi could not speak a word of English, but Mrs. Goram soon won her good opinion and she spent many hours in the Widow's kitchen, learning the language of her new friend, and incidentally, to cook many dishes "alle same Melican way." Meanwhile, Tom, so far as anyone was able to tell, was exceedingly well satisfied with his purchase.

But there was trouble brewing. One evening Tom called at the Swan in great agitation.

"You come see. I show you something," said he to the Widow.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Goram, in surprise. "Is Len Oi sick?"

"No. You come see."

Mrs. Goram went with him. He led the way to the edge of the town, and there, under the shelter of the willows growing along the little stream that

owed through the village, were two Chinamen squatting before a camp fire, comfortably drinking tea and eating rice. After watching the camp for a few minutes, Tom and the Widow withdrew without being seen.

"Well, what 's the meaning of this?" inquired Mrs. Goram.

"Too muchee bad Chinamen," replied Tom. "Po'tlan' Chinamen."

And that was all the information which could be gotten from him. As he was leaving her, however, he said, with a sort of grim determination, "Mebbe dead Chinaman fo' breakfast to-mollo."

Tom Quong was a prophet. Next morning, sure enough, there was a dead Chinaman found lying in the street not far from Tom's wash-house. Watson's had not been such a quiet village that the finding of a dead Chinaman in the street would be likely to create much excitement, yet there was some speculation and inquiry. Tom knew nothing. Had seen two Chinamen, but they had gone away.

What the mysterious workings of his Chinese brain were that led Tom to confide in the Widow Goram is something too deep for anyone but the psychologist. He, however, understood the Widow well enough to feel sure she would keep her own counsel. His estimate of her character was entirely correct. Mrs. Goram had been trained in the robust school of the mining camp and took a very broad view of the matter. As she mixed the dough for a pan of biscuits that morning, she soliloquized:—

"Tom's got more grit than I thought any Chinaman had, for he certainly killed the one that was found dead. It's none of my business though. Let the heathens fight it out among themselves if they want to, and anyway, it served him right for interfering in Tom's family affairs."

Mrs. Goram was by no means ignorant of celestial ways, and understood, as will every one who is at all conversant with Chinese customs, about what were the facts in the matter. It is well known that all the coolies in America are the slaves of the Chinese Six Companies, and Tom Quong was no exception. He had rebelled, however, and carried his temerity so far as to import a wife without the intervention of the real rulers of our Chinese population. Such an infringement of their rights and prerogatives had brought down the vengeance of the "Boss Chinamen" upon Tom's head, and a couple of high-binders had been sent to square accounts with the refractory subject. These little matters of discipline are usually settled by a stab in the dark and a coroner's verdict of, "Death from wounds inflicted by some person unknown;" but Quong had a few ideas of his own, imbibed probably through a long contact with the peculiarly independent civilization of the mining camp, and had taken a hand himself in the adjustment of his case.

After this incident, the domestic peace and felicity of the Quong family was undisturbed for some time. But more trouble was in store. One night, about eleven o'clock, the Widow Goram was awakened by the voice of Tom Quong calling to her from the hallway outside her door, — the Swan House did not boast a night clerk, —

"Widda, Widda, you come; me likee see you vella quick."

Mrs. Goram lost little time at her toilet.

"What's the matter?" she inquired as she appeared before the much excited Chinaman.

"Len Oi — you sabbe — Len Oi gone."

"Gone where?"

"Bad Chinaman cally him 'way. You sabbe — you sabbe — Black Chinaman, velly bad Chinaman. He come Po'tlan'.

He cally Len Oi 'way. " And then followed a flow of Chinese which might have been supplications, or might have been curses,—whatever it was it was earnest and heartfelt.

When Tom had sufficiently recovered his senses and exhausted his breath, the Widow endeavored to get from him a straight story of what had happened. It seems that he had gone out rather late with a bundle of washing and on returning had found the house in confusion and Len Oi gone, and he was certain that "bad Chinamen" had carried her away.

"How do you know bad Chinamen carried her off?"

"He come talkee me tlee day 'go."

"Who?"

"Bad Chinaman. He say: 'You pay fi' hunnen dolla, you keep wife. You no pay, you no keep him,—boss Chinaman come takee him 'way.' You sabbe? Me no catchee fi' hunnen dolla,—no habbe, no pay. Me habbe,—no pay alle same. You he'p me fin' Len Oi?"

"That I will," said Mrs. Goram determinedly. "Come with me."

The Widow led the way across the street to "Tim's." Although rather late in the evening, there were quite a number of men in the saloon. The Widow told her story,—or rather Quong's story,—and added, "They most likely have taken her to the China camp down the creek, an' if you men get a hustle on yourselves, you can get there as soon as they will."

For a moment there was silence. Then up spoke a long, gawky cowboy, a man not of very long residence at Watson's:

"Widder, I don't see as this is any funeral of oun. If them heathens wanten fight over a Chinawoman, why let 'em. This here one prob'ly did n't pay more'n fifteen dollars for her in the first place."

The Widow was mad in a second,—

he was a new man, or he would not have been so rash.

"You great, long, skulkin' shadder of a snubbin' post, what odds does it make to you what he paid for her? I'm dead certain that even if he did n't pay more than fifteen dollars for her, it's a mighty sight more than anybody would give for you, with your spurs and quid of tobacco throwed in." Then turning to the remainder of the company, "I hope the rest of you ain't no such hulkin' cowards as him."

There was a pause.

"Well, now, I tell ye, Widder, how it is with me." It was Big Jim, the "king pin" gambler of the town, who spoke. "I ain't afraid to make a show down of principles. I believe that a man is just as white as he acts, no matter what his color is. We all knows that this here feller is white,—fer a Chinaman,—and I 'sposed he bought and paid fer his woman 'cordin' to his law and religion and the rules of the game. But I don't know as I would turn out this time of night just fer a Chinaman no matter how white he was, but seein' you ask it as a favor, Widder, you can deal me a hand. Boys, show your cards. Do you stay with the Widder?"

As more than one man in the crowd had been befriended by the Widow Goram with board and lodging when he was "down on his luck," there was a general declaration of intention to "stay by the Widder." In compliance with this resolution, a party of ten or a dozen men, with the Widow Goram mounted upon the long cow-boy's pony, were soon wending their way in the direction of the camp of the Chinese miners.

Upon entering the camp, the excited gabbling of many voices, coming from the tent given over to gambling and opium smoking, showed that something unusual was going on. No time was lost in reconnoitering. Big Jim pulled

aside the flap of the tent, poked in the muzzles of a brace of pistols, and followed them immediately with his head. After a glance around, he stepped inside, —the Widow, Tom Quong, and two or three others, close upon his heels.

As soon as the excited Chinamen could regain their wits after this apparition of armed men, there were general exclamations of "Whaffo?" "Whatta matta?" intermixed with various Chinese oaths. There was no effort at resistance, as a Chinaman knows as well as any one when you have the drop on him. When the hubbub had partially subsided, Big Jim called to Tom, "Here you, tell 'em what we're after."

Tom waited for no other invitation, but began rattling off questions in Chinese at an astonishing rate. The Chinaman that took it upon himself to act as spokesman seemed to make some objection to answering Tom's questions, but a timely

demonstration upon the part of Big Jim and his revolvers elicited satisfactory replies, for Tom immediately said: "She here. You come, I show you."

Quong led the way to a tent before which a Chinaman was apparently keeping guard; but he stood aside upon request, backed by the presentation of a pistol. Inside, the light of a lantern showed Len Oi Chew crouched in a corner, limp and bewildered. Tom rushed forward, babbling in Chinese, and in a moment she was in his arms and they were fondling each other in a most highly civilized way.

The Widow Goram viewed the scene with unbounded satisfaction depicted upon her countenance, while the long cowboy looked on in utter amazement.

"Well I'll be damned!" said he at last. "To see the way they take on over each other, a feller might almost think they was humans."

E. Lincoln Kellogg.

DOST THOU REMEMBER, JANET?

"DOST thou remember, dear, the old life too?"

— Rain on the attic roof and the robin's note
Mocking the rain from the elms till the sun broke thro';
Piping gayly still, and shaking the pearls from his coat.

Rain or sunshine, Janet, thy smile thro' all;
The low green hills grew rosy beyond that smile.
"Dared" — for a romp to the rough stone orchard wall,
Where the "Mill Brook" flowed down, murmuring the while.

Rain in summer and sunshine after the rain.
Dear eyes! They smiled to mine and I knew thee true!
A kiss! There are years since then, and sometimes pain,—
Dost thou remember, Janet, the old life too?

Edward A. Raleigh.

IRRIGATION IN THE SAN JOAQUIN.

THE WORK OF A MODERN "SOCIETY ON THE STANISLAUS."

MANY people, knowing but part of the facts, have supposed that the decision of Judge Ross, of the United States District Court, would prove a great back-set to the progress of irrigation in California. The truth is, that whatever may be the result of that decision if sustained by the higher Court, there will still be abundant opportunity, and abundant use of that opportunity, to bring down the life-giving waters of the Sierras to the service of man on the great level valleys lying at its feet.

There are many and large canals and ditches constructed by corporations, not operating at all under the Wright Act, but under the ordinary laws of business enterprise, unquestioned and unquestionable.

A modern instance of these canals we choose, because it is just at point of completion, because it is constructed in a style that is original and interesting, and because the country it covers is so large, so fertile, so near to market, and so desperately in need of the waters of this canal, that it is the most important enterprise of the kind now under way. Even the Valley Railroad is not of such moment to the San Joaquin Valley as this canal and a few more like it.

The Stanislaus River has for forty years been looked on with longing eyes by the ranchers on the plains near its course. There, running to waste year after year, has been water that would have transformed the thirsty plains of Stanislaus and San Joaquin counties into one of the most fertile and densely populated regions of the world. Not the Nile

Valley is more refreshed by the yearly overflow, than will be the lands lying under the canal of the Stanislaus and San Joaquin Valley Water Company.

But longing looks brought no water, and there was needed vigorous action. In 1874 a company named the Farmington Water Company was formed, of which Colonel Buckley, a well known United States government engineer, was a leading spirit, to utilize and extend an old time mining ditch on the north bank of the Stanislaus for irrigating purposes. Some work was done but the project was extravagantly planned and the obstacles met with proved too much for their means or their courage, and the scheme languished. But Colonel Buckley was never weary of saying it was the grandest proposition he ever saw. In 1887 the San Joaquin Land and water Company took up the matter and made a really strong and able attempt to put the ditch through. "Put it through" is the proper expression, because the scheme adopted by this company called for two extensive tunnels, one of them 1037 feet long through a hard conglomerate, and the other 1160 feet long through a porphyry so hard that a fragment of it will cut plate glass. This tunnel was seven hundred feet in when the company was obliged to cease operation.

And still the bitter cry for water continued. The ranches from constant cropping in wheat no longer yielded full crops, and the price of wheat so went down that the farmers were being forced to the wall,—in other words, were obliged to mortgage, and then to default in pay-



MEMBERS OF STOCKTON COMMERCIAL ASSOCIATION AT THE UPPER DAM.

ments, till the banks were becoming the largest holders of a real estate that it did not pay to hold.

Only last October the Stanislaus and San Joaquin Water Company undertook the task once again, and this time with an organization that commanded success. In the first place, the men that backed the proposition financially were men most interested in its success, men that had held their faith in the scheme for years. Mr. H. W. Cowell, the President, was also prominent in the San Joaquin Land and Water Company and Mr. N. S. Harrold, one of the leading directors, had been active in every scheme from the time of the Farmington Water Company, twenty years before. Both of these men were large landowners in the region lying under the proposed canal,—Mr. Harrold the largest landowner in that part of the County,—and both of them had been ceaseless in their efforts to revive the plan after the San Joaquin Land and Water Company gave it up. An organization called the Farmers' Cooperative Water Company was

begun by them, but before it did any serious work the present larger and better organized Company came into being and acquired the rights of all the earlier companies. The new Company was organized by Mr. Chas. H. Leadbetter and his son, Chas. H. Leadbetter, Jr. Mr. Leadbetter, senior, is a professional canal builder, and had had experience on several other canals and ditches before he came to this. He saw that Messrs. Cowell and Harrold were not wrong in their faith in the feasibility of a great canal on the Stanislaus, and he entered into the scheme with great energy and much of practical sense. No one can go over the line of the canal without admiring the skill with which every natural advantage has been made use of and every obstacle overcome.

The time was propitious, lumber and labor, the two chief items of expense, were extremely low, and contractors, long idle, were so anxious to get the work that they made astonishingly low bids.

In December the Leadbetters, the elder as Vice-President and General



H. W. COWELL.

Manager of the Company and the younger as Secretary, took up their residence at Knight's Ferry as superintendents of construction, and vigorous work began,—for, as Mr. Leadbetter says, “You’ve got to rush these things.” Soon five hundred men were at work on all portions of the Canal. Preliminary surveys made by George A. Atherton, now County Surveyor of San Joaquin, were adopted, and Mr. W. L. Rockwell, who had worked before under Mr. Leadbetter’s direction, was made resident engineer.

The Company itself completed the tunnels without letting the contract, and they accomplished this arduous task most satisfactorily. Five thousand dollars worth of explosives were used in the work, and so well were they managed that not a man was hurt in the operation.

Perhaps the best idea can be given of the Canal by starting at the head of it, six miles above Knight’s Ferry, and following its course down the whole forty-

eight miles of the main canal. The laterals will have to be left with a general word; for they will when finished extend in an aggregate of nearly two hundred miles, and to describe them in particular would extend this article far beyond its limits.

At the head of the Canal is what is known as the old Schell Dam, a crib dam that has stood forty years. The use of this dam, however, is but temporary; for the Company has built a new dam a mile below in a singularly favorable site where the river has broken through a ledge, and rocky abutments on each side make natural supports as strong as the mountains themselves. At present the Canal begins at the Schell Dam by head gates that make the regulation of the flow simply a matter of raising a lever. This fall the new dam is to be completed with head gates set in solid masonry.

The Canal for two miles from the upper dam runs on a natural bench that almost seems to have been specially



N. S. HARROLD.



CHARLES H. LEADBETTER, SR.

clear and good. There are three great stringers, four inches by twenty, running parallel with the flume and on them the box rests. This is caulked with oakum by professional ship caulkers, and so thoroughly that not a drop leaks through. The aprons are made in double thicknesses of plank with cement between, and are equally watertight.

Then we come to the first tunnel, already mentioned. This could not be successfully flumed round because the ground at the foot of the great escarpment drops away too sharply to give good footing for a trestle, and because of the distance saved by the tunnel. It is a noble piece of work, a straight clean cut through solid rock. When I saw it, the full stream had not been turned in and I walked through it in spite of some eight inches of water in places, gaining thus a great respect for the perseverance that had dared to face the task as a financial and as a physical proposition.

A short distance more, mostly of flume

designed by nature for its present use. The hillside slopes sharply away up from it a thousand feet, perhaps, but the bench persists, and in it the Canal has been cut by enlarging the old Schell ditch from three feet wide to ten, and making it seven feet deep. The walls, where not thorough-cut in hard pan, are faced outside and in with rock and puddled in the middle, making them very strong. The Canal is in general so strongly constructed that it will last forever with only ordinary care, except that the flumes may have to be rebuilt after twenty-five years or so.

After two miles there comes a space where more rock cutting had to be done, and three miles from the head, Flume Number One is reached. This takes the Canal round a mountain abutment, so sloped that good foundation for trestles was given. The flume is ten feet wide and seven deep and solidly built, the trestle of Oregon pine and the box of two inch redwood lumber, remarkably



CHARLES H. LEADBETTER, JR.

work, and the second tunnel is reached ; for this part of the Stanislaus cañon is very rugged and was long the chief obstacle to a canal. The bluffs rise straight from near the river level several hundred feet into the air, and resemble in their formation and not a little in beauty the great cañon of the Merced, Yosemite Valley. The Schell Ditch went round this bluff of the second tunnel in a remarkable way. It was hung from the perpendicular face of the rock on iron

party went through it in a boat, and some of them declared that next year they would make the entire trip from Stockton to the head dam in a gasoline launch. I hardly think they will, but probably the trouble will be encountered far down in the valley where the flow has much of it been distributed. In this upper part of the course the scheme would be quite feasible.

Between the second tunnel and Knight's Ferry the Canal runs by thorough-cut on



FLUME ONE, 1150 FEET LONG.

rods and brackets. It is a mystery how the holes could have been drilled for these supports, for in places the brow of the bluff above seems to overhang too far to allow of work by suspending the workmen from overhead. I was told that that bit of work had originally cost over nine thousand dollars. It is gone now, quite rotted away in places,—a fate that can never overtake the fine tunnel of the present Company. The water was flowing in this tunnel and some of the

the hillside or flumes like those already described. The largest of them are two on either side of the town itself. Flume Number Six is ninety-five feet high and twenty-seven hundred feet long and Number Three is almost as large. The box in Flume Six is reduced to six feet in width, and the carrying capacity made equal to the rest of the Canal by giving it a steeper pitch, so that the stream grows smaller and swifter.

But before this point is reached the



INTERIOR OF FLUME TWO.

Canal has already begun its great work of distribution. Gabel's ranch in Stanislaus Cañon has felt its life-giving touch, and the gardens of Knight's Ferry are in no more dread of drought. One of the principal branches, too, is taken out just above Trestle Six, by a cut which carries a share of the flow through the divide into the region drained by Littlejohn Creek, and quite a number of ranches right at hand are made glad. This is the famous thermal belt of the foothills; and even seven or eight years ago Knight's Ferry oranges carried off prizes at citrus fairs. It is estimated that thirty thousand acres of good orange land are under the Canal.

The valley of Littlejohn Creek is a long winding stretch of country running down toward Farmington on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the bed of the creek is used for the channel of this branch-canal for twelve miles. On its

course are some remarkably fine natural sites for storage reservoirs, should it ever become necessary to use them.

From the quaint old town of Knight's Ferry, once a mining center of great importance and the county seat of Stanislaus County, the main canal follows the windings of the bluffs, now close to the Stanislaus River and now a mile distant, covering a fine stretch of lands by small laterals. At this writing, in August, 1895, there are several flumes yet to be built across gulches and short draws in this part of the line, but the lumber is in part already on the ground, and I am assured that five weeks of work would, if necessary, put the Canal into shape to deliver water at Lathrop. It is late this season, however, to do more than to give an earnest of what the Company will be able to do next year. By that time, it is expected, forty thousand acres will be "signed."



LOWER END OF TUNNEL TWO, 1037 FEET LONG:

By an enlargement of certain parts of the Canal, not costly in character, perhaps 200,000 acres will be irrigated.

Just before leaving the last swale of the foothills for the great level stretch of the San Joaquin Plains, some twelve miles from Knight's Ferry, the Canal makes use of a curious winding channel called Paulsell's Lake, which carries it out through the last line of low hills without a dollar of expense. In this, as in other ways, the Canal follows the natural lines of least resistance. But now all the difficulties are over. The Canal has reached the level plain and there is nothing to be done but to make a channel for it by the comparatively cheap scraper work wheresoever the water may be desired.

Soon after leaving Paulsell's Lake the Canal reaches the Southern Pacific Railroad at Clyde, where Mr. Harrold, one

of the chief promoters of the Canal, as has been told, has a fine ranch of ten thousand acres. He has deserved by his constancy and enterprise the rich reward he will reap when every twenty acres of his land will be ample to support a family. The land is the deep sandy loam of the San Joaquin, which is shown by the rich growth of unirrigated wheat and grasses, and by the fine old white oaks that dot the surface,—this last an unfailing sign of good soil. This land with abundant water will grow wonderful crops of alfalfa, and of all the products of the temperate and sub-tropical zones.

Here at Clyde, the station on the railroad near Mr. Harrold's place, the Canal divides into the Ripon branch, twenty-five miles long, and the Lathrop branch, which, after making use of the channel of Lone Tree Slough for twelve miles,

runs for eighteen miles farther to the town of Lathrop, a principal junction on the line of the Southern Pacific and the center of a rich farming region. In speaking of the capabilities of the varied loams of the San Joaquin with abundant water, it is not easy to claim too much. Anything in reason may be grown there in quantities that would be unreasonable for other localities. Every farmhouse on the country proves it; for wherever by wind-mill, artesian well, or by any

furnished along the lines of the Canal, or wired into Stockton, less than twenty-five miles distant, by one of the new systems of power transmission, will be another benefit brought to the country by the Canal.

The country watered by the Canal is no new country, to be slowly built up by inducing immigration, but a well settled land, filled with an enterprising and substantial population,—in temporary straits, many of them from the



FLUME THREE, 2350 FEET LONG.

means, water has been secured, the house becomes the center of a little paradise of waving trees, flourishing vines, and blooming flowers,—a fair emerald set in the dull gold of the parched stubble fields.

But water is not the only source of revenue that the Company will have. Power, estimated at ten thousand horsepower, may be developed by a system of turbine wheels, without losing at all control of the water that makes it. This

smaller wheat crops and lower prices for them, but all the more alert and anxious to hail the advent of the blessed water that is to pay off their mortgages and give them a reward for all their years of toil. On the lands to be watered by this Canal are the towns of Knight's Ferry, Farmington, Atlanta, Ripon, Lathrop, and it may be said, Stockton itself; for all the stretch of country to the east of it is "under the canal."

Already new towns have been laid



LOWER END OF FLUME SIX, 2700 FEET LONG.

out in anticipation of the coming of the waters and town lots and colony tracts have already been sold. Escalon, the most promising of these, is twenty miles from Stockton near the Stanislaus River, in a country noted for its adaptability for olives and almonds, oranges and all semi-tropical fruits.

The task of the Canal well done will need a vast volume of water and will yield an income that should content the most vaulting ambition. But what is the amount of water available? Practically the whole flow of the Stanislaus. A greater dam than is planned might be needed for this, but the people of Knight's Ferry are confidently expecting the time next year the new dam is done and when when the stream will be turned into the Canal enough to allow them to get at the river bed and wash out the gold that has been settling there all these years. Mining operation have been going on on the river bands for forty-five

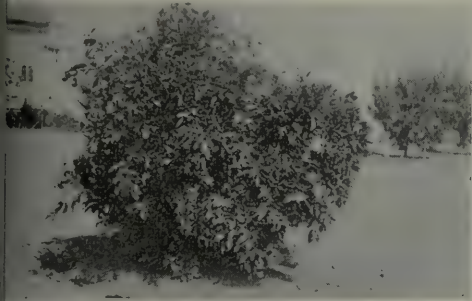
years, even today there are Chinese miners who are working the gravel of the river banks with the old fashioned pan and rocker and making forty to seventy cents a day. Millions of gold have been taken from the cañon and yet the river bed has never been worked. No wonder the people whose deeds give them lands to the center of the river channel are excited over the prospect.

But even now the Canal is, or will be inside of two months, delivering four hundred cubic feet of water a second, or three hundred millions gallons a day, enough, as Mr. Woods says, to supply two cities of the size of New York. Mr. Woods is one of the public spirited attorneys of the Company, Woods & Levinsky, who have rendered efficient service to it as to a great public benefaction, in the same spirit that has led them to donate their services to the Valley Railroad. He grows pleasantly enthusiastic over the thought of what

he Canal will do for San Joaquin County. "That land has been lying baking under the sun all these years, and now it needs a little reviving to blossom

I talked with some of the large land-owners in the region and find they have quite sensible ideas about the matter of encouraging settlement. One of them told me he meant to sell off alternate or scattered small tracts of his holding at bed-rock rates, to the right sort of men, and when those men had demonstrated by their work on the land what it is capable of with water, he would reap his reward by being able to command his own price for the remainder.

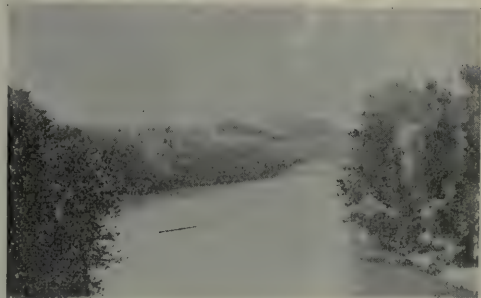
As I rode down through this country on my way back from seeing the Company's works, I could not help trying to imagine



COUNTRY ABOUT ESCALON.

out. It's an Eden near at hand,—right in sight."

But it may be questioned how the ranchers of this region, if already in straits financially, are to acquire water rights and get the benefit of the Canal. This is all arranged by the scheme of the Company. The rancher "signs" for water, that is, agrees to pay ten dollars per acre for the permanent water right, and \$1.50 per acre per year for the use of water. He is given twenty years to pay the ten dollars in,—surely not an onerous load.



the same lands five years hence. Instead of far separated farmhouses each with its few trees, and some deserted places where water had so failed that



LAND TO BE IRRIGATED.

there were no trees at all, — there would be orchards and alfalfa fields, vineyards and orange groves, trees and flowers and grass everywhere, and happy homes springing up all over those broad plains. "Brains and water make land valuable in California," says Mr. Woods, and that is quite true, if in this case we

do not neglect to add that these two alone would not have answered, had it not been for the enterprising faith of Messrs. Cowell and Harrold, and the others who furnished what was quite as needful as either brains or water — the money which makes canals as well as mares go.

Charles S. Greene.



MAIN CANAL, VALLEY DIVISION, FORTY MILES FROM THE HEADGATE.



THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY.

J. A. Shepherd, 5th District.
Orrin S. Henderson, 2d District.

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Wm. McK. Carson, 3d District.



AN EVERY DAY MARTYR.

AY to the East the Sierra range stood misty and purple, its snow-rimmed crest blending with the clouds. Fields of yellow stubble covered the open stretch of plain between the foothills and timber belt, finding a background in the rich dark green of the live-oak groves that outline the course of river and creek that feed Tulare Lake.

Harvest was over. For weeks six and eight horse teams, heavy with sacks of grain, had cut deep ruts in the sandy soil and left in their wake a trail of dust, which, caught by sudden gusts of wind, was sent in eddies down a road that formed the section-line between two ranches. All through the long hot summer months, the dust rolled in dense clouds off to the neighboring fields, to hang for hours like a veil over the landscape, depositing a film of yellow on trees and grass, and dimming a once glaring whitewashed house, almost hidden by spreading fig trees.

Shanty would be a more correct term for the small square box-like structure of rough redwood boards, the pine shake roof stained and warped by the passing seasons. The ground before the partly open door, bare and hard from constant sweeping, bore evidence of a thrifty hand, but all day the fitful October winds had banked the half-dried fig leaves against the door-sill, giving an air of neglect, intensified by the shrill cries of a motherless brood of chickens standing with anxious eyes and outstretched callow necks before the door.

A newly weaned calf lowed piteously

from the orchard, where in his frantic efforts to get loose, he over-turned a frame of sun-dried fruit. The warm sun beat in the window, through the cotton curtain that, blown to one side, hung limp against the outer wall, its whiteness marred by a streak of dirt gathered in the trail across the window-sill, and on to the clean scrubbed floor, lighting up the corners of the square north room.

Above the broad open fireplace, the varnished mantel, stained with traces of tobacco juice, held a miscellaneous collection, the outcome of certain needs, a cracked blue vase filled with the next year's vegetable seeds, a cigar box, the receptacle for tacks and pieces of twine, a basket of worn socks, and a half-smoked pipe. The tall loud-ticking clock pointed to four. The angular features of the room suggested no sweet human intercourse when the day was ended and the hearth aglow.

In one corner was a bed. Its pillows in their coarse cotton slips, rose primly above the log cabin quilt, and full high feather tick, whose bright-hued line of colors was broken by the woman lying across it.

For hours she had lain there, deaf to the cries of the hungry chickens, the bellow of the frantic calf. Her face was buried in the pillow, like a tired child's. The brown hair, streaked with early threads of age, so thin around the blue-veined temples, the hollow cheeks, the sharp lines, like pencil-tracings, across the brow, all expressed care and bodily fatigue. One arm lay under her, but the other hand, brown and callous from toil, still held in the fast slackening fin-

gers the unfinished gingham apron, disclosing a tireless mother's life, woven in the stitches of the baby garment.

Before an open window stood the sewing machine. A little sleeve held fast by the needle fluttered as the cool breeze of the evening crept in, a kitten tangled a spool of thread, round and round her chair. The bread in the oven had burned black, and the kettle had boiled itself out. In the cellar, under the fig trees, pans of thick, leathery cream were ready to be skimmed, and up by the bench of sunning, shiny rows of milk-pans, impatient pigs turned over and rolled about the empty swill-pail.

A lagging bee flew about the room, then out to the few border-flowers she had planted in response to an inborn love for the beautiful, the common homely little flowers, that had struggled on and bloomed in spite of heat and chickens. The voices of passing neighbors homeward bound mingled with the dying sounds of evening,—still she slept. Far down the road, bordered with the tall bunch of grass, came the rumble of empty wagons, nearer and nearer, till the songs of drivers and shouts of children were shaped and blended into distinctive melody.

A sudden halt at the gate, the creaking of rusty hinges, the rattling of harness chains, the welcoming bark of dogs, filled the tranquil air. Then a sound of bare, pattering feet, of books thrown by careless, childish hands, eager calls for the mother's ever willing servitude. Through the low-roofed kitchen to the sitting and bed room, they trooped,—and started back, their clamorous voices instantly hushed—to find her lying on the company quilt. Astonishment merged into fear, as she made no sign, and from that silence, action was born, and the lesson of life learned.

The neighbors came in softly and the

frightened and wondering children were sent away. Many willing hands worked out her tasks, while her own lay folded across her pulseless heart.

The western sky mirrored the flaming tints of the setting sun, that changed to opalescent hues, while the silent dusk thickened over the landscape. Behind the house the moon rose. Her beams found their way through the branches of the fig, and fell in lacy tracings on the group of men beneath, as they conversed in monotone, awed by the sudden going; for death comes in slower forms to most country lives. One was whittling a stick, as they talked of crops and stock. Others watched curiously, yet sympathetically, the husband, sitting apart.

The realization that she was gone from him awoke a tender chord in the depth of his nature, and broke the calm monotony of his existence. It roused the memory of an early romance that had faded years ago, in the necessary strife for daily gain. Each dawning year had found them renewing the old round of duties, as links in an unbroken chain, to sow the grain, to watch the varying weather and market, to meet the taxes.

Hard continuous toil had leveled all barriers of sex: she had planted the long rows of peach trees, now bending under the weight of their fuzzy pink-skinned fruit, and in the height of haying season had pumped for the thirsty cattle, as they stood licking the damp boards of the empty trough. What was begun through pity, became an almost daily custom. What cravings for sympathy or unuttered dreams filled her hungry heart were stifled in the continued effort to meet the stern tax imposed by pressing needs. Self-interest binds most country lives, isolation creates a personal dependence, and so bound by the ties of a mutual interest, he had learned to look

to her as a helpmate, a partner who through the thrift and faithful service of her nature, supplied his life and home with the daily needs, and in the busy absorption of the life about them, he had lost sight of the finer, tenderer claims she had as a woman.

The air smelt damp and fragrant with the spicy odor from the dew-moistened fig leaves. He looked out to the shimmering moonlight, and the old familiar landscape seemed changed and somber; far across the cornfields he saw the house where she was born and where they were married, standing out sharp, and square, and ugly, from all the softened beauty of the scene. The tall Lombardy poplar threw its elongated shadow across the grave of their first-born, the little grave he had dug in the corner of the rail-fence, now so plainly outlined by the glistening row of shells, and over-run by the white verbenas.

A cool breeze came down the valley, starting the canvas fans of the old wind-mill, awakening the soft, mysterious sounds of night, to sigh among the trees and grasses, and bearing the fragrance of peaches still warm from the afternoon sun. The air reverberated with the hoarse croaking of frogs, on the ditch down in the alfalfa field.

Touched and pained by the crowding memories, a feeling of utter loneliness swept over him. Moved by a sudden impulse, he arose and went in to where she lay, and lifting the cloth from off her face, stood looking down upon her. Death's relaxation stamped on every feature, had smoothed out the deeper lines, and in the half dusk, the sweet-

ness of girlhood had returned, and softened the pathetic droop about the lips he had long forgotten to kiss. In the effort to replace the sheet, his trembling, rough, clumsy fingers became entangled in her hair.

Oppressed by the close room, the nearness of people, and the emotions that seemed to suffocate him, he passed out, around to the back of the barn, and sat down on the tongue of the header-wagon, while against his knee the old house-dog pressed his nose in dumb sympathy.

Too late he read her nature and understood the woman who without complaint had shared his burdens, borne his children, and given to them and to him, all the patient, unselfish service of her life, till wearied and spent, she had sunk under the strain. Great beads of moisture stood upon his face, and with a hoarse inarticulate cry, he tore at the fastenings of his shirt, while labored sobs of agony rent his frame, and choked the words of remorse he would have uttered.

Inside the house the flickering tallow candle threw fantastic lights on the bent heads of the women as they sewed upon the shroud, and conversed in low whispers of the dead woman, advancing many theories as to how, and why she died, and with the freedom of friendship discussed her faults, and so drifted into personal matters that absorbed their lives.

The hours wore on, and teams were coming and going far into the night as the news traveled around the neighborhood.

A. Morgan Hays.

AUTUMN IN CALIFORNIA.

I.

HERE Autumn is the looking-glass of Spring ;
No flaming leaves that hold the frost's cool fire
And show the young, untutored eye a liar
That sees the woods ablaze, and the blue ring
Of azure distance — smoke, to prove the thing ;
No dead brown weeds afield to turn a lyre
And voice the mournful winds as they expire,
The fields of sky the wild geese harrowing.

I take me to my almanac and leave
The green pine woods to those who have not seen
Each leaf a flame to warm the chilly air ;
In this far Sunshine Land should one's heart grieve
For hazy days whose whetted winds are keen ?
Mine eyes are cloudy, though the skies be fair,

II.

THE petaled banner of the flaming sun,
A strip of poppies nodding in the breeze —
A plaited dream of Nature, if you please —
Has faded into ashes. Lazy run,
Like boys at school grown weary of their fun,
The silver burnished streams whereon the trees
Still fall in shadow where the fish-hawk sees
A forest all in water colors done.

Beneath this mellow sun no field of corn
Waves with a million trembling blades of gold
Shredding the windy and complaining skies ;
Through these unfrosted woods no hunter's horn
Lends Music's story to the singing wold,
Yet snow-flakes seem now melting in my eyes.

Lee Fairchild.



IT IS an interesting and pleasing fact that in almost every instance the schools of the State, and there are 3,100 of them, have renewed their subscription to the OVERLAND. It was said, and I was feared that it

might be true, that the OVERLAND or any other magazine would be unable to win and hold the respect and affection of so vast and varied an audience as the trustees, teachers, and scholars, of this great State. We have simply done our best not to truckle but to make the OVERLAND so valuable an historical and educational work that no school after once becoming acquainted with it would ever leave it out of its library. We long ago realized that it was impossible to please everybody. One school refused to renew their subscription because they found a champagne "ad" in its columns, another because of two articles, one criticising and the other eulogizing the dear old Mission fathers. It was a free open discussion, but there were unfortunately two sides; another school dropped it because of the tender age of its pupils.

Of course the OVERLAND must plead guilty to these heinous charges. On the other hand almost every County Superintendent of Schools in the State has written unsolicited letters of commendation and encouragement, several of which will be found in the Publisher's Column this month. When it is remembered that the coming generation of this State are readers of this magazine it will be easily seen what a power for good the OVERLAND will become as the years go by.

The Horse Show.

IN the October 1894 number of the OVERLAND there appeared an article by a well known English horseman on the then "Coming Horse Show."

While the article contained the pictures of most of the noted blooded horses of this Coast it was written principally with the object in view of outlining the classes of horses and turn-outs which should properly appear at such an exhibition and the most approved methods for controlling and judging all such exhibits.

During the last days of November and the first of December the initial Horse-Show took place at the Mechanics' Pavilion and proved a tremendous commercial, financial, and social success. It called the attention of the entire world to the blooded horses of this Coast and stimulated the demand for California stock.

President Henry J. Crocker demonstrated what he has maintained for years, that San Francisco was capable of as great a showing as New York. He made the Horse-Show a permanent yearly festival and the program of the show for next December promises an exhibition even more brilliant and broader than the one of last year. The prize list is doubled and State pride will be aroused by the participation of Eastern horsemen and owners. There is little question of California's supremacy in the horse line and it only remains for all horse owners on this Coast amply to second Mr. Crocker's work.

A Home Industry.

IT was lately asserted by Senator Perkins that the Union Iron works had brought ten million dollars of Eastern gold to this Coast in payment for the war-ships it has built for the United States Government.

Now this same concern is reaching out for a like amount of Japanese gold, which if it is successful in obtaining will likewise go into the pockets of the citizens of this Coast. Mr. Irving M. Scott has left for Japan to figure with that government for the building of one or more of the great warships that country is soon to build with the money received from the Chinese indemnity. It is a subject of profound congratulation and pride that this city possesses ship yards equal to the great yards of the East and Europe and one that is capable of bidding for such vast contracts. All the influence of this Coast, commercial and political, ought to be brought to bear the Japanese government in Mr. Scott's benefit. A few more industries like the Union Iron Works on this Coast, and the object of the Half Million Club would be accomplished.

To John W. Mackay.

I 'M sixty-four today, John,—well entered on four score,
And you're not far away, John,—a few months, less or more.
Could Time be coaxed to wait, John, by blarney or with gold,
Who would not baffle fate, John, by never growing old?
On some life's cares sit light, John; they toughen as they grow,
Like pines that brave the height, John, rock-anchored in the snow.
Years should not chill our hearts, John, nor tears bedim our eye;
If sunshine with us starts, John, 't will tarry till we die.
In youth, with muscles strong, John, flushed with Aladdin dreams,
With laughter and with song, John, we dredged the golden streams.
Our fare was bread and beans, John, and flap-jacks fried in fat
Of bacon in its 'teens, John, and strong—but what of that?
Our appetites were plain, John, and hunger, over-ripe,
Felt genuine disdain, John, for terrapin and snipe.
We tunneled through the snow, John; unroofed beneath the stars
We slept, and felt the glow, John, of August-heated bars.

But when the waving grain, John, stood rank among the pines,
And reaching from the plain, John, grew golden in the mines,
We bade goodby for aye, John, to everything but hope,
And took our wintry way, John, adown the Eastern slope.
Years came and sped away, John,—each year a virile life;
They streaked our beards with gray, John, our brows with lines of strife.
Some pressed the grapes of sin, John, while others played the fox;
You wisely gathered in, John, the vintage of the rocks.
Now silent are the mills, John, and faint their morning blast
That echoes through the hills, John,—the Washoe of the past.
Wild, fateful years! They seem, John, a fairy tale, half told,—
A weird, fantastic dream, John, of palaces of gold.
Though prizes were but few, John, (the wheel was not to blame,)
And largely fell to you, John, we all enjoyed the game.
But gold was only part, John, of Fortune's gifts devout;
You drew a sunny heart, John, to keep wealth's mildew out.
Our life-paths now diverge, John, but, looking up, I hope
That somewhere they will merge, John, beyond the Sunset Slope.

R. M. Daggett.

February 22, 1895.

New Trail up Mt. Shasta.

OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 13th, 1895.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY:—

When the OVERLAND has been in any way instrumental in accomplishing a desired object, I presume you desire to be informed of it. In this instance a work has been done which will be gladly remembered in coming years by all mountain climbers.

Referring to my article, "Path-finding up Shasta," in the May number of your magazine, it pleases me to say that the trail therein advocated to be built up the east side of Mud

Creek Cañon, from Squaw Valley to "Glacier Camp," has been made. This trail follows the route on which four members of my party were the pioneers, as explained in the article mentioned. Messrs. August Schick and George E. Bogue did the work, fired to the required enthusiasm by the OVERLAND'S presentation of the idea.

To reach "Glacier Camp" from Sisson, it has heretofore been necessary to travel about twenty-five miles on horseback, over the Stewart trail, crossing Mud Creek Cañon at a somewhat dangerous point. Now intending mountain climbers can go by stage or private conveyance, via Elk Lawn, to August Schick's place, and thence horseback, up the new and easy trail, gradually ascending to camp at ten thousand feet elevation, much of the grandest scenery of Shasta before them all the way. The whole trip from Sisson to the summit and return can be made in from two to three days.

I have already fully described the trail from "Glacier Camp" to the monument.

The only natural route up Shasta being now easily available, the trip should be placed within the reach of many who have heretofore been deterred from attempting the ascent on account of the great difficulties to be overcome. You may now ride to within a mile and a half of the top of Mt. Shasta, finding yourself thus comparatively fresh for the climbing to follow.

Yours truly,

Geo. S. Meredith.

Henry S. Foote's Duels.

To the Editor:

In the December, 1894, number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY Mr. J. J. Peatfield in his article on "Famous Californians of other Days" refers briefly to the several duels in which Henry S. Foote took part. In the August, 1895, number Mr. George Baber also touches lightly on this phase of Foote's character in his remarkably interesting "Personal Recollections of Senator H. S. Foote." In spite of the fact that the day of the duello is past, there is still a sentiment of romance connected with the famous encounters of history, and we cannot but admire the superb courage of the participants while we deprecate the spirit of their times. Major Ben C. Truman in his well known work, "The Field of Honor,"¹ devotes a chapter to "Henry S. Foote's many duels." He says: Henry S. Foote, an

eminent American statesman (deceased), born under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, in Fauquier County, Virginia, and who lived to honor many important positions,—among which were Governor of Mississippi and Senator in Congress,—fought four duels,—the first with Edmund Winston, at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in 1827, with pistols, both combatants being wounded at the first fire, Governor Foote in the shoulder and Mr. Winston in the hip. This affair grew out of a personal encounter between Mr. Foote and Stark and Pratt Washington on one side, and Edmund Winston and others of that celebrated family on the other, during which all the participants were more or less injured, the two Washingtons severely. Some few years later Governor Foote and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss had an encounter in the court-house at Vicksburg, Mississippi, arising out of a dispute over a law case, when Foote threw an inkstand at Prentiss.

A challenge to fight a duel followed, of course, and the parties met in Louisiana, on the opposite side of the Mississippi River, and Foote was wounded in the shoulder at the first fire. Shortly afterwards indiscreet friends of Mr. Prentiss said things which angered Governor Foote, and the latter challenged Prentiss to another encounter. The challenge was accepted, and the parties met, as before, with pistols, at ten paces, and Foote fell with a severe wound in the right leg, just above the knee, from which he narrowly escaped death. From this time on, until the death of Mr. Prentiss, these former foes, became intimate and affectionate friends, neither ceasing to regret that, as young and impulsive men, they had twice met in deadly conflict over a trivial quarrel, in obedience to the then pretty general public sentiment of that country (now happily obsolete) that an insulted man must vindicate his honor by endeavoring to take the life of the offender. The Governor's fourth affair, a few years later, was with Osman Claiborne (a retired naval officer), near Columbus, Miss. The parties fired at each other five times with pistols, Governor Foote wounding his antagonist slightly three times. This affair, like all the other of his combats of this character, occurred when Governor Foote was a man much below middle age. It is a curious fact, too, that he knew almost nothing of the use of dueling weapons and was really a miserable shot, and would have regretted in bitter agony to the day of his death had it ever been his misfortune to have slain a fellow man. He was often heard by his intimates to say that the bravest and most lovable as well as the most solidly and brilliantly intellectual man he had

¹The Field of Honor. By B. C. Truman. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 1834.

er known was the gallant and eloquent Prentiss, who went to Mississippi from the State of Maine."

In addition, Mr. Foote's encounter that nearly led to duels with Jefferson Davis and Thomas A. Benton are too well known to recount here.

Cecil Hammerton.

In Blackberry Time.

WHEN the hills are flecked with crimson and the river banks with gold,
and the bobolink forgets to sing and turns a robber bold;

When summer's whispering zephyrs seem to pipe a song of praise
upon their silvery reeds, to welcome autumn's fleeting days;

Ah 't is then the wild clematis, sweet as any myrrh or thyme,
Broods by the shaded pasture marsh, in blackberry time.

In my dreams I watch you coming down the lane and through the door,
Your dear familiar footstep sounds across the rude pine floor;
There is sunshine on your glossy braids and in your eyes so true,
On your basket heaped with berries and quaint gown of faded blue.
Oh! fern-kissed brooklets murmuring weave, in ripple and in rhyme,
A requiem low and tender for that blackberry time.

Nella H. Chapman.



Balfour on "The Foundations of Belief"

SUCH a book as this, prepared in the midst of an exceedingly busy and exacting life, coming from one engaged ceaselessly in the strife of England's politics, is a remarkable evidence of what constitutes the real power, on the hustings, on the platform, and on the floor of the senate chamber, of so many of the great men of every age. Here is a philosopher, a profound student of Cause and Effect, a careful delineator of Mind, one who with ease and accuracy plays with terms which by the multitude are supposed to be within the range of the specialist alone; and yet all along he has been before his fellows simply as a strong leader in the everyday affairs of men. Little wonder it is that when they turn their attention to the nation's needs and the

crises of the days that call for prompt action, such thinkers show a mastery of situations and a capability as to handling affairs which fairly astound their adversaries.

The book itself is not, as might be surmised from its title, a theological work; but certain essays and lectures, some of them long time prepared, now thrown together to serve as an introduction to the study of theology. The writer lays no claim to being a theologian, but declares that theology has had of late years to enlarge its borders until it has included subjects both scientific and philosophical. Purely theological doctrine sought for in this book, will mean disappointment to the seeker. The object of the writer is, "to recommend a particular way of looking at the world-problems, which, whether we like it or not, we are compelled to face; to lead the reader up to a point of view whence the small fragments of the Infinite Whole of which

"The Foundations of Belief. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Longmans, Green and Co.: London and New York: 1895.

we are able to obtain a glimpse, may appear to us in their true relative proportions." And again Mr. Balfour says, "I have tried not to write a monograph, or a series of monographs upon theology; but to delineate, and if possible, to recommend, a certain attitude of mind."

On the very threshold of theology, as men understand the term, we are halted; but we rise from the perusal of a book, which taxes the brain power far more than the desultory readers of this age will care to have call made upon their store thereof, with a very much clearer notion than before of how to build up into a shapely temple our dogmatic faith; and recognizing more forcibly than ever that it is the part of extreme folly to profess agnosticism, simply because of certain obscurities, incoherences, and defects of proof, in what we have learned to know by the name of Christian theology.

Heart of the World.¹

WHILE there is a sameness of plot and handling between Rider Haggard's last novel and one of his best known African tales, *Heart of the World* is fully as fascinating as "She" or any of the stories that gave him fame. Read without regard to any of his former works, it is a novel of the purest and most thrilling imagination.⁶ Its scene is Mexico, and its plot the search for the hidden treasure of the Aztecs. The narrator of the wonderful trip to the lost city is one Ignatio, the heir of the last Emperor of the Aztecs. The author has made a close study of the dress, religion, and habits, of the Mexicans of Montezuma's time and has painted a picture of a city on an island in a lake that might well make Cortez green with envy. Its treasures, temples, palaces, and citizens, become far more real than those that adorn the Spanish Conquistador histories.

The love passages between Maya, the beautiful Indian princess, and James Strickland, the Englishman and companion of Ignatio, are as modern as the balance of the scenes are ancient. The tone of the book is healthy and clean. There is not a stupid chapter in it after the City of the Heart is reached, and the scene in the Sanctuary when the three are on trial for their lives makes one hold his breath. Whatever may be said by lovers of realism against Haggard and his class it cannot but be admitted that there is something that stirs the blood and brightens the eye in such superb flights of imagination as are found in this book, and that

¹Heart of the World. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co.: 1895. \$1.25.

there is a great body of readers that do not object to a mental stimulant from time to time.

Ropes's Napoleon.²

AFTER reading two or more lives of the great Napoleon, lives that treat his wonderful career from the day of his birth to the hour of his death, it will be found a decided benefit to the student to take up Mr. Ropes's masterful study. The author touches but lightly on Napoleon's acts, he rather discusses their causes and effects. While he is a great admirer of the Emperor, he sees clearly his mistakes and points them out without regard to his own feelings. Napoleon, he considers the greatest man of all times and believes that his work was of the greatest benefit to France and Europe. He maintains that, with the single exception of the war in Egypt, Napoleon was forced into every war by the jealousy of rulers and the supporters of the divine right of kings.

Mr. Ropes sees, too, the great and glaring mistakes that were made by the allies and shows that their hatred of Napoleon was really the hatred of oligarchy for democracy. The policy of the English he especially shames and handles Nelson at Naples and Wellington at Paris without gloves. The book is only interesting to those who are familiar with the life of Napoleon, but to those it is indispensable.

Napoleon III.

*Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart*³ is, as Pierre De Lano facetiously styles it, "an Episode of the Tuileries," but in plain English it is a scandal which, true or untrue, is hardly worth narrating; but for one phase, the author's estimate of Napoleon III. Lady Stuart is the *nom de guerre* of a beautiful Irish adventuress who became one of the many friends of the Emperor. Her love affair had its tragic side, but a woman of her class could hardly expect the sympathy of anyone, even admitting that Eugenie was as bad as painted. To Eugenie the author charges the war that drove Napoleon from the throne. Napoleon he makes the victim of a dissolute court and a high-tempered wife. The picture of the Emperor's last days he draws is pathetic in the extreme and lends dignity to a scene that historians have made a farce.

²The First Napoleon. By John Codman Ropes. Houghton, Mifflin and Company: Boston: 1895.

³Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart. By Pierre De Lano. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons: 1894.

To the Golden Goal.¹

The wife of the late Dr. J. C. Tucker of Oakland and has collected in book form ten of her husband's stories and sketches of life on this Coast in early times. The book opens with the old, though ever new, narrative of the trip around the Horn to the gold fields in '49. Dr. Tucker came in and was surgeon of the ship *Tarolinta*, aboard of which was a company of young men many of whom became famous in California history, — among others was Wm. S. O'Brien the partner of Flood. The tale of life in San Francisco and the State in the early '50's is graphically told, but probably the most interesting chapter in the book are those that deal with Gen. Walker in Nicaragua, — Dr. Tucker being his Surgeon-General for a time. As a whole the book is a valuable addition to California literature. It is handsomely printed and bound by Wm. Doxey.

The Story of Bessie Costrell.²

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has shown her admirers that she can write a short story. *Bessie Costrell* is the story of Adam and Eve, the apple and the serpent, in a new setting. It is as crisp, tragic, and "boiled down," as her long stories are wordy and prolix. The temptation and the woman's fall are pictured with an intensity that leaves no question as to the author's ability. One almost forgives Bessie for betraying the trust of the old miser and for a few short weeks enjoying the seventy-one pounds that represented the savings of a lifetime. John Bolderfield should not have exposed her to the temptation and her tragic death more than satisfies all the demands of the law. There is no love interest and the tale is somber and unlovable.

The Prisoner of Zenda.³

The Prisoner of Zenda belongs to a class of stories that is popular from the start. It is made up out of new cloth and is original in plot and treatment from beginning to end. Like Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" and Rider Haggard's "She," it has made its author famous and created a demand for anything he may write. But no matter how good his next novel may be it will never contain the surprise to the jaded novel

reader that lies between the small covers of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The story is short, full of action, and very much to the point. Its very impossibilities are made real, and the surprising adventures of the narrator seem quite natural enough. It seems, however, that his sense of honor toward a king and country for which he had sacrificed so much was a little strained. He certainly deserved the hand of the fair Flavia.

Mary and Other Poems.⁴

Mary is a blank verse tale, dramatic in form, of the last days of Mary, the scriptural "She that hath loved much," in prison, condemned to die on the morrow for murder. She tells to the one faithful friend left to her the story of her life, of her father, one of the Wise Men of the East, of her loves, and of the strange One that spoke the strange words of forgiveness to her. The dramatic force is there and many fine lines, but the conception is perhaps too new and striking, to be entirely pleasing.

In the lyrics that follow, the mood is much the same, it is the poetry of doubt, of sorrow, of mournful strivings against the inevitable, with a "dumb, chained, immortal, hopeless, hoping God." The somber meanings are clothed in musical words and the play of the imagination is often to be commended for a fine and original figure. Perhaps the best is the final quatrain:—

God thought, and the thought was Man,
And Form gleamed out of strife,
And as æons of ages ran,
God dreamed, and the dream was Life.

Briefer Notice.

PROFESSOR PAINTER has presented to the students of literature a work which he styles an *Introduction to English Literature*⁵ that is a decided advance on the usual manual used in our schools. The author has done more than compile, he has embodied his own ripe ideas and expressed them in well chosen English. He leads up to each of the great authors with a sketch of the times, showing clearly the main springs of their work. Like Taine's great work, Painter's less pretentious one is as interesting as a novel and prepares one naturally for the classic selections illustrative of the masters. It does more, it ex-

⁴Mary and Other Poems. By H. H. Cergrinn. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1895.

⁵Introduction to English Literature. By F. V. N. Painter. Boston, New York, and Chicago: Leach, Schewell, & Sanborn: 1895.

¹To the Golden Goal. By Dr. J. C. Tucker. San Francisco. William Doxey. 1895.

²The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Macmillan & Co. New York and London: 1895. Price 75c. For sale by The Popular Book Store.

³The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt and Co.: 1894. 75c.

cites an ambition to know all their works and widens one's course of reading and study in a way that would be gratifying to the author. In brief, it is by far the best work of its kind that has appeared.

THE Biochemic System of Medicine, as developed in Doctor Carey's book¹ of that name, seems to be an outgrowth from homoeopathy. Doctor Carey claims that the efficacy of homoeopathic remedies; as administered in high dilutions and triturations,—and of mineral springs as well,—is caused by the fact that in making these high "potencies" the organic nature of the remedies is entirely lost and they are resolved into their unchangeable mineral constituents. These constituents, the real curative agents, are few in number (twelve in this system) and may, it is claimed, be much better administered by themselves. His book gives a chapter to each, and follows with an enumeration of diseases and their remedies, a repertory of symptoms, and a full index. Surely, if twelve remedies are enough, it is well to have that fact known, for medicine might then be reduced to a comparatively simple and exact science.

THE author of *Paul Saint Paul*² speaks of her hero as "an unusual," and certainly builds him up as such.

"St. Paul led a double life, even when plunged in the vortex of great London. A turbulent, vast, black hole it was, and the blaze of its lamps only made darkness more plainly visible." The reader becomes painfully conscious that the author might be "more plainly" clear in explaining the foregoing and the following lines:—

"Oddly enough, a tender little melody made of starlight, inspired by the ever willing theme of love, rang its anxious chime through the actor's brain." A melody made of starlight ringing an anxious chime, is something not often heard, and the author must be credited with unusual inventive powers. "The marble fragments of other days had been for years stowed away in the deep-veined hollows of the past." From this it is inferred that Paul, being a "self-made" man had, at some time in his career the

brilliant idea of going into the marble dust soda-water business or possibly these "deep-veined hollows" of the past were contiguous to a cemetery and the marble fragments might be turned to profit as head-stones.

The unhappy reader becomes sad and tired when he reaches the extraordinary climax to the twenty-sixth chapter:

"The lines of fate become tangled in the hoofs of time, and St. Paul's ship of life was lost at sea." This is really beautiful, and were it not known that the writer is a lady, it might be inferred that the author's early education was acquired in a livery stable on an ocean grayhound. The book is in its second edition.

*The Rending of the Solid South*³ gives a succinct and clear idea of why the South was unified politically, and ascribes to this condition its rapid advancement commercially and industrially. It ascribes to the same conditions the existing upheaval in thought and the division of the Democratic party into two clearly defined factions. Having been lulled into a belief that the new South is about to throw off the rule of the brigadiers, the reader is startled by a grand finale, a plan which the anonymous author claims is the only way in which the Democracy may win the fight two years hence. If Mr. Horr and Mr. Harvey have left anything of the silver question as a result of their jaw-smith work, the New South and the New North may be expected to assert themselves in no uncertain way as regards that and other burning questions of the hour.

THREE of George Meredith's short stories have been published in book form under the heading of *A Tale of Chloe*.⁴ The stories are of English life, and while they may interest Englishmen and a few Anglo-maniacs, there is nothing about them that calls for their translation into United States and republication on this side. The stories are as forced, involved, pointless, and dry, as a joke from "Punch." However, the book is handsomely printed and illustrated with a portrait of its author and may find admirers.

³The Rending of the Solid South. The Gossip Printing Co.: Mobile, Alabama.

⁴A Tale of Chloe. By George Meredith. Ward, Lock & Bowden, Ltd.: New York: 1895.

¹The Biochemic System of Medicine. By George W. Carey, M. D. St. Louis: F. August Luyties: 1864.

²Paul Saint Paul. By Ruby Beryl Kyle. Charles H Kerr & Co.: Chicago.: 1895.



The First Prize in the Picture Puzzle contest is awarded to Mrs. G. Zwinger, 260 Walnut St., Chicago, Ill. The second prize is awarded to Miss Helen C. Taylor, 608 Union St., San Francisco. The third and fourth prize respectively to Mrs. Nicholas E. Boyd, Sailors' Home, San Francisco, and J. S. Chase, 936 Pasadena Ave., E. Los Angeles.

The Garden for a Dollar will be sent to winners of prizes, in season for planting, by the Sunset Seed Co., of San Francisco.

The answer to the puzzle:

There was only one s' (s apostrophe) in the puzzle and that was in the advertisement of the *Hotel Knutsford*, Salt Lake City, and occurs in the word "days" in the fragment of a sentence beginning "Stop for a few *days*' rest in the Mormon City."

There were over 3,000 answers received and our advertisers must have reaped an enormous benefit from the wide circulation given by the puzzle. Several answers were received from London, some from India, and one from China. Most of the answers came from Pacific Coast readers.

We ask the successful ones and others to take a hand in competing for the prizes in our Prize Story Competition.

* * *

Of the swarm of dainty booklets that are now being printed on the series plan, two call for special mention, because of merit. *The Bibelot*, "a Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Book Lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known," is published by Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine.

A chapter from Walter Pater, "A Discourse of Marcus Aurelius," and selections from Mr. H. T. Wharton's translations under the title "Fragments from Sappho," are two of the issues and will give an idea of the high character of the collection.

The second series spoken of, is Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*, issued by the Putnams. The *Journeys* already take in trips to the haunts of George Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone, Turner, Swift, and Hugo. There is much charm about Mr. Hubbard's style; he takes his reader into his confidence with great cordiality, and when the little trip is over, we are too surprised to resent the amount of instruction that has been given in this dainty shape.

* * *

In talking of home industry, of the patronage of home creations, why not include home literature which certainly is a home industry, and a very important and needful one.

In the city of San Francisco a magazine is published — the *OVERLAND* — second to none in the Union. It does not devote its attention all to science or all to any peculiar literature. Therefore it cannot be called a class journal. But it is a magazine of current literature, by a corps of writers who cannot fail to interest and to instruct. *Sun*, Colusa, Cal.. Aug. 8, '95.

* * *

Of the numerous volumes that have been published of late on bird lore, none is so practicable or on the whole so well suited to the needs of the beginner as the *Pocket Guide to the Common*

*Land Birds of New England.*¹ The book is the outcome of long experience in teaching college women how to study common birds, and the method of classification, based on the conspicuous colors or markings, is most ingeniously arranged, in such a way that with the aid of the artificial key the identity of any bird may be easily traced. In all, Professor Willcox describes eighty nine different species, devoting a page or so of text to each, and giving references to collateral literature. The preliminary suggestions as to methods of study are concise and sensible, and altogether the *Pocket Guide* is pretty sure to be regarded by amateur ornithologists as just the thing they have been looking for.

* * *

Pacific Coast authorship has received new impetus and the far West is receiving new recognition in the literary world through "The Panglima Muda," a Malayan romance reprinted from the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, by Rounseville Wildman. It is invitingly illustrated and written in brilliant conversational style, humor flashing from hidden nooks and corners when least expected. Before the second page is reached you are lost in the jungles of the tropics and have left your everyday world of brick and mortar far behind. The story is a succession of dramatic scenes and flashing incidents.

The Capital Journal, Salem, Oregon.

¹*Pocket Guide to the Common Land Birds of New England.* By M. A. Willcox. Boston: Lee and Shepard: 1895.

Other Books Received.

The Peoples and Politics of the Far East. By Henry Norman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons: 1895.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen: Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1895.

The Mountains of California. By John Muir. New York: Century Co.: 1895.

A Mormon Wife. By Grace W. Trout. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: 1895.

Summary of Vital Statistics of New England. Boston: Damrell & Upham.

Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan. By Jas. Morier. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. For sale by Doxey.

The American Government. By B. A. Hinsdale. Chicago and New York: The Werner Co.: 1895. \$1.50.

Degeneration. By Max Nordau. New York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1895.

Works of Edgar Allan Poe. By E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodbury. Chicago: Stone & Kimball: 1895.

The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.: 1895.

Their Wedding Journey. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

Betsey Jane on Wheels. By H. E. Brown. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.: 1895.

The American Congress. By Joseph West Moore. New York: Harper & Bros.: 1895.

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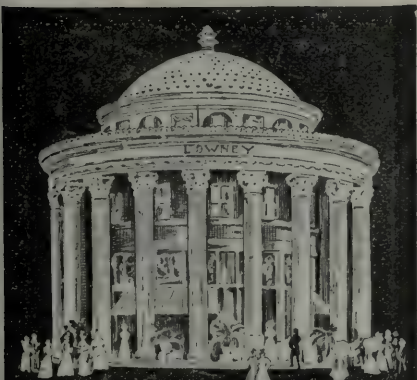
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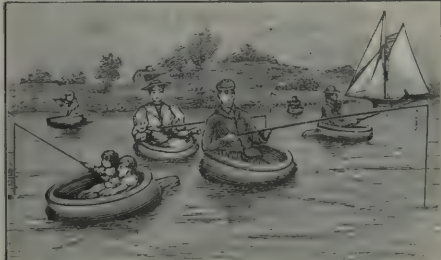
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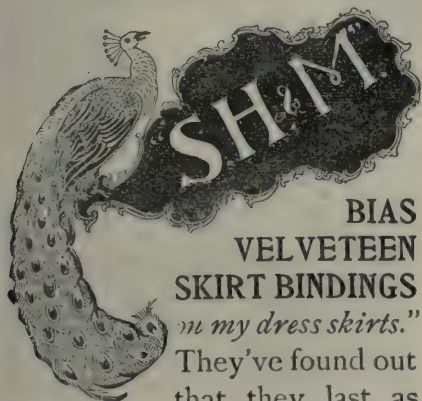
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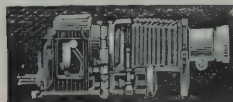
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Many of the beautiful photographs in this issue of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* illustrating Stockton and the scenery of the San Joaquin Valley were taken by Mr. J. Pitcher Spooner, who for the past quarter of a century has made Stockton his residence and place of business. Mr. Spooner is a lineal descendant of Peregrine White, the first born of the "May Flower,"—at fourteen a three years voyage at sea—then teacher of a village school at 17 and coming in through the Golden Gate at 19, doing the duty of acting third officer of a fourteen hundred ton clipper—and student at Bradley & Rulofson's well known gallery in San Francisco from '65 to '70. His studio today is second to few in California, and his views and portraits are so well known that his commissions are frequent from newspapers all over the United States. Progressive, abreast of the times, and devoted to his craft.

Maud: That stupid fellow proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him.

Marie: Perhaps he did.

Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.

MR. H. D. LAYMAN, the inventor of the LAYMAN PNEUMATIC BOAT is acquiring both fame and fortune as the result of his invention. The Layman boat resembles a horse collar and is made of India rubber cloth, which is inflated with air. It is unsinkable, and is used for boating, hunting and fishing. The bottom of the boat is also of rubber cloth. The occupant sits down upon the bottom of the boat, thrusts his feet down into two rubber boot legs attached to the boat, and thus literally walks through the water absolutely dry. These boats are perfectly safe for women and children. New fields of usefulness are being opened up in which these boats may become of great value as the methods of using are being developed and extended.

Bound copies of *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounseville Wildman, \$3.00.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT COMPANY facilitates the mode of safe investment of capital in the Central American Republics. The primitive state of these countries, and the scarcity of money in circulation, offer to foreign capitalists an extensive field for remunerative investments. Mr. M. Casin is President and General Manager and the office is in the Mills Building, San Francisco.

The ZENO MAUVAIS MUSIC COMPANY, 769 Market Street, have a few second-hand upright pianos in excellent condition, which they are offering at very low prices. Every one sold carries with it the guarantee of the Company, so that purchasers may feel absolutely safe in the investment.

Their counters are, as usual, the resort of all seeking the latest Sheet Music. This house keeps right abreast of the times in its several lines. The visitor here is assured of courteous and honorable treatment.

YOU must have a vacation—and you must go where you can have the greatest amount of sport, either in hunting or fishing, at the least expense. The best posted ones will tell you there are more good points for recreation and sport on the line of the SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD, than can be reached by any other road out from San Francisco.

One of the best evidences of success in business secured by judicious advertising is the "VIN MARIANI."

"VIN MARIANI" has been endorsed by the press and public of two continents and its praise has been sung by poet and extolled by author.

"VIN MARIANI" is one of the seven wonders of the Age.

The reader's attention is directed to an advertisement in this *MAGAZINE* which is, the restoring of lost hearing. The AURAPHONE is a small device of fine gold which concentrates the sound waves, thereby increasing the vibration of the *membrana tympani* (drum-head) enabling the most delicate low sounds to be perfectly and distinctly heard. Those who are suffering from loss or dull hearing, should certainly avail themselves of this opportunity to restore their hearing, as the cost is only \$12.50. It must not be forgotten that deafness is progressive, so do not delay to attend to all ailments of the Ear.

The *superiority* and *purity* of the Yucca Root Soaps are justly attracting widespread attention. This Company is deserving the patronage of the people of the Pacific Coast, not only on account of its being a home institution, but for the excellence of its goods and the attractive style in which they are put up. If you try a box of Yucca Root Soap you will never regret it, as your temper, as well as your complexion, will improve with its daily use.

HOLLISTER, Cal., July 30, '95.

. . . The *OVERLAND* is well worthy a place in any school library.

Respectfully,
JOHN H. GARNER,
Supt. of Schools.

THERE are several brands of imported Champagnes in the market—in selecting an imported wine you must have the *best*. ROEDERER & Co's three brands, imported regularly by MACONDRAY BROS. & LOCKARD have a reputation superior to all others of foreign manufacture.

* * *

"Mamma, if a child should be born on the ocean, to what nation would it belong?"

"Why, to the nation to which his father and mother belonged, of course."

"Well, I know. But suppose his father and mother were not with him. Supposing he was traveling with his aunt?"

Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.

* * *

The OVERLAND MONTHLY: The OVERLAND, which has become quite typical of California, deserves the success it seems to be attaining, for it is the only publication left in the State that might not exist in any Eastern city. The July number is unusually like a child of the Golden State.

"As Talked in the Sanctum," by the editor, is written with that delicacy and grace that characterizes Mr. Wildman's productions.

S. F. Bulletin, July 6th, 1895.

* * *

Do not forget that there is no preparation whatever that compares with Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder for use in warm weather. It stands alone in that respect.

It also stands alone as the only article of its kind that is approved by the highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanatory Toilet Preparation.

It is as refreshing as a tonic; in fact it is a *Skin Tonic*.

It relieves sun-burn and chafing, entirely does away with unpleasant odors, cures Prickly Heat, Tender Feet, Blotches, Pimples and Salt Rheum. It is cooling and healing after shaving.

Mothers who once use it, both for their babies and themselves, cannot understand how they ever got along without it.

"Success breeds imitation." Be sure to get "Mennen's;" all others are imitations and liable to do harm.

If you have not tried it send for free sample to G. Mennen, 577 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

* * *

Business carried on by Agent who had purchased sole rights to the Coast for a term of years several months before Dr. Plouf's death.

In order to place remedy within easier reach of sufferers from rheumatism and at the same time save them heavy express charges, are putting it in the hands of leading druggists on the entire Pacific Coast.

Some dealers do not care to handle it, as they get larger commissions for selling other preparations, but almost every town has one *live* druggist who, if he does not have it, will get the remedy for you and save you considerable trouble and expense.

IN TRADE—REPUTATION is of the greatest value,—for instance, KAST'S SHOE STORE has been established in this city about twenty-five years and has earned an established reputation for good goods and fair dealing which places them in the front rank among merchants. *More than seventy-five per cent of their stock is California made* at the factory of Buckingham & Hecht, San Francisco—the largest shoe factory west of Chicago, employing between 300 and 500 white mechanics and girls.

* * *

LONE PINE, July 24, 1895.

Hope you succeed in placing your splendid magazine in every district school of this county. It is a credit to the Coast . . .

Yours respectfully,

S. W. AUSTIN,
Supt. of Schools.

* * *

The very best cigar today in the United States is, without a single exception, the "El Belmont," manufactured by S. Hersheim Bros. & Co., of New Orleans and handled on this Coast by the wide-awake and popular firms Rinaldo Bros. & Co., of San Francisco and San Jose. Such men as Tobias and Solomon Rinaldo and C. S. Bier could by their business ingenuity and personal popularity push any brand of cigars to the front, however inferior its quality or slight its merits. But with such facilities as theirs, there is no need for them to handle an inferior article. The best of everything—the cream of the Havana crop—is offered them and they have selected such superior grades as "El Belmont," etc., which would of themselves build up a reputation for any firm. Thus, "to him that hath shall be given."

* * *

WE BREATHE pure air and our blood is pure. If from any surrounding conditions the air is impure, the blood soon becomes devitalized, and the system shows signs of being out of health.

Through the medium of the Electropoise, oxygen can be supplied to the system in any quantity, thus giving nature all the material she needs to effect a cure.

* * *

For July opens the twenty-sixth volume of a remarkable magazine. It is not only the only magazine on the Pacific Coast, but is the only one in the Union that has a distinctive American character, and bears with each issue something of the freshness and fragrance of the western mountains and the charm and romance of the great Pacific. No publication may be compared with the OVERLAND, for it stands by itself just as do the mountains of which it tells.

Ozone, Steele, N. D.

* * *

Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Cocaine, Alcohol and Tobacco Diseases cured by new methods, and by specialists, in office or at home, as patients may desire. No institute. No detention from business. No publicity. No pain. No suffering. Call at 21 Powell St., Room 30.

Exquisitely and Delicately Scented with Violets

COMPOSED OF
CLEAN, PURE,
HEALTHY,
VEGETABLE OILS.

ABSOLUTELY
THE BEST!

FOR THE HYGIENIC
CARE OF THE SKIN.



Velvet-Skin
POWDER

for the BELLE'S BOUDOIR
and the BABY'S BASKET.

Velvet-Skin Soap

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS.

Send 10 cts in stamps to DEPT H, PALISADE MANFG CO., YONKERS, N.Y.
for complete set of samples.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



TAPESTRY PAINTING

TAPESTRY PAINTINGS—200 tapestry paintings to choose from, 38 artists employed, including gold medalists of the Paris Salon. **Send for Circular.**

DECORATIONS—Write for color schemes, designs, estimates. Artists sent to all parts of the world, to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color harmony. Relief, wall-paper, stained glass, carpets, furniture, window shades, draperies, etc. Decorating houses during absence of owners a specialty. Pupils taught decoration.

"SPECIAL ARTISTS FOR CHURCH DECORATION."

Send for Circular.

WALL PAPERS—Autumn styles, choicest colorings, designed by gold medalists, from 3 cts. per roll up. 10 cts. for samples. **Send for Circular.**

ART SCHOOL—Six 3-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, \$5. Complete Printed Instruction by mail, \$1. Tapestry paintings rented. Full-size drawing, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. **Send for Circular.**

TAPESTRY MATERIALS—We manufacture tapestry materials. Superior to foreign goods, and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cts. **Send for Circular.**

DOUTHITT'S MANUAL OF ART DECORATION—The Decorative Art Book of the Century. 200 Royal Quarto pages, 50 full-page original illustrations of unique interiors, etc. \$2, postage prepaid.

THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR: A trip to the Interior World. "Jules Verne in his happiest days outdone." 318 octavo pages, 44 illustrations. Price, \$2, postage prepaid. Paper cover, 50 cts.

J. F. DOUTHITT, 236 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. and Kensington, London.



CASTILLEJA HALL.

CASTILLEJA HALL.

THIS school, just entering on its fifth year, is designed to prepare girls for college, and particularly for Stanford University, with which it is an accredited school. Its graduates for the last three years, have, without a single exception, entered that institution. The school receives both day and boarding pupils, and, being situated in the college town of Palo Alto, possesses all the advantages of close contact with University life.

Within an hour's ride of San Francisco; near the head of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, with a climate almost perfect; Castilleja Hall is without an equal in all

that is desirable for the location of an Educational Institution.

It offers courses in four languages, four sciences, mathematics, history, and English. The work in English, particularly in composition, is unusually thorough, and is required of all pupils. The school employs six teachers, representing the best colleges of the country; its principals, Miss Fletcher and Miss Pearson, are both graduates of the Harvard Annex.

For further information, address Miss E. B. Pearson, Castilleja Hall, Palo Alto, Cal.



Faculty ^{AND} Students
Stockton Business College
1893



THE STOCKTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.

THE LEADING ACTUAL BUSINESS SCHOOL OF THE WEST..

IN connection with a general description of Stockton we could not consider this issue complete without a more careful mention of the above college. It is one of the oldest colleges of its kind in the State and is one of the few that has always kept in advance of the demands of the times. From time to time changes have been made in its course,—new courses and various studies added, more and better teachers secured, its scope altered, modified and enlarged to suit the needs of the day, until now one can fit there for almost any calling or position, or take up any study desired without any extra cost for tuition.

There are in all six regular courses taught, including a list of over fifty studies, and each of these courses is as exhaustive and comprehensive as though it were a special school for that branch alone.

Take for example their Commercial Course, as near the actual business of life as years of experience by business men, dealing with business men can make it.

The Course of Stenography familiarizes the student in the shortest possible time with all classes of reporting and the rapid use of a number of the standard typewriters.

The Teachers' Course is a normal training course for those desiring to teach. Only such studies are taken up as each individual student needs, hence the time necessary to prepare for an examination is often but a small fraction of the time required to do the same thing at any of our State normals, and is much more thorough and practical.

It is not too much to say of the Penmanship course that it is the best on the coast; any one can easily be convinced of this fact by sending to them for free specimens. Not unfrequently do their

students write as well as professors of other schools. All of the other courses are as complete as the ones named.

The College has one feature that is not found at any other similar school, and that is its Home. The principal and his wife and all the teachers board and room at the College with the students, and everything is done that is possible for the pleasure and advancement of all. It is like one large family and no parent need fear to intrust a child there, as all temptations are removed and suitable recreations and enjoyments provided.

The teachers are the pride of the school. All are specialists in their lines.

All possess marked ability and have had years of experience. Each student does individual work and at the same time has plenty of efficient help and encouragement to make the most of his time.

The number of students attending may be surmised by the accompanying cut.

In prices, no other first-class school comes anywhere near it in cheapness of expenses. Board and room is the chief expense of attending school usually; here it is first class in every respect and every thing furnished at \$13 per month. No young person need despair of securing a practical education with such chances as are here afforded.

The principal, Mr. W. C. Ramsey, has an earnest helpmeet in Mrs. Ramsey, and is perhaps the best known business educator on the coast. He is possessed of a liberal education, and the inclination, ability and constitution to do a vast amount of work. He is always conversant with and alive to the needs of the school, and the interests of his patrons, and a firm friend to the deserving. Strictly honest, conscientious and reliable and is the right man in the right place. Write to him for particulars.

PACIFIC HOSPITAL

SITUATED in the southwestern part of the city of Stockton, surrounded by pleasant grounds and covering forty acres, is the PACIFIC HOSPITAL. This private asylum was established in 1871 by Dr. Asa Clark. Here every form of mental disease receives such treatment as could only come from the hands of physicians who have made such ailments a profound study. This private asylum possesses a number of advantages over public institutions; such as greater

arrangements to have his or her special attendant to look after their wants at a very moderate cost. It would be hard to find an institution in the state which can show a larger percentage of permanent cures than the one so long under the charge of Dr. Clark and his sons. It commands the confidence of the community as a well-regulated and thoroughly equipped institution. It is under the management of Dr. F. P. Clark, Medical Superintendent; Dr. C. A. Rug-



dispatch in securing admission in urgent cases, and the use of extra accommodations and special privileges when required.

The buildings are two stories in height and about half an acre in extent. The corridors are wide, airy and light, affording those patients who cannot be trusted out in the grounds, ample room for exercise. Every room is laid with Brussels or tapestry carpets and furnished in a style equal to any first class hotel, while the table cannot be surpassed anywhere. Any patient can make

gles, Assistant Physician and George C. Clark, Business Manager. Among the references may be mentioned Dr. L. C. Lane, San Francisco; Dr. W. H. Mays, San Francisco, ex-Superintendent Insane Asylum at Stockton; Dr. E. H. Woolsey, Surgeon for Southern Pacific Company and of the Oakland Hospital; Dr. G. A. Shurtleff, Napa, late Superintendent Insane Asylum; Dr. Robert A McLean, San Francisco; Dr. R. H. Plummer, San Francisco; and Dr. W. H. Thorne, San Jose.

EL PINAL VINEYARD

THIS vineyard is not only one of the most famous in the State of California, but one of the oldest. It was established in 1852, only four years after the gold discovery, and thus was among the very first demonstrations that fruit and the vine would prosper in the

They are the largest producers of sweet wines in America, and are now putting in the largest still for the making of pure grape brandy. They make wines of all the most desirable kinds, and their brand is recognized as a mark of purity and superiority.



Golden State. The proprietors, Messrs. George West & Son, are among the most prominent business men of Stockton, long and favorably known in connection with everything that has pertained to the advancement of the city and San Joaquin County, and especially in everything pertaining to horticultural matters.

The Vineyard is about three miles from the City of Stockton and attracts many visitors by its great beauty. The buildings are surrounded by grand old trees, and the place is ornamented with palms, lawns, and hedges, all kept up in the most attractive style. The photographs herewith give but a suggestion of the charm of the place itself.

WM. M. GIBSON

WM. M. GIBSON, the subject of the present sketch, is a prominent citizen and lawyer of Stockton. He is a native of Kentucky and has made Stockton his place of residence and business all his life. His preliminary education was acquired in the Schools of Stockton and the University of California. He prepared for an attorney in Judge Budd's law office in Stockton and entered the law department of Union College at Albany,

Gibson has been prominently connected with many noted cases and has been unusually successful in his practice. He prosecuted the murder cases of French and Turcott, with verdict of hanging, and defended in the murder cases of Ivy Carson, Peirano and Edith Elder, all of whom were cleared. Mr. Gibson is a life long intimate friend and associate of Governor Budd's. They have been associated together in many prominent



WILLIAM M. GIBSON

N. Y. He was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court of New York in 1874, after an examination in open Court. Later he was given a certificate by the Supreme Court of California in August, 1874. Mr. Gibson was for twenty years in continuous service in the National Guard and rose to the rank of Assistant Adjutant General of the 3rd Brigade and is at present on the retired list. For the period of twelve years he was connected with the District Attorney's Office. Mr.

law cases. Mr. Gibson is still a young man only slightly past the meridian of the allotted term of life, but has used his time well and creditably. He is a man of extremely social habits and personally known to almost every resident of Stockton. His geniality, ability and the quality of never failing his friends, have rendered him very popular.

Mr. Gibson is a man of family and has two sons who are residents of Stockton.



R. C. SARGENT.

R. C. SARGENT.

A review of Stockton would certainly be very incomplete unless due reference was made to some of the men who have been the main factors in bringing it forward to its present position of commercial supremacy. First and foremost of these men is R. C. Sargent. He above all others has demonstrated that push and energy combined with keen business judgment intermixed with liberality, is absolutely essential to the success of any community. Stockton owes a debt of gratitude to this man, a debt which it will be very hard to pay.

Mr. Sargent is one of the best known men in the State. There is not one single instance on record where a movement was in progress calculated to benefit Stockton, that Mr. Sargent was not foremost in advocating it, not in mere talk but in liberal financial support. As soon as the San Joaquin Valley road was projected and San Joaquin County was expected to raise a certain subscription, Mr. Sargent came to the front with the largest amount, viz., \$6,000 in cash and bonds. Many of the leading citizens openly assert that without his aid and the example he set, the money could not have been raised. Since the first subscription, Mr. Sargent has added to the amount. This is only one case in many and merely goes to illustrate the go-ahead character of the man. He is a very charitable man and it is generally recognized that scores of quiet charitable acts can be accredited to him.



HENRY HODGKINS.

bailiff for Dr. Courtney. Hearing the stories of the wonderful discoveries of gold in California, he determined to go to the New El Dorado. He invested his entire earnings in onions and potatoes paying one cent per pound. With this cargo, he sailed for San Francisco, proceeding thence to Stockton, where his one cent per pound investment netted him seventy-five cents per pound. For three and a half years he worked at the butcher trade and then started in business for himself. Seeing that Stockton was bound to be a business centre, he made large investments in property which have all added greatly to his wealth. Mr. Hodgkins was married in Troy, N. Y. in 1857 and has a large family living. His wife and six children have passed to the silent majority, but ten children and seven grandchildren still remain. His son Albert Edward is a popular young man of Stockton. Recently he took a prominent part in the out of door performance of "As You Like It" and demonstrated that he possesses considerable talent. Mr. Hodgkins has built himself a fine home in England where he will in all probability spend the major portion of his time. He is a most progressive man as is shown by his very liberal subscription of \$500 to the Valley Road. This was a simple donation, he refusing to take any bonds. He will soon start for England.

Mr. Henry Hodgkins is one of Stockton's foremost citizens, who by his keen foresight and indomitable perseverance has brought himself to a position in the front ranks of the successful business men of the Coast.

He was born in Bristol, England, July 20, 1827, and when about sixteen years of age, enlisted in the army and was despatched to New Zealand at the time of the Maori outbreak. He served about five years and then purchased his discharge. Returning to Auckland, he became

GEORGE W. McPHERSON

Is a recent resident of Stockton but as Agent for the Searchlight addition, is displaying an ability and energy which is sure to put him in the front rank among Stockton's young business men.

He was born in Tuolumne County on October 25, 1858, and is, therefore, still almost in the first flush of ambitious youth. His family subsequently moved to Merced and ultimately to San Francisco.

Mr. McPherson is known throughout the entire State which he has thoroughly traversed. When still a very young man he was a well-known merchant and manufacturer, being the senior member of the firm of McPherson & Conway. More recently he has been extensively engaged in real estate enterprises, among which was the development of the Pajaro Land and Fruit Company, a large prune ranch of Santa Cruz County, of which, he and the Honorable J. A. Hall were the successful promoters. He was also Vice-President of the Parker Ford Land Company for three years.

When the Mid-winter Fair opened he became interested in the Fair's success by reason of being a native Californian and proud of his birthplace, and he was known to the Fair frequenters as the Secretary of Colonel E. Daniel Boone, of Boone's Arena, where his beaming countenance and obliging disposition made him extremely popular with all. At the close of the Fair he took the management of the "Boone Show" and for a year traveled with them

through the Southern States and Mexico; however the venture was not a financial success, so he recently returned to his native State and will devote his future to his former business, Real Estate.

Mr. McPherson is a fraternal man of some note, being a member of the A. O. U. W. and the Knights of Pythias, and being a native Californian, naturally a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West, of which latter organization he is, and has been, an active and an honored member,

having been one of the founders of Pacific Parlor, No. 10, and for four years a Deputy Grand President or organizing officer, during which time he organized most of the Parlors in the San Joaquin Valley and the Southern part of the State. As a Tuolumnite, none of the lovers of old Tuolumne have been more enthusiastically patriotic, even among a people who are proverbially intensely so. He has been Past-President, Director and President of the Tuolumne Association, and for some years past has been its indefatigable Secretary.



GEO. W. MCPHERSON

Mr. McPherson's frank, honest manner, and ever genial disposition and generous nature has won him hosts of friends and made him exceedingly popular among all people whom his varied experience has thrown him in association with, and we confidently predict a brilliant future for a man of his versatile talents, united with so much energy and ambition.



RALPH P. LANE, born in Stockton, is a leading Insurance and Real Estate man. He represents thirteen of the best American, English, and German Fire Insurance companies, and some of the most desirable city and country properties. Satisfaction guaranteed, correspondence solicited.

P. A. BUELL & COMPANY

A SYNOPSIS of the *newer* Stockton would not be complete without a partial description of the immense lumber yards and planing mills of P. A. Buell & Company, incorporated. This firm, aggressive and progressive, has by push and energy extended its trade throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific Coast and has built up a magnificent business. The public have given them such liberal patronage that, their lumber yards and sheds, containing all kinds of thoroughly seasoned dimension and finishing lumber, cover ten acres of land, and their planing mills occupy an entire block, where everything from a fruit box to a bank counter can be supplied. The capacity of the mills is \$2,000 worth of manufactured product daily.

The management of the Company, has ever been alive to the resources of the great San Joaquin Valley and the

prestige of Stockton's location and now the stimulus given to business by a competitive railroad has prompted these energetic business men to carry a much larger stock than in previous years, and they can supply at a moment's notice, material to construct anything from a modest cottage to a pretentious mansion.

Their shipping facilities are unequaled. The main line of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad and a branch of the Southern Pacific connect with the yards, while they have their own wharf on Mormon Channel. They receive their redwood and Oregon pine by water direct from mills owned by members of the Company,—so have no middlemen's profits to pay. This enables them to sell at a minimum price and thus they have built up a business which today has no equal on the Coast.

A SUCCESSFUL INCUBATOR



IMPROVED STOCKTON INCUBATOR

San Francisco, Cal., July 9th, 1895.

W. H. Young, Stockton, Cal.

Dear Sir:—The two incubators we got from you last spring have been doing splendid service. After running three or four successful hatches, I loaned my 180 egg machine to a friend who had never run an Incubator and did not have faith enough to buy one. He filled it with duck eggs, the severest test for a machine; and although it was his first experience, a flock of beautiful ducklings attest the quality of the "Improved Stockton."

Respectfully,

W. G. BENTON,

Editor California Orchard and Farm

THE IMPROVED STOCKTON INCUBATOR is coming into prominence through its superior merits as a hatcher of all kinds of eggs, and the push and energy of W. H. Young who is sole proprietor and manufacturer.

Owing to the increased demand for this machine, larger facilities are being made for manufacturing and in the conducting of a successful incubator business. Every Incubator is warranted to be first-class in every respect, and none genuine unless marked properly, the Improved Stockton Incubator on the front, and W. H. Young, as manufacturer, on the inside door. Office and salesroom, No. 709 East Main Street, Stockton.

The *California Producer* published in a recent issue two testimonials that attest the merits of this incubator.

Two cents in stamps gets a catalogue that gives general information regarding this machine.

Haywards, Cal., July 10th, 1895.

W. H. Young, Esq., Stockton, Cal.

Dear Sir:—We think here that your machine is the best one made, and it gives entire satisfaction. We sold seven or eight and had no complaints. We expect to sell some more this season, the other machines around here are not in it with yours. Very truly yours,

LINEKIN & ALLEN.

H. C. SHAW PLOW WORKS

A Representative Manufacturing Industry
of California

ONE of the most important industries in San Joaquin County and for that matter, the State at large, is the H. C. SHAW PLOW WORKS, situated in Stockton. Mr. Shaw was one of the first men in the State to engage in this business on a large scale, it now being over twenty-five years since his establishment was first started. He is the inventor of the "H. C. Shaw" Stockton Gang Plow, an implement which has saved thousands of dollars to the farmers of the community. It is made in Gangs of Three, Four, Five and Six Furrow, of Two sizes of Plows, Eight and Ten Inch, to which a seeder can be attached, in front as a drill or behind as a seeder, with the harrow following. With this plow, one man with eight horses can plow, seed and finish on an average eight acres a day.

An immense stock of all kinds of agricultural implements is carried at the warehouses. Among these are the H. C. Shaw Reversible Gang Plow, the Powell Derrick, and Nets for Stacking Hay and Grain, and the famous Shaw Improved Header. All these implements stand very high with the farming community, being especially adapted to the wants of the Pacific Coast farmer. They are also extensive importers of vehicles, being agents for the Old's Wagon of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and in addition to this an extensive stock of business and pleasure vehicles is always on hand.

A large jobbing trade is done in farming implements among which may be mentioned the Morgan Spading Harrow and Hay Rake, the Triumph Mowers, Reapers and Binders, and the Avery line of Chilled and Steel Single and Sulky Plows and Cultivating Implements.

The Works give employment to a large number of hands and in more ways than one have been of vast benefit to Stockton.

We make on Special Orders, Plows cutting Ten Feet, which work successfully with Traction Engines

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

Drink BUFFALO BEER

JOHN HERMANN, Agent for Stockton

The
Chicago
Saloon



CORNER

California and Main Sts.

STOCKTON, CAL.

Buffalo Beer by the Keg or Bottle.

Music Every Evening at the Chicago.

Family Trade Solicited.

The Best Glass of Beer in the City.

CHICKEN TAMALES A SPECIALTY

JACKSON BATHS

R. C. PEARSON, Proprietor

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

Five Cents through Car Fare from Any Point on Route.
Music at Intervals Afternoons and Evenings

Best Swimming Tank and Private Baths on the Coast

Water Fresh Daily and Always Running from Jackson's Wells. 3,500 Gallons per Minute. Tank Pumped Out and Thoroughly Cleaned Once a Week.

HIGHLY BENEFICIAL IN RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS

Recommended by All Physicians. Water contains Salt, Iron, Magnesium, Sulphur and other Minerals. Temperature, 85 degrees. Admission, 10 cents, for which a Check is given good for 10 cents on any Purchase at the Baths. Suitable Bathing Suits and Towels provided.

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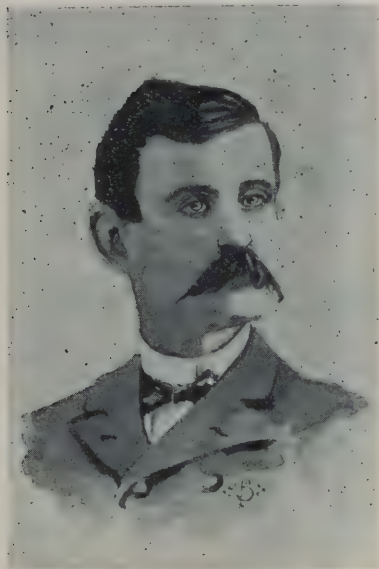
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Dr. Geo. W. Carey, the author of the wonderful new medical book—"The Biochemic System of Medicine" has permanently located in San Jose, California, at *The Stanford*, corner First and San Antonio Streets.

Dr. Carey has done more to develop biochemistry than any man in America. He commenced a series of articles for the *Homeopathic News* in 1890 that created an intense interest in the new method of curing disease all over the world. In 1892, the publishers of that widely read journal urged the doctor to write a complete treatise on biochemistry and also the pathology of biochemistry as outlined in his articles to the *News*.

Dr. Carey undertook the task and completed the work and published the book January, 1894, since which time over ten thousand copies have been sold. The publishers of the *Homeopathic News* said of this book—"It is one of the wonderful books of this wonderful age and stamps its author as a truly learned and scientific man."

Biochemistry means—The Chemistry of Life.

The theory is that all disease is caused by a deficiency of one or more of the mineral salts of the human blood, that these salts are the workmen who take up and use oil, fibrine, albumen, sugar and water and thus build up the human anatomy. When one or more of these workers for any reason falls below the standard the disturbance in certain building material, as above specified, causes the conditions called catarrh, colds, coughs, abscess, tumors, cancers and all other so-called diseases.

The Salts used in the therapeutics of biochemistry are called the biochemic remedies.

Dr. Carey has opened a manufactory of these remedies and is prepared to fill all orders by mail for those who will write their symptoms. The remedies will be sent for one week's treatment for \$2.00. For one month \$7.00.

Dr. Carey's book contains 444 pages, price, \$2.50. Over two thousand physicians from different parts of the globe have written Dr. Carey complimentary letters in regard to his book and the new pathology of disease so clearly set forth in its pages.

Dr. Carey teaches Biochemistry, Mental Science, Psychometry and Spiritual Philosophy.

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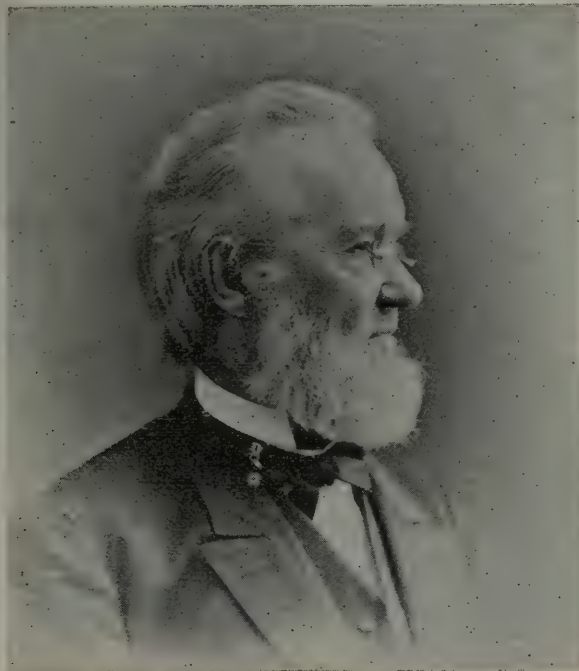
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JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.



Author of "System of Anthropology," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," "The New Education," and "Manual of Psychometry,"—Professor of Physiology, and Institutes of Medicine in four Medical Colleges successively from 1845 to 1881, and for five years Dean of the Faculty of the Eclectic Medical Institute, Cincinnati; the parent school of American Eclecticism; Discoverer of the Impossibility of the Brain, of Sarcognomy and of Psychometry.

Prof. BUCHANAN as Dean of the Faculty of the Eclectic Medical Institute, stood at the head of the professional revolution which established the American System of medical science and practice, called Eclectic, because free from dogmatic authority. He resigned in 1886, succeeded as Dean by his most advanced pupil Prof. Scudder. His instruction was afterward given in the Colleges of New York and Boston, and the College of Therapeutics. He is now expected to take part in the establishment of a Therapeutic College at San Francisco, in which his extraordinary discoveries will be more fully introduced, which revolutionize physiology and medical practice. These discoveries have been amply endorsed by scientific committees and collegiate authority. His "System of Anthropology," published in 1854 and illustrated in eight volumes of Buchanan's Journal of Man, is a complete exposition of the constitution of man, and he is now preparing at his residence in San Jose, a far more ample work to be entitled "The New World of Science." His Therapeutic Sarcognomy (a large \$5 volume) contains the new physiology and philosophy, with new methods of practice, unknown at present in medical colleges, but applied by his pupils. His Manual of Psychometry is the most marvelous and original scientific work of the century and has made his

name familiar to liberal minds, not only in this country but in Europe, India and Australia. Copies of his Sarcognomy and Psychometry (\$2) may be obtained by addressing the author at San Jose.

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Few of the general public are aware that there resides in the new Spreckels Building on Market Street, a healer whose cures have baffled the analyses of

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A disposition to shrink from publicity and to shun all forms of advertising, her remarkable gifts has kept from the public a knowledge of those healing forces which have done so much to bless her kind. But those who have ever felt the tender ministrings of her care will know at once that Dr. Nellie Beighle is here meant, or "The Little Doctor" as they fondly call her.

Some account of a visit to her offices illustrated above and information gathered there will be found of interest.

The elegantly furnished reception room was full of patients awaiting their turn and in all of the ten rooms which the healer finds it necessary to use in her practice there were occupants.

The doctor's cheeks glow with health s

roses and out of her eyes there comes a look kindly and soothing that is an index of her nature. She is a charming conversationalist and her broad human sympathy and tenderness attaches to her all who know her in the bonds of lasting friendship.

In answer to a request to witness the strange power of that magnetic forearm, which must ever excite one's astonishment, she placed her right hand on the writer's head producing distinct shocks resembling those received from an electric battery, although more gentle and less rapid. A touch of the hair with the tips of the fingers resulted similarly. With one finger she touched the forehead and where ever she moved that compelling finger, vibrations followed it.

The lady took an ordinary glass tumbler holding it in that marvelous right hand and the display of power was the same. Even the pressure of the glass against the bottom of the shoe conveyed the force through the entire leg. It is a striking fact that as soon as she touched

the person with the *left* hand, a circuit was formed and the power suddenly ceased.

The "Little Doctor" speaks very modestly of her wonderful cures, but she will not permit the publication of names without consent of the writers of the testimonials she possesses.

The doctor is a Canadian of Scotch ancestry, having come to California at the age of eight years, and for a long time taught in the public schools of Sacramento County.

Fifteen years ago she came into possession of her marvelous power, and the record of her cures would fill many pages of this magazine. Although the doctor is opposed to their publication without permission, any one interested, however, can address Dr. Nellie Beighle, Rooms 624, 625, 626, 627, Spreckels Building, San Francisco, who will give the names of prominent people who are happy to testify to health permanently restored.



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BARBARISM AGAINST CONSUMPTIVES DENOUNCED

IT seems not all the members of the Medical Profession are in favor of Quarantine measures against consumptives, nor subscribe to the hitherto prevailing notion that the disease is incurable. A well-known Lung and Nerve Specialist DR. ARTHUR MARTEN of San Francisco, whose reputation as a successful Lung Practitioner is well known even in Europe, in a recent report on this advance of medical science in the rational treatment of Phthisis makes the following remarks: "There is no conclusive evidence before the profession that the disease is infectious or contagious and to advocate quarantine measures against these unfortunate sufferers reminds too much of barbaric practices to deserve serious discussion."

"The Curability of Consumption in all its stages is now a well established fact and has been so for many years, and the incurability proclaimed so long is a mere inheritance of medical ignorance of former times."

That medical men, who may pride themselves of their attainments in other branches of medical learning, should continue to subscribe to such antiquated theories is not only detrimental to their progress in combating the disease, but highly objectionable from the sufferers point of view, in as much as the invalid has no other or better chance under treatment based on such presumption, than a premature grave.

Continuing, Dr. Martin says, that of five consumptive cases recently under his observation, three could discontinue treatment after eight, nine and twelve weeks respectively, and the increase in weight under dietetic measures on which he insists in addition to the special treatment, has been highly gratifying, in as much as a gain of sixteen to twenty-eight pounds was noted in this comparatively short time. All symptoms of fever disappear in from eight to fourteen days and in a case still under observation, the sputum, which in the beginning of the treatment, was two large cups per day, has been reduced to a spoonful or two, thus demonstrating the curative effect of skilled treatment.

While it is an established and undisputable fact that Lung patients placed under the most favorable conditions have been cured before, the frank statement of Dr. Martin, that the disease is neither infectious nor contagious, but on the contrary curable in all its stages, will remove the anxiety which has cast a gloom over many a home, and inspire sufferers and their friends with a new hope in a method of treatment based on conviction, demonstrated by facts, that the disease is curable and that the enemy can be conquered. Such treatment which still offers a chance for restoration to health after other remedies have been tried in vain, cannot fail to earn for the Doctor the credit to which he is justly entitled.

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	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49 353	15 063 367
Alvarado.....	1803	20 324	4 486 572
Watsonville.....	6388	65 291	15 539 040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26 801	4 708 500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11 149	1 835 900
Norfolk, Neb.....	2807	22 625	4 107 300
Staunton, Va.....	50	350	50 027

YIELD OF SUGAR.

	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
Chino.....	3611.4	305.2
Alvarado.....	2488.4	220.7
Watsonville.....	2432.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

Annual consumption of sugar in the United States, 4,162,204,200 pounds.

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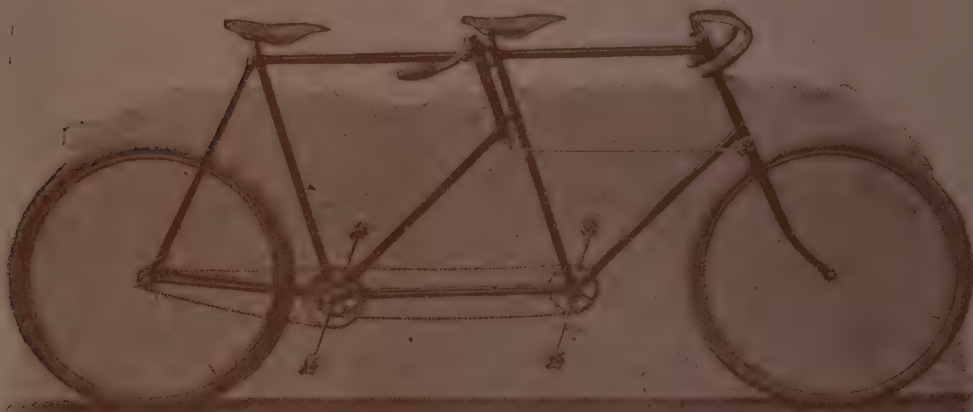
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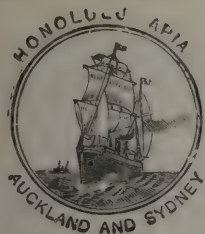
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No. 154.

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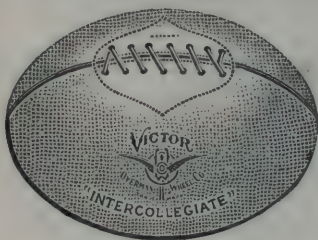
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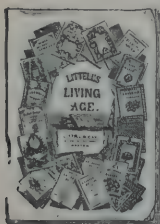
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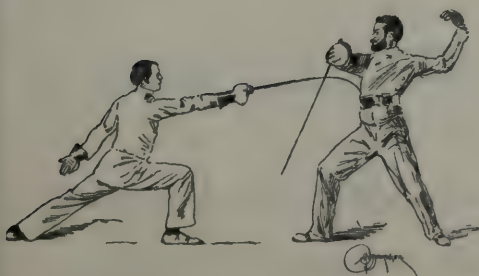
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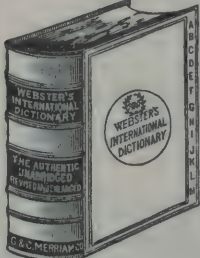
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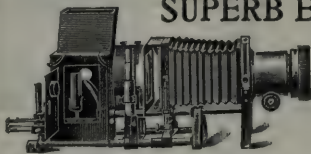
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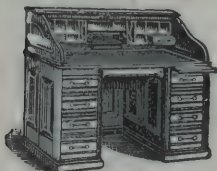
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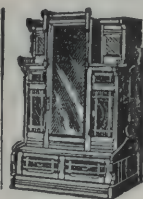
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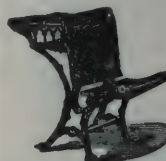


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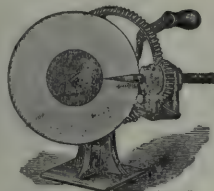
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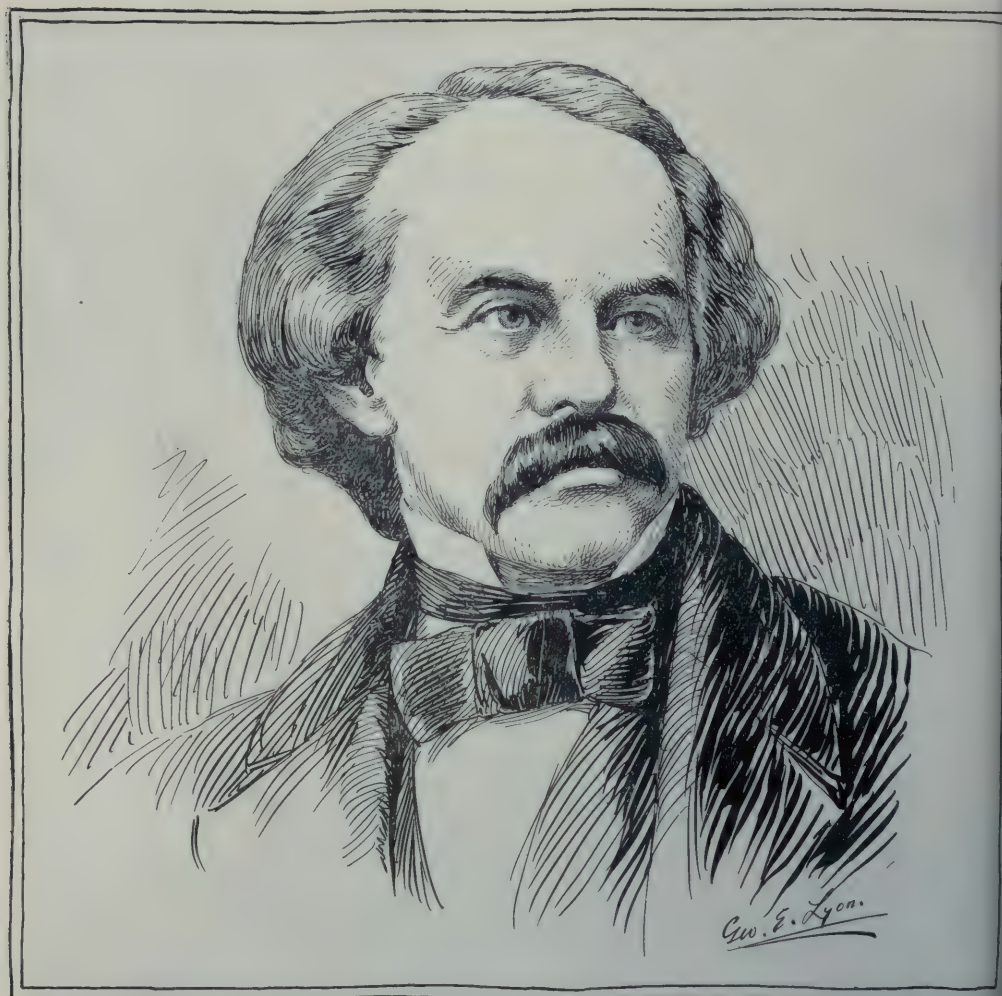
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GLEN CAÑON, NEAR ECHO MOUNTAIN.

From "Well Worn Trails."



Drawn by George E. Lyon of the S. F. Chronicle Art Staff.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

'MID stern, four-square surroundings set,
Held by convention's iron hand,
He wore a shining coronet,
A prince of fiction's fairyland.

Charles S. Greene.

EVENING ON THE RANCH.



THE sunshine gilds the moss-robed roof
And glares upon the window panes;
By twos and threes the lazy herd
Strolls down the winding, dusty lanes.

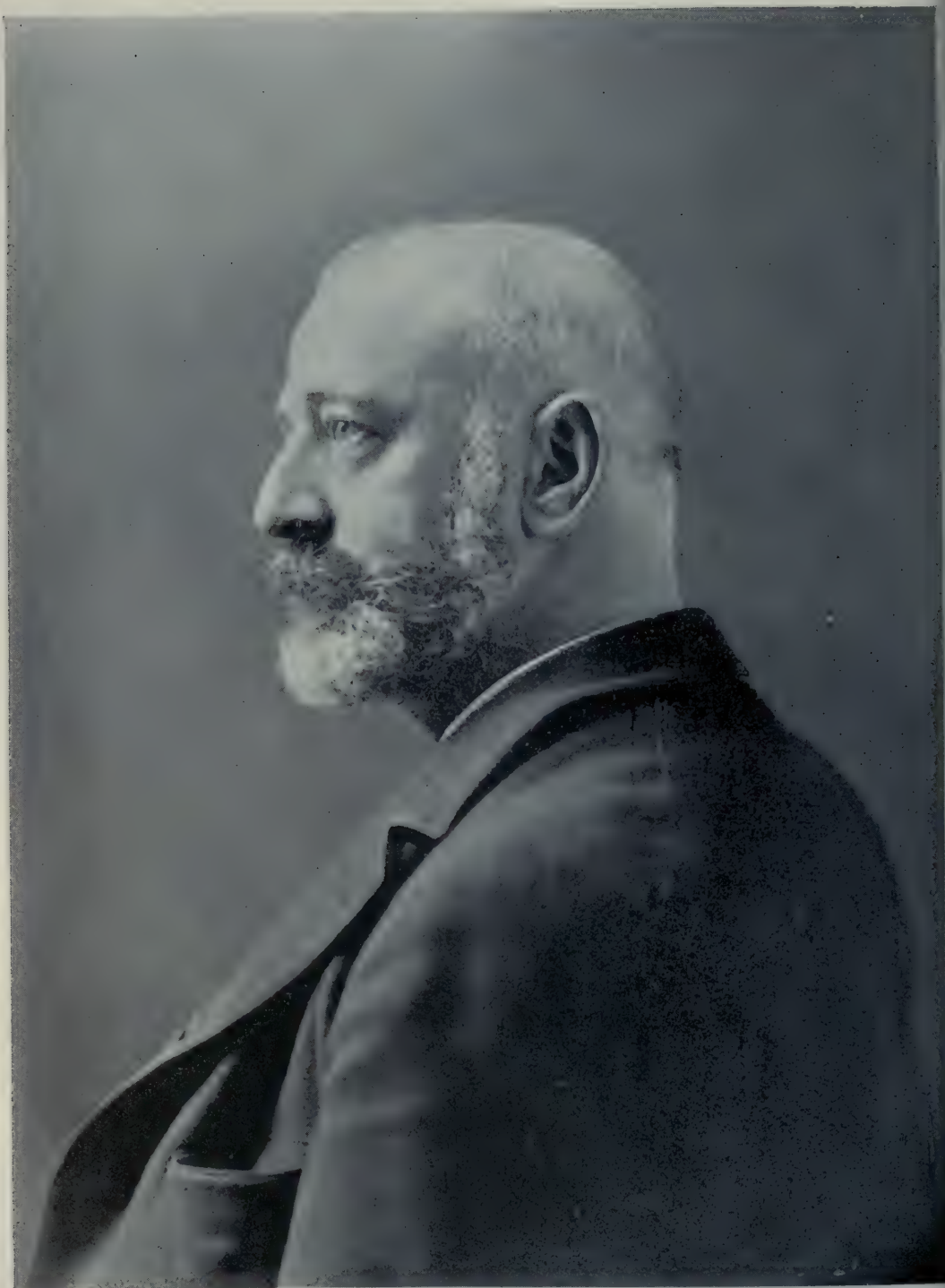
The flushed sun sinks; the gold-blurred west
Shows dimly through the maple boughs;
The stars flame out; within their stalls
The wearied oxen dream and drowse.

Like some strange ship with hull on fire
The crescent moon in vast, wild seas
Of somber pine slow settles down
And burns the black tops of the trees.

A sudden silence, deep, profound,
Steals through the wan, uncertain light,
And now one lone frog's flageolet
Rings clearly through the falling night.

Herbert Bashford.





Taken especially for the OVERLAND

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Taber Photo

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVI. (Second Series.)—October, 1895.—No. 154.

AS TALKED IN THE
SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR

IT IS the simplest thing in
the world to make a mag-
azine pay, and the method is

no secret. There is without doubt many an ambitious
journalist on this Coast ready to start a rival to the OVER-
LAND the moment he is assured that the venture will win him
fame and money. It may not be good politics for the Sanc-
tum to lay its heart bare, but a secret is no secret when
shared by a dozen persons and the Office Boy. The maga-

zine promoter needs but just money enough to print his first issue; for if he takes
advantage of the Sanctum's receipt, money will pour in until he will imagine that
the windows of heaven have been opened for his benefit. Here it is,—just know
what the people want to read and give it to them. Napoleon had no difficulty in
winning battles. He always saw just where to strike, and he struck with all his
might. He knew instinctively where his troops would be of the most service, and
he did not hesitate. He did the right thing at the right time.

Bind together ten articles, stories, sketches, or poems, each one of which will
demand the attention of ten thousand people, and you need not worry about your
printer's bills. Make a magazine popular, all that is needed is popular literature.
If one short story will make an author famous, it stands to reason that one popular
article a month ought to make a magazine sell.

But the rub comes in deciding what will catch the public eye. Did you ever
try to make up a list of subjects on which articles could be written that would have
a fair chance of selling say five hundred copies of a magazine each? It is lots of
fun.

The Office Boy. "The mail."

There are seven manuscript stories, one with twelve cents postage due, four

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

manuscript articles, three letters of advice, two kicks, twenty-one postal card requests for sample copies, seventeen of which are south of the Mason and Dixon line, a change of address, seven subscriptions, one discontinuance, eleven manuscript poems, and a design in ink for a tail-piece.

The Reader. "Here are four sketches, *apropos* of our talk on salable manuscripts. While I read their titles let the Sanctum decide how many magazines each would sell :

1. "An Ascent of Popocatepetl." 2. "A Journey to California in '49." 3. "The Intemperance of Temperance." 4. "Feathered Songsters of the Pacific Coast."

The Sanctum. "Possibly fifty — to their authors."

The Reader. "I should judge from the first paragraph of each, that all four of the manuscripts submitted are well written and interesting reading, and yet the unanimous verdict is that if they were published in any one number of the OVERLAND their united selling abilities would be fifty. In other words, our rival who expects to make his magazine pay would do well not to choose any one of them."

The Poet. "And yet no doubt they would be more satisfactory to the regular magazine reader and subscriber than the special article that will sell ten thousand copies to the irregular buyers. Do you remember how weary the public became before the War articles were finished in *The Century*? And yet they trebled the receipts of that company, and secured the attention of a class of readers that had never before cared whether the magazine lived or died."

The Contributor. "There are special articles that nine good judges would swear were inspirations and would sell thousands, but they are financial failures because of the character of the special audiences interested. There was the twenty page special in the April OVERLAND on 'The Jew in San Francisco.' It was written by a Jewish rabbi and a Gentile, both of them interesting and accurate writers, and was beautifully illustrated. It appealed directly to sixty thousand Jews, all well-to-do, in this city and a hundred thousand more in the OVERLAND'S field. A big edition was printed. It was a dire financial failure although a multitude of papers noticed and copied it. Why? Because of the peculiar characteristics of the class appealed to. They bought a few copies and passed them around. A penny saved is a penny earned. On the other hand, you will remember that the Artist's contribution in the July number on 'Some San Francisco Illustrators' was a tremendous and unexpected success. It sold out the entire edition, and it only appealed to a few dozen artists and their friends, the assessable valuation of whose combined property would not cause a covetous smile to creep over the face of any of the Jews cited in the former article. Why, again? Because talent is generous to a fault and wealth miserly to a degree. So I say there is much in choosing an audience.

THE responsible head of a magazine, unless he be a born editor with the mark on his brow, takes the same chances in choosing the matter for each number as the general does in ordering an attack, or the gambler in picking out his horse at the races. If he can make up his mind as to what is timely and what the public appetite demands, he is a success even if he cannot conjugate *amo* or spells *bird* with a *u*. There are books and books and magazines and magazines, but there is only once in a while a book and once in two whiles a magazine that holds the great roving restless public eye or touches the indifferent public heart.

The Reviewer. "I suggest that instead of offering \$10,000 for a prize story, we offer \$100 to anyone who will simply suggest a subject for a popular article,—one for each month. It is easy enough to write, what we want is ideas."

The Manager. "The offer is registered."

The Parson. "I have a subject to submit that will sell the required ten thousand copies. 'Well Known Paintings in San Francisco Saloons, with incidentally a description of interiors.' "

There was meat for thought in the good Parson's remark. After all, man does not live by bread alone, and for one I wish that the magazine was as untrammelled as the Parson. No one dictates as to what he shall preach. A few Sundays since he took his text from Proverbs, xxvii. 15, "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." The sermon lasted for half an hour. Not being a woman, I did not take it to myself, but it was strong, clear, and pointed, and I watched the face of the handsome sister that I was sure it was aimed at. She is worth a million, and I could not but admire the Parson's hardihood. "What perfectly lovely talks!" she said as we passed down the aisle together, "and the nicest thing about them is that they are so poetic and allegorical, I just love the dear old Parson!"

I looked up into the great rose window through which the sun was struggling and thought, "Should I take that independence and freedom of expression in the 'Etc.' we should lose every advertiser within thirty days." And yet the Parson, who is so popular that he can say the most awful truths without exciting a murmur, reviles us for wanting to be popular. The good man does not know it, but it is these very tirades in good English that draw a large class of his wealthy pew-holders. They like to feel the lash playing about their tough hides. It is a pleasurable stimulant after six days of obsequiousness and fawnings from their peers. The Parson cannot lay it on too strong to please them, they even uncover their weak points so that he will be sure and see them. They chuckle quietly to themselves as they drop a gold piece on the plate, but wo to the man that points his finger.

OF COURSE there are things that are only thought even in the Sanctum, and so the Parson, not knowing what was going on inside of his colleagues' brains, continued a little pompously.

The Parson. "I believe, and I think I live up to my beliefs, in complete independence of thought, independence of speech and action. If you run special articles because you think they will pay and not because you know they are good, you lose your independence."

The Artist. "How about the Sunday odors of benzine that have come in with white kid gloves? Does it show an independence of the male members' olfactory nerves or an independence in dress?"

The Parson was more than particular about his dress, he was fashionable,—that is, he would be picked out of a crowd of well dressed men as the best dressed one. He does not stand chaffing on the subject gracefully and maintains that he knows the difference between the gentleman and the dude. Then he is neat. His laundry is of the snowy whiteness of new linen. He will not excuse dirt. "Dirt is matter out of place," he remarks as he gazes sorrowingly at the Occasional Visitor's vest front,—for the O. V. is mighty about the girth and insists on wearing a

white waistcoat a week. "Madam," said the Parson to his soprano who is not noted for spotless cuffs and always asks everybody's opinion regarding their cleanliness, "if there is any doubt about the subject they are dirty."

The Parson. "I believe in independence in dress among the Fiji Islanders, but I insist on dependence on dress in San Francisco. Good clothes force one to be respectable. They are an outward and visible sign, not that their owners will respect you and your opinions if you will, but at least treat them with a certain dignity. The clergyman who goes about wearing the Occasional Visitor's vest," (the O. V. buttoned up his coat with a motion that seemed to imply that did he not "respect the cloth,"—) "a coat to match, trousers that bag at the knees, and laundry that has been trimmed, may be powerful in prayer but soon his influence among his congregation will become *nil*. The country parson that borrowed a five-dollar gold piece of his deacon before the service and returned it directly after leaving the pulpit had the right idea. A man, no matter how full of the spirit he may be, cannot talk boldly and confidently of the rewards of religion with empty pockets any more than he can convince his hearers that religion pays when habited in old-fashioned, seedy garments. If my congregation is the best dressed one in the city I am proud of the fact, and I trust that my example has had something to do with it. In any case, I am ready to believe that their good clothes on the Sabbath are in part a compliment to me."

The Parson has a mission on the south side of Market. In it he distributes the clothes that his well dressed congregation have deemed too shiny at the elbows or too baggy at the knees to meet their pastor's critical glance. Last Christmas a wagon load of such garments went into the homes of the poor from its doors. One of the Parson's vestrymen lost a leg at Appomattox and he disdains to wear a cork one. His trousers lack one leg. After the service on the Sunday after Christmas an old gray-haired sister arose and announced, "My son John is a thousand times obliged to yer, sir, fur the clothes, but he says that if the man will send him the cloth for the leg he fergot, he will be able ter come ter church next Sunday." Not only the cloth but a complete suit was sent the sufferer by the hero of Appomattox, and John in time joined the church.

The Parson. "It was the clothes that did it. It is much easier to win a man's heart when it is covered with a clean, self-respecting suit of clothes, than when hidden away in the greasy overalls of his week day labors. The Contributor wants free baths for the poor; I want to dress them in clothes that make them ashamed to get dirty. Clean hands and clean clothes make clean hearts."

The Poet:

"Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."

The Parson. "Shakspeare and our Poet are no doubt exceedingly smart, but I prefer to follow the fashions,—big sleeves, crinolines, or hoops, high collars, patent-leathers, or "willie-boys,"—rather than have our men and women boycott the tailor and lose their ambition to vie with one another in good clothes and good deeds. You can go unshaven if you will, but I confess a weakness for the barber's chair."

The Parson's talk had its effect, for the Occasional Visitor borrowed two bits of the sermonizer with the published intention of getting a shave and having his clothes brushed.

The Office Boy. "Proof."



IV. MOUNT LOWE AND SANTA MONICA.

In lands of palm and Southern pine ;
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
 Of olive, aloe, maize, and vine !

Tennyson.

NO inconsiderable portion of the State of California and the Pacific Ocean was within our vision. Exactly 3,000 feet, directly beneath us, the mesa which lay like a cushion at the base of the great Sierra Madre Mountains reflected in the morning sun a spot of dazzling gold. Old Cabrillo saw the same more than three hundred years

ago while lazily floating in his tiny caravels before a soft tropical breeze in the unknown sea, sixty miles away. He named the golden dot Cape Floral and its glorious flowers, the counterfeit presentment of the metal he had come so far to seek, *copas de oro*.

The poetic old Portuguese captain may have peopled the beautiful valley of the San Gabriel, may have seen it reveling in its orange, lemon, olive, and pomegranate groves, but unless he possessed the prophetic vision of the Evangel he



ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, FROM OBSERVATORY.



ON BRIDLE ROAD IN CASTLE CAÑON, ON THE "MOUNT LOWE EIGHT."

could not have imagined what science and skill would accomplish on the brow of this the highest peak of the "Mother Mountains."

"Yet more marvelous things have taken place on mountains," said my companion. "Do not forget Sinai, Transfiguration, and Calvary."

It was a wonderful thought, and there back of us, a few hundred feet above, was a dome from out of which hung the eye of a great telescope, forever searching the heavens for worlds to which ours is as insignificant as were Cabrillo's wildest dreams in comparison to what has taken place since his adventurous

we first sought out that sun-kissed bed of molten poppies.

In natural scenery there is very little in the world that you cannot find duplicated and improved upon in this domain of California. A few days before we had been at Santa Barbara and had seen the "Riviera" under skies that rivaled southern France; now, standing on the veranda of a modern hotel on the summit of Echo Mountain, beneath the beetling crags of Mount Lowe, we are among the

A breeze tears the mists away from the mountains behind. A chaos of wilderness and beauty starts into life,— the bare granite tops, the precipitous gorges, the somber matted forest, the moss-clad, rocky walls,— all mingled in bewildering confusion.

First the dark brow of Mount Lowe reveals itself. Then the valley of San Gabriel becomes distinct from end to end. On beyond lies Pasadena, Los Angeles, the Pacific, and Catalina Island.



THE WORLD'S FAIR SEARCH LIGHT, ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Apennines or on Mount Washington. The grandest works of God and man are before us. The silver sheen of the Pacific, fertile deep-fruited valleys, rugged cañons, barren arroyos, luxuriant forests, the spires and housetops of cities, park-like ranches, and most wonderful of all to us, the marvelous little railroad that connected our mountain eyrie with this world below.

A stream, thirty miles away, is but a palpitating white thread on the horizon. Irrigating reservoirs here and there glisten in the full blaze of the sun like silver shields. The Sierra Madres are purple, violet, pale blue, or green, as the light strikes them. An amethystine haze hangs about Mount Lowe, and olive-green shadows fill Rubio Cañon. A great white car is slowly creeping up the



LEONTINE FALLS, IN VIEW FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN.

mountain loaded with tourists. A gong sounds within and breakfast is ready.

Three miles from Pasadena is the little city of Altadena, where the mountain electric railway begins. This leads by easy grades up 2,200 feet above the level of the sea to the remarkable cable incline at Rubio Cañon. The scenery in this first section of two and one-half miles is striking. The road after entering the cañon crosses eleven bridges that

At the head of the cañon and at the foot of the great incline, which is three thousand feet in length and makes a direct ascent of thirteen hundred feet, is a hotel.

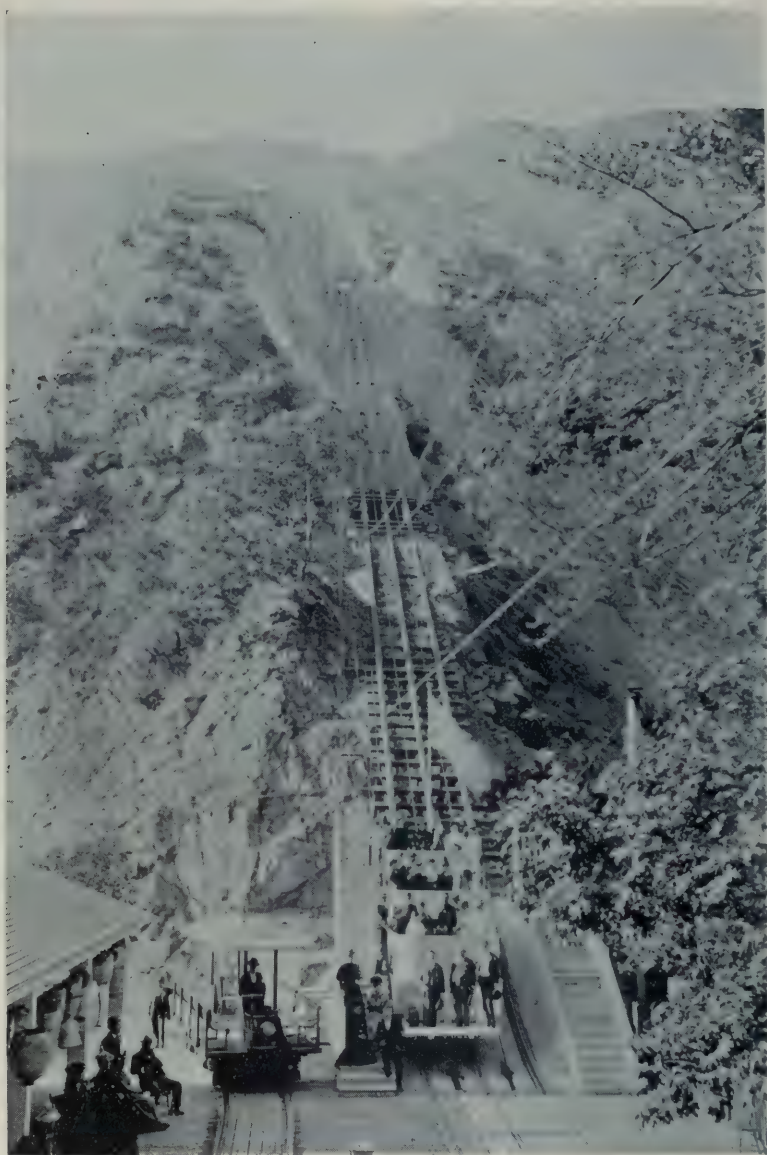
As you look straight up this grade it seems almost perpendicular, and brave is the tourist that does not feel his heart beat faster as he enters one of the "white chariots." The grade is really from 48 to 62 per cent.



THE LONG WHARF AT PORT LOS ANGELES.

span chasms. At one place we pass through solid granite, which was cut by workmen suspended in the air by ropes. The car glides along the edge of a precipice and into romantic defiles and around cutting crags. Mountain mahogany, lilac, pines, live oaks, ferns, trailing vines, and the stately "Spanish-bayonet," which the Mission Fathers called "Candlestick of our Lord," clothe the sides of the cañons.

The cars are permanently attached to an endless cable, and are so balanced that in ascending and descending they pass each other at an automatic turnout, exactly midway on the incline. Almost noiselessly the car glides upward. At one point it crosses a trestle two hundred feet in length which is one hundred feet higher at one end than at the other. The mountain scenery on the way is majestic.



THE CABLE INCLINE, ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Back of the splendid Echo Mountain House is the cañon, fifteen hundred feet deep, which gives the mountain its name. It is a veritable home of the echo. The notes of a bugle or the crack of a rifle goes on and on up the cañon, always returning softer and more indistinct, until lost in the savage fastnesses of the mountains.

At dusk we were gathered on the edge of the sheer precipice, the tops of the tallest pines were far below. The report of a four-pounder suddenly broke the expectant stillness; a thousand guns answered from the darkness of the crags. Then began what sounded like the fabled game of nine-pins of old Hendrik Hudson and his men in the Catskills, as discharge

after discharge went thundering away into the night.

A quarter of a mile above the hotel is the Lowe Observatory, in which the veteran astronomer, Doctor Lewis Swift, nightly scours the heavens for more comets and new nebulae. We spent a night in his company, and became better acquainted with Jupiter and Saturn and our friends of the Milky Way.

The mountains have been covered with a maze of foot-paths and bridle-

the "white chariot" for the last time and bid goodby to this enchanted region and its magician, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, we were not satisfied to exchange the mountain solitude for the smiling plains until we were convinced that there was no Aladdin's lamp or genie's ring hidden somewhere among the crags.

I think one never really enjoys a guide-book or descriptive circular until after having seen the place described. I was look-



ILLUMINATING THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN.

roads which reach up to the top of Mount Lowe, 6,600 feet, affording an area for mountain climbing and rambling unequaled by any resort on earth. The climate, unlike the zero weather on Mount Washington, is as soft and mild as a summer day in New England, or in the winter months, you can toboggan among Alpine heights in plain view of the orange groves and rose gardens of Pasadena and Los Angeles.

When our time came to enter the

ing over a little pamphlet extolling the wealth and wonders of California in general and Los Angeles County in particular one afternoon, as the train was speeding over the fertile stretch of country that lies between the capital of the county and the seashore. My eye ran carelessly down a list of things of which the State boasted. I must say "things," for out of the forty-five enumerated, there were oranges and gold, hogs and nectarines, perfumes and limes, wines



IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

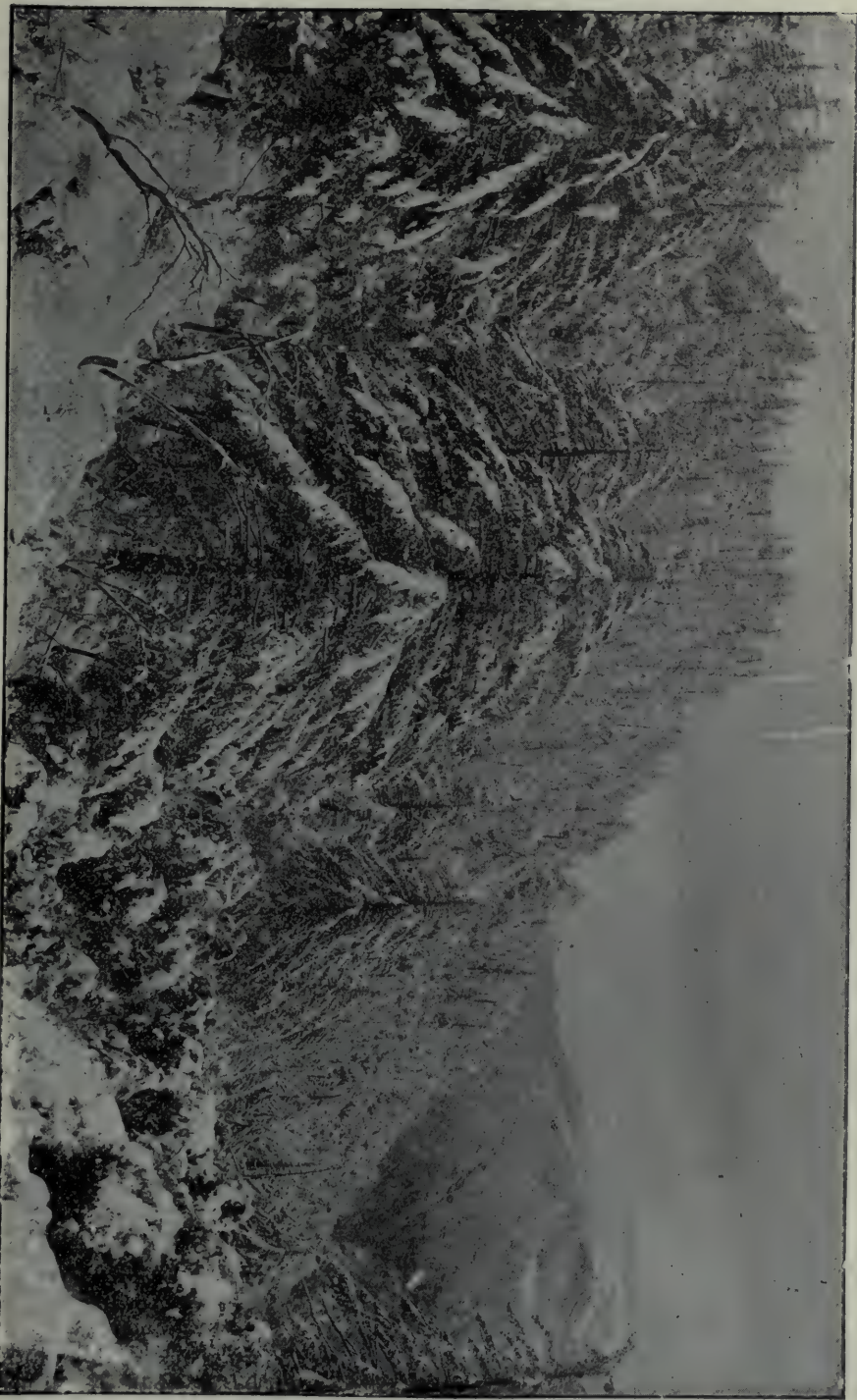
and fertilizers, asphaltum and citrons, the grapes of Eschcol and so on and so on.

“What is there, natural or artificial, that California does not have and have in abundance?” I thought, and the thunder of the surf at Santa Monica

answered. California has not a protected sea harbor between San Francisco and San Diego. The beautiful little city of Santa Monica, with its avenues, plazas, and parks, its magnificent summer homes and charming cottages, its great hotel on the sea and its flowers and



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT LOWE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



LOOKING WESTWARD FROM GRAND CAÑON SADDLE, MT. LOWE.



DR. LEWIS SWIFT, DIRECTOR OF LOWE OBSERVATORY.

palms, did not quite drive this fact from my mind. It would almost seem that the Creator had intended to isolate this wonderful State with all its richness of soil and magic of seasons from the passions and ambitions of the explorer, the adventurer, the trader, and the politician. For, for eight hundred miles on the one side He has given it a harbor-

less coast line, and on the other an oasisless desert. California lies between the desert and the sea, and only the inventions of the century bind it to Washington and the fatherland on the Atlantic.

We ran out almost a mile into the sea on a great wharf that the railroad company had built to convince the nation that it was possible to construct a break-



PROF. T. S. C. LOWE.

by engineers and government officials that a Santa Monica was impossible. It was considered a foolhardy, worse than ridiculous undertaking, and yet it has been accomplished so easily and quietly that the government does not seem to know that it is a fact and is still debating and spending money on commissions to report on the best point on the California coast to construct a deep sea harbor.

As we reached the end of the wharf, where steamers were loading and unloading, trains were backing and switching, and the regular rhythmical toll of the great fog bell was keeping time to the waves, some of the problems that this work had solved came to our minds. Shoreward a light fog hung about the perpendicular sea walls of gray clay. Sea gulls circled and called about our heads,

water that would give this vast reach of country at least one deep sea harbor.

It is one of those remarkable works that two thousand years ago would have ranked as one of the wonders of the world. Not that it is so very remarkable as an engineering triumph at this day, but it proves over again what can be done when a company of men believes a thing can be done and makes up its mind to do it. The building of this great wharf, which is 4,720 feet long, 28 feet wide, and cost over a million dollars, is the story of the Suez Canal repeated. It had been said time and again



THE GRAPES OF ESHCOL



IN AN OLIVE ORCHARD.

with eyes alert for every crumb that fell from the cook's galley on the Corona.

When the government builds its four million dollar stone wall out into the sea, so as to make it possible for any and all ships to unload at this wharf in all kinds of weather, then will a city spring up at Santa Monica that will soon reach out to Los Angeles, which is only twelve miles away, and make it the great central distributing point for the entire country, including Nevada, Utah, and Arizona.

The Hawaiian-Islands, China, Japan,

and Australia, will send all cargoes destined for the Gulf and Atlantic seaboards here, and thereby save the five hundred miles from San Francisco and the necessary surmounting of a summit of over 7,000 feet, and continuous grades of from one hundred to 116 feet per mile for a distance of nearly one hundred miles.

It is passing strange to a sightseer who stands on the pier-head in the midst of all this anthill of activity, out here a mile in the sea, why the government does



A TYPICAL SANTA MONICA GARDEN.

not do its share toward giving this Coast at least one storm-proof harbor in eight hundred miles. How long, one wonders, would the merchants and shippers of the Atlantic seaboard do without a harbor between Portland, Maine, and Newport News?

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company has certainly done its share toward the venture, and what is good for a railroad is always good for its tributary country.

But I may be overstepping the rights of a mere sightseer in even suggesting a

possible commercial improvement in this land of the orange and the winter tourist. Its history is so filled with romance and its surface so covered with the good things of all climes, that one surely ought to find enough to write about without touching on subjects that may wound the pride of these American dons of the ranchos of the Franciscans. Yet the time will come when the visitor on Mount Lowe will have to include in his inventory of things seen a forest of masts in the harbor of Santa Monica.

Rounsevelle Wildman.





AN ICONOCLASTIC EPISODE.

A ROMANCE OF THE CUESTA GRADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BREATH OF HEAVEN," "SILENT WITNESSES," ETC., ETC.



IS human nature to enjoy skirmishing on the verge of adventure, if the prospects of a casualty are not very alarming; and though Miss Maud Eastlake had no predilection for danger, she was conscious of a sense of agreeable excitement as she encased her person in a bullet-proof ulster, preparatory to a drive over the Cuesta grade.

This was the fall before the Southern Pacific bridged the gap between Santa Margarita and San Luis Obispo, and the highway over the mountain was still a

lonesome coach road where the California bandit plied his aggressive trade.

Miss Eastlake was a *fin du siècle* maiden with up-to-date ideas, so when she had occasion to travel over the haunted thoroughfare, she took the precaution to protect herself with the latest armor of the period.

On the way to the depot she met her nephew, Dick Selwyn.

"Hello, Aunt! Been taking a course of fattening substance, to increase your avoirdupois?"

Miss Eastlake flushed at the insinuation, for she was proud of her superbly

developed figure, and by no means relished having people think that she had ruined it by over-eating, or lack of exercise; so she explained the situation with an air which plainly indicated that her foresight was considerably in advance of that of her Western nephew. To her surprise he said, —

"An act of supererogation, Aunt,— California brigandage is conducted on refined principles, and females are never fined."

"Why are they not 'fined,' as you call it?" inquired Miss Eastlake with

"held up" on the particular occasion when she made the journey. She had purposely worn her diamonds, and had laughed to herself, as she pictured the consternation of the bandit when he found his shots powerless. Consequently, she was by no means pleased to learn that females were exempt from highway taxation. But when Dick assured her that she looked like a petticoated Don Quixote arrayed for a windmill tournament, she concluded to avail herself of his obliging offer to leave the superfluous garment at her boarding-house.



ON THE CUESTA GRADE.

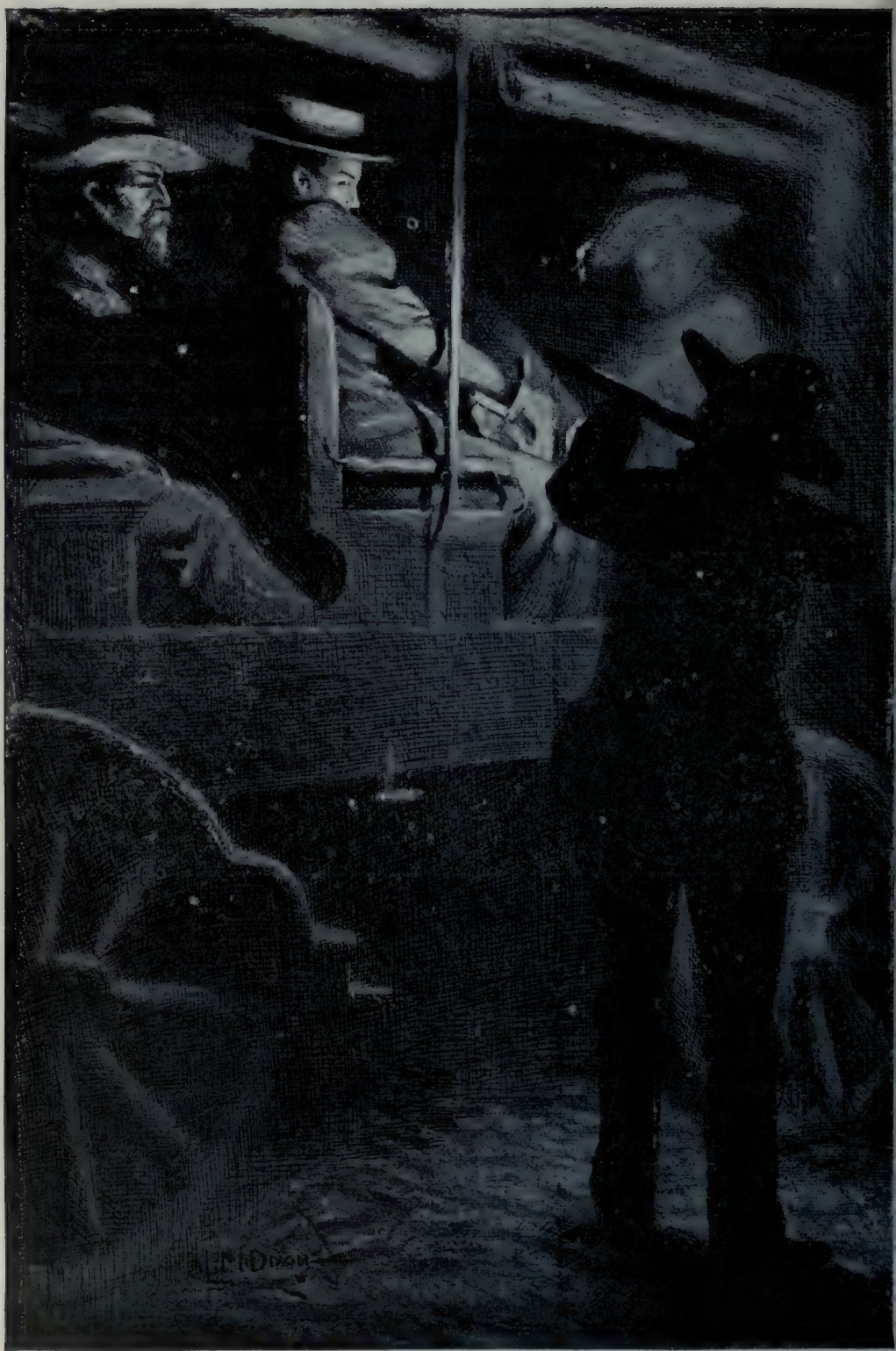
confidence in her own sagacity a trifle shaken.

"A relic of the chivalric code which dominated the Golden State in the early days, when there was paucity of women."

Miss Eastlake was going over the road for the express purpose of writing up a vigorous descriptive article for an Eastern periodical; therefore it was natural that she should be dominated by a spirit of adventure. And the prospect of being able to merit kind recognition at the hands of the editor led her to entertain a sneaking hope that the stage might be

"I shall pass right by the place on my way to the polls," said the boy as nonchalantly as if he were not elated at the prospect of casting his first vote.

The casual information caused Miss Eastlake to feel a rising respect, not unmixed with envy; for the coveted privilege was one that she had an intense desire to enjoy. Indeed, it was this hankering after the function of power that had created a coolness between her and Ralph Greyburn. Mr. Greyburn was impregnated with the idea that any thing savoring of "women's rights"



"SORRY, MADAM, BUT I WILL BE OBLIGED TO FINE YOU."

re a detestable imprint; and Miss Eastlake was convinced that her lover had ridiculously obsolete notions about equal suffrage. She even had the temerity to tell him that his ideas ought to be relegated to the mists of antiquity,—whereupon the usual unreconcilable quarrel ensued, and each went a separate way.

Since that isolated chapter in romance her life had been the steady grind of a spinster-girl, who instead of "uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life," idly waiting to be somebody's wife, bestirred herself to make a respectable livelihood. People had come to regard her as a capable, self-supporting creature, with a ripe scholarship and a strong personality, which engenders the assumption that independence was the keynote to her character, and that she was chiefly solicitous of the dignity and emoluments of power. Secretly, however, she had a weakness for love, matrimony, and a companion, who would regard her as an equal, instead of a slave; and she told herself a little wistfully:—

"If men had not made such persevering efforts to prove marriage a failure, men would not have found it incumbent to seek a sphere outside of home." Maud was honestly tired of her home-life. Existence in hotels and boarding-houses never fills the want inherent in every truly womanly nature; and her prospective revery had a slightly depressing effect ere she reached Santa Margarita.

Here the Southern Pacific shunted its passengers off on to a stage line; and while Miss Eastlake stood on the terminal platform, waiting for the luggage to be transferred from the cars to the coach, her eyes roved restlessly round, from the brightly colored equipage with its triple team of horses, to the little hamlet, which looked like scarcely more than a tiny

railroad interrogation point on a vast range of solitude. If she had but recognized it, there was a tranquil beauty in the great, evergreen grove, which wore the seductive livery of spring through all the varying seasons, and a silent majesty in the distant mountain ranges that rose and fell like the chopping waves of a giant sea; but Miss Eastlake had no eye for scenery that was not trivial enough to be laid out by a landscape gardener, so after making the practical observation that the ground was conveniently level to form city lots for the embryo town,—which she suspected of having few saintly characteristics beyond its name,—she cast a scrutinizing glance towards a knot of men in front of the telegraph office, who were to be her companions during the lonesome drive over the mountain.

It would be difficult to find a more diverse lot in such a limited number of people. There was a Mexican monk clad in somber gown, austere confined at the waist by a knotted rope; a Chinaman in long quilted silk sack, and baggy white trousers; an English tourist with a jaunty smile, and a dress-suit case; a German, contentedly smoking a long briar-wood pipe; a sombrero-crowned Spaniard in doublet and serape; and half a dozen men, who were presumably Americans, as they pored over pieces of yellow paper,—which are currently supposed to be meaningless to the feminine intellect; but they would not have been meaningless to Miss Eastlake, who felt hungry for the news they were so eagerly discussing.

"If I were not a woman I might join them with impunity, and possess myself of the important information without causing remarks. Our sex is still a long ways from enjoying every male advantage," she mused with a sense of discontent.

The thought brought a sigh to her lips, but she stifled it heroically, and relieved her feelings by adding a touch of irony to her mental soliloquy,—

“Men do not have to conform to an arbitrary social code, for they have nothing to preserve — neither virtue nor caste.”

By this time the stage was ready for occupancy, and she was assisted to a seat by a short, inconspicuous man, whose size and build served to remind her of somebody or something in the dim past. As she turned to thank him their eyes met, and a disconcerting recognition took place. Miss Eastlake was, however, too absolutely self-possessed to show her embarrassment, and extending the tips of a perfect fitting glove, she said with assumed cordiality,—

“I am very glad to see you, Mr. Greyburn.”

The gentleman responded by grasping the proffered hand, and after a conventional greeting he took the seat beside her; but it was more from an imperative sense of politeness than from choice, and though both chatted with apparent friendliness, each secretly regretted the encounter.

“By the Native Bear! I ’m booked for a twelve mile drive with the woman of all others whom I would prefer not to meet,” mused the man, as he gave a vicious twist to his mustache, and captiously studied the changes which a lapse of years had made in his unexpected companion.

“She used to be more sylph-like, and there are evidences that the charms of youth are waning,” was his mental comment, to which he presently added,— “But her figure is more superbly developed, and her conversation and manner have the winning graces of cultivation.”

Meanwhile Miss Eastlake’s clear eyes were also detecting indications of the

march of the inexorable engraver. “He is just as small and homely as ever, and his complexion has grown darker; but his eyes express a more alert intelligence, and time has added keener and finer lines to his countenance.”

Every woman cherishes a desire to appear at her best in the presence of the lover with whom she has quarreled, in order that he may not have cause to congratulate himself on a fortunate escape; therefore Miss Eastlake exerted herself to be agreeable. She was no mean conversationalist; but her effort was far from a marked success, since Mr. Greyburn deemed it incumbent to evince a moderate indifference for her society. Therefore he made a child on the opposite seat the object of playful attentions. The infant was accompanied by a glorious-eyed, girlish-looking woman robed in widow’s weeds, and Miss Eastlake suspected that the soft glances of the young mother accounted for the singular interest which Mr. Greyburn manifested in the child.

Maud did not really care, for she was as certain as a woman can be in such matters, that she had a pronounced dislike to Mr. Greyburn; but she was annoyed at having her best turned phrases interrupted and rendered abortive by the absurd “peek-a-boo” of a tiny morsel of humanity. So she revenged herself by giving the little one some chocolates, and had the satisfaction of seeing both Mr. Greyburn and the pretty widow thoroughly uncomfortable in consequence.

After this diabolical ladyism Miss Eastlake cast her eyes towards the landscape, and pretended to be so deeply engaged in looking at the view, as not to hear Mr. Greyburn’s next remark until he had repeated it twice.

“This road is violently romantic,” he said.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Do you allude to the scenery, or to incident?" she asked, turning an impassive face towards him.

"To occasional encounter."

Miss Eastlake would not gratify him by asking for an explanation, so she merely fingered a diamond solitaire thoughtfully, and let her glance wander back to the region through which they were being whirled at a breakneck pace.

It was a scene made up of mountains and chasms; for the road had already left the level mesa, with its friendly canopy of oaks, and had begun to manifest a vagrant, lonesome disposition. It wound back and forth, like a thread of tangled brown silk, as if bent upon getting lost in the maze of gigantic hills, which it coiled in its zigzag loops. The vagabond disposition of the highway, as well as its isolated friendlessness, became more and more apparent as it continued its reckless way, along tortuous shelves that hovered alarmingly near the verge of annihilation. The huge stage swayed uneasily as it was swung sharply around these curves by a cavalcade of dashing steeds that had periods of appearing to precipitate themselves into space.

The passengers chatted in heedless unconcern; and the unseen agency on the box, whistled the "Washington Post" as cheerily as if guiding six spirited horses around the edge of several hundred feet of sheer descent were not a hazardous undertaking.

As if to render the situation still more dubious, the sun took an early opportunity to hide behind a projecting cliff; and the short November day closed up with a sudden snap, leaving them to find their way darkly out of the mountain labyrinth.

It was during this uncertain epoch in travel that the stage climbed over the highest summit, and began spinning diz-

zily down the Cuesta grade. The great bulk of vehicle made a lullaby motion as it moved to and fro on its noiseless straps, and yielding to the soporiferous influence, the child dropped off to sleep. Miss Eastlake observed Mr. Greyburn wrap a traveling rug tenderly about the tiny form, and some reminiscent spirit insinuated,—

"He might be showering caressing attentions upon you, if you had n't questioned his Garden-of-Eden birthright to government."

Miss Eastlake would have been more or less than a woman if she had not felt a sigh forming in the recesses of her heart, as she ruminated on the "might have been." But the modern maiden is nothing if not sensible, so she stifled the weakness with the admonition:—

"Don't be an idiot,—sentimentalism is out of date, and no man ever retains an adoration for the angelic creature who consents to marry him. The moment he succeeds in pinioning the wings of his angel, she forfeits her heavenly attributes, and becomes of the earth, earthy."

This sage reflection enabled Miss Eastlake to bestow a compassionate glance on her rival.

"Poor thing! Perhaps she may feel constrained to marry again for the sake of support. Every woman ought to be a bread-winner,—it makes her feel so much more self-respecting. I wonder why men prefer to have her remain a sort of legitimate beggar? I should think ——"

"What makes you so quiet?" asked Mr. Greyburn, breaking in upon her reverie.

"I should not have suspected you of remarking it," returned Miss Eastlake dryly.

"Why? Because I am such a dull companion?"

"On the contrary, because you are such an entertaining one," was the pointed response.

Mr. Greyburn winced, though he made a feint of being jocose:—

"I have n't a quarter about me; but if you don't mind accepting a cigar, I shall be glad to treat."

"Thanks, I will on condition that you smoke it for me. I dare not aspire to the pleasures which your sex have pre-empted," she said with a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"I thought the cow-kind of woman was out of date?" he responded satirically.

"To a certain extent, yes; but with the lords of creation she will always remain the only popular ideal of female loveliness."

"I beg leave to differ with you," began Mr. Greyburn; and then made a reflective pause, which lasted so long that Miss Eastlake thought he had finished, and was herself on the point of speaking again, when he added:—

"Although men in general have not quite reconciled themselves to the wiser and more helpful woman, who has taken the place of the clinging vine, the most sagacious of them are beginning to have a dim perception that the new creature may prove an improvement on the old, and one likely to lead to beneficial domestic results."

To say that Miss Eastlake was dumfounded but faintly expresses the condition of her mind. She could not reconcile this broad-minded view of the case with the narrow notions Ralph Greyburn had cherished less than five years ago; and fairly gasping with delight, she gave a startled glance around the coach, much as if she expected that every male present would denounce him as a traitor.

General conversation had moved through the usual channels of masculine

interest, and from an animated discussion of the issues of the day, with witticisms on the climate and each other, had drifted, as it inevitably was sure to do, towards the new railroad that San Luis was travelling in soul to complete. And at the identical moment that Miss Eastlake's eyes roved involuntarily round, the English tourist was saying,—

"The march of improvement is iconoclastic, and when a locomotive wakes the echoes of these wilds, this highway will lose its flavor of adventurous romance, and become only a prosaic part of civilization."

"Stranger, I reckon the utilitarian spirit of the age demands comfort and convenience more than sentiment," was the response of a shrewd-eyed Californian, whose long pointed beard gave an added length and slenderness to his visage.

"That remark, I strongly suspect, bears on the question we were discussing," continued Ralph Greyburn in an aside. "The new woman was, at first, a little above the range of man's comprehension, and the violent upheaval of all tradition shocked him. He felt neither sympathy nor admiration for the mannish imitation that threatened to banish refinement and delicacy; but common sense is coming to the rescue of both sexes, and an advanced man, as well as an advanced woman is being evolved from experience that will —"

Suddenly Mr. Greyburn stopped short, and turned a listening ear towards the roadside, though nothing more remarkable was heard than an incisive, "Whoa!"

It had hardly cut the air, however, ere the melody on the driver's lips broke off so abruptly that one might have inferred that the "Washington Post" had stuck in the ground; and if anything were needed to bear out this theory, it could

be found in the fact that the triple team settled back in the breeching, as if they scented danger, and the stage stopped with a jerk that startled everybody into an alert attitude. Conversation ceased, and "What is the matter?" had run the whole gamut of anxiety before the checking of the coach had sent a final shiver through the lengths of harness.

Evidently there was matter enough, though Miss Eastlake was only conscious of a mysterious presence. The night was so dark that she could discern nothing save a line of embankment, sparsely tufted with pines. From this indefinite region came an official-like order,—

"Throw off the box."

The Wells, Fargo Express instantly crashed to the ground, with a thud that caused more than one passenger to turn pale.

"Hands up!" and simultaneously, a flash of light showed space crystallizing into a medley of gloved and ungloved hands.

"Step out, gentlemen!" continued the unseen, and all at once Miss Eastlake became overwhelmingly aware that the gleaming barrels of a shotgun pointed the request.

Instinctively she cowered away from it; for centuries of sex timidity had left an indubitable imprint that even force of character could not overcome. Before she had recovered from the stunning effect of facing a dangerous weapon, the entire load of men had vacated the coach, and stood ranged in a line with bed-ticking masks over their faces. Then there was a confused impression that these sightless victims submitted to the further outrage of being robbed; but they seemed to be merely enacting some thrice-read tale, rather than figuring in an actual drama. The whole affair was conspicuously barren of any elements of

heroism, and now that the paralyzing conditions of surprise were beginning to wear off, the occurrence presented itself in a farcical light.

How absurd all those various types of nationality appeared, standing like helpless babies, while a single shadow rifled their persons without a particle of resistance on their part! She and the widow were not compelled to submit to the indignity of being blindfolded, so that as soon as she was able to shake off the stupor, which had at first enthralled her senses, Miss Eastlake's professional instinct rose superior to every other feeling, and made her study details with cool, impartial eyes.

The rays of a bull's-eye lantern brought into prominence a ludicrous looking group of men, who appeared more like maskers going through some voluntary farce, than men in peril of their lives; and this effect was enhanced by the obscurity that enveloped their mysterious assailant, rendering him (or them) all but invisible. Indeed the nearest approach to anything tragic in the scene was the frightened little mother, keeping shuddering guard over a sleeping cherub.

It is characteristic of females that they are always intolerant of foibles in their own sex, and being of a cool, unemotional temperament herself, Miss Eastlake was disposed to entertain a certain disesteem for exhibitions of feeling. She had a rather distinct conviction that people who could not maintain a composed exterior were only half-educated; and having had time to remember that weak womanhood was exempt from the penalties imposed upon the stronger sex, she mistook her sense of security for courage. This pleasant conceit led her to question the bravery of men who submitted to being robbed without even a protest. It appeared to her like the veriest coward-

ice on their part; and she became unreasonably indignant with the male passengers in general, and Ralph Greyburn in particular, for being overawed by a single bandit.

While these changing thoughts trooped tumultuously through Miss Eastlake's brain, the highwayman conducted his own affairs with such businesslike dispatch, that his plucked victims were clambering into the coach again before her indignation cooled. The noise awoke the baby, and she gave a frightened little outcry. In some inexplicable way the sound reminded Miss Eastlake of the startled sensation she had experienced at the outset, and she felt troubled by a humiliating misgiving lest she might have betrayed her shrinking fear of that menacing weapon. It had been a mere motion, but it mortified her to think that she had so far forgotten herself,—the more so because she was helpless of opportunity to prove that dauntless blood flowed in her veins.

These final reflections were indulged in while they sat silently waiting for the signal that they were free. The bull's-eye light had been sheathed for a full minute, and the power that had presented itself as a mysterious shadow had relapsed into the Egyptian darkness from which it sprung. A rustle in the wayside brush, growing momentarily fainter and fainter, denoted that the express box was being removed to a distance, and suspense was giving way to a feeling of intense relief, when a voice once more broke the obscurity with the unexpected question,—

“How did the State go?”

The nearness of the voice startled Miss Eastlake; and the singular question from the lips of an outlaw made her feel a hysterical inclination to laugh. While she was endeavoring to repress this inherent nervous tendency, one of the

passengers gave the required information, whereupon an ejaculation more forcible than elegant disclosed the politics of the mountain assessor. They were at variance with Miss Eastlake's views, and it roused her wrath to reflect that this robber, and men like him, took an interest in the ballot, and even had the power to help elect officers that winked at their nefarious practises for the sake of their political support, while she, a righteous-minded female, was debarred from casting a vote.

A woman has less tame sensibilities than a man, and however quick of comprehension or self-possessed she may be, is liable to be unnerved by excitement, and expose her weak points when there seems to be the least occasion for it. Conflicting emotions had been brought to the surface within the hour, that had strained her fortitude to the utmost; and in a sudden reaction Miss Eastlake gave way to a dominant impulse under the mistaken impression that she was evincing a fearlessness, which she suspected her male companions of lacking.

“I am glad that such a rapsallion as you are does not belong to the party I favor,” she said with contemptuous boldness.

She was vaguely conscious that Ralph Greyburn made a significant gesture to stop her, but she was too excited to heed the warning; and the words were out before she fairly realized that the speech was devoid of a proper dignity.

The silence that greeted it was appalling. Not a sound broke the profound stillness, except the faint click of the slide in a lantern, and Miss Eastlake's face was again subjected to a searching scrutiny. The moment was growing interminable, when the bandit at length said in a voice that was blandly malevolent:—

“Madam, I regret to be obliged to

fine you. You may hand me your purse."

Miss Eastlake gasped, but there was no mistaking the firm determination, however softly spoken; and there was a compelling force in the shining barrels of his gun which prevented more than a momentary hesitation. With eyes like balls of fire she fumbled for her purse, and almost flung it at him in her impotent rage.

"I shall be obliged to fine you again. Your watch, if you please."

An expensive timepiece changed owners.

"I will relieve you of your earrings."

Miss Eastlake reluctantly unscrewed the diamond solitaires, that had been twinkling temptingly in her small lobes.

Her finger rings followed, and not until she was stripped of every article of value did the robber cease his demands.

It was a very crestfallen creature that laid the last tribute in the hand held out to receive it; and it was with a cool politeness that was absolutely exasperating that the extortioner said in tones of womanly sweetness:—

"Thank you, Madam. Good night."

It was the signal that they were free; and after waiting until the sound of a viewless cycle died into an echo of movement far down the rocky cañon, the driver cracked his whip, and the impatient horses bounded eagerly ahead.

Miss Eastlake had a distressing suspicion that her misfortune afforded her fellow passengers a sly amusement, and her mouth seemed struggling with a

brackish taste when the first comment broke the painful silence.

"Is that the up-to-date American style of conducting highwayism?" asked the English tourist, as if seeking for information.

"I reckon it 's a new gang,—that of Burly Bill's widder. Great Scott! I never counted on seein' women take to the road fur a livin'," drawled a grizzle-bearded man.

There was a confusion of electrified exclamations, which at length settled into the query,—

"Do you mean to tell me that a dozen of us men have been made to unload by a woman?"

"Wa'al, I reckon that 's about the size of it. A man never did hev much show when he got cornered by a woman; an' now invenshun is helpin' 'em with bicycles, an' bullet-proof jackets, I mean ter shake this road 'till the railroad ez finished."

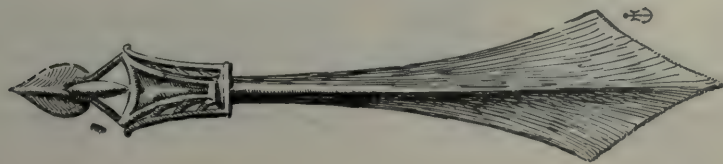
At that instant the coach whirled around a sharp curve, and taken off her guard, Miss Eastlake lurched into Mr. Greyburn's arms.

"I beg your pardon," she said, lifting her abashed eyes. Their glances met in the sympathetic communion that is so provocative of friendly relations; and he remarked in a voice that vainly strove to keep an inflection of merriment out of it,—

"This is a progressive age."

"And men's privileges are not always agreeable," was the lady's quick rejoinder.

Emma Mersereau Newton.



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.¹

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

[A request to Mr. Miller for some word of greeting to publish, expressing his feeling for Charles Warren Stoddard on his return for a visit to California, resulted in his giving the *OVERLAND* a somewhat modified copy of his tribute to Stoddard, published in the daily papers at the time when the Catholic University of America chose a Californian professor of English.

"Take that," Mr. Miller said, "I could not write anything better or truer today, even if I should try!"

It is hoped that *OVERLAND* readers will be glad to have this tribute in permanent form. ED.]

NOW that Charles Warren Stoddard, the poet and traveler, is buried, hidden away out of sight, and beyond all bothering or bother, let us kindly creep around into his back yard and examine the old boots there, inspect the bones there, and see what we can find or imagine of "the world and the flesh and the devil" in good old orthodox obituary fashion. Let us dig everything up, drag everything out, real or imaginary, pile all in a heap and then generously pardon him; not entirely to show how bad he was, indeed, but to show how good and forgiving we are. Let us say, as Rogers, the banker poet, said over the bones of Byron, the better of the two in other things as well as art:

Who among us all, tempted as thou wert,
Would not have sinned as much or more than
thou?

¹See frontispiece.

Charley, our Charley, our poet, our wicked, wicked poet, was a contradiction from the first. Born in Boston, the California University instead of Harvard became his alma mater. Reared a strict Protestant by the gentlest and most exact Presbyterian parents, he became the most devout and most entirely devoted Catholic I ever knew. Born of a stock that had been for generations cold and quiet Yankees, he spent his life under the blazing path of the sun. The billows of the South Sea or the burning sands of Arabia were his home until the end, from the day he left the university Charles Warren Stoddard became known to the world, all the white world, except California, the land he celebrated, while still a boy, by the publication of a thin book bearing the imprint of a San Francisco house—A. Roman, the founder of our *OVERLAND MONTHLY*. I have not the book at hand and it can only be had at the libraries now—under the modest title of "Poems."

This was about a quarter of a century ago, and although California has given many books to the world since, as she had before, California has had nothing said of her so unique, so poetical, so prettily artistic as you may find between the covers of this boy's first book. True, the great big world has said bigger things, mightier thoughts have thundered from

The grand old masters, the bards sublime,
Whose footsteps echo down the corridors of time.

But this little book was so loyal to California. See the color and contour of

the brown hills that stand shoulder to shoulder under the burning sun,—

Like Arabs in their cloaks of leather.

He sang the sea and the sky of California, the color of California, in this first book — the only real book on California that has yet been written — from hill to hill. He celebrated the majestic march of the seasons here. Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, and other "kings of thought," have sung the goldenrod and the maple leaf and all the perfect colors that mark the lines between the seasons of the Atlantic so continually and so lovingly and so loyally, and have done their work so vividly and well, that travelers and writers for the press have learned to say there are no seasons in California, or colors either. Much the same as some writer, who saw the world from a car-window, said not long since that California had no songbirds, while in truth and in fact she has nearly every songbird on earth.

Aye, we have the seasons, we have the songbirds, we have a thousand things and a thousand themes; but we have had, so far, only this one poet who has been entirely in earnest and entirely Californian. Here is the first flag of the invading armies of autumn:—

White caravans of clouds go by
Across the desert of bright sky.

What Mecca are they hastening to?
What princess journeying to woo?

But I am too cunning to dig up out of memory any more of these little cameos of California. They put my own work to a disadvantage, and so it is unwise in me to switch off from the story of his life to his work.

One day Charles Warren Stoddard stopped singing and stopped celebrating California as suddenly as a clock might stop. I am not authorized to say why. But I remember the time and the occasion when he told me he would cease to



STODDARD AT THE AGES OF EIGHT, TWENTY-ONE,
AND TWENTY-FIVE.



STODDARD WHEN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

write poetry. And that was the end of the color and the majesty, the large solemnity, the strength and the mighty earnestness of California, so far as the outer world saw. Of the old coterie that made the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* famous the world over, Bret Harte made us weep; Mark Twain made us laugh; but Charles Warren Stoddard, so far as he was with us, made us think and see and feel.

We were giving a benefit, headed by the late Mrs. Preston Moore, about twenty years ago in Oakland. A most worthy old fellow-scribe, who had been

caught under the carwheels of time, was the recipient, and Mrs. Moore's plan was to make the thing very Californian in style, since we had such a worthy old worthy, Calvin B. McDonald, to celebrate. But Stoddard's lines began:—

The parables of Nature run
From the glow-worm to the sun.

"No," he said when protested with, "I write no more poetry about California, and I feel that I shall write no more poetry at all now; I have to go to work."

Now I never heard him complain of California or find any fault at all with any one of us or of anything. But I believe with a belief that amounts to conviction that if the University of California, his own alma mater, had shown him half the respect and consideration that the Pope of Rome and others of like dignity and power in the far away worlds bestowed, he would have stayed with us. And if this man had been permitted to earn his bread here, why the deaf and the dumb and the blind would not today be traveling up and down the land and publishing to the world, "There is no color in California." "No songbirds in California," and ilk. But let us get on to the end.

The late James R. Osgood, America's oldest publisher, and perhaps most honest one, told me in London that Stoddard's book, "A South Sea Idyl," parts of which first appeared in the *OVERLAND*, was the best thing, after "Two Years Before the Mast," that had yet been written in this line. I remember with what earnestness he insisted that the railroads could do themselves an immense service by distributing cheap editions of that book all over the world. He said if the railroads and California would give up their tiresome map and emigration schemes and put a few millions of that book out in place of them, then the peo-



Sketched from life by Joseph Strong.

Courtesy of the Examiner.

STODDARD AT THE PRESENT DAY.

le would read and believe and want
o see California and the isles of fire
eyond.

Having shown how indifferent Cali-
ornia had been to Stoddard, I, in pass-
ng, must refer to the behavior of the
railroad. Stoddard was in the Levant,
having been long in the Orient, when
ad news came and he must return home.
He reached New York nearly out of
money, and so Stedman, the poet, and I
plied for a pass. Nix; never heard
of the man. And so Stedman went to
the late Dr. Holland, then editor of the

Century, and got him to advance money
enough on Stoddard's work for him to
get home on!

Nowhere outside of his own country
could this man have encountered so much
ignorance of his work or such treatment
of himself. He was coming to me in
Rome once from London when, by mis-
take, near Geneva, he missed his car.
Nothing serious in that, however, had it
not been that, the day being hot, he had
hung up his coat in the car, where he
left it on getting out to lunch. The
awkward part of it all was the coat con-

tained his pocket-book, ticket, my address in Rome, and all his fortune except a few sous. But they brought him on through. Of course the devout fellow attributed all such civility as that to the saints. I have heard him say they are short of saints in America.

It may be as well though to mention that the saints let him sleep in the streets of Rome that night, it being Saturday night and the town booming with the carnival. And he slept in the streets the next night too, fasting all day Sunday as any good Catholic ought to, he said. For he could not identify himself with his pocket-book and baggage at the station on Sunday.

When I went to the bank for my mail Monday morning, a pale, slim ghost crept out of the shadows in the corner by the stove and laid its head on my shoulder, while tears ran down its face. I rated him soundly and roundly for depending on his saints all the time. But he excused his saints by saying he had forgotten his saints for a second to think of me and so got into trouble.

I marveled that he did not take the fatal Roman fever and die.

"Die in the city of Saint Peter? Impossible!" And brow, breast, left, right, cross after cross in quick succession as I led to the Cafe Greco, did Charles Warren Stoddard, our boy "Charley."

I had secured a room for him with great trouble; a narrow, dirty thing, truly, but a palace at such times. "It looks like a coffin," he said as he put his head in, "and smells like hell." He would not enter, said the street was better, and so, the saints helping him of course, by luck or accident, at last we found a pretty place, with a dozen pretty girls to help him count his beads, to thank the saints for deliverance from that dirty coffin.

It was my fortune and pleasure to take

him to the statue of Saint Peter in the mighty cathedral, as it had been to take Bret Harte to the grave of Dickens in Westminster, and I watched him move curiously.

There stood the endless string of peasants, hats in hand,—a prince now and then, a plumed and satin-clad lady in line at intervals,—this crowded, carnival time, and Charley, our wild and wicked Charley, after countless crossings and bendings of the knee, took his place in line, and so moved on, foot after foot toward the great bronze big and dirty toe of St. Peter.

I stood close by the statue, where he stands, or sits, on its pedestal with lifted fingers by the lofty wall; with the musicians, silver trumpets to their lips half a mile in the heaven-held distance above.

Each pious peasant devotee touched his lips to the worn toe and sandals worn away almost to indistinctness, and then with his hat brim or the heel of his hand wiped the toe and with a bow another cross passed on. Those of the better class always used a handkerchief for course. But our esthetic poet made that one blunder, not an infrequent one with us, of wiping the toe before instead of after kissing. That is bad taste. But let us get out from St. Peter's or we shall never reach the end.

A few months after the carnival, Lemman, the banker, brother to Arthur Lemman, the artist, who has been here and will be here again, came to our place with dismay and told me Charley was dying, having had a fall from his horse in a ride home at night from Tivoli.

Priests came, bishops and archbishops. It is strange how this gentle poet got into the hearts of them all, and stayed there. While on this subject, let me say that no man, not even the President of the United States, ever had or ever could

such favors and such friendship as
 man, our bad, bad boy, Charley,
 and still has abroad. So he did not
 And when his restoring strength
 tted the liberty, I again rallied him
 his saints.

es, it surely was the saints," he
 ed, "for see what friends this mis-
 e has brought me."

his faith did not betray him, for
 pe sent him a long letter, an auto-
 letter on parchment and in Latin,
 is, or was once, hung up in the
 pal Catholic edifice in San Fran-

We heretics used to tell Charley
 lay there that this parchment for-
 him all his sins, past, present, and
 he surely would have a good
 rom that day forth. And so he has
 let us thank his saints with him.
 s from that misfortune forth had a
 ime — as good a time as his heart
 — and that is saying it has ever

been good indeed, for no man has ever
 lived so pure a life, so gentle and entirely
 good.

When he got well and the great Cath-
 olic University of America was estab-
 lished, his Holiness the Pope put out his
 hand over the heads of the hundred thou-
 sand learned men of Europe who would
 have been proud of the place and laid it
 on the head of Charles Warren Stoddard
 in choice. And so our poet bundled up
 his books and went away from Rome to
 the Washington university, to be buried
 there out of sight of us all, with the
 monks, the incense, the rituals, the
 music, the sacred things that he has
 always so loyally loved. He has gone
 out of the life of Bohemia as the sunlight
 goes in the afternoon, and we sit saying
 of him as he sang when a boy of the sun-
 light of California:—

The sunlight has flown like a butterfly
 Brushing the gold from his wings.

Joaquin Miller.

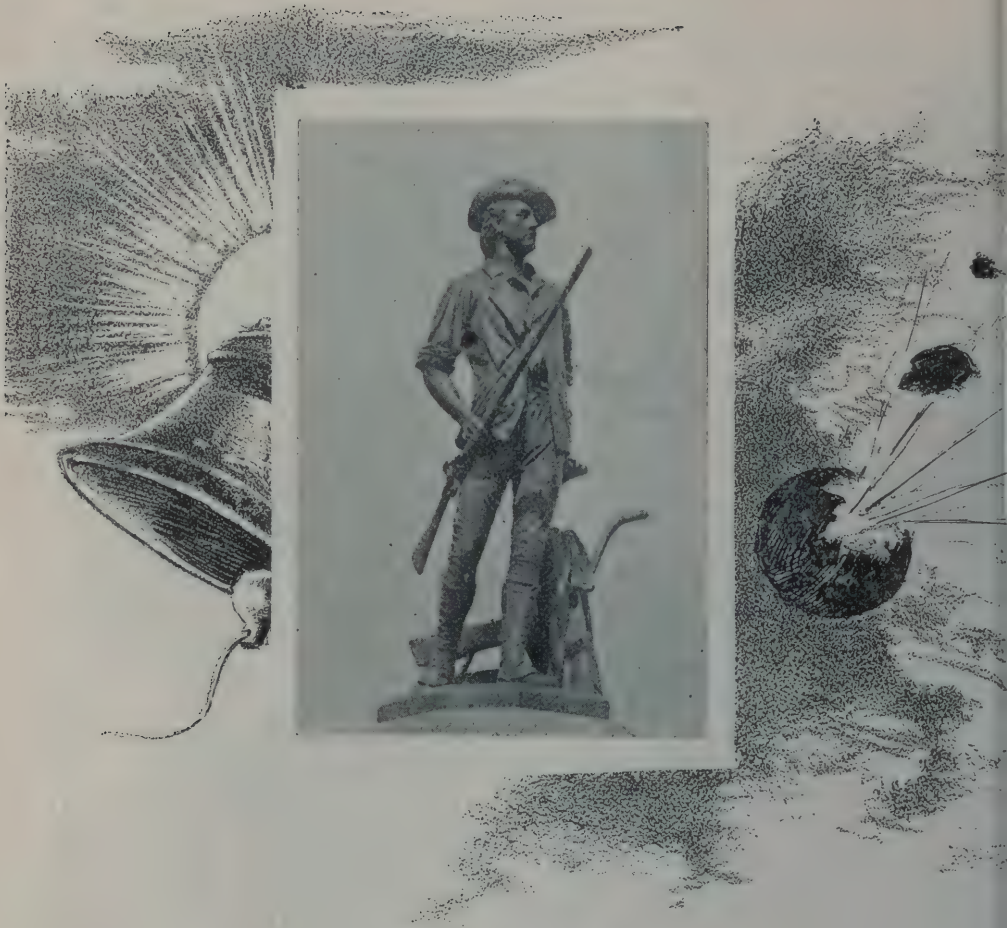
TO PRAY.

TO PRAY is but to Love! 'Tis not to live

A mendicant imploring at God's feet
 For all material wants. God does not hear
 With human ear, nor see with human eye
 So what be words and attitude to Him?
 But when laid low are all our human wants—
 The body bows in presence of the soul—
 Which, sentient, springs to God-like form and drinks,
 From out the Fountain of the Infinite,
 A nectar draught—revivifying Love.

'Tis then we pray! When Love is once more strong
 And overshadows our humanity
 With mighty hopes, renewed resolves, and tears
 At human failure. When our minds are warmed
 By inward lights, and when—with spirit hands—
 We cling to God, and will not let Him go
 Till we are richly blessed! 'Tis then we pray!

Mary Bell.



SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

CALIFORNIA SOCIETY.

THE patriotic tidal wave that swept over our country in its centennial year aroused many new impulses among a liberty-loving people. Long before that period the bent and grizzled last soldier of the Revolution had ceased to appear in public parades. The people were made to feel that a slight frost of antiquity was beginning to incrust our national existence and that steps should be taken to preserve from oblivion the names of men and their heroic deeds of a hundred years before. It was such sentiments that suggested a way to

perpetuate the memory of those who took part in the American Revolution and strangely enough, the seed was planted and developed on the extreme western shores of the continent. Sounds almost romantic for history record that in California birth was given to the patriotic organization that bears the name which heads this article. Three thousand miles from the fields where our battles of the Revolution were fought,—three thousand miles from the sacred spot where legislation proclaimed liberty to a free and independent people,—then



GENERAL A. M. WINN, FIRST PRESIDENT.

was formed in San Francisco the pioneer Society from which has sprung other such societies in almost every State in the Union, with thousands of members made up from our best people—the purely patriotic of America. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that Californians and the California Society in particular are deeply sensible of the impression this movement created throughout the Union by awakening a slumbering patriotism among our people, while it would be the crowning ambition of any man to be recognized as the one who originally gave inspiration to it.

But alas, for the aspirations of man. Candor and truth compel an acknowledgment that even thus early the “coming woman” had cast her shadow before, and technically at least, led to the inception of the Society. On the 26th of July, 1876, there appeared in the *Alta California* the following letter:—

Editor Alta:—

Wouldn't it be a most novel but strikingly interesting idea in the programme of the pro-

cession for our City Centennial Celebration, to have represented our grandparents of the Revolution by the grandchildren now living, residents of this city? There might not be a single living son or daughter, but there might be a score or more of real grandchildren.

Would n't it be splendid if enough could be found to represent every State in the Union, to ride in a car large enough to carry them all, each one carrying a small flag with the name of the State he represents, and the car designated the Revolutionary Grandchildren?

The writer of this is such an one, an elderly lady, fifty-five years of age. I am the granddaughter of and step granddaughter of six who passed through that bloody struggle inaugurated by the Declaration, the anniversary of the signing of which we have celebrated for ninety-nine years, and now are about to give unusual eclat to the Centennial Anniversary. Two of those grandparents lived to be ninety-three and ninety-six years of age; both received pensions from the United States Government; one of them never lay on a bed after that terrible struggle for our liberty, being deprived of that privilege through the asthma contracted from taking colds, sleeping out in snows and rains, suffering and exposure.

If the writer could be transported back to my native home in good old Massachusetts, almost in sight of Plymouth Rock, I could (I think it is so fresh in my memory) put my feet on the very spot where I have stood with one of my grandmothers when she told me there was where my grandfather dropped his plow, rushed into the old farm house, shouldered his musket, kissed her and his infant child (which only died two years ago just one hundred years old), mounted his farm nag just unhitched from the plow, and while the terrible sound of the horseman's, “To Arms! To Arms!” was ringing in my grandmother's ears, he was away to Boston as a volunteer. All honor to our glorious noble grandparents today. I could tell many, many incidents that they all have related to me, as green and fresh and heart-stirring today to me as when I heard them from their own lips, which I have told myself to many a dear little child in this city to try to explain what the Fourth of July or Independence means. These things must be kept before the minds of our young and rising generation, for from some of them at least must come the future support of the whole fabric so dearly won by those martyred heroes, whose cry—Liberty or Death—went up to the ears of a willing, Merciful Father to relieve us from tyranny and oppression, making a home for all



Marceau Photo.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL EDWARD HUNTER, U. S. A.

to worship as they choose, and to buy, sell, and yet gain, and send it where they list.

If the General of the day thinks anything of this,—for I know you will let him see it,—tell him I want to go and carry the old Bay State Flag, my dear native home, which I have not seen for fourteen years. I am the poor widow of one of the victims of the privateers of our last war, living in obscurity.

Yours, etc.,

It is unfortunate for the truth of history that this patriotic woman preferred to withhold her name from publication, as in doing so she "wrought more than she reckoned." Her suggestion having led to the organization of a Society, the future of which for the accomplishing of great good is inestimable, she saw fit to obscure her identity and leave as a legacy to the Society at large, an utter impossibility to decide the vexed question who should be entitled to the credit of laying the base upon which the grand superstructure—the Sons of the American Revolution—was erected.

The unknown correspondent of the *Alta* presented an idea which was eagerly seized upon by men who recalled the heroic deeds and sufferings of their grand-sires. Among the number was Doctor James La Fayette Cogswell, whose grandfather, Amos Cogswell, took up arms in defense of the American Colonies and participated in the Lexington Alarm, April 19, 1775. On the 27th of June, 1876, Doctor Cogswell publicly invited descendants of Revolutionary sires to meet at his office and organize for the purpose of parading on the approaching Fourth of July. Pursuant to this call, a small number of men claiming Revolutionary heritage met at Doctor Cogswell's office and decided that their aims could be better enlarged and the object in view more easily accomplished, if a further invitation to assemble was promulgated through the Grand Marshal of the Day. In accordance with that conclusion the following call was published in the *Alta California*, Thursday, June 29, 1876:—

1876.

1876.

ATTENTION DESCENDANTS OF REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS.

HEADQUARTERS CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE,
212 KEARNY STREET.

San Francisco, June 28, 1876.

You are hereby requested to meet at the Headquarters of the Grand Marshal, No. 212 Kearny Street, at 8 o'clock P. M., on Thursday, June 29th, for the purpose of making arrangements to participate in the celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Nation's Independence.

Charles L. Wiggin,
Chief of Staff to the Grand Marshal.

This announcement brought together more than a score of men who were present by right of heritage. General A. M. Winn was called to the chair and Doctor Emery L. Willard acted as secretary. General Winn explained the ob-

ject of the meeting but frankly confessed that he could throw no light on the origin of the movement. Those assembled formed a preliminary organization as "Sons of Revolutionary Sires," among the number being William Boardman Eastin, Doctor James La Fayette Cogswell, and William H. Mead, who are still on the rolls of the California Society. And thus were the first practical steps taken to awaken an interest in the descendants of Revolutionary sires, for Revolutionary things. A further meeting was held at the Palace Hotel two days later, at which General Winn again presided and Doctor Willard recorded the minutes. More than thirty additional names were subscribed to the rolls, making in all nearly sixty. The only condition necessary to membership was a declaration on honor from those enrolling their names that they were descendants of the Revolution, among the number being Benjamin F. Penniman,



Taber Photo.

SIDNEY M. SMITH.

John F. York, and Doctor P. W. Randle, actual sons of patriots. In order to defray incidental expenses about thirty members each paid to the treasurer *pro tem.*, James P. Dameron, the sum of one dollar. It was determined to parade on the approaching Fourth of July, and in order to carry out the suggestion of the *Alta's* correspondent, a committee was authorized to procure thirteen shields to represent the original States. William S. Moses was elected Marshal *pro tem.*, and the enthusiastic little band adjourned to assemble on the morning of the Fourth of July.

At nine o'clock that day the court of the Palace Hotel presented an animated scene. Nearly every one who had subscribed to membership brought with him a new recruit, if there is any congruity in men of three score and ten and even full four score in years being called new recruits. By these additions the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" were augmented to nearly ninety, there being present ten actual sons of Revolutionary



Mors Photo.

A. G. STAFFORD.

fathers,—among them, Joseph Sumner, aged 71; Augustus C. Taylor, 67; John R. Robinson, 62; and General John Wilson, whose 87 years proclaimed that he was near "the last scene of all." The third named is still upon the roll;

sentiment in San Francisco it was forever dispelled.

As the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" marched in the parade they were greeted with manifestations of approval and many instances of favor. As they passed



Courtesy of the Argus.

SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS.

but the grim reaper has claimed the others.

When line was formed there were about fifty who marched, while more than half that number, owing to advanced age and for other causes, occupied seats in carriages. If there had before been any doubt of the existence of patriotic

Folsom Street, Mrs. Dunlap, whose aged father was among the Sons, presented them with flowers, and everywhere there were eager expressions of applause. When the parade was dismissed, Marshal Moses reassembled his little band at the Palace Hotel and James P. Dameron delivered a patriotic address.



Hucks Photo.

COLONEL A. S. HUBBARD, PAST PRESIDENT GENERAL

To complete the organization, a meeting was held at Dashaway Hall on the evening of July 11, 1876. General Winn made a spirited address, and presented for consideration a constitution. An election for officers was held and General Winn was unanimously chosen President.¹

The officers were instructed to prepare a constitution and by-laws, and in accordance therewith the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" reconvened at the Palace Hotel on the evening of August 2d, 1876, and held their first regular meeting after permanent officers had been chosen. General Winn presented a report, which owing to the novel subject treated was decidedly quaint but forcible in illustration, and with it the draft of a proposed Constitution and By-Laws.

In an article of this character space cannot be taken to give in detail the

provisions of the Constitution. It is essential, however, to state that the purposes of the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" was to "unite the descendants of Revolutionary patriots; perpetuate the memory of those who took part in the American Revolution and maintained the independence of the United States of America; to promote social intercourse, mental improvement, and mutual benefit of its members; to organize auxiliaries, co-equal branches, and representative bodies." A candidate for membership must be a person of fair repute in society, and the regular descendant of a patriot who took part in the Revolution against England, which resulted in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19th, 1781, and the final establishment of the United States of America as a republic."

These conditions have not been materially changed, and thus the Society was founded on a broad basis in which there was nothing of a patrician character. The scion of a private or a privateersman



Taber Photo.

ROSCOE S. GRAY.

¹ Caleb T. Fay, First Vice-President; Samuel Graves, Second Vice-President; Ira C. Root, Third Vice-President; Wm. B. Eastin, Recording Secretary; Wm. H. Mead, Financial Secretary; James P. Damero, Treasurer; W. S. Moses, Marshal; Augustus C. Taylor, Alfred S. Iredale, and James N. Makin, Executive Committee.



Taber Photo.

GEN. W. H. DIMOND.

is as eligible as the applicant who springs from a General or one who signed the Declaration of Independence. In it aristocracy is set aside, autocracy is unknown, and plain American simplicity, coupled by the bond of Revolutionary blood is the dominating influence; and this is a sufficiently distinguishing feature. To descend from Revolutionary stock proclaims one to be blue-blooded, and the American of today who had a Revolutionary ancestor is the man who can be safely put on guard when his country is in peril.

The Constitution of the new Society provided for a Historic Council consisting of members of forty years or more, and brushing aside all superstition, selected thirteen to make up its number, thus skilfully and gracefully interweaving a reference to the original colonies in its composition. To that body was committed the duty of making history of tradition, and had the Council carried out the commendable objects for which it was

designed, the records of the Society would today possess much valuable genealogical data.

Through the activity of officers and members the Society continued to increase, but it must be recorded that not a few of those who first enrolled permitted their interest to languish and they were promptly dropped. General Winn during this time was wide awake, and labored incessantly to promote and keep alive among members the objects for which they had organized. It was decided to form auxiliary branches for the younger members. A young woman's branch was organized, and another for the young men. At the third regular monthly meeting, October 4th, 1876, General Winn reported a membership of ninety-nine, and the Society decided to celebrate on the 19th of that month, the ninety-fifth anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, by a reunion, which was largely attended. The Hon. Caleb T. Fay delivered an interesting, elo-



ROBERTS VANDERCOOK.

quent and patriotic oration. He called attention to the fact that it was the first public inauguration of a native order in our Republic, and the spot was most appropriate. For here, upon the Pacific Coast and westward the breadth of a Continent, the van of civilization had halted in its march. Reviewing the history of the Revolutionary war which virtually closed with the surrender of Cornwallis, he admonished those present of the importance of gathering together incidents connected with the lives of patriots whose services are unrecorded and of preserving them as heirlooms of family pride.

Under General Winn's vigorous policy the Society continued to grow in number. Washington's anniversary was appropriately observed in 1877, and on the Fourth of July the Society publicly paraded under Marshal Moses, and later in the day held patriotic literary exercises. In the evening an election of officers was held, and General Winn was again chosen president. At a meeting of



Haussler Photo.

WILLIAM E. HALE.

the board of directors, the same month, a note was passed thanking William B. Eastin for his liberality to the Society and for his fidelity as secretary. Wm. H. Mead was similarly honored for his services as financial secretary.

At a meeting held on the third of January, 1877, General Winn proposed a plan for converting the organization into a secret society, with a ritual. It was in the shape of a resolution and created an animated discussion. It was finally laid over until the next meeting, when General Winn revived the matter. Again it was vigorously opposed; its promoter, however, was persistent, but his following was too meager and his pet project was abandoned. A brief comment upon this may not be out of place. There were many who did not regard with favor the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires." The organization was looked upon with suspicion, and it was said by some that the design was not to perpetuate memories of Revolutionary ancestors but to cover

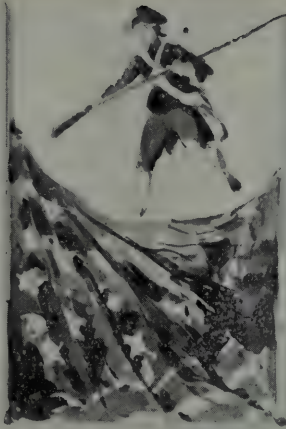


BYRON MAURY



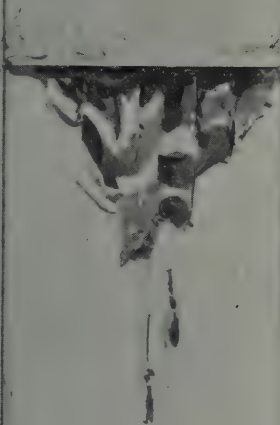
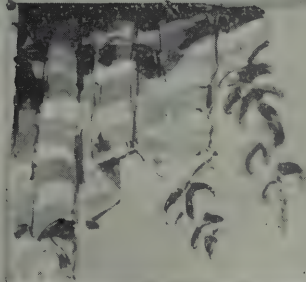
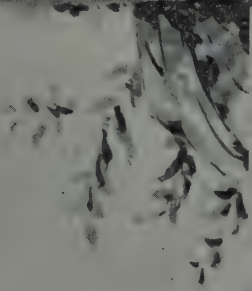
1. ELISHA WILLIAMS MCKINSTRY.
2. CHARLES H. WARNER.

3. DR. CLARK JAMES BURNHAM.
4. BENJAMIN W. TALIAFERRO.



Tuler

CHAS. J. KING
CAPTAIN
U. S. A.



1. CHARLES JAMES KING.

2. EDWIN BONNELL.

3. CAPTAIN FRANK KIDDER UPHAM, U. S. A.

4. GEORGE WILLIG SPENCER.

5. COLONEL JOHN CHARLES CURRIER.



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PROFESSOR EDW. S. HOLDEN.

a political movement,—in fact, there was a feeling of mistrust in the minds of many that the object was a revival of Know-nothingism. It only required the success of General Winn's proposal to confirm this, and it must therefore be admitted that to those who opposed him, great credit is due. Later in life General Winn was brought to see and acknowledge the wisdom of that opposition.

Nearly all officers of the Society who were elected in July, 1877, continued from year to year, among the number being General Winn, although he had removed to Sonoma, and after the first year of the Society's existence, he was not situated so as to take an active part in its affairs. But he did not permit his interest to subside. In a letter to Colonel Hubbard, dated August 18, 1882, he writes:—

You will have to watch the expenses, as the Society is based upon pride of ancestry, and there are so few who are rich that can claim such honor. There is a strong disposition to hide ancestry coming from the ranks. I know it is wrong but human nature is so constituted. They look to the sword, sash, and epaulets, for honor enough to satisfy.

I recollect Pickering said:—"If I could not have traced my descent to Colonel Timothy Pickering, I would not have joined the Society." If all entertained the same feeling the Society would be very small.

In another letter to the same person he wrote:—

"I should like to be rich enough to call in all descendants of respectable character and have a grand time at least once a year. I could fit up a nice Hall that could be rented out for enough to pay all expenses, and still be "Continental Hall," owned by the Society."

This very sentiment, uttered by General Winn in a private letter July 16, 1882, is now agitating the Sons of the American Revolution and kindred societies in Washington City. His words



E. BURK HOLLADAY.

seem to have possessed a prophetic character.

The "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" looked forward to the establishment of similar organizations throughout the Union. It had that purpose in view when its constitution was framed,—which provided "for co-equal branches,"—practically making the Society national in character. After each meeting the proceedings were printed in "bulletin" form and sent broadcast throughout the Union to prominent people, to historical societies, to libraries, and wherever and to whomsoever it was thought they would prove effective. But it was not until 1881, that recognition in the East was attracted. The celebration of the 100th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown served to reanimate a languishing spirit in the Society. It named as delegates to the centennial celebration of that most important Revolutionary event, William North Steuben, son of a Revolutionary soldier; Almarin Brooks Paul, Sr., grandson of an officer—Lieutenant Almarin Brooks; and Captain Augustus C. Taylor, First Vice President, and son of a Revolutionary soldier, who after became an officer in the war of 1812. That year the Hon. Caleb T. Fay was elected president, vice General Winn.

In 1882, the "bulletins" attracted the attention of General Alexander S. Webb, of New York City, a grandson of General Samuel Blachley Webb and brother of Doctor W. Seward Webb, Past President General, Sons of the American Revolution. He obtained an additional supply of those "bulletins" and distributed them among men of Revolutionary heritage. It is believed beyond question that the "Sons of the Revolution" which formed as a Society in New York in 1883, was inspired by those "bulletins."

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At the annual meeting in 1882, Captain Taylor was elected president, and continued as such until July 9, 1884, when he was succeeded by Loring Pickering. In the death of Frank Soule the Society lost an esteemed member who had contributed to its welfare in many ways. In 1882 General U. S. Grant was elected a life member.

General Winn's death occurred at Sonoma, Cal., August 26, 1883, and was deeply deplored by the Society he had helped so much to organize. The Society adopted fitting resolutions in respect to his memory as a patriot, his energy and fidelity as a presiding officer, and his worth as a man. In its journal there is properly inscribed a tablet leaf which recounts his virtues. Probably its most fitting feature and that which compassed his life is found in the simple line:—"He loved his fellow man."

Loring Pickering served the Society as its president until July 5, 1886, when he was succeeded by Colonel A. S. Hubbard, who occupied the chair until February 22, 1892. In common with the entire country the Society was called upon to mourn the death of its most distinguished member, General U. S. Grant, who died June 23, 1885. At a special meeting called by President Pickering the Society adopted resolutions elaborately setting forth the eminent services of its dead compatriot, and they were largely distributed throughout the land, thus again bringing most prominently to public attention the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires."

At last it seemed as if the original hopes and aspirations of the Society were to be realized. The seed sown in San Francisco took root in the soil of New York City, and State societies, or in other words "co-equal branches," began to sprout from the patriot tree planted in California. The Centennial inauguration

of Washington as first President of the United States was approaching, and New York City proposed to honor the occasion by doing everything possible to awaken memories of that heroic ceremony. A number of prominent citizens assembled at Fraunces's Tavern on the morning of the 30th of April, 1889, and organized a National Society, Sons of the American Revolution. The California Society "Sons of Revolutionary Sires," and others, had been invited to send delegates, and it named Hon. Hamilton Fish, Colonel A. S. Hubbard, Colonel David Wilder; and Major George B. Halstead, with ex-President R. B. Hayes, C. H. Dennison, and Charles J. King, as alternates. Of them Major Halstead was the only one to attend, and he faithfully represented the California Society's interests. The "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" then changed their Society name to that of "Sons of the American Revolution," and thus without any feeling of discontent, but with an aim solely patriotic, cheerfully sank the sire in the scion, and so to speak became children of its child. It was an anomalous position in which to be placed but its action was appreciated and today it is honored throughout the land for its patriotic altruism. Its original aim was accomplished, and as long as the Spirit of '76 lingers in our land the old Society "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" will be remembered as the one that gave inspiration to an organization which will only grow greater with the whirligig of time.

It is true that arguments have been made against California's claim for having originally inspired the "Sons," but they were easily dispelled. In fact no better evidence in favor of the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" is needed than that of Henry Hall, Historian General of the National Society, Sons of the American Revolution. In an address delivered

by that official before the New York State Society, at its last annual meeting, February 22, 1895, he said:—

"When in 1876 the California Society adopted a constitution, it provided for 'auxiliary' branches co-equal Societies, and a national representative body. That word 'auxiliary' cropped out afterward in the East in a most unexpected manner, and made all the trouble and, in the providence of God, led to much of the good of these later years. That constitution, of which this is a copy," [holding one up to view,] "must have been printed by the bushel. Copies were sent out all over the United States. In recent years, I have myself given away one hundred or more of them. This constitution of the first Society of descendants of the American Revolution ever formed since the Revolution itself, possesses genuine historic value and has many unique features. There are a few copies here for members who are collecting historic documents. And this California Society is, in fact, the pioneer and led to the formation of all our present Societies of Sons and Daughters, of Colonial Wars, Colonial Dames, War of 1812, and so on."

The reference by Mr. Hall to the sending out of those copies of the constitution of the California "Sons"—those little books that "led to the formation of all our present Societies of Sons and Daughters, of Colonial Wars, Colonial Dames, War of 1812, and so on,"—forms an important link in connecting Colonel A. S. Hubbard with them all. It was he who sent abroad those books, and he alone did it. His services were recognized by the National Congress at Louisville, Kentucky, where he was made a Past President General of the National Society. There is a close analogy in Mr. Hall's reference to the California "bulletins" and "little books" which brought about the formation of a National Society and State branches, and the letter of the unknown writer in the *Alta California* which gave inspiration to those who organized the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires."

The Society of the Sons of American

Revolution has inspired many young men to search for Revolutionary ancestry and there are daily instances of such being aided in bringing to light a line of honorable descent. Since the formation of this Society much good has been accomplished by securing State and National legislation favorable to the preservation of Revolutionary history and the records of those who battled for American Independence. It is perhaps claiming too much to say that the Sons of American Revolution have more thoroughly obliterated Mason and Dixon's Line than the War of the Rebellion did, but it can be truthfully urged that in harmony, in peaceful and perfect accord, the Sons, East and West, North and South, are without controversy in the matter of keeping alive those patriotic memories of the Revolution so dear to the heart of every American. Sectionalism is buried beyond resurrection, and among the Sons there is in every breast that overmastering sentiment of loyalty, — one people, one country, one flag, and one destiny. In many an old home there hangs a "Sword of Bunker Hill" or a rusty flint-lock musket of Revolutionary days backed by tradition only. It is one of the objects of the Sons of the American Revolution to help establish warrants for such unwritten memorials. Living under a republican form of government does not exempt the American from pride of blood. It is something that neither money, good manners, nor culture, can achieve, and the scions of Revolutionary sires should serve as shining examples of patriotism to those who are less fortunate. When Mr. Lowell was American Minister to the Court of St. James, he was one day asked by a cynical Englishman: "How long will your American Republic last?" The Minister's incisive reply was: "Just as long as the American people are true to the principles for

which their forefathers fought!" Then what a glorious destiny is that of the Sons of the American Revolution. Its roster is the peerage of our country.

During the year embraced in the period from February 22, 1892, to February 22, 1893, Chief Engineer John W. Moore, U. S. Navy, presided, and he, together with Roscoe S. Gray, secretary, rendered the Society good service. They prepared its new Constitution and managed with skill the praise service which was conducted in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. Captain J. Estcourt Sawyer, United States Army, was president from February 22, 1893, to February 22, 1894, Roscoe S. Gray being secretary,—during which time a collateral branch of the Society was formed at San Diego for the convenience of compatriots in Southern California. Of this branch the following named gentlemen now constitute the Board of Managers: Hon. Daniel Cleveland, President; Dr. A. J. Gray, Vice-President; Mr. F. S. Plimpton, Treasurer; Mr. Walter Carnes, Secretary; Mr. John Sherman, Registrar; Dr. Fred Baker, Edw. M. Burbeck.

During the incumbency of Charles. J. King from 1894 to 1895, that gentleman was an active presiding officer. He was assisted by E. Burke Holladay as secretary. The Society was enthusiastic over the introduction of patriotic exercises in the public schools of San Francisco, which consisted in unfurling the Stars and Stripes and saluting the same by the scholars. An American Flag was donated to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and a presentation address made to the inmates by Colonel Edward Hunter, United States Army. The Society took part in the unveiling of the Lick Statue, James Lick having been the descendant of a Revolutionary sire. He bequeathed the sum of \$25,000

to be used in erecting monuments in Pennsylvania to his ancestors.

The following named compatriots comprise the present Board of Managers of the California Society: President, Edward Hunter, Lieut. Col. U. S. A.; Sr. Vice-President, Hon. E. W. McKinstry; Jr. Vice-President, Mr. Sidney M. Smith; Secretary, Mr. Edwin Bonnell; Treasurer, Mr. Charles H. Warner; Registrar, Col. A. S. Hubbard; Marshal, Mr. Wm. S. Moses; Rev. T. L. Randolph, Mr. W. H. Mead, Col. J. C. Currier, Mr. W. B. Eastin, Dr. C. J. Burnham, Mr. Roberts Vandercook.

These gentlemen were elected on the 22d of February last, to serve one year. Since that date the Society has had a phenomenal growth, more applicants having been accepted in the succeeding period than during any full year since the Society reorganized. Much of this was brought about by the untiring industry and lofty patriotism of Col. Edward Hunter, United States Army. There is universal regret in the Society that further work of that officer was abridged through his recent assignment to another military station.

Nearly every profession is represented in the California Society. The law in ex-Judge E. W. McKinstry, Roscoe S. Gray, Paul R. Jarboe, and E. Burke Holladay. Colonels Hunter and Shafter, Captains Sawyer and Upham, and Lieutenant Smedberg, are of the Army, while our Navy claims Chief Engineer Jno. W. Moore, Paymaster Frank Thornton Arms, Lieutenant Thomas S. Phelps, and Ensign John H. Dayton. There are a number of physicians and surgeons, among them Doctors C. J. Burnham, L. L. Dorr and Philip King Brown. That eminent astronomer Prof. E. S. Holden represents science. The clergy are made prominent by the membership of Reverend J. W. Dinsmore of San José, Rev-

erend Thomas Lyman Randolph of Alameda, Reverend James H. Warner of San Francisco, and Chaplain George War Dunbar, United States Army, and the mercantile community is represented by conservative and prosperous men like Isaac Upham, General Dimond, Sidney Mason Smith, and Senator Perkins.

In the hands of men like those named the Society is bound to hold its members closely, keeping ever before them and those eligible to membership the imperishable deeds of their ancestors.

SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY, S. A. R.

BALDWIN, FREDERICK ALBERT,—born Brooklyn, N. Y., August 14, 1855; son of Frederick Augustus Baldwin; grandson of Albert Eames; great-grandson of Robert Eames, and great-great-grandson of Moses Hall, who was a Sergeant in the Medford, Massachusetts, company, which marched on the Lexington Alarm, April, 19, 1775. (Certificate Secretary Commonwealth of Massachusetts).

BARTLETT, COLUMBUS,—born in Columbus, Georgia, August 13, 1833; son of Cosam E. Bartlett; grandson of Stephen Bartlett; great-grandson of Stephen Bartlett, who in 1777, served as a Second Lieutenant in Captain William Barron's Company, Colonel Daniel Moore's regiment, New Hampshire troops. Great-grandfather, Asa Bailey, was a Major in Colonel Bedell's regiment, New Hampshire troops, during the Revolution. (New Hampshire Revolutionary War records, Vol. 1, p. 287 and Vol. 2, p. 415).

BONNELL, EDWIN,—born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September, 23, 1836; son of Allison Clarke Bonnell and grandson of Aaron Bonnell, who served as a soldier in Colonel Balwin's regiment, New Jersey troops, between 1776 and 1781. Great-grandfather, Othneil Looker, was a private in the New Jersey line. (Records of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War, pp. 152 and 671).

BURNHAM, DOCTOR JAMES CLARK,—born Folsom, California, October 13, 1868; son of James Henry Burnham; grandson of James Greenleaf Burnham; great-grandson of Captain James Burnham; great-great-grandson

of Seth Burnham and great-great-great grandson of Captain James Burnham. Great-great-grandfather, Seth, served as a militia man and took part in repelling an attempt of the British to land at Cape Porpoise Harbor, August 8, 1782. Great-great-great-grandfather, James Burnham, was a Captain of Massachusetts Militia. (Bryant's History of the United States, Vol. 3, p. 99-357 and Bradbury's History of Kennebunkport, Maine, p. 99, 165 and 167).

CURRIER, COL. JOHN CHARLES,—born in Auburn, New Hampshire, September 19, 1842; son of David Currier, and grandson of David Currier, who enlisted as a soldier in Colonel James Reed's regiment, May, 1775, and participated in the battle of Bunker's Hill. He also served in Colonel Stickney's regiment in 1777, and again in January, 1778, he enlisted in the 3d New Hampshire Volunteers, to serve three years. In July, 1779, he was made a sergeant; was taken prisoner, exchanged, and served until July, 1781. (Revolutionary Records of New Hampshire, Vol. 1, pp. 81, 198 and 202, and Vol. 2, pp. 169 and 602).

DIMOND, EDWIN RODOLPH,—born in Springfield, Massachusetts, June 23, 1867; son of General William Henry Dimond. (See latter's descent).

DIMOND, GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY,—born Honolulu, November 11, 1838. Son of Henry Dimond; grandson of Jesse Dimon; great-grandson of Daniel Dimon; great-great-grandson of John Dimon; great-great-great-grandson of Moses Dimon; great-great-great-great-grandson of Moses Dimon. Great-grandfather, Daniel Dimon, was an Ensign in the Fourth company, Fourth regiment, Connecticut Militia. His commission bears date of May, 1776. Great-great-great-grandfather, Moses Dimond, born October 7, 1672, was established as a Lieutenant of the east-most train band of Fairfield, Connecticut, against the Indians in 1709, and was made Captain August, 1711. His son, John Dimon, was an Ensign in the same force in Fairfield, May, 1733; a Lieutenant in May, 1741, and Captain in May, 1745. Grandfather, Jesse Dimon, was private in Captain Walter Sherwood's company of Connecticut Militia, 1814, to prevent the British landing at Black Rock. (Colonial Records of Connecticut. Vol. 15, p. 341 and Records of Service of Connecticut Men in the Revolution, p. 449).

GRAY, ROSCOE SPAULDING,—born in Mt. Carroll, Illinois, April 7, 1857; son of Calvin Gray; grandson of Nathaniel Gray; great-grandson of John Gray; great-great-grandson

of John Gray; great-great-great-grandson of John Gray and great-great-great-great-grandson of John Gray. Great-grandfather, John Gray, was chosen a member of the Committee of Public Safety for King's District, New York State, May 6, 1777, and served as such during that year. He was a soldier in the ranks at the second battle of Saratoga, Oct. 7, 1777. (Official Records of Kings County, New York.)

HALE, WILLIAM ELMER,—son of David H. Hale; grandson of Doctor William Hale; great-grandson of Doctor John Hale. Grandfather served as a private in Colonel Blanchard's regiment, 1st New Hampshire. Great-grandfather was Assistant Surgeon of Colonel Joseph Blanchard's regiment in 1755; Surgeon of Colonel Hart's regiment in 1758; Representative to the New Hampshire General Court, 1762-1768; Lieutenant-Colonel 5th New Hampshire Militia, 1767, and Colonel of same, 1775; Surgeon of the 1st New Hampshire Continental regiment, 1776 to 1780. (Records of New Hampshire, A. G. O., Vols. 1 and 2, and Kidder's History, 1st N. H. regiment).

HOLDEN, EDWARD SINGLETON,—born St. Louis, Missouri, November 5th, 1846; son of Edward Holden; grandson of Edward Holden and great-grandson of Samuel Holden, who enlisted as a private in Captain Lemuel Clapp's company, Massachusetts troops, March 4, 1776. (Various Service, Vol. 18, p. 91, Massachusetts Rolls). Was Captain in Colonel Ebenezer Mayer's regiment from June 28, 1780, to October 10, 1780. ("Various Service," Vol. 19, p. 172, Massachusetts Rolls).

HOLLADAY, EDMUND BURKE,—born San Francisco, February 14, 1862; son of Samuel W. Holladay; grandson of James Ord, and great-grandson of Daniel Cresap, Jr., who served as a Lieutenant in Captain Michael Cresap's company of Maryland riflemen in 1775 and served to the close of the war. (McSherry's History of Maryland). Great-great-grandfather, Samuel Holladay, served as a soldier in Captain Nothamton's company, Colonel Ashley's regiment of Massachusetts troops in 1777 and 1781. (Massachusetts in the Revolution, Vol. 20, pp. 201 and 22.)

HUNTER, EDWARD,—Lieutenant Colonel, United States Army, born in Gardiner, Maine, November 22, 1839; son of John Patten Hunter; grandson of James Hunter, Jr., and great-grandson of Colonel James Hunter, who served as Major and Colonel of Massachusetts troops from February 8, 1776, to November 20, 1782. (Records of Massachusetts, Vol. 26 and 34, pp. 127, 195 and 663).

HUNTER, HENRY HOFF, — born at Benicia Barracks, California, December 31, 1870; son of Colonel Edward Hunter, United States Army; grandson of Alexander Henry Hoff; great-grandson of John Sanders Van Rensselaer; great-great-grandson of Killian K. Van Rensselaer; great-great-great-grandson of Killian Van Rensselaer, who served first as a Second Lieutenant, his commission bearing date of November 10, 1743, and the signature of George Clinton, Royal Governor of the Province of New York, who also signed his commission for a Colonelcy, April 1, 1778, when Governor of the State of New York.

KING, CHARLES JAMES, — born in Georgetown, District of Columbia, March 8, 1844; son of James King of William; grandson of Joseph Libbey; great-grandson of John Libbey; great-great-grandson of Ephraim Libbey; great-great-great-grandson of Ephraim Libbey, and great-great-great-great-grandson of David Libbey. Great-grandfather, John Libbey, was a soldier in Captain Arnold's company, Colonel Joshua Wingate's regiment, New Hampshire troops, in 1776. (Records of New Hampshire, A. G. O.) Great-grandfather John De Mier, — or Myers, as now spelled, — was a private in Captain John A. Withcock's company, 11th Regiment, New York Levies, and was one of Washington's body-guard at Valley Forge. (Family tradition.)

MAUZY, BYRON, — born in Rushville, Indiana, March 31, 1860, son of Doctor Reuben D. Mauzy; grandson of Peter Mauzy, and great-grandson of Wm. Mauzy, who served as a soldier in Captain Rolly Brown's company, Colonel Garrard's Regiment Militia of Stafford County, Virginia. (Records Department of the Interior, Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C.) Great-grandfather, Robert Caldwell, entered as a private, July, 1776, in Captain Wendel Owry's company, Colonel Enos McCoy's regiment, Pennsylvania troops, and was discharged at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1779. (Records Department of the Interior, Bureau of Pensions.)

MCKINSTRY, ELISHA WILLIAMS, L. L. D., — born Detroit, Michigan, April 10, 1824; son of David Charles McKinstry; grandson of Charles McKinstry, who was a Lieutenant in the 9th Albany Regiment, 2d Claverack Battalion, New York Militia. (Archives of New York in the Revolution, Vol. 1, p. 269.) He is also great-grandson of Gamaliel Whiting, who was a Lieutenant in Fellows's Massachusetts regiment from May to December, 1775. (Heitman's Historical Register of Officers, p. 432.)

PERKINS, GEORGE CLEMENT, United States Senator, — born in Kennebunkport, Maine, August 23, 1839; son of Clement Perkins and Lucinda Fairfield; grandson of William Fairfield and Mary King (sister of the first Governor of Maine.) Grandfather, William Fairfield, served as a soldier in the Massachusetts Line. (Records of the Revolution, United States Pension Rolls, Vol. 12, p. 77. Washington, D. C.)

SMITH, SIDNEY MASON, — from Colonial descent on both sides. The first of his family arrived in America in 1653, on *The Delight of Ipswich*, and settled in Exeter, New Hampshire. For services rendered in the First French War they were granted lands in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, where they became prominent in local history, a member acting as Moderator of the town for a number of years. The maternal side descended from the well known Shipley family of Groton, Massachusetts. John Shipley was the first of that family in America, and was killed in a night attack upon the town by Indians. Mr. Smith married Bessie E. Greene, of Rhode Island, a direct descendant from Roger Williams, and of the family of General Nathanael Greene.

SPENCER, GEORGE WILLIG, — born in Philadelphia, Penn., Sept. 17, 1843; son of Asa Spencer; grandson of Daniel Starr, and great-grandson of Daniel Starr, who served as First Lieutenant of the United States Frigate, *Trumbull*, and was mortally wounded in an engagement between the *Trumbull* and the British *Letter of Marque*, Wall, June 2, 1780. He died June 5, 1780. (Family records.)

STAFFORD, WILLIAM GARDNER, — born in Baltimore, Maryland, December 18, 1855. Son of William John Stafford; grandson of William Whipple Stafford; great-grandson of William J. Stafford; great-great-grandson of William Whipple, and great-great-great-grandson of Abraham Whipple, who entered the maritime commerce of Rhode Island in 1772, and was leader of the party that destroyed the British Schooner *Gasppee*, on the morning of the 10th day of June, 1772. (Publications Rhode Island Historical Society, Vol. 3, No. 2, p. 102.) He was commissioned Captain and Commander, December, 1775. (Army and Navy Register, Hamersly's compilation, p. 7.)

TALIAFERRO, BENJ. WATKINS, — born in San Francisco, January 8, 1858; son of Theophilus Watkins Taliaferro; grandson of Benjamin Taliaferro, and great-grandson of Benjamin Taliaferro, who was commissioned as Lieutenant

in the Virginia troops in 1777. He was made a prisoner at the capture of Charleston, May 12, 1780. (Heitman's Register, p. 391, and Saffell's Virginia Records.)

UPHAM, FRANK KIDDER, Captain United States Army, retired,—born at Castine, Maine, May 3d, 1841. Son of Sylvanus Kidder Upham; grandson of Sylvanus Upham; great-grandson of Joseph Upham, Jr., of Dudley, Massachusetts. Great-grandfather, Joseph Upham, Jr., was a recognized patriot who rendered meritorious assistance to the cause of American Independence by contributing money, and his public services to carrying out the behests of Congress. He was a member of the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, and of the Cambridge Convention.

VANDERCOOK, ROBERTS,—born Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York, September 5, 1826. Son of Michael S. Van Der Cook, and Betsey Roberts; grandson of Simon Van Der Cook and Livira Van Der Hoof; great-grandson of Michael Van Der Cook and Cornelia Van

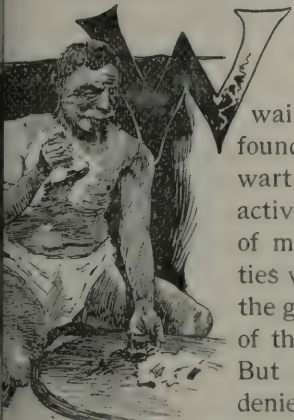
Ness. Grandfather, Simon Van Der Cook, born August 17, 1749, served as Ensign in Captain Henry Van Der Hoff's company, Colonel Peter Yates's regiment, New York troops. His commission bore date of August 6, 1778, and was signed by Governor Geo. Clinton. (Archives of New York,—The Revolution, Vol. 1.)

WARNER, CHARLES HUTCHINSON,—born in Hebron, Connecticut, September 23, 1854; son of William Talcott Warner; grandson of Elijah Warner; great-grandson of Ichabod Warner, and great-great-grandson of William Talcott, who served as a Sergeant in the Connecticut Militia and responded to the "Lexington Alarm," 1775; was commissioned Ensign in 1778, and in 1780, a Lieutenant in Colonel Wells' regiment, Connecticut troops.

*Frank Elliott Myers.*¹

¹The writer desires to express his thanks to members of the Society generally for many courtesies, and to the Board of Managers whose official endorsement of this article makes it authoritative as an historical narrative.

SCHOOLS IN HAWAII.



WHEN Captain Cook re-discovered Hawaii in 1778, he found a race of stalwart savages; brave, active, and possessed of many good qualities which illumined the general darkness of their heathenism. But it can not be denied that in all respects their condition was primitive. They had not acquired even the rude arts that had obtained a growth in the South Pacific. Their houses, canoes, clothing, what little they wore, were almost destitute of ornamentation. Tools were of stone, bone, and wood, and of the roughest design. The arts which had made any

progress were almost exclusively connected with the means to keep the body alive. There was not much incentive to invention, for it was easy to live. A generous soil produced abundance; a mild climate made clothing or fire unnecessary for comfort. Dwellings were little grass huts with no pretense to esthetic finish or adornment,—unless occasional patches of braided grass could be thus dignified. The temples—so called—were not covered houses; they were only immense heaps of stones, paved roughly on top for a floor. The feather capes of royalty, and some of the finer cloths (beaten fiber), were ornamented to a small degree with figures.

The natives were, and continue to be, eloquent speakers. Their troubadours, or *mele* singers, chanted long songs, of occasional excellence, reciting the prowess of chiefs, the adventures of warriors, the

vicissitudes of lovers, the perils of ocean voyagers, but they had no literature. Hardly a sign existed for the expression of an idea. Their religion was of the darkest and most gloomy character. It was one of terror, not of hope. Worship of the gods consisted in propitiation, not of votive offerings. Perhaps the stern and sublime wonders of nature in the midst of which the Hawaiian lived affected his religion, as it did his poetry. It would be only natural that it should be so. While superstition had a strong hold, yet there was nothing attractive in the expression of religious feeling, and it is not strange that when the missionaries arrived they found the old religion overthrown and the nation preparing to receive instruction in civilization.

For over forty years intercourse of increasing frequency with the great world opened the eyes of the people to the weakness of their religion and the advantages to be gained from learning to use the appliances of science and art. They were naturally quick-witted and appreciative, especially the upper classes, and when the missionaries arrived in 1820 they found a people which had officially dropped its religion and which was reaching out for a new mental growth. The people were eager to learn. A number of Hawaiians that had wandered to the United States were brought back to act as interpreters; but a little practise developed their inability to convey to the Hawaiian the true meaning of what the missionaries said. It became necessary to learn the language, and to acquire the varied meanings which accent and gesture sometimes gave to a single word. Worthily was the task accomplished. The missionaries attempted to give written form to an already existing language, not to create another or to change what they found. They were successful beyond their expectations, and

the literature of Hawaii is a lasting monument to their patient labor.

In January, 1822, the first form of a spelling book in the Hawaiian language was struck off. It made eight pages. About six months later a second sheet of the same size was printed. The sounds of the language had resulted in the formation of an alphabet of twelve letters, five of which are vowels. The seven consonants are chiefly mutes and labials. It will be seen that the language is soft and flowing. Spelling is strictly phonetic: every syllable ends with a vowel, and there are a few words which are composed entirely of vowels, as *oiaio*, truth, *ia*, fish, etc. The one grave error in creating a grammar and the written expression of ideas was the omission of accent marks. When it is remembered that accent is of almost supreme importance in the Hawaiian language, this omission appears unfortunate. *Ia*, given above, requires the ' or *i'a*, accent on the *i*, and guttural a catch between the two letters, to make *fish* out of it. Pronounced smoothly, *ia*, it becomes a pronoun in the third person singular.

It was soon found that instruction in English was not practical, although teaching at the very first began in that language, and as soon as a written form could be given to words, schools were established. A slate or chalk marks on a board were used. The people, chiefly adults, gathered closely about the teacher, and, as they learned to drop into the same places day after day, an amusing result followed, which the writer has actually seen in his youth. Some learned to read with the letters bottom upwards, as they were seen while standing directly in front of the teacher; others read from the left or right end of the written or printed line; others read correctly from left to right.

Besides teaching the natives, schools

were established at a very early date, 1821-22, for the families of foreign residents. The English language was the medium of instruction. To the present day, the distinction has been maintained of foreign and native schools, though, as will be seen later, with nearly universal substitution of English for the Hawaiian language, this distinction is well-nigh obliterated.

The people were curious about the new knowledge. Conveying ideas by means of marks on paper or a slate was a matter of general astonishment. A sea captain wrote on a slate to his mate to send his handkerchief ashore. What was written was explained and shown to Kamehameha, who did not believe it would procure the desired article. It was handed to one of his runners, who delivered it on board the vessel and returned with both slate and handkerchief. The result amazed the King who carefully examined the slate and the cloth to ascertain the hidden connection.

Chiefs and people very intelligently perceived at once the value of such an acquisition, and curiosity developed into an eager desire for knowledge. The mission schools soon were thronged; teachers were taken from the more advanced scholars and sent all over the country, and schools were established everywhere. They were attended chiefly by adults. No one was compelled to go to school, but the knowledge that it was the wish of the chief was sufficient to bring in most of the nation. At that time the word of the King was the supreme law, and no one even thought of disobeying his expressed desire. Fortunately the inclination of the great majority of the chiefs was wholly in favor of education, law, order, and progress. There is much of interest in connection with those early schools. For several years there were no school-books.

A few printed leaves on various subjects comprised the whole set of text-books. The pupils gathered from far and near carrying these few leaves in their hands.

Schoolhouses were built. They were of very simple architecture. At either end an upright post, with a crotch on top, received the ridge pole. Against this the rafters leaned from the ground, being firmly tied at the top, and a covering of light poles fastened crosswise received the grass thatch. A few openings for doors and windows let in air and light. The school furniture consisted of dried rushes or grass on the ground to sit on, with (sometimes) a three-legged stool for the teacher.

The old habits of the people were utilized for their good. Early rising was common. In the cool of the day the necessary labor of cultivating the ground and preparing food, and other simple operations, were performed. In the heat of mid-day many slept; but the late afternoon and night were often devoted to games, idle gossip, dissipation, or worse. It was the free time, so the missionaries took it for the school time. About three o'clock the teacher stood outside of the schoolhouse, if there was one, or, if not, under the shade of a large tree and blew his conch shell. It became a very common method of calling the people together, and is not forgotten today. Nearly every morning here at Waikiki (where this article is written) can be heard in the early dawn the long drawn melancholy cadence of a shell. Who blows it, or why, I know not, but it is probably some good old soul calling the faithful together for early meeting. Whether its monotone is persuasive today, I do not know, but years ago, and especially when schools were first taught, its voice was all powerful.

At one time there were not far from a thousand schools, mostly attended by

adults. It is said that the pupils numbered about fifty-two thousand in the days of greatest popularity and success. It was hardly possible to teach such scholars anything more than rudiments, and little was attempted outside of reading, writing, simple arithmetic, and a little geography. As early as 1832 a geography of 216 pages was printed and bound, but without maps. This lack was in part overcome by the use of large hand-drawn maps hung on the walls.

A school in session must have presented a novel sight. Most of the men were nearly naked, or at best wore a shirt or a pair of trousers. The women had a single slip or *holoku*. But more commonly the dress of both sexes, if any were worn, was of *kapa*, the beaten cloth of the country. The hair was a veritable bush, rising straight from the head in every direction. In view of the recent change from utter savagery, it is not strange that many appeared wild and fierce. A popular method of instruction was by recitation in concert. Naturally with voices not yet toned to gentleness these exercises not infrequently created a powerful din. But much was accomplished in ten or twelve years, and thousands had acquired the art of reading and writing.

From the most ancient time, competitive sports formed a prominent national characteristic. The great gatherings on these occasions often became scenes of the vilest disorder and bloodshed, and with the incoming of civilization, they were discouraged and forbidden. In place of them the competitive examinations of the schools gradually assumed great prominence. Thousands came together to witness the trials of skill this sort of intellectual tournament furnished. Provisions for a week's stay were often brought, and the country side would be dotted with booths. Sometimes months

were spent in preparation and very strong partisan feeling was aroused. Some remnants of this old custom still remain, though it is rather indulged than encouraged.

In 1831 the Lahainaluna Seminary was established. It still exists. Manual labor, whereby the pupils wholly or partly support themselves, has always been a marked feature of this school. Now it has a well developed industrial training department. It has produced some of the strongest and most influential men of the native stock the country has known. Originally intended by the American Protestant Mission as a training school for teachers and clergymen, it was in 1849 taken over by the government, and has since been maintained as the leading native school. A few years ago English was substituted for Hawaiian as the language of instruction. When it was turned over to the government a provision in the contract maintains the Protestant religion as the controlling creed. It is noteworthy that the first newspaper in the Islands, and — it is said — in the Pacific, the "Lama Hawaii," was first issued from the school press about 1833.

From early times small boarding schools for girls have accomplished much good. There are at present seven such schools, four being in Honolulu. The home in the sense of Christian America or Europe is hardly known among the native Hawaiians, and the attempt is made in these schools to supply that need and cultivate a love for the family and the privacy of home. Besides ordinary book education, cookery, millinery, tailoring, and similar industries, are taught. These boarding schools are conducted by the various religious denominations, but are all working for the same end.

A boarding school for boys was established in the town of Hilo in 1839, which

still continues. Manual labor, whereby boys pay a certain part of their expenses, is a marked feature. They actually raise a large part of the food provided for the table. Industrial training is also a feature. Carpentry has a prominent place.

In 1841 a school was established at Punahou, about two miles east of Honolulu, for the education of the children of American missionaries, but from the first it has been attended by others. Manual labor has been required here also. It has had a boarding department from the beginning. In 1849 it was chartered as Oahu College, and though no college classes have been graduated nor any degrees conferred, yet the teaching force has always occupied a high plane as instructors, and very thorough education is given. The efficient work which is done in this school is shown by the fact that almost without exception its graduates that have entered colleges in the Eastern States have always rated high in scholarship. The location of this school is extremely pleasant; the view is superb, the climate salubrious and delightful. It is the intention of the present trustees to offer inducements to parents and guardians in foreign countries, whose children or wards require a more salubrious climate than offered in the United States, to place children here for education. All of the surroundings and influences are of the best type and no one need fear a comparison of the work done here with that done in the schools of similar grade in the United States. Mr. F. A. Hosmer, the President of Oahu College, is a gentleman of high attainment and long experience.

The Roman Catholic Mission, after its establishment, instituted schools and supplied them with text-books from its own press. Boarding schools have also been organized under the direction of the bish-

opric of the Church of England, which was established in the Islands about 1862.

Attention has been called to this class of schools as they were the direct outcome of the missionary work in the Islands and have been more or less retained under church patronage and care to the present time. The government has no boarding schools or seminaries whatsoever, excepting Lahainaluna, which was taken from the American Mission as above mentioned, and missionary schools are continued.

In 1841 laws were first promulgated by the King relative to schools. There provisions were extremely creditable to the nation which was so recently heathen, and which at that time could hardly be called civilized. As the changes have not been very material, the laws may be noted at the present day about as follows: Attendance at school is compulsory between the ages of six and fifteen inclusive, though where children, particularly boys, have reached the age of thirteen years and are strong and active, they are permitted to leave the schools upon passing a certain examination. Teachers are required to have certificates. The teaching of morality is inculcated but religious instruction is expressly prohibited. No person in holy orders is allowed to be president of the Board of Education. This Board consists of six members, two of whom are now women, who, by virtue of a law passed since the revolution of 1893, for the first time in Hawaii, are admitted to this important position, which by nature and training many are so well fitted to fill. None of the Board receive salaries. The clerk, who may be called the executive officer, receives a salary of \$200 per month. The Inspector General of the schools is charged with the constant supervision and direction of the schools of the country. As the name Inspector indicates, he is required to visit all of

the schools of the country from time to time. These duties he was well able to perform ten or twenty years ago, but now, on account of the rapid growth of the school population, it is hardly possible for one person to meet the requirements of the office. The school department is also charged with the supervision of the statistics of marriages and births, but it is probable that the entire statistical work of the Republic will be, before long, invested in a bureau to be established for that purpose.

At present the schools of Hawaii are generally divided into government and independent. The latter have been referred to more particularly in the list of boarding and other schools above spoken of. Most of them receive assistance from the government by way of capitation fees or direct grant but, by a provision of the Constitution of July 4, 1894, public assistance to schools not under the direct control of the government is forever prohibited after the first of January, 1896, the result of which provision will probably be that some of these schools may be discontinued.

The government schools may be roughly divided into two classes, English schools and Hawaiian schools. Originally all of them were taught in the Hawaiian language, but for many years, beginning perhaps with the reign of Kamehameha V. in 1864, there has been a growing desire and determination on the part of the Hawaiians to have instruction in the English language. This determination of the people indicates their knowledge of the fact that a command of English is the avenue to wealth and preferment, and it is a tribute to their intelligence that national considerations have been put aside for educational advantages. But some of the scenes which have taken place in various legislatures have been extremely interesting, not to say amus-

ing. A native member from the country would exhaust himself in an eloquent appeal for an appropriation to establish an English school in his "deestrick," at the same time asking that native schools be suppressed. In five minutes a law to declare the English language the controlling version of the laws in case of conflict would come up for discussion, and the same member would grow black in the face in his patriotic determination to require the Hawaiian language to be supreme in the law. Such a law was many times introduced into the legislature before it finally passed, and that, against the votes of the purely native members, while at the same time the determined efforts of the natives to substitute English for Hawaiian in the schools have succeeded in driving out the Hawaiian language altogether. In 1864 there were 665 pupils in 13 government schools where teaching was in the English language. At that time there were 7,632 natives taught in the Hawaiian language in 240 government schools. In 1894 in 18 schools 320 pupils were taught in the Hawaiian language, while about 11,000 received instruction in the English language in 158 other schools, and since the report of 1894 was issued, about the half of the remaining 18 Hawaiian schools have been discontinued, English being substituted in a number.

The school population in the Islands today probably numbers about 15,000. Over 11,300 were enrolled at the date of the last report (1894), of whom 5,177 were native Hawaiians, 2,103 were part Hawaiian, 2,551 were Portuguese, 529 Chinese, 285 American, 184 British, 113 Japanese, the remainder consisting of a variety of nationalities. Very few of the Chinese are in attendance upon government schools and it is indeed extremely difficult to procure the attendance of any but Chinese boys in any school. With

regard to girls the wall of exclusiveness continues as strong nearly in Hawaii as in China, and one of the most serious problems presented to the Board of Education at present is what to do with Chinese girls. There has been a tacit understanding for several years that nothing would be said or done about these children, but the present Board is impelled to take up the question and act upon it. It is not improbable that separate schools for Chinese girls may be established and maintained until something of the prejudice against public schools is worn off. Mutilation of the feet of these unfortunate children is common in the Islands, though it is practised as far as possible out of sight, as it is contrary to the general law. It is likely that an express provision will be enacted upon this subject at an early date. Much of the work among the Chinese has been and continues to be under the charge of various missions, but without the continuance of government aid, it is probable that the Board of Education will have to supply schools for the Chinese at an early date.

The Portuguese are also difficult to deal with, as they do not care to have their children go to school. Most of them, impelled by the stern necessities of life, and in part by hereditary training perhaps, prefer that their children, when strong and old enough, should go to work. It is in view of this prejudice and the necessities existing among other nationalities as well, that the Board of Education is now considering the propriety of authorizing certain country schools, in locations where light work can be obtained for the children, to confine the daily school sessions to the forenoon, say from half past six or seven to twelve o'clock, allowing the entire afternoon to be taken for work by such children as are old enough.

Of the 405 teachers (at the last report)

in the schools of the country, 155 are American, 141 are either wholly or partly of Hawaiian blood, 57 are British, 17 Chinese, 10 Portuguese, others being of various nationalities. It may be said that most of the Chinese are in independent private schools of their own nationality. As a class the teachers in the Islands are efficient and thoroughly capable of the work assigned. Neither the Board of Education nor the sentiment of the country will brook anything short of good work. The peculiarities of the situation have also developed teaching qualities of a high order. It is evident that a teacher who is required to take pupils who do not understand English and teach them in that language, must possess the teaching abilities to a high degree, and this has proved true, more particularly among the primary teachers, who in many schools do work that will without doubt stand comparison with any in the world. In several of the schools in the large centers, like Honolulu, Hilo, and Wailuku, the teaching force consists throughout of first class instructors, and the progress made by pupils, most of whom are learning in a language not their own, is astonishing. It may be said that what is called "parrot teaching" is unknown in the schools of Hawaii. When scholars are ready to leave the schools they are well acquainted with what they have studied. They know how to read and to do it well; they understand phonetics; they understand the reasons for the various problems in arithmetic; they understand the principles of geography; they can make maps, not only on paper but in relief, built either in sand, clay, or like material. In many schools there is an actual industrial training. The use of tools is taught. Tailoring and fitting and sewing generally is a regular branch of instruction.

The schoolhouses of the country are

hardly up to modern requirements. Honolulu has no government school building which will stand comparison with the convenient and elegant structures in many of the cities of America. For schools of fifty to one hundred a number of buildings have been cheaply erected of wood, which are up to modern requirements, being well ventilated, comfortable, correctly seated, and well provided with blackboards, charts, diagrams, and other school furniture. But it would probably take \$500,000 to put the schoolhouses of the country where they ought to be. Of the independent schools, Oahu College has a number of well equipped and good buildings and is now erecting the finest school hall in the country.

The expense of maintaining the government schools is by direct appropriation from the general funds of the country. It amounts to \$29.50 per head of the school population. The annual school tax on all males of twenty to sixty years brings in about \$75,000, which goes into the general treasury.

The Kamehameha School bids fair to become a model school in every respect. It is the result of the patriotic bequests of the recent Mrs. Pauahi Bishop, ably seconded by the gifts of her husband, the Hon. Charles R. Bishop. It is upon the premises of this school that the Bishop Museum is located, which contains the

finest collection extant of Hawaiian curios and ethnological exhibitions from these Islands, as well as from other parts of the Pacific. Industrial training is also required in this school. The girl's school was opened a few months since and bids fair to equal the longer established boys' department in every respect. Altogether it is a most splendid contribution of Hawaiian patriotism, and will long continue to be one of the finest schools in the Pacific Ocean.

Within a few years past, notably since the revolution of 1887 and the growth of popular government in Hawaii, the cause of education has received a great impetus, and development on these lines has been very great. The Board of Education has recently sought to gain all that is to be learned from other countries by an exchange of reports and school literature with Boards of Education in both the United States and Europe. It may be said that today, taken as a whole, the school system of Hawaii compares favorably with that of any civilized country. There are problems to be dealt with here of extreme delicacy and difficulty, but that they will be satisfactorily solved hardly admits of a doubt, in view of the earnest and intelligent work which is being given by a self-sacrificing corps of instructors and friends throughout the country.

W. R. Castle,

*H. I. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister
Plenipotentiary to the United States.*


LETHE.

LIFE'S fleeting joys are strangely sweet, and yet
It must be sweeter still, when all is past,
To creep within earth's narrow groove at last
And close the eyes in slumber, and forget.

Lillian Plunkett Ferguson.

THE IRRIGATION PROBLEM IN CALIFORNIA.

BY THE SURVEYOR-GENERAL.



NOBODY can doubt that California must depend for her future prosperity on the proper settlement of the irrigation question. It has been discussed until it would almost seem to be threadbare, but the recent decision by Judge Ross, not only declaring the Wright law unconstitutional, but declaring that the distribution of water for irrigation purposes is not a public use, has made it necessary for the whole discussion to begin anew.

Nothing seems to be settled. Step by step we have groped along in the dark for nearly half a century, and have finally concluded that we are lost,—that there is no right road. It does look as if with all the struggle of humanity for existence during all these centuries, the wise men ought to have settled so vital a matter as the distribution of water. But whatever other races have done the Anglo-Saxon race has not shown the ability to cope with it. The Mormons, however, must be excepted. They came out into the desert with nothing, put the water on the desert land, and began the building of an empire. The sluggard is commanded to go to the ant for a lesson, and this people might well go to Mormonism for an example, but somehow we of California have been wonderfully slow to learn from others or even from our own dire necessities. There might come

in here a philosophical discussion on the general decadence of the agricultural spirit, but it is the purpose of this paper to speak only of irrigation in California.

The miners made local laws governing the use of water, and these, like the local laws regulating the holding and working of mining ground, were based on the hard common sense of the American people, robbed of the technicalities that, like the poisonous miasma of some pestilential cess-pool, have crept into the very existence of this people. That these laws were right is proved by the fact that they were alike in every mining camp, made by men who had no consultation with each other. The mining laws concerning both land and water, often written without any regard for any of the rules of grammar or orthography, were spontaneous common sense. The Legislature, recognizing this, enacted their essence into State laws.

When, however, water was sought to be taken for irrigation, the matter of riparian rights began to loom up. We had incorporated into our constitution a provision declaring that the Common Law of England should be the rule of action in our courts, and that great unwritten law, which grew from day to day in a country in which no man dreamed of irrigation, declared that every bank owner had a right to see the water flow on by him, "undiminished in quantity, unimpaired in quality."

At the time irrigation conventions were being held in 1884 and 1885, the courts had held strictly to the riparian

doctrine, and that was considered the great stumbling block in the path of the irrigationists. A convention was held at Riverside in 1884, and the burden of the inquiry was how to get around the decisions of the courts in that particular. The convention got no further than the appointment of a committee on legislation to report to a convention to be held at Fresno. I was on that committee. When the Fresno meeting convened, the committee was enlarged to eighteen, and the body of the convention, composed of some three hundred delegates from different parts of the State, remained in session while this committee wrestled for two days and two nights with the questions presented. Finally a series of declarations were adopted by the committee, and unanimously by the convention. To a committee of nine was assigned the task of drawing a bill, of taking it to the Legislature, and urging its passage. The central idea was the formation of a district, or a municipal corporation, which should be clothed with the power of eminent domain, so as to be able to condemn not only rights of way, but to take and pay for any riparian claim that might turn up.

This committee met at Fresno in November or December, 1884, and drew a bill which was printed and sent out for criticism. A week before the meeting of the Legislature, the committee met at Sacramento, considered the suggestions and criticisms, which were quite numerous, redrew the bill, printed it and again sent it out for criticism. The bill was again carefully redrawn before it was introduced. Up to this time it had received treatment at the hands of its friends. After it was introduced, however, it began to draw the fire of its enemies. The enemy can always be depended on to hit the weak points, and the committee soon found that its pet bill

had weak points. Every member of the committee had to report every objection he heard urged. By common understanding no member was to become wedded to a single sentence in the bill. The declarations of the Fresno convention, in large letters, hung upon the wall of the committee room. These formed the constitution, as it were, for the government of the committee,—all else was subject to change.

There must be a municipal corporation with the power of eminent domain. There could be no property qualification for voters, so our lawyers told us, in such a municipal corporation. Our bill was severely attacked because, as we had it, "the tramp"—by which was meant the non-landowner—could make a district and control it. The committee admitted to itself that this would be a permanent source of weakness even if the bill could be so passed, and it was provided that a district should be formed by the supervisors on the petition of a certain number of land-owners, and then *that it should be confirmed by the signatures of a majority of the land-owners, owning a majority, in acres, of the land.* I emphasize this because "the tramp" is the rock on which the district system has split.

This was at the time of the great contest for the ownership of Kings River, and consequently of Kern County, between Lux & Miller on the one side, and Haggin & Carr on the other, in which tradition tells us a cool million was spent before a peace was patched up. The former firm owned the land lowest down the stream and hence held an advantage on the riparian dodge. Neither firm liked our bill; both were jealous of the municipal corporation with power to condemn and take everything in sight. Haggin & Carr remained neutral, but the other firm appeared at the capital with a lobby, headed by Buckley. This brought

the former firm to our rescue, but too late, as the Senate had already been "fixed." Our bill passed the Assembly; we held the Legislature over several days, but had to submit to defeat.

The committee then commenced a regular system of agitation, and a convention was held in San Francisco. Governor Stoneman was induced to call an extra session of the Legislature; but money came into the contest, the main object was largely lost sight of, and a chapter in history was made that had as well be blotted out. It was all education, however, and the newspapers of the State took up the question, and public sentiment became solid. The San Francisco papers, to their credit be it said, did good service. The committee looked upon its work "and saw it was good," and it rested from its labors, *but it rested too soon!*

At the next session of the Legislature the committee saw the work taken up by Mr. C. C. Wright, an able and enthusiastic young lawyer of Modesto. There was no opposition, and nothing seemed to require the attendance of the committee at the Capital. The members forgot that Mr. Wright had not been in the contest that had waged so bitterly three years before. The Legislature was willing to a man to pass any bill the irrigationists wanted; everybody was thoroughly imbued with the district idea, and the Wright law was the result. Towns and "the tramp" were left out of the committee bill; they have been the weakness of the Wright law,—the committee knew they would be and it ought to have gone to Sacramento and told Mr. Wright so. But I hold that there is no merit in the "tramp" howl. I do not believe there is an instance in which the non-land-holding people have formed a district or controlled one. It has been played upon, has been made an excuse

for attack upon the law. Its friends have stood aghast, unable to defend it. It was used to prejudice capital the world over,—it makes the strong point for Judge Ross. Even some of our strongest irrigation papers are saying that it is wrong. I will not admit this much; I have never yet seen a school-house built, or a tax of any kind voted on property owners by non-property owners, but I admitted in 1885 that it was best to avoid the howl.

For some reason, large land-owners and capitalists are opposed to the district system,—they say they do not want the rabble to manage their property,—and this howl, for it is nothing else, shows that the rich can take advantage of a catch phrase as well as the rabble.

The first bill I drew for the consideration of the Fresno committee provided for three directors, one to be elected by the qualified electors, one by a majority of acres, and the other by a majority of the dollars on the last assessment roll. It looked pretty, but had to give way to a constitutional objection.

It was against the best effect of the law that its passage was postponed until so many districts wanted it at once. Instead of being a help to each other, the great amount of the bond issue coming at once on the market was a detriment to the whole. The number of districts enabled some men to hide bad schemes among the lot, and capitalists looked aghast at the millions of bonds offered, some of which were known not to be first-class. The management was generally in the hands of inexperienced men, and they could teach each other nothing. It was a new law in hands new to any kind of great enterprise, and this was used against it. The bankers of San Francisco could not be induced to touch the bonds or indorse the schemes in any way; first, because they were in

sympathy with some large land-owners who did not "want the rabble to handle their property," and second, because they had never taken any interest in the interior, and next, because, as stated above, they saw great schemes in the hands of inexperienced men. With the restrictions of the committee bill of 1885, there would not have been so many districts at the first; and the larger land-owners could not have urged the "tramp" on the business world.

But suppose the Ross decision is sustained? In what position are we? The riparian doctrine is the law of this State. If the taking of water for irrigation is not a public use, there is no way to condemn any rights; no way to dispose of a riparian owner, or get through the land of a constitutional kicker. A man with ten feet front on a stream may say to the diverters of water above him, "You have everybody else, now give me all it is worth to you!" The man who can get in the way of a canal, with a few feet of worthless land may say the same thing. Is this the consummation for which the people of California have been fighting for half a century? The situation is anything but satisfactory: but we cannot stand idly by, repining while the State feels the wasted energies of her people. Something must be done,—what is that something?

The district system, it seems to me, must be maintained. By no other system is it possible for the people to own their own water. Without it, any person or corporation that settles with the

riparian man and the constitutional kicker, may charge the users of water "all the traffic will bear." It is too late to howl when such a monopoly has been consummated. An ounce of preventive in such cases is worth much more than a pound of cure.

It may be that good will finally come out of what now seems all evil; the idea that the Lord chastiseth whom He loveth, comes from the fact that suffering brings correct action, and through suffering this people may come to see that they cannot go to too great lengths to bring about the greatest results in irrigation. If I can live to see from the top of some Pisgah the people voting a constitutional amendment by which the State will take district irrigation bonds, and issue her own bonds in place to investors, I shall be satisfied to pass over to the side of the silent majority. That this ought to be done is so plain to my mind that I wonder why all the people do not see it. The bonds of a district so well organized that all the officers of the State, for example, acting as a Board for the purpose, should become satisfied it was on a sound basis ought to be good enough for the State to guarantee. But if the State received, say, six per cent bonds and sold four per cents, she would make up for any possible loss. Debenture companies take those chances. But this is detail; the State ought to and will take the matter in hand. If the present muddle hastens the time, then we may be thankful to Judge Ross and the muddle.

W. S. Green.

AL FRESCO.

I.

COME! No longer wander this way,
Leave the dusty road beneath us,
Let us seek a purer bliss-way
Where no grime of earth shall wreath us,—
Down the path a bevy passes,
Children with their luncheon-pails,
Mirth like flute-notes in the grasses,
Viol-airs from virgin vales!
Woo us not, O Youth in Maytime!
We have known Life's rocks and billows,
Sun-tents now our rest by daytime,
Star-shine round our peaceful pillows!
Farewell now to cares and sorrows!
We are princes, priests, and kings,
Pressing toward the glad to-morrows
Of our woodland wanderings!
Up the steep slope sun-rejoicing,
Diademed with leafy laurel,
Here's a song that needs no voicing,
Here's a tale that points no moral!
Canticle and Hymn and Psalter,
Graced with all the greenwood arts,
Framed by lips that never falter,
Wafted to world-weary hearts!

II.

Low lights 'mid the buckeyes playing,
Guess at haunt of faun and dryad,
Sea winds vesper Aves saying,
Soothe the wood-dove's jeremiad;
Purple sunset shallops sailing
To the ports on Evening's shore;
Weird and mystic shadows veiling
Chaparral and sycamore;
Hush! Adown ravines and hollows
Echo wanders, dreamy-sandaled;
Look! A flight of home-bound swallows
Fleck the sky by Twilight candled;
Come! Far in the dusky forest
Let us build a pyre to Pan!
All that grieved us, made us sorest,
All that bore a curse or ban,—
In Oblivion's volume file them,
Stinging gibe and cruel jeering,
Gayly on the altar pile them,
Critic's frown and cynic's sneering!
See! The flames leap high and higher,
Vanish pains and wounds and scars!
Let us sleep with feet to fire,
Backs to earth and eyes to stars!

Clarence Urmy.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

VIII.



HIS," said Mr. Barrington to his younger son, as they stood together in the millionaire's private room at the bank, "this, my boy, I call the 'sudatorium.' Many a poor

devil has lost weight here. He comes in with his eyes sticking out with fatness. He retires, in say five minutes,—I seldom give 'em more than five minutes,—with his diaphragm flapping in the wind."

Dick smiled rather faintly and looked around him with keen interest.

The private room of Dives is richly suggestive of many things. Possibly to fastidious ears the word *office* has a sound commonplace enough. But surely there is nothing common about the shrine of Plutus, the nursery of a thousand schemes involving the happiness or misery of a thousand human beings. The very atmosphere, charged with the fumes of costly perfectos and heavy with the scent of Russia leather, cannot be inhaled by Lazarus with impunity. It breeds noxious thoughts,—envy, malice, hatred, and discontent. Certainly the appointments of the room, the lincrusta-walton wainscot, the heavy oaken furniture, the tapestry curtains, the massive mantel crowned with its immense ormolu clock—genuine Louis XV.—the substantial book-case, filled with calf-bound tomes of reference, and last not least, the

ponderous safe, suggest prose. Not the brilliant prose of Froude or Macaulay, but the sober, serious sentences of a Sidgwick or Spenser. But mark that curious patch upon the velvet pile carpet, hard by the desk of the great man. It has been worn shabby, and almost bare, by the shuffling feet of supplicants. That chair, jocosely called by Mr. Barrington, "the anxious seat," has a voice of its own.

"Sit down," said Rufus Barrington. He unlocked as he spoke his office desk and threw back the fluted lid with a crash. Dick glanced curiously at the tools of his father's trade. The pigeon-holes bristling with memoranda. The inkstand with its three cut glass bottles. Everything was scrupulously clean and neat. The stationery perfectly plain, with the name of the bank printed upon it in large red letters; the pens laid in order upon a small tray. A black holder for the black ink, a red holder for the red ink, and a fluted silver holder—a present from his daughter—for the copying ink. Beside the blotting pad lay a large pair of shears. Mr. Barrington never tore open his letters. He cut the end of each with precision. He never used the same nib two days in succession. His blotting pad was renovated every morning. His ink bottles were washed and polished once a week. These are insignificant details, but they afford a clew to the man's character. Dick noted with some surprise, and much pleasure, a photograph of himself, in undergraduate's cap and gown. It was

¹Begun in August Number.

handsomely framed and stood to the right of the inkstand. There were no other photographs on the desk, and this one told a significant story. The father glanced at it approvingly and turned with kindling eyes to the original.

"You have been here a week, Dick. In two more weeks you will take your proper place in this bank. I have not mentioned the matter to my cashier, Charles Paradise, but I am going to do so now. It is well that you should be present." He touched a small handbell, and before its echo had died away a boy stood respectfully before him.

"Ask Mr. Paradise to step this way."

The cashier lost no time in obeying his chief's summons. He entered the room, shook hands with Dick, whom he had known from a child, bowed to the President of the bank, and sat down. Dick had not seen him for some years, but he remembered his face well. It bore now as then the marks of sobriety and formality.

"Of course you know, my boy, that Charles Paradise is my right bower."

The pupils of the cashier's eyes slightly contracted. He tacitly resented the expression "my right bower." As a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church he disapproved of card-playing, and slang at any time was distasteful to him.

"I know," replied Dick, "how faithfully Mr. Paradise has served your interests."

"And his own," added Rufus Barrington with a pleasant laugh. "In serving me Charles has served himself. What is your salary today, my friend?"

"A thousand a month."

"Write it twelve hundred after the first. No," he continued, holding up a powerful hand, "don't thank me. I expect you to earn every cent of the extra two hundred. Upon the first, Charles, or rather upon the second of January, my

son will take his proper place in this bank. I shall place him unreservedly in your hands. I wish you to teach him all you know. Uncork yourself, my friend, for his benefit."

Mr. Paradise smiled assent. The proposition met with his approval, and the rôle of Mentor was not unacceptable. He was bursting with information which circumstance constrained him to keep to himself. He glanced now at his future pupil with interest. The young man assumed a new shape. He was no longer the son of Rufus Barrington. A few words had produced a metamorphosis. He was now a pillar of the Barrington Bank, the biggest and best private bank in San Francisco. Naturally he turned his shrewd eyes upon this fortunate young man, who in turn repaid his glance with interest. What Dick saw was briefly this:—a tall, lank, athletic figure, surmounted by a preposterously long and narrow head. This head, so Mr. Barrington said, was three-storied, and furnished from basement to garret with cold, hard, Gradgrind facts. The calling of the man—a calling in his eyes more honorable than any—betrayed itself in his speech, in his dress, in his slightest gesture, and in his very walk. He plumed himself upon being the typical American man of business. He was clean-shaven with the exception of a bristling blonde mustache. He possessed a bass voice of amazing depth and volume. His brow was high and square. His chin, long and prominent. His nose, an exact replica of the first Duke of Wellington's. His complexion was sallow, and the occipital curve was entirely wanting. He wore, week in and week out, a suit of well cut pepper-and-salt cloth. His bird's-eye cravat was fastened with a small coral bead, and his collars and cuffs were a credit to his laundry.

"No man," continued Rufus Barrington,

ton, "has had a wider experience of business affairs than Charles Paradise. You will please remember that, Dick. He is an—*emeritus*, I think is the word—yes, an *emeritus* professor of finance. What he does n't know about banking is not worth knowing. He will teach you where and when and how to set your stakes."

The cashier received this encomium in phlegmatic silence. The tribute of praise was his due. He accepted it without acknowledgment.

"My son," proceeded the old man, "is, I'm told, a fair scholar, but in business he has yet to learn his A B C. He must begin from the beginning. There is book-keeping, for instance. Can you keep books?"

"No. I bought myself a manual yesterday."

"Throw it away! Theoretical book-keeping is rubbish. I can teach you the principles in ten minutes. Eh, Charles? Ten minutes, I say."

"Perhaps fifteen," replied Mr. Paradise gravely. "Fifteen minutes to acquire the fundamental principles and then six months practice."

A knock at the door disturbed this conversation. Mr. Barrington's confidential clerk wished to know if the President would see Colonel Pennypacker.

"Certainly. Show him in, Charles. Dick, you may stay and make the acquaintance of the Colonel. He is a public character. To know him as I know him, intimately, is a liberal education. There is n't a more pleasant, plausible, timeserving, ruthiess rascal in the political ring."

The Colonel himself cut short this flow of adjectives. To Dick he seemed all round, red face and horse laugh. He looked his part. A drinking, dicing, card-playing, horse-racing, woman-seducing collector of Republican votes,—

and as such, entitled to the courteous and respectful consideration of the first citizen of San Francisco.

"Your son, Rufus, eh? Ha, ha, a promising youth. A chip of the old block. Glad to shake you by the hand, sir. You can call Tom Pennypacker your friend."

"Take a chair, Colonel, and get to business. I can give you just three minutes. You can speak openly before my son. He is," — the politician mentally noted the accent of pride, — "about to be associated with me in *all* my affairs."

"Lucky lad!" cried the Colonel boisterously. Then he dropped suddenly his swash-buckler tone, and coming straight to the point, stated his errand:—

"One minute, Rufus, is all I require. I've given Bland, George Bland of San Bernardino, a letter to you. He'll present it today. He wants your good word with the governor for harbor commissioner."

"Certainly. He can have it."

"But I don't want him to have it. That's why I'm here. Damn the fellow, he's too thin-skinned altogether, — but I promised him to say a word to you, and now that I've said it, I'll go. He thinks me his best friend. Ha, ha, ha! That's all. Goodby, Rufus. Goodby, young man. If I can ever help you, call on me. Tom Pennypacker is not Rufus Barrington, but he is a friend worth having."

He seized his hat, jammed it jauntily upon the side of his head, and strode noisily from the room. The millionaire glanced quietly at his son.

"What a treacherous beast!" said that young man in a tone of the deepest disgust. "I wonder, sir, at his impudence in making you a party to his treachery."

"He is a useful man," said the father. "And of course, my boy, I'm not responsible for what he says or does. Nobody can rob me of my own personality. I cannot make over Tom Pennypacker ac-



"AND COMMENCED THE FANTAISIE IMPROMPTU."

cording to my own ideas. Neither can I ignore him. I have to — well, not to be squeamish — I have to buy him, — at his own price, too. In my business one has to fight the devil with his own weapons."

"I am glad that you are not in politics," remarked Dick. As a boy he had wondered vaguely why his father had held aloof from the Washington arena. He might have been Governor of California, United States Senator, President possibly, but all political honors, even when they came to him unsolicited, had been pushed contemptuously aside.

"But I am in politics, — head over heels in politics. I am not, and never have been, a candidate for office, partly because my own business demanded my undivided attention, and partly because I refuse now and always to pledge myself definitely to any ironclad policy. I lay claim to no higher motives than these. Self-interest has kept me out of the Senate. Nothing else."

The son met this candid confession with exasperating silence.

"I don't proclaim this on the house-tops," continued the millionaire, frowning slightly, but preserving the same bland, good-humored tone that characterized his normal conversation, "and it suits my purpose to make capital by throwing dust into the eyes of the metropolitan press, for instance, and others. I pose before the world, but I do not pose before my son," — his voice softened, — "and any misconception as to my motives between you and me would be hateful and absurd. In my business I come into daily, hourly contact with such men as Pennypacker. I use them, and so must you."

"I suppose," said Dick in a low voice, "that these men do work for you that — that —"

"I should not care to do for myself. Yes, my boy, that is about the size of it.

But, mark you, I don't authorize anything. I shut my eyes. I know *nothing!*"

This sophistry jarred cruelly upon Dick, and once more a wall of silence reared itself between the two, so closely knit together by ties of affection, so widely separated by codes of honor. To the unsophisticated Oxonian this seamy side of his father's character was a positive revelation. He could not trust himself to speak, but Rufus Barrington easily guessed what was passing through his mind.

"This clashes somewhat, I presume, with the teaching of those pompous devil-dodgers at Oxford."

The sneer was almost covered by a genial laugh. Dick drew a long breath.

"Yes," he replied doggedly, "it clashes."

"I was a hero worshiper myself at your age, but I did not fall down before the fetishes of an exploded religion. Your smug-faced, fat-necked doctors of divinity, rotting at ease in the quadrangles of Oxford, seem to you, no doubt, very worthy and virtuous souls. I understand that his grace of Canterbury has an income of \$75,000, and that the average parson has to dress, feed, and amuse himself, on about six hundred a year. If that does not argue something rotten in the state of Denmark, I'm a Dutchman. How you Christians reconcile that condition of affairs with the teaching of the Peasant of Galilee I'm at a loss to understand. I am perfectly well aware that my methods of conducting business are open to the criticism of theorists, but I snap my fingers at your dons."

He leaned forward in his comfortable armchair, gripping the padded sides with muscular hands. Outwardly he was cool and collected. Inwardly he was cursing the fate that had sent his boy to an English university. And yet, in his heart of hearts, he respected the lad's

scruples, and compared him favorably with the go-as-you-please, cynical, *fin-du-siècle* Henry.

"But, sir, there are certain principles that stand upon an impregnable basis. You will admit that."

"Possibly. But it is the application of principles which concerns me. What is meat to a peaceful, conservative society of pedagogues may prove poison to our turgid Californians. The great mistake that you make is in supposing that what was laid down, *revealed* you call it, hundreds of years ago applies with equal force today. You all hark back to the Sermon on the Mount. But apply its teaching, its doctrines of non-resistance, contempt of wealth, communism, promiscuous almsgiving, — and what would be the result? Hopeless anarchy and confusion."

"Of course we take the spirit, not the letter, of the law."

Mr. Barrington ignored this sentence.

"In my position," he continued, "I have to adjust acts to ends. To fertilize my schemes, schemes which will benefit my State and country, I have to use manure. I am no kid glove farmer. I judge everything by results. I make mistakes, — every man worth his salt makes mistakes, — but my smallest actions are endorsed by my reason, and I hold with Locke that reason is the only faculty we have to judge concerning anything, even revelation. The anathemas of all Christendom cannot filch from me my self-respect. My acts, my lad, are founded on the rock of experience, not upon the quicksands of superstition. I don't wish to toot my own horn, but I call myself a clean man, a *clean man*, whose word and name are respected from Maine to California."

Dick rose from his chair. His eyes were glistening, and his ugly, pleasant features were working with emotion.

"My dear father," he began, "you must give me time. You have pitchforked me into a whirlpool, a regular maelstrom, and I've spun round until I'm dizzy. However, dizzy or not, I don't propose to lie to you. My Oxford teaching does clash with, let us say, the ethics of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. But as you remarked just now, different conditions rule here. We are in a state of transition. We have not found our groove."

"I hope we never shall. Confound all grooves."

"I like grooves, sir. The wheels of life run so easily in a well oiled groove. But, daddy, as I was saying, you must give me time. Let me have plenty of rope. You see, I shall be at work in a fortnight, and I expect to roll up my sleeves and fall to with a will. At the end of a year I shall probably have tempered theory with practise. Oxford influence may be modified by Californian experience. You have your opinions salted down, as you put it, but mine are not in the brine. I have not forgotten what you said the other night about my minding my own business. It was a good lesson. My crude ideas are my own, but I shall not cram them down any man's throat. I owe you everything, sir, and believe me, I'm not ungrateful."

"Shake hands," cried the father heartily. "You have the right stuff in you, my boy. I shall try and respect your declaration of independence, and I expect before long you will join the procession. I can remember that at your age I was a bit of a damned fool myself. I won't keep you here any longer this morning. If you see your mother tell her, with my love, that I hope to drive with her at three this afternoon. Are you going home now?"

"I thought I would pay Henry a visit in his bank."

After his son had gone Mr. Barrington applied himself to the complex affairs — small and great — that demanded immediate attention. But his thoughts strayed wantonly in forbidden pastures. He recalled his own hot, rebellious youth, his grim father, an Essene in all save acceptance of the marriage tie. How he had hated him, and his cruel Calvinistic creed. "Honor thy father," — certainly he had not honored his. What if it were written in the book of fate that he, Rufus Barrington, in his turn should encounter rebellion at the hands of a child. The subtle, tragical influences of heredity, with their far-reaching ramifications, must be taken into account. If Henry opposed him, or even Helen, he might submit with tolerable equanimity, but Dick! In the presence of such a contingency the strong man trembled, for he loved the boy, how dearly, he was beginning to find out as the hideous possibility of losing the lad's affection and respect obtruded itself.

"Pshaw," he murmured impatiently. "Our cases are not parallel. I kicked against petrified priestcraft. Dick is knocking his head against the wisdom and science of the nineteenth century. He is very young and he'll get over these quixotic scruples. Of course it may come to a tug of war between us. In that case the strongest will win, and I am stronger than he. Dear child, it seems only yesterday that I was tucking him up, a baby, in his little cot."

IX.

"IS MISS BARRINGTON at home?" said John Chetwynd.

"Yes, sir, This way, sir."

The two men were crossing the entrance hall, when suddenly Chetwynd laid a heavy hand upon the pulpy shoulder of Mosher.

"Hush!" he whispered.

The astonished butler gasped and stood still, his pendulous chops quivering, the corners of his mouth drawn down, and his bushy eyebrows raised. John Chetwynd was leaning forward with a strange expression upon his sun-burned face, listening intently to the opening bars of one of Chopin's exquisite valse. His grip upon the shoulder of Mosher tightened till the man winced with the pain.

"Is that Miss Barrington playing?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Mosher expressing himself freely below stairs and using the dialect of Cockaigne, observed to the housekeeper, Mrs. Ransome: —

"E's a savage, Mrs. Ransome, ma'am, that's wot 'e is. A 'igh muck-a-muck from the great Sahairy desert. I was a goin' to show 'im into the library, but he pushes me aside and walks right in on Miss 'elen, as if the 'ole world belonged to 'im. I never see sitch manners, no, ma'am, not heven in Hoakland?"

Meanwhile Chetwynd was sitting beside the daughter of the house and amazing that young lady almost as much as he had amazed the worthy Mosher.

"You play admirably," he said in the curt tone of a man who scorns the paying of compliments. "And your technique is almost up to the professional mark. Pachman plays the first movement a thought slower, and then repeats it *pianissimo* with wonderful effect."

"I have not heard Pachman," said Helen, with a sigh.

"It is well worth crossing the Atlantic to hear only *one* of his recitals. Music, Miss Barrington, is my hobby. I can't play a note, of course, and I'm seldom in the great capitals of the world, but I know what is what. You must permit me to congratulate you on your talent. You have worked hard."

"I have practised steadily for nearly ten years."

"Ah, you have your father's grit. Of course you studied in Europe."

"I blush for myself, but I've never been to Europe," she answered carelessly, as she rose from the music stool and seated herself in a low chair near the fire. Chetwynd occupied a settee half a dozen feet away.

"Papa is a peculiar man, Mr. Chetwynd, — intensely American. He gave us all French nurses and German governesses, and actually a Latin tutor, but he insisted that traveling interfered with education."

"Your father is a man of extraordinary sense."

Helen pouted.

"It is none of my business," said Chetwynd in his most deliberate tones, "but I've noticed in the West, in Chicago, in Denver, and here in San Francisco, an element of discontent which obtains among the rising generation and which astonishes me. Now your father, Miss Barrington, made his money here in California, and I understand from him that his business interests practically chain him to the Pacific Slope. It seems to me under such conditions that what is good enough for the parent should be good enough for the children, but everywhere I meet growling sons and daughters."

"You are very frank."

"Perhaps unduly so, but this interests me. Why this growl? California and Colorado are both of them delightful States, but conceding for the sake of argument that Paris and London are more desirable as places of residence, surely the wishes of the breadwinner should be taken into account. There is something inexpressibly pathetic, to my mind, in the fact of a man toiling and moiling for thirty years, — and the

Lord knows that you Americans, the men, I mean, do toil and moil, — only to find towards the end of his life's work that the home he has made for his wife and children fails to please and satisfy them."

"We have no sense of duty," said Helen lightly. She was not annoyed by Chetwynd's outspoken criticism. The impressions of foreigners always amused her.

"If you stay here," she continued, "you will find out, Mr. Chetwynd, the extent of the difference between John Bull and Brother Jonathan. A moral as well as an actual Atlantic yawns between England and America. In some poky little New England towns you will find a puritanical, conservative, moth-eaten code of ethics, but out here we are proud of this spirit of discontent. It has made us what we are."

She laughed gayly, and Chetwynd was too well bred to pursue the subject further.

"You stand on dangerous ground," he returned curtly.

The melody of her voice fascinated him. When he first met her the girl's striking personality had impressed him. Her spontaneity attracted his attention, and her brilliant face at his lectures had proved a delightful stimulus.

"There is Dick," said Helen, after a pause, "he pretends that he's half crazy at getting back to California, but he thinks very much as I do at heart. He told me yesterday that most of Papa's friends — the old stand-bys, you know, who pioneered — had lost their senses. I did n't catch on at first. 'They can't see the colors on earth and sky,' said he, 'and they're stone deaf to the melody of an Aeschylus,' — just think, Mr. Chetwynd, of the poor things reading Aeschylus, — 'or a Beethoven, or any music worth listening to, and

they're dumb, by Jupiter, in the presence of any artist, scientist, or thinker, because they've got nothing to say! I can see that Dick feels that he is out of his element. His higher education has unfitted him for Californian life. Of course we have clever people here in San Francisco, but the business men with whom he is thrown are stupid, and inconceivably ignorant. Do you blame him because in his heart of hearts he pines for the sweetness and light of Eastern civilization?"

"His place is here," said Chetwynd gruffly.

"I'm afraid," pursued Helen, "that there will be trouble between Papa and Dick before long, serious trouble."

"I hope not," said Chetwynd. "I like your brother; he is a remarkable young man. There is a quaint old-world flavor about him."

Helen assented, and tried to turn the talk into the former channel, but Chetwynd responded but absently to her efforts.

"You're bored, Mr. Chetwynd," she said with a laugh, "pray don't deny it, or I shall lose my good opinion of you."

"Have you a good opinion of me?"

"If there is anything in physiognomy, you are a scrupulously truthful man."

"It's so much easier to tell the truth."

"I've not found that to be the case. It's easier for women to fib."

"So I've always understood," he replied grimly. "Miss Barrington, will you play for me? Some more Chopin, please."

The abrupt request savored of a command, but Helen neither fribbled nor faltered, but walked to the piano and commenced the *Fantaisie Impromptu*. She played habitually without notes, and this particular composition was a favorite one. Once or twice she glanced in the direction of Chetwynd. His features were in profile, and the sternness of their outline

never softened, not even when the melting notes of the *adagio* stole through the room and awoke tremulous echoes in the saloon beyond. But Helen knew that she had never before interpreted so faultlessly the great master. That silent, somber figure, motionless as a bronze statue, inspired her potently. It seemed to her that she was far away in the heart of some vast, tropical forest, where the air was laden with the heavy fragrance of exotics; where brilliant birds flashed mysteriously from sunlight into shadow; where spectral forms of great beasts crept stealthily through the jungle, and where—beneath the towering palms she walked alone with Chetwynd.

"By Heaven," he cried, as the last chords crashed out, "that was superb, superb!"

The girl was trembling. Her pulses throbbed. Music always moved her deeply, particularly the music of Chopin and Schubert.

"More, more," cried Chetwynd eagerly, "I'm starving for such harmonies as these."

Again the girl turned obediently to the piano, and for nearly three quarters of an hour played a succession of *ballades*, *nocturnes*, and *valse*s. When—finally—she rose from the instrument, Chetwynd hastened to express his thanks. "Words," he said, "mere words are idle. They cannot set forth my feelings." Then he noticed her pallor. "I've been selfish," he said harshly. "You are overwrought."

"No," she replied with a faint smile, as she sank into the chair he offered. "I've really enjoyed playing. I think you must have inspired me. The air of the room seemed charged with electricity."

"I've been told that I'm magnetic," observed Chetwynd, "but that of course is absurd." He saw that she was still agitated, and sitting down, related some

amusing anecdotes of Liszt and Bulow.

"You have met Liszt?"

"Many times. I have stayed with him at Weimar. He was the most delightful of men. There will never be another Liszt,—never. Don't talk to me about Rubinstein. He is magnificent, but he lacks the exquisite delicacy of Liszt."

"It's strange, Mr. Chetwynd, that you should be so fond of music. Who would suspect it?"

"And yet if I were not John Chetwynd, the explorer, I might be John Chetwynd, the virtuoso."

"What made you become a traveler?" asked Helen with a woman's natural inquisitiveness.

"A clever shot at a rabbit. Neither more nor less."

"You're joking."

"I never was more serious. A clever shot at a rabbit decided my destiny. Sir Samuel B——, the celebrated traveler and sportsman, saw me hit a rabbit in the head with a rifle ball. It was running; perhaps seventy yards away. The old park at home was full of bunnies, and as a boy I enjoyed nothing so much as shooting. This particular shot of mine attracted Sir Samuel's attention. He asked if it was a fluke. 'Do you think,' he said with his jolly laugh, 'that you could put a bullet through my hat if I throw it into the air?' I told him that I thought I could. A man who was present offered to bet five pounds about it, and Sir Samuel stepped off thirty long paces, and sent his tile spinning. When he picked it up there was a hole in the crown. Two days later he asked me to go with him to Africa. I was a younger son, with no prospects to speak of, and a strong love of adventure. Naturally I jumped at the chance. That was the beginning, and the end—well, the end is not yet."

"Surely you've wandered enough."

"The tramp fever is in my veins. They say it's incurable. Sir Samuel has settled down, perhaps I may follow his example."

"That bullet," said Helen, "produced results. I suppose, Mr. Chetwynd, you are satisfied with what you have accomplished. You have no complaints against Dame Fortune?"

"Complaints? No! But sometimes, Miss Barrington, I've felt inclined to curse that rabbit,—when a cruel death, for instance, has stared me and my friends in the face. But what's the use of whimpering."

"You don't look as if you could whimper, even if you tried. They say, Mr. Chetwynd, that you're a woman hater. Is it so?"

"No. But I've a theory of my own about women. I consider them dangerous to a man *if*—if, I say—he takes them wholly into his confidence. The reason? Well, because they look at life from an entirely different point of view. The average woman is Grecian; the average man, Roman. The Greeks, you will remember, made statues and friezes; the Romans built roads. Read your Grote, if you can, and you will see that the Greek, like a woman, always sacrificed general interests to particular: the Roman citizen, like a man, considered the State before himself. I am boring you to death, I fancy."

"But you are not boring me. Please go on."

"There is nothing more to be said. I fear I lack continuity, but I wanted to convey to you my idea. If a man, with work to do in the world, lets a woman get a hold on him, he is very likely to neglect—"

"The woman," said Helen.

"Not at all. The work will suffer. He will build no more roads. The woman will act as a drag upon—"

"The wheels of his ambition. I think I understand you perfectly, Mr. Chetwynd. You would sacrifice everything to your idol, your Juggernaut. You have plenty of precedent. Napoleon thought as you do, and —"

"But, Miss Barrington, this is an age of specialists. If a man is going to succeed he must give himself ungrudgingly to his task."

"Ah!" she cried, with a peculiar note of pain marring the sweetness of her voice, "I could give you instances, a hundred instances, where a woman's devotion has proved the best stimulus of a man's ambition."

"Some men need that kind of spur. I could submit to you a thousand cases to your hundred where love of woman has stepped between a man and his life work. Don't confound romance with reality, Miss Barrington. Romance gives undue prominence to love."

"So does the New Testament. My father considers *that* romance, perhaps you share his views?"

"We will leave the New Testament alone, if you please, and stick to the nineteenth century. I maintain that the soldier, the sailor, the doctor, the reporter, the missionary, and the explorer, cannot afford the luxury of a wife."

His words stung the girl's pride.

"A luxury," she retorted, "you call a wife a luxury."

Chetwynd laughed grimly.

"Would you like the word superfluity better?"

His imperturbable coolness turned the tide of her indignation. Few men talked with the frankness of Chetwynd. After all it was refreshing to listen to him, but—ah, how delightful it would be to make him eat his words; to prove to this scoffer that a daughter of Eve, with all her mother's failings, was capa-

ble of becoming the partner, in the best sense of the word, of even an explorer.

"Joking apart," continued Chetwynd, "will you answer me this question? A man undertakes a certain duty. He is married; has, possibly, half a dozen children dependent upon him. A crisis arises. He has to advance or retreat. Advance means almost certain death. Retreat means—in his own eyes—disgrace. What is he to do?"

"Consider his wife and children," said Helen promptly.

Chetwynd stroked his grizzled mustache in silence.

"I suppose," said Helen, "you, Mr. Chetwynd, would *advance*?"

"I think so."

The girl half closed her eyes in thought. She was morally certain that behind these ironclad sentiments of Chetwynd was a story—a skeleton, perhaps—that it might be interesting and profitable to articulate. She tried to recall some random gossip, a hint or two that had been dropped by Mrs. Paul Travers. What was it? Something about a woman in Assam, or Siam, or Japan. She had not paid any attention to the details of the story, believing it to be some absurd *canard*. Perhaps—

Her vague, nebulous thoughts were dispelled with amazing promptness as she realized that Chetwynd was bidding her goodbye.

"I must thank you again for your music. You will play to me once more before I leave, *I hope*."

"With pleasure," she replied politely, but of course, you are coming to our ball?"

"I'm not a dancing man."

"But you *must* come," she insisted. Suddenly the glint of a suit of armor struck her eye.

"If you don't dance," she said slowly, "I can suggest a costume that would suit you admirably. Will you wear this

suit of armor? It is complete, and one of the finest specimens — I believe — of sixteenth century Milanese work. Papa was told by an expert that in all probability it was made especially for that great function, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It is fluted as you see, and inlaid with gold. Marmion may have owned just such harness as this. Wear it to please me."

Chetwynd examined the armor with the greatest interest. She saw that the suggestion pleased him.

"Scott's description of Marmion fits you to a hair," she added. "That armor was not made for Flodden, perhaps; but no carpet knight could have worn it."

"Do you think it would fit me?" he asked doubtfully.

"I will guarantee the fit. It's not so heavy as it looks, and after supper you can change into your evening clothes. Mosher or one of the boys will act as your esquire, and I will gird you with this good Toledo blade."

"Very well," he replied with a laugh, "if I'm destined to usher in the year 1889 as Lord Marmion, so be it. What costume have you selected, Miss Barington?"

"That," she replied gravely, "is a secret."

"I shall recognize you no matter what you wear. By the bye, I dine here the day after tomorrow. Will you play again then?"

"What! At a dinner party? No, thank you."

"May I come tomorrow?" he asked boldly, letting his eyes rest upon hers.

"If you like," she replied slowly.

"I should like — immensely."

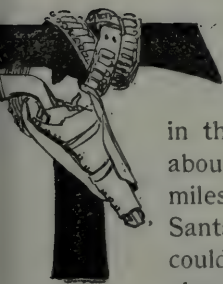
His eyes still rested upon her slender form, but not offensively. He seemed reluctant to go.

"I believe I have an engagement," — he frowned heavily, — "but I shall cancel it," she added calmly; "so you may come, Mr. Chetwynd, at three o'clock. *Au revoir.*"

Horace Annesley Vachell.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

POWDER MAKING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



THE mills of the California Powder Works are snugly ensconced in the San Lorenzo Cañon, about two and one half miles north of the city of Santa Cruz. Their position could not be better chosen; abundant water power, im-

portant in this State where fuel is costly; an inexhaustible supply of wood from which to make that most important ingredient of powder, charcoal; proximity

to the railroads and the sea for transportation facilities; and an isolation peculiarly desirable in the manufacture of explosives, — all combine to make an ideal site. The works were established over thirty years ago and since then have grown and flourished until now they take rank with the largest mills in the United States in the quantity of powder manufactured, while in perfection of plant and excellence of product they are in the van of all progress.

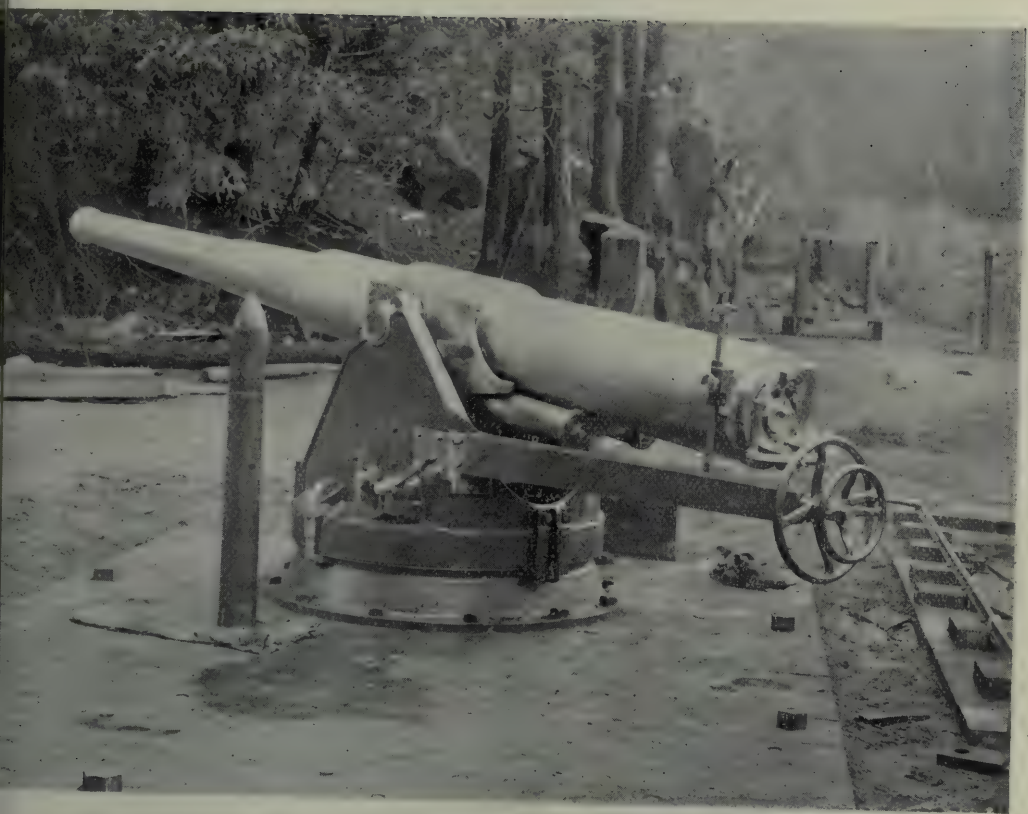
There are, broadly speaking, three

general varieties of powder made at Santa Cruz: black, brown, and smokeless; and a brief description of each shall be given. The first two are but variations of the same thing,—the brown having been developed from the black,—and many of the processes of manufacture are very similar, often identical.

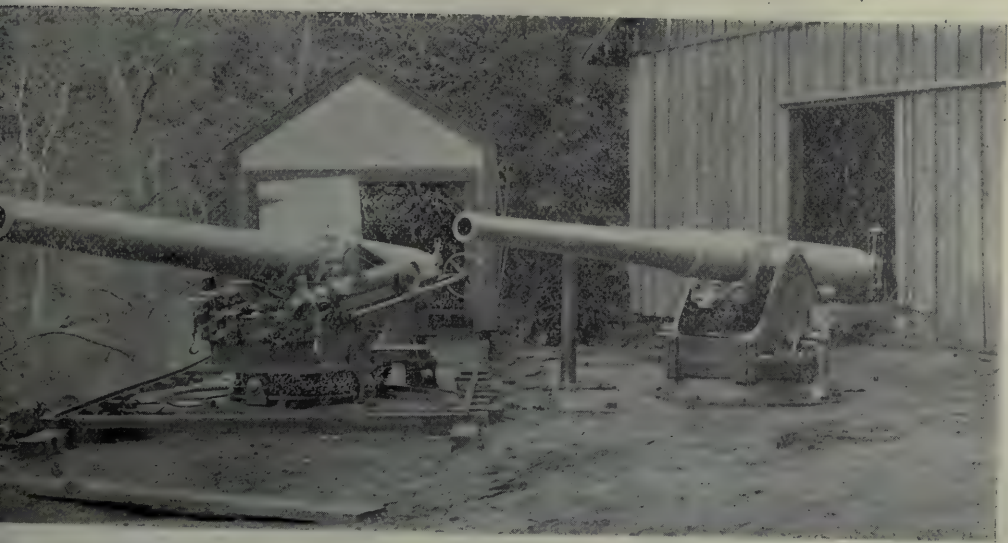
The first step in the making of any powder, the preparation and purification of the ingredients, is of consummate importance. As every one knows, in gunpowder there are three components, charcoal, sulphur, and saltpeter. The part played by the saltpeter is to supply the oxygen wherein the combustion of the charcoal and sulphur takes place. These latter two are the combustibles, and while their functions merge, yet, broadly stated, that of the charcoal is to supply the gas, that of the sulphur to initiate and help maintain that high temperature which lends such violence to the explosion of powder. The composition of the sulphur and saltpeter is fixed,—the one being an element, the other a definite and invariable chemical compound. With the charcoal it is otherwise, it not being, as generally supposed, a simple substance, but rather a mixture in varying proportions of a great many complicated chemical compounds. By the amount, the rate, or the manner of burning the wood, an almost indefinite series of charcoals can be obtained, varying in its extremes from wood on the one hand to a nearly pure carbon on the other. Each of these varieties, when made into powder, gives rise to a different product, differing not only in quickness and energy, but also in the manner in which its energy is manifested.

All forms of energy may be divided into two parts, the combination of which is a measure of the amount of energy realized. For example, with water power we may have a very large amount of

water at a low head (low intensity) producing a certain amount of power, or we may have a small quantity at a very high head (high intensity) which will produce the same amount of power or energy as in the former case. It is the same with electric power, and in fact with all forms of energy. With powders the quantity factor is the amount of gas liberated during the combustion, the intensity factor the amount of heat evolved. Now these two factors in the amount of work done by a burning powder can be varied at will by using charcoal burned to a greater or less extent. The brown coals; that is, those which are the least burned and which most nearly resemble wood in their chemical composition give the greatest amount of gas with the least evolution of heat, while the very strongly burned coals, the black coals, give little gas but that at a very high temperature. Intermediate varieties of charcoal give results varying between these two extremes, so that by a proper selection of the coal one may determine the expression—so to speak—of the energy of the resulting powder. So too, the quickness of a powder may be varied between wide limits by using different coals, but in this case the extreme of result—quickness—is not at either end of the series, but in the middle,—the so-called red coals producing a powder quicker than any other. It can therefore be readily seen what an important factor in this manufacture is the preparation of the charcoal. The choice of a wood is wide and is not of such great importance as is generally imagined. A good charcoal can be made of nearly any wood, provided it receives the proper treatment, but of course the treatment will have to vary with the nature of the wood and some woods lend themselves to the purpose very much more readily than others. The usual



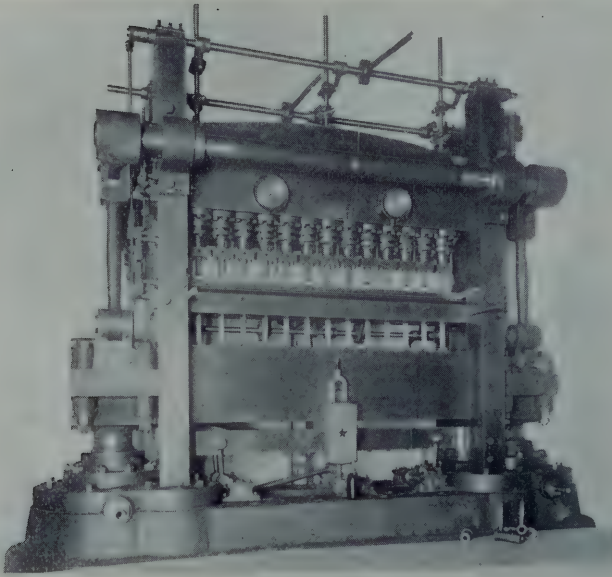
Five Inch Rapid Fire Gun.



Six Inch Breech Loading Rifle.

Five Inch Rapid Fire Gun.

AT THE PROVING GROUNDS.



THE PRISMATIC POWDER PRESS.

requirements demanded of a wood of which to make charcoal destined for use in gunpowder are that it shall be soft and free from hard concentric rings of growth, for these render more difficult not only the even charring, but also the subsequent pulverization; that it shall contain no resinous matter, for the presence of such in the wood interferes to a certain extent with the polishing of the powder afterwards made from it; and finally that it shall have but little ash,—for a content of inert matter cannot but be objectionable.

The woods used at Santa Cruz are mainly of three different varieties,—madroño for blasting and low grade powders, willow and alder for the better grades. For burning the charcoal there are two different methods employed, the one for the black coals, the other for those which are charred to a lesser degree. In the former the wood is placed in large iron cylinders, each capable of holding about a quarter of a cord. These retorts are provided with removable cov-

ers which are luted in place after the wood is introduced, and with pipes for carrying off the volatile products of distillation. The operation takes a day and at the end of that time the charcoal is withdrawn and cooled out of contact with air to guard against spontaneous ignition, a strongly marked property of freshly burned charcoals. For the red and brown coals a different process is used. They are charred by means of a current of superheated steam, the great advantage of the

method being that it can be controlled much more readily than when the burning is done by a direct application of heat. It is a very delicate operation at best, and when the proper point is reached the process must be immediately stopped, for even a few minutes' time would be sufficient to give a charcoal differing altogether in properties from that desired.

Of the other two ingredients—sul-

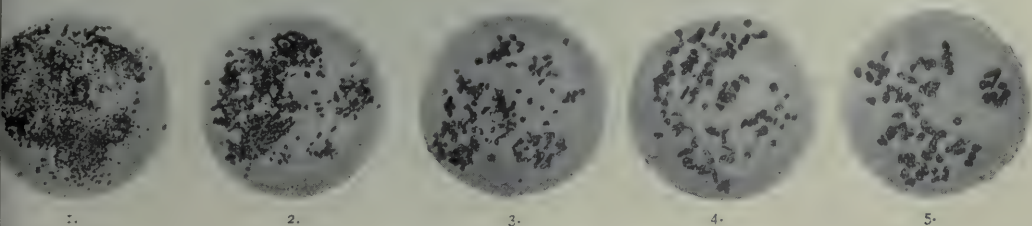




NORTHERN PORTION OF WORKS.

phur and saltpeter—there is much less to be said. They are both bodies of fixed composition, and all that is required is that they should be free from impurities or contaminations of any sort. The sulphur as bought is sufficiently pure and is given no preliminary treatment at the mills. The saltpeter, as it comes from India, contains a great deal of impurity, which must all be eliminated be-

fore it is fit to enter into the composition of gunpowder. It contains sand and grit, whose presence would be very objectionable, and foreign salts with deliquescent properties, which if not removed would carry that highly undesirable feature into the powder. The purification is effected by dissolving in boiling water, adding a solution of glue to bring to the surface as a scum the sand and grit, and



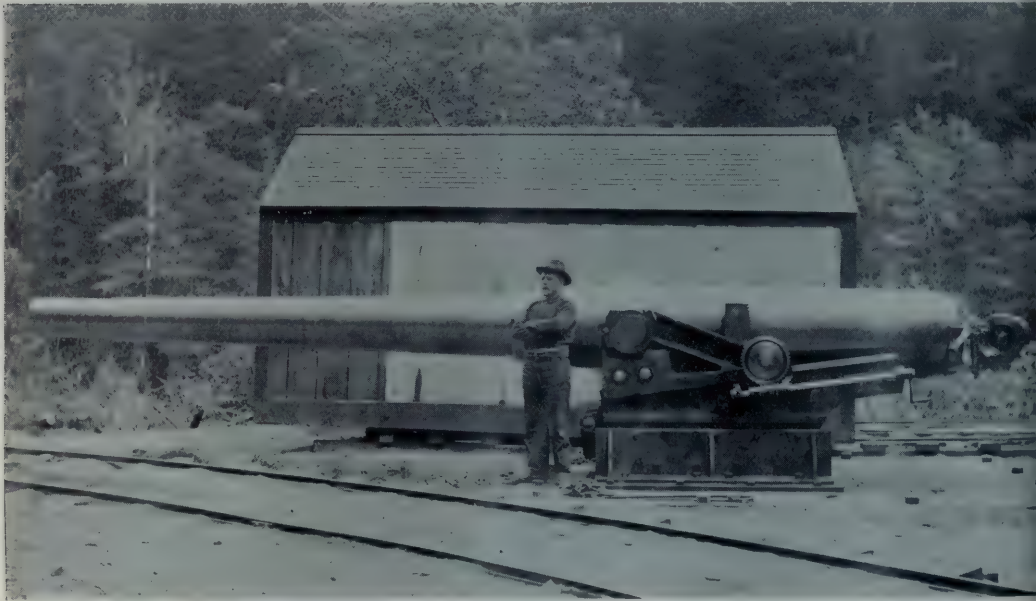
SPORTING BLACK POWDER.

then from the hot liquor crystallizing out the pure saltpeter. A thorough drying and grinding is then all that remains to make it ready for the mills.

The proportions of the three ingredients used for powder vary considerably, but for the usual grades of black powder they do not depart more than a few per cent from the time-honored formula of seventy-five parts of saltpeter, ten of sulphur, and fifteen of charcoal. In the powder for heavy ordnance, the brown powder, the variation is much wider; the saltpeter may sink as low as sixty per cent or rise as high as eighty-five per cent, the sulphur is greatly reduced, sometimes being left out entirely, while a considerable proportion of the coal is often advantageously replaced by one or the other of the common carbohydrates. The composition of a powder is primarily determined by the requirements of the gun in which it is to be fired, but there are often mechanical considerations



which render otherwise admirable theoretical formulae of but little practical value. For example, there are compositions chemically perfect but of such a rebellious nature that their pressing is well nigh an impossibility. Some do not work well in the incorporating mills, while yet again there are others which produce powder that cannot be dried in



Eight Inch Gun Showing Open Breech.

AT THE PROVING GROUNDS.

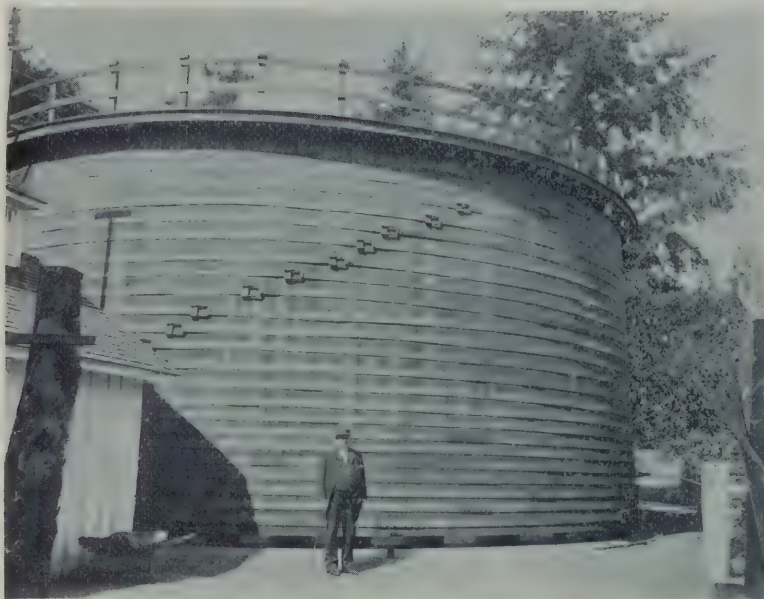


WATER FLUME.

a reasonable time. A large part of a powder maker's life is given over to the designing of new machinery and the working up of new methods for handling special mixtures.

The first step in the manufacture of powder is the pulverization and mixing of the charcoal and sulphur. These two bodies together with an equal weight of small iron balls are placed in cast iron cylinders provided with ledges on the inside to catch the balls and carry them to the top as the barrel is revolved, whence they fall through the mass of material and in the course of one or two days pulverize it to an impalpable dust. This dust together with the finely ground saltpeter is then brought to the incorporating mills, whose function—as the name implies—is more than a mere mixing—it is a grinding together in the closest possible contact of the three ingredients. The machinery is simple, consisting of two large iron rollers or wheels, weighing seven tons apiece, connected by a

very short axle and running upon an iron bed. The powder is placed upon this bed and the wheels when revolved upon it, being coupled upon such a short axle, keep constantly slipping, thus giving a true grinding and rending of the particles, together with a most intimate mixing. A thorough incorporation is a part of powder manufacture of the prime importance, especially for that which is destined to be used in shotguns and sporting rifles. These arms being very short, the powder has only an infinitesimally brief time to act upon the bullet or charge of shot, and the composing particles must be in exceeding close contact in order to permit of a complete combustion. If the incorporation be imperfect, then a portion of the powder will be blown from the gun before it has had time to burn, and the work which it should have done in imparting motion of the projectile will be lost. This is generally the fault of what is called a "weak" powder. With the large can-



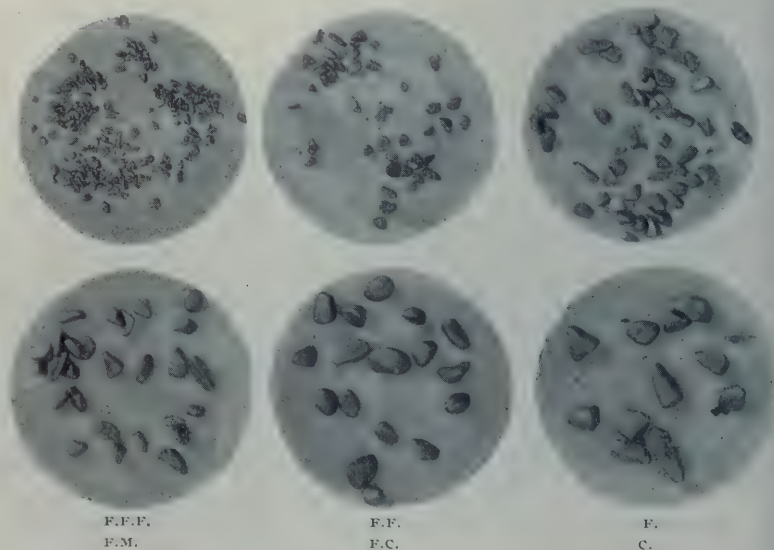
300,000 GALLON STORAGE TANK.

which the powder is worked in the incorporating mills. This time varies from two hours to twelve, — twelve hours being the superior limit beyond which there is very little advantage in proceeding.

After the powder has been mixed thoroughly, it is pressed into cakes about one half inch thick, a number of layers of loose

non it is different: they are very long and the powder has much more time wherein to act before the projectile leaves the gun, and the chemical reaction has an opportunity to proceed to completion without the necessity of such intimate mixing of the ingredients. The time from the ignition of the charge until the shot leaves the muzzle is in a shotgun about three thousandths of a second, while in the large cannon the interval is often as long as forty thousandths of a second. The thoroughness of the incorporation is dependent in great part upon the length of time

powder, alternating with bronze or aluminum plates, being subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure,—about two thousand pounds to the square inch,—which causes the powder to cohere until it becomes almost as hard as flint. The object of this pressing is to give density



BLASTING POWDER.



THE KRAG-JORGENSEN RIFLE, THE NEW ARMY REGULATION.

and hardness to the grain subsequently made. The harder it is pressed the more dense the powder becomes, and the slower it is when finished—the softer it is pressed the less dense, the more porous, and the quicker. In pressing, the amount of water contained is of great importance. Between certain limits the more moisture present the more readily the powder presses but also the more porous it becomes in drying by reason of the interstices left by the evaporating water.

The cakes of powder have now to be broken up into grains of various sizes, dependent upon the use for which the powder is intended. The mills for this purpose are termed corning mills, and consist essentially of three or more pairs of rolls, the two rolls of each pair being set face to face in close proximity and running in opposite directions. The first pair of rolls are made of bronze and are covered with teeth or projections, which serve to break the press cake into coarse lumps. The other rolls are of zinc and smooth. An arrangement of sieves is used to separate out the grain which is of the proper fineness, while that which is too coarse is automatically returned through the mill. The sizes of the grains of powder vary greatly, while the grains of fuse powder are less than one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter, for field guns they

are sometimes made nearly a half an inch. Of course there are much larger grains than these latter, but they are molded, as will be described later.

All saltpeter powders go through the processes so far described, but after being grained the subsequent treatment of sporting and cannon powders diverges widely. The black powder goes to the glazing mill, where it is placed in large wooden barrels holding nearly three tons at a charge. These barrels are revolved slowly, and the friction of the powder upon the sides of the barrel and upon itself as it rolls over not only polishes the grains but also generates sufficient heat to dry the charge at the same time. At a certain period during the glazing a little graphite is added to increase the luster. These mills are a great improvement over drying in a dry-house and subsequently glazing,—as was formerly done,—for they perform both operations



SOUTHERN PORTION OF WORKS. SANTA CRUZ IN THE DISTANCE.



SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE.

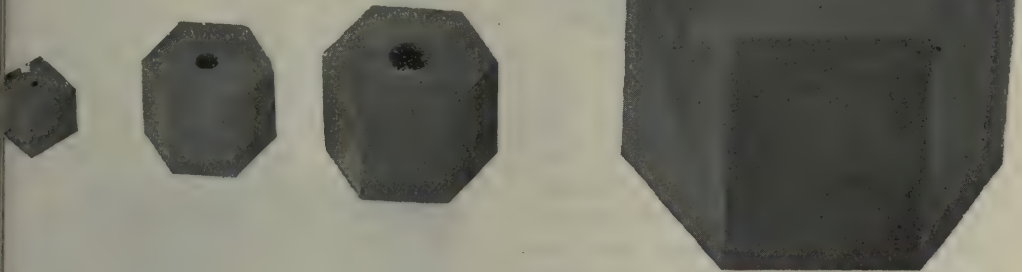
at once besides saving a great deal of fuel. The first mill of the sort ever built was one at Santa Cruz, but they are now in use the world over.

After the powder has been glazed and dried it is passed over a nest of sieves to separate the different sized grains. It is then inspected and proved to determine if it meets all the requirements demanded of it, after which—if the proof be satisfactory—it is put into packages and labeled.

The course of treatment of brown powder is the same as that already described up to and including the graining process.

The brown powder grain is taken—without drying or glazing—and molded into various forms in a machine called the prismatic press. This operation is, mechanically speaking, the most difficult of all the problems of powder making. Such high pressure has to be used, sometimes running up to sixty thousand or even seventy thousand pounds to the square inch, that it is very difficult to get material sufficiently strong for the work. Then too the action and motion of the machine are complicated, and the whole operation has to be controlled with exceeding nicety in order that the

powder may shoot evenly. A few tenths of a second variation in the time under pressure, a tenth of a per cent difference in the moisture, a hundred pounds more



BROWN CANNON POWDER.

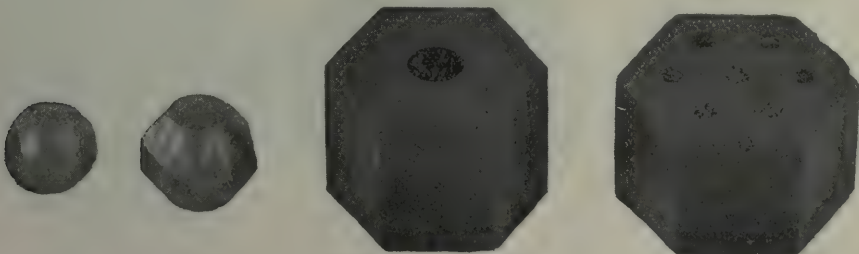
Height of Largest Prism, 2½ inches.

or less in pressure,—and a different powder is produced.

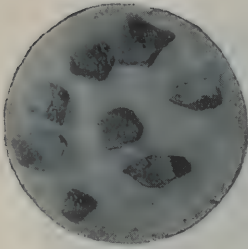
There are many different types of prismatic presses, but the most successful are those operated by hydraulic pressure. Water for such purposes can be controlled to a far greater nicety than can any plain mechanical motion. The presses in use at Santa Cruz are the company's own designs, the result of years of unsatisfactory experience with other forms. One of them, just completed, is considered to be of the very finest description and construction. It deserves its name "Hydraulic," for water pressure automatically actuates all of its many and complicated motions, there being throughout its many parts over two hundred and fifty reciprocating movements every minute. It makes thirteen

grains at a stroke, each grain receiving an independent pressure which can be adjusted to a nicety, from a few hundred pounds up to a hundred thousand pounds, and it is capable of making grains of any size and shape, from those which weigh less than one eighth of an ounce apiece up to the largest of over a pound in weight. The evenness of timing when under pressure is so accurate that when once set it can be relied upon to keep within a variation of one fiftieth of one per cent,—better than the ordinary watch,—while at will this duration can be varied from a fraction of a second to one minute.

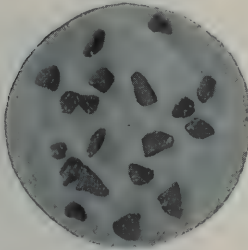
The powder is molded by these presses into various forms, but generally into that of a hexagonal prism with a hole through the center. The prisms are



BLACK CANNON POWDER.



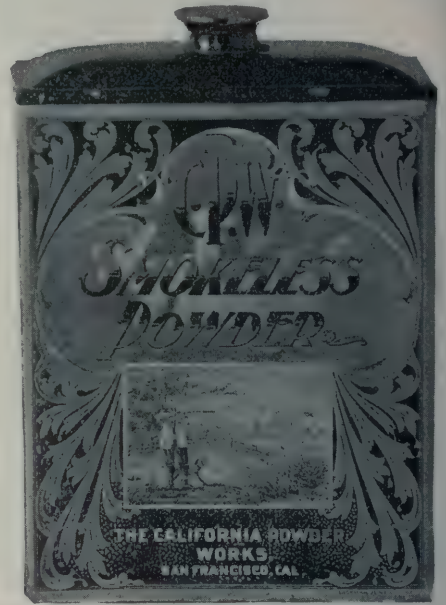
1 K CANNON.



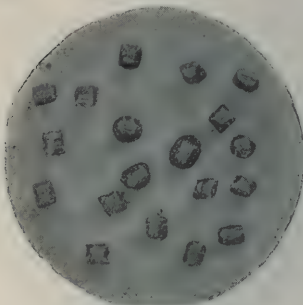
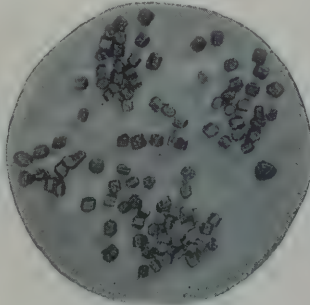
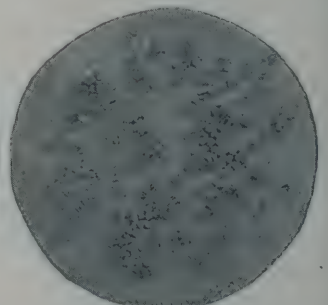
F M CANNON.

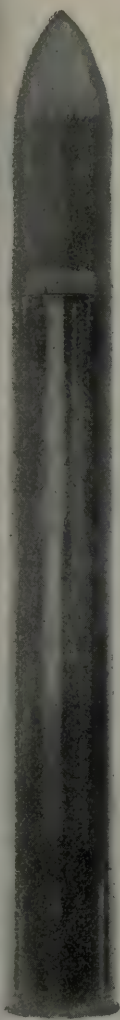
made hexagonal so that they may build up together in the cartridge into a compact mass like the cells of a bee-hive. The object of the hole through the center is to make the burning more progressive. The great desideratum of powder for large cannon is that it should give the greatest possible velocity to the projectile with the least possible pressure in the gun. To accomplish this it is very desirable to have the powder burn slowly when it is first ignited and increase its rate of burning as the projectile approaches the muzzle and leaves more space wherein the gases can expand. A perfect powder would be one which would hold up the pressure equally all the time that the projectile is traveling in the gun, for then would be obtained the very highest velocity with the lowest pressure. Now the amount of gas given out by a powder, other things being equal, is dependent upon the extent of burning surface. The more surface the more gas emitted. With a solid grain of any

shape the surface is constantly decreasing as the grain burns away until towards the end there is nothing save the smallest particle. With a pierced powder it is otherwise. As the burning proceeds the outside surface of the grain decreases but the inside surface around the hole increases very rapidly, so that if the proportions of the grain be properly chosen, at the end of the combustion the



fire is burning on a larger area than it was at the beginning. The sizes of the prisms are proportioned to the cannon

PEYTON SMOKELESS
FOR HOTCHKISS FIELD GUN.PEYTON SMOKELESS
FOR THIRTY CALIBER RIFLE.C. P. W. SMOKELESS,
SMOKELESS SPORTSMAN.

SIX POUNDER
HOTCHKISS.THREE POUN-
DER HOTCHKISS

for which they are intended in order that they may build up into a cartridge of proper dimensions to fit the powder chamber of the gun.

The powder from the prismatic press is dried in a dry house after which samples are taken and fired in one of the large cannons used for that purpose at the works. If the proof be satisfactory, the prisms are packed in hermetically sealed

FIVE INCH RAPID FIRE
FIFTY LB. PROJECTILE.

boxes and are then ready for the final proof and inspection by the government officers.

In proving powder the two main requirements are those of velocity and pressure. The government specifies in its contracts that the powder when fired under service conditions, in the gun for which it is intended, must give to the projectile a velocity of at least a certain number of feet per second without producing a pressure of over a certain num-

ber of tons to the square inch. The muzzle velocity required for the modern guns varies from two thousand to twenty-three hundred feet per second, while the pressure is never allowed to exceed fifteen tons to the square inch.

It is difficult to imagine the great amount of energy which is stored up in the powder charge of some of our modern guns. Take for example the thirteen inch rifles that will be upon the Oregon. Five hundred and fifty pounds of powder in these guns imparts to an eleven hundred pound shot a velocity of twenty-one hundred feet per second, and the energy of the projectile is nearly two and one-half million foot tons,—a power sufficient to lift a vessel the size of the Oregon eight feet out of the water. Even then the amount of energy expended upon the projectile is only a fraction of what the powder would be capable of accomplishing under ideal conditions.

The standard of the requirements for ordnance powder in the United States is higher than in any foreign country. It is therefore a matter of great pride to the American makers that they have been able to develop powder of a grade distinctly superior to that of any European manufacture. Many mills in this country have endeavored to make these powders, but of them all only two companies have met with success. These two companies are E. I. Du Pont & Co. of Wilmington, Delaware, and The California Powder Works.

A very important portion of the Santa Cruz works is that devoted to smokeless powders. These powders may be divided into two great classes,—those for sporting and those for military use. They are a modern conception and have only come into prominence in the last few years. With the adoption of small bore rifles by the principal countries of the

world came the necessity for powder which when fired would leave little if any residue in the bore. The fouling attendant upon the use of black powder in rifles of small caliber soon accumulated to such an extent as to render the shooting very inaccurate. The California Powder Works was among the first—if not the first—in this country to institute experiments in this line, and the success with which they



1 & 3. POWDER CHARGES MADE IN SECTIONS ON ACCOUNT OF WEIGHT. 125 LBS. EACH.
2. EIGHT INCH PROJECTILE. 250 LBS.



have met has been most encouraging, for the United States Army has for years past been using their powder to the exclusion of all others. It is certainly very gratifying to have our government come to California for powder after exhaustive experiments with the best that the rest of the world could produce.



The principal military smokeless powders in use are composed of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, either alone or in combination with other bodies whose function is to reduce the violence of the reaction. Of this latter class is the powder made at Santa Cruz, and the process and machinery for making it has, by a long course of experimentation, been reduced to a very simple basis.

The components are mixed together in the presence of a liquid having a solvent action upon the gun-cotton. The resulting dough-like mass is placed in a press, something like that used for making macaroni, and is squeezed out to form a flat ribbon. This ribbon is run between rollers to reduce it to the proper thickness, and is then cut up into grains, after which it is dried. The size of the grains and the composition of course vary, depending upon the gun for which the powder is intended. Smokeless powder for shot guns is made by quite a different

process. Nothing save the very finest and purest gun-cotton is used in making it, the other ingredients being comparatively small in quantity. No nitro-glycerin is used, for nitro-glycerin, though an admirable component of military powder, is not adapted to those to be used for sporting purposes. Its combustion is not complete in a shotgun, and the fumes give very violent headaches to the shooter.

The process of making shotgun powder is rather complicated in detail, though quite simple in principle. The gun-cotton is beaten up in a churn with water, while in another churn there is placed a mixture of water and a gun-cotton solvent. After both these churns have been running for a time, the contents of one are pumped over into the other. The mixture is then run off into a still, the solvents evaporated off, and the resulting mass of powder dried and sifted. This powder has been but a short time on the market, but has met with great success, fulfilling as it does all the rigid requirements of what sportsmen term a perfect powder. Its keeping qualities are perfect,—it is not affected by heat or moisture; it produces but little recoil, and it gives most excellent

pattern and penetration. Its ignition is prompt and ready. It can be loaded like black powder, and its results are independent of the pressure with which the wads are seated. Each lot is very carefully tested when finished, and all that sold is of the very highest standard. Particular importance is placed upon the pressures obtained in the proof, and this powder strains the gun less than any other smokeless,—in fact, its pressures are not any higher than those given by the ordinary grades of black.

Important adjuncts of the Powder Works are the keg shops,—where are made the steel kegs in which the powder is shipped,—and the cartridge machines, ingenious mechanisms, each capable of loading thirty thousand cartridges per day. The proving ground is another interesting spot, filled as it is with ordnance of all descriptions. Nearly every day the cañon of the San Lorenzo echoes with the booming of cannon, while a few hundred yards away the electric chronographs register the time of flight of the projectile with an accuracy of a millionth of a second, and a millionth of a second, as recorded by the chronographs, often serves to divide success from failure,—such is the accuracy of modern methods.

W. C. P.

THE BIRTH OF A FLOWER.

WHEN Israel's Captain bade the sun stand still,
Loosed from the orb, a million flakes of flame
Were wafted down on meadow, vale, and hill,
And so to earth the golden poppy came.

Philip Morse.



Courtesy of The Selby Smelting and Lead Co.

INANIMATE TARGET SHOOTING.




THE shooting of inanimate targets is a form of sport with the shotgun which has, within a few years, attained wonderful popularity. Since the introduction of the inanimate target, trap-shooting has ceased to be the sport of the few and become instead the favored pastime and recreation of the many. Inanimate targets were first created in response to a demand of necessity. The mass of shooters found the shooting of live pigeons too expensive. Good birds were hard to get, and when most wanted for a match could not be found at all. Such conditions called for an exercise of ingenuity, to devise some object which could be thrown from a trap, or otherwise set in flight, and which would serve as a substitute for live pigeons. As the result of continued effort and experiment we have the targets of today, which, if not a perfect substitute for live birds, at least give satisfaction, and provide lovers of the gun with much sport and recreation which would otherwise be denied them. Composition targets are smashed by the millions every year.

The development and growth of interest in target shooting has been little short of phenomenal. In the affections of the

great mass of sportsmen throughout the country this form of sport now holds first place. The sport is popular because it is inexpensive. In live pigeon matches the charge is from twenty to twenty-five cents a bird, while the artificial target is trapped for the shooter at an expense of from two to three cents a bird. The successful shooting tournaments of the country are the inanimate target tournaments. In fact the shooting of live birds at tournaments is now but little followed. The mere announcement of a target tournament will frequently call forth one hundred or more entries. The announcement of a live bird tournament with equally liberal inducements might call out twenty-five entries, but certainly no more. Pigeon shooting, however, is an alluring form of sport which will long have enthusiastic devotees, and at anything like equal expense few indeed would be the men who could be found shooting targets rather than live birds.

Although inanimate targets are in use throughout the world, few of the new generation of shooters know the history of their development. The first inventors of targets met with but indifferent success because of mistaken efforts to produce an object which would not only fly but also resemble the live pigeon in appearance. Among the earliest of inanimate targets was the gyro pigeon,



 **BREAKING TARGETS.**

Courtesy of The Selby Smelting and Lead Co.

which was so constructed that arms would revolve, working in imitation of pigeon wings. It was thrown from a trap, but, according to W. B. Leffingwell, there was a certainty in its line of flight and an uncertainty of its flying and falling when hit, that soon did away with its use.

Next after the gyro pigeon came the Bogardus glass ball, which for a time enjoyed wonderful popularity. Imitations of the glass ball were numerous, but few improvements were made on the original. One genius thought to cater to the imagination of sportsmen by filling glass balls with feathers. When a ball was broken the feathers drifted in the air and the shooter with a lively imagination was supposed to conjure up visions of sport afield among grouse, quail, or ducks.

Popular as were the glass balls when first introduced, they enjoyed only a temporary success. Bogardus's invention gave way to the clay pigeons, which were invented by Ligowsky, and after which are modeled the targets of today. A well known sportsman-author, writing recently of the original clay pigeons, described them thus: "The first ones had tongues of heavy paper secured to them. These paper tongues were inserted between two springs which released them when the lever or arm attained the proper sweep. The main objection to the working of the targets was this tongue, for it was easily stuck or broken off."

Many of the older generation of shooters in California will recall that in order to introduce clay pigeons throughout the country a series of twenty-five matches



THE TRAP.

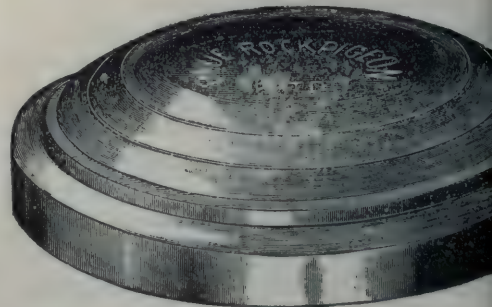
was arranged between Doctor Carver and Captain Bogardus. Each match was at one hundred clay pigeons, eighteen-yard rise, and of the total number shot at 2,227 were broken by Doctor Carver and 2,103 by Captain Bogardus. Doctor Carver made two scores of one hundred straight birds, and of the twenty-five matches he won nineteen, lost three, and tied in three. The use of both barrels was allowed, and the winner's average being less than ninety per cent, the scores were by no means equal to those now made under more difficult conditions with the use of one barrel only.

From the clay pigeon has been evolved the Blue Rock, the Empire, King Bird, and other modern targets now in general use throughout the United States. A fair sample target is the Blue Rock, which is practically the only target used on the Pacific Coast. The form of the target is that of a disk. It is made of a composition so mixed as to insure that the target will break when hit with a charge of shot, and yet at the same time stand the strain of rough handling in trapping and admit the recovery from the ground of a goodly proportion of the targets not broken in

the air. The targets are thrown from spring traps so adjusted that the bird may be released by the mere touching of an electric button in the scorer's box.

A blue rock in rapid flight presents but a small object for the aim of the shooter. The bird is released at a rise of sixteen yards and for the first instant all the shooter can see is a small dark streak gliding rapidly away from him. Sometimes the bird is released at a known angle, while at other times the angle is unknown and the shooter must be on the alert to discern the flight of the bird when it is sprung. A bulkhead conceals the trap from the view of the shooter so that he has no view of the target until it is in flight.

The targets when first sprung from the traps travel at great speed and are really a more difficult object to hit than the live pigeon. The secret of success in breaking targets is to shoot them as soon as possible after they leave the trap. The quicker the aim the more certain the shooter is of breaking his targets. There should be no dwelling on the aim. The shooter must know instinctively when the gun is pointed right and pull the trigger at once. Continual trying to get a second aim is fatal to good scores, and when the shooter does pull trigger he does so without any confidence, and with a feeling that if he does get the bird it will be more through luck than skill.



No exact rule can be laid down for the guidance of the beginner. It is all nonsense to say that a certain quartering bird must be led a certain number of inches or a certain number of feet. The instinct of the shooter as developed by experience can alone inform him as to just how a particular bird should be shot. The safest rule is that given by that prince of good shots and good-fellows, Harvey McMurchy of New York. "I know," said McMurchy, "only one rule in shooting. When you think your gun is pointed right pull the trigger, but not before."

The gun used in target shooting must be of such a pattern as will render it impossible for a target to escape by reason of the spreading of the shot. For a quick shot a gun of modified choke is best. If a shooter is inclined to be slow he needs a full choke gun, which will enable him to reach the target at extreme distances.

Some wonderful scores have been made by men who make shooting a business, and especially by Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, an Eastern expert, who is acknowledged to be the champion target shot of the world. It is quite a common occurrence for Mr. Heikes to break one hundred targets without a miss. He has broken as high as 181 targets straight, and on one occasion scored 468 blue rocks out of 500, shooting under five different rules.

Nearly every small city in the country now has one or more shooting clubs, and the result of much shooting has been to make many experts, some of whom may in future far surpass the seemingly marvellous scores of Rolla Heikes.

In no part of the country during the past year has target shooting had a more decided boom than in California. Local interest in this form of sport commenced with the advent of the clay pigeon. It has steadily grown, until today a gun club is to be found in nearly every town in

the State. For the first time California target shooters have this year united for the advancement of their favorite sport. In response to a call issued last June by the Olympic Gun Club of San Francisco, organization was effected in that month of the California Inanimate Target Association, in which it is proposed to unite all the inanimate target clubs in the State. The idea of the Association was received with enthusiasm from the start, and the result has been an added boom for the sport. Arrangements are now in progress for the initial tournament of the Association, which is to be held at the shooting grounds of Clabrough, Golcher & Co., in Oakland, on October 6th and 7th. This tournament is being arranged on an elaborate scale, and promises to be the most notable event of the kind ever held in the West. The management counts on having not less than two hundred contestants, and would not be surprised if the number should reach three hundred. Among the trophies provided will be two of especial value, emblematic respectively of the club and individual championship of the State. Other trophies and prizes have been provided to the value of many hundreds of dollars, and altogether this coming tournament promises to mark the dawn of a new era in the history of inanimate target shooting in the West.

That the California Inanimate Target Association is designed to accomplish much for the good of sport, is evidenced by its broad declaration of principles. Under the head of "Objects," Article II. of the constitution of the Association declares as follows:—

The objects of this association shall be to promote acquaintance and good fellowship among sportsmen, to develop the trap shooting skill of individuals, to encourage the organization of gun clubs, and to increase club interest and club spirit through the holding of tournaments from time to time as the association shall deem wise and proper;

and by the establishment of a central governing body to give to the sport of inanimate target shooting in California an official head.

The officers of the Association are:— President, Merton C. Allen, San Francisco. Vice-Presidents, A. A. Martin, Mill Valley; H. Quinton, San Francisco; E. Werner, Watsonville; George Ditz, Jr., Stockton; and Col. S. I. Kellogg,

Oakland. Secretary-Treasurer, George P. Schaefer, Stockton.

The success of the Association means the advancement of an innocent and rational sport. The organization enters upon its career under most favorable auspices. It deserves and should have the sympathy and support of every sportsman in California.

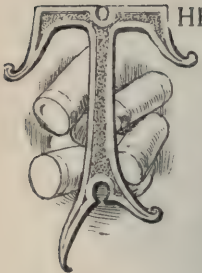
Merton C. Allen.



THE R. LIDDLE COMPANY EJECTOR.

SMOKELESS POWDERS FOR SHOTGUNS.

A STUDY BY "DICK SWIVELLER."



HERE is scarcely anything that is used by man so universally, and of which he knows so little as gunpowder. There are few, comparatively speaking, who really understand of what it is made, the forces it engenders, and why it is that when ignited it is converted into an entirely different body. This body in black gunpowder is a gas of high elasticity, and when properly confined by the necessary wadding, yields a projectile force greater or less, according to the quantity and quality of powder in connection with

the interior area and length of the gun barrel. This is also the rule that governs the use of all nitro and smokeless powders, for in their manufacture a good quality of black powder is used to establish a standard of comparison.

We have no absolute date of the invention of gunpowder, but we know that it was used as early as the year 1249. It is believed that the introduction of gunpowder into Europe, occurred very early in the Christian era and that it was brought by the Moors into Spain. There was something closely allied to gunpowder used A. D.

668 at the siege of Constantinople, and the Arabs or Saracens are said to have used it in 690 during the siege of Mecca, and there are writers who really affirm that it was known to Mahomet.

In a manuscript written about 846 by Marcus Graceus, entitled "*Liber Ignium*," he describes gunpowder as made of saltpeter six parts, charcoal one part, and sulphur one part. Now this formula is about the same as is used today.

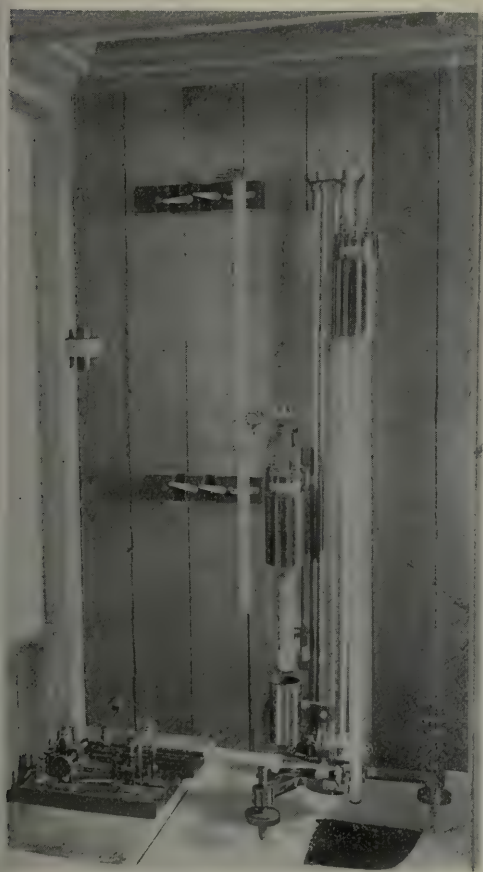
A German monk named Berthold Schwartz, who had studied writings regarding the manufacture and mixing of gunpowders, has been commonly accounted the inventor; but this is not correct, for from the most reliable sources



it is shown that gunpowder was used according to the formula above mentioned prior to any of Schwartz's experiments. However, giving honor where it is due, Schwartz did make known the recondite properties of gunpowder. It was adopted in Europe about 1315 to 1325, and it is more than probable that gunpowder was known in all Greece and Spain very many years prior to its general introduction in Central and Northern Europe.

The proportions of niter, sulphur, and charcoal, used today differ in the several countries in the manufacture of black gunpowder,¹ which is accounted for by the theories of the powder makers that the quality of charcoal and niter in connection with the atmosphere has a great deal to do with perfect combustion. The same powder experimented with in different countries and different atmospheres would vary greatly in its action, recon-

¹ COUNTRY.	NITRE PER CENT.	CHARCOAL PER CENT.	SULPHUR PER CENT.
America.....	75	12.50	12.50
England.....	75	15	10
France.....	75	12.50	12.50
French mining.....	65	15	90
Prussia.....	75	13.50	11.50
Russia regulation.....	73.78	13.55	12.67
Spain.....	76.47	10.78	12.75
Sweden.....	76	15	9
China.....	75	14.40	9.90



THE CHRONOGRAPH.

dite properties, and ballistic force. Powder manufactured by private parties does not differ materially, though they undoubtedly take greater care in making the charcoal, refining the niter, and granulating the powder, in order that great strength as well as cleanliness will result. Wonderful improvements have been made in the manufacture of gunpowder during the past twenty-five years, and this is more pronounced in America and England than in any other part of the world because there are more sportsmen who use the highest grades of powder. There was a time when English manufacturers were making a powder immeasurably superior to any produced on this side of the Atlantic, but while English powder makers have not deteriorated, they do not now produce powder of any greater strength or cleanliness than is made by the leading manufacturers of America.

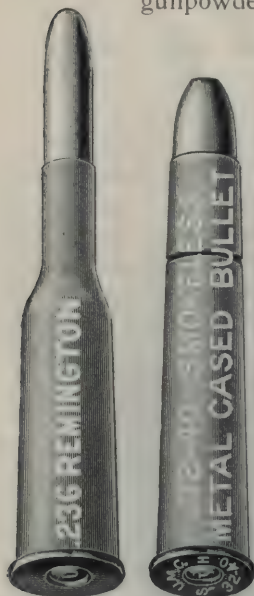
This generation will probably see the day when it will look at the old mechanical combination of sulphur, niter, and charcoal, known as black

gunpowder, as a thing of the past, and associate it in fond recollection with the old muzzle-loader. There will be memories of mellow October days afield, mornings in the blind awaiting the flight of ducks, hours on the snipe marsh or in the midst of the grand forests still-hunting deer, evenings in camp stretched on the blankets

before the cheerful fire smoking the pipe of peace and recounting the day's tramp. At last these memories will grow dim, and as the generations who have used the old powder pass over the river, the generations to come will think of it as we now think of the flint-lock fowling piece, a thought almost devoid of the sentiment of the field.

Presenting an article on gunpowder today, includes the nitro-compounds that are now being extensively used in firearms, particularly the shotgun. These smokeless powders are for the most part purely chemical, and they come under the head of modern explosives to impart projectile force, and are not the modern explosives known to chemistry as nitro-glycerin, gun-cotton, dynamite, giant powder, dualin, tonite, glonin, gloxinin, gelatin, and saxafragin. All of these compounds, with the exception of gun-cotton, are of recent origin and none mentioned could be used in a rifle, shotgun or heavy ordnance, unless indeed we except gun-cotton which is now being used by some of the nitro-powder makers to strengthen and give body to their compounds.

The nitro, or smokeless powders, used by sportsmen today, and for the present most popular with them, are the Schultz, E. C., S. S., American Wood, which will hereafter be known as The King Smokeless, Troisdorf, Hazard, Dupont, and The Gold-Dust brand for shotguns, the last mentioned manufactured by the United States Smokeless Powder Company at San Francisco, also a powder for the same use made by the California Powder Company. Schultz and S. S. powder are manufactured abroad, American Wood Powder, or King Smokeless, will be in the future manufactured by the King Powder Company of Ohio. Dupont and Hazard nitros are manufactured in this country, and the Troisdorf, the writer understands,



NEW TYPES RIFLE CARTRIDGES.

will be manufactured in this country by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company of New York. Another powder that has found some favor is the Walsrode, manufactured in Germany.

There was a powder manufactured some fifteen years ago called the Dittmer, taking its name from its inventor. It was, so to speak, the pioneer nitro in this country, but was soon found to be dangerous. Its inventor did not penetrate far enough into the field of experiment to perfect it for the uses intended, and it did not come into general use, owing to its unreliability and tendency to detonate.

The next step in the manufacturing of powder in America was to produce the American Wood Powder just mentioned, and soon following came the American E. C., brought here from England and patented in this country. Quickly following came the Dupont and Hazard and Gold Dust Smokeless.

Up to say three and one half years ago, the Schultz and American Wood powder were the only brands used to any extent in this country. Since that time smokeless powders have grown in popularity with such marvelous rapidity that not only did the great powder makers of this country find it necessary to produce a smokeless powder to take the place of the old article, but the sale of these powders has been a great incentive to capital to form companies for the manufacture of smokeless powders. Probably a half a dozen, or more, of such companies have

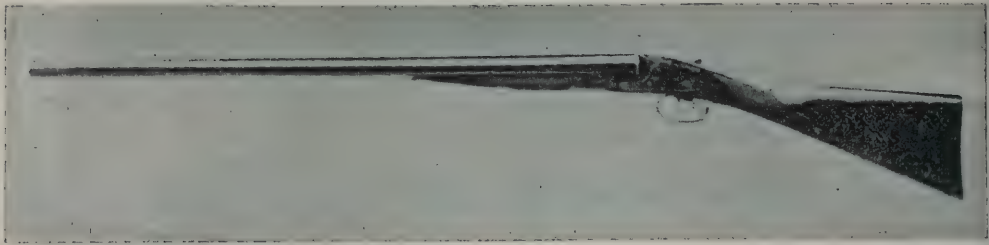
been incorporated for the manufacture of the powders under discussion, but they have not produced, so far, a marketable article.

While to the average sportsman that handles the modern breechloader the question of the advantages of smokeless powder over the old article is easily answered, still the layman would naturally be interested to know what these advantages really are. Briefly enumerated, they consist of lessened recoil, less fouling of the gun barrel, almost entire absence of smoke, and the noise of the discharge decreased probably two thirds. Smaller charges can be employed, and smokeless powders as a rule give a less breech pressure for a compensating muzzle velocity.

While the old black powder was measured into the shotgun shell by drams the nitro powder is usually measured or weighed by grains. It may, therefore, be of interest to the reader to know what is meant by the term dram as applied to powder measurement for the breech-loading shotgun. It is of vital importance to have the proper amount of powder in proportion to the gauge of the gun and its



PRESSURE GAUGE TO REGISTER ONE OR FOUR PRESSURES AT ONE SHOT.



Courtesy of Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

SMITH PIGEON GUN.

weight, for otherwise good results and comfortable handling of the gun will not follow the make-up of the cartridge. The term dram, in this connection, is arbitrary. One ounce Troy weight is 480 grains, and one ounce avoirdupois is 437½ grains. One dram avoirdupois is one sixteenth of 437½ grains or a trifle over 27 grains, and one dram Apothecary is one eighth of 480 grains, or 60 grains, and 27¼ grains of powder is a dram. This is in accordance with Dixon's standard, the English gun implement maker, and I am informed that the responsible gun implement makers of this country have accepted the Dixon gauges and make their measures in accordance. While it is a fact that all powders whatsoever, yield better average results when loaded by the great cartridge companies, still since I am aware that many (and they are growing less each year) prefer to load their cartridges by hand, the annexed table will give them the proportion of black powder in bulk and its equal in drams to the smokeless powders

in grains. If in making up cartridges this table of comparative measures is consulted, mistakes will be infrequent, always remembering that the number and quality of wads, together with pressure upon the powder charge, will have a great influence upon the force and pattern of the shot charge from a well made gun, be it either cylinder, modified choke, or full choke bore.¹

¹ Table of Comparative Measures of Smokeless Powders.

Black Powder;	E.C. Grs.	American Wood. Grs.	S.S. Grs.	Dupont. Grs.	Schultze. Grs.	Has. Grs.	Trois. Grs.
2 drs equal to	28	28	25 ¼	24 ½	27	25 ¼	27
2 ¼ drs "	31 ½	31 ½	29	27 ½	31 ¼	28 ¼	31
2 ½ "	35	35	31 ¼	30 ½	35	31	31
2 ¾ "	38 ½	39	34 ½	33 ¾	38	34	38
3 "	42	42	38	36 ¾	42	37	41 ½
3 ¼ "	45 ½	46	41	39 ½	45	40	45
3 ½ "	49	50	44 ¼	43	48	43	48 ½
Gold Dust 1 ½ drams equals about	36 grs.						
1 ¾ drams	42 "						
1 ⅞ "	45 "						
2 "	48 "						
2 ¼ "	54 "						
2 ½ "	60 "						

47 to 50 grains of Gold Dust powder will be found satisfactory for pigeon and duck shooting. 42 to 45 grains will work well on inanimate target. Loads beyond 50 and up to 65 grains are adapted to ten gauge guns. The latter gauge is rapidly falling into disuse. The twelve gauge is now standard.



Manufactured by Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

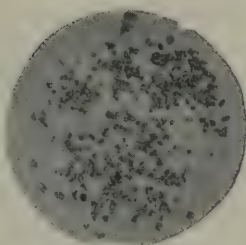
THE CLABROUGH PIGEON GUN.

From the table it will be seen that it is never necessary while employing nitro powders, to use the same quantity in bulk as would be used of black powder, for in so doing

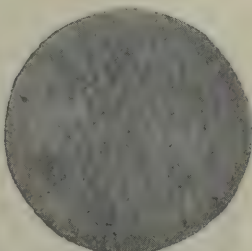
there is an unnecessary quantity of powder used from which no real good results are obtained. Breech pressure and recoil is unnecessarily increased and attended by a non-compensating velocity. I would suggest as the maximum and minimum loads of smokeless powder for a 12 gauge gun bored true to gauge taking into consideration the various styles and ramifications of wadding and shot charge, to be as follows: minimum load of Schultze, 35 grains; S. S., 32 grains; American Wood, 35 grains; Troisdorf, 34 grains; Hazard, 31 grains; Dupont, 30½ grains; Gold Dust, 38 grains; and the maximum for same, Schultze, 48 grains; E. C., 50 grains; S. S., 44 grains; American Wood, 50 grains; Dupont, 43 grains; Troisdorf, 50 grains; Hazard, 43 grains; Gold Dust, 50 grains. By keeping within the bounds of these extremes in preparing ammunition, the sportsman will always have a satisfactory cartridge for the purposes it is intended. The smaller and middle charges of course would be used for brush and upland shooting generally, also for inanimate targets, while the larger charges from 45 to 50 grains, would be used by the pigeon shooter and on the duck marsh.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the weakness that has been very prevalent to overload with nitro powders, and we admit that the temptation to the uninitiated and the misinformed to put in

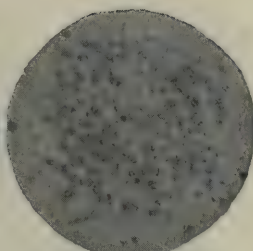
the same amount, measure for measure, as they have been accustomed to do with black powder is very strong. This is a great mistake, and it would be well to bear in mind that in handling any of the nitro powders the shooter is *dealing with an entirely different compound from the old article*. To those who are as yet unfa-



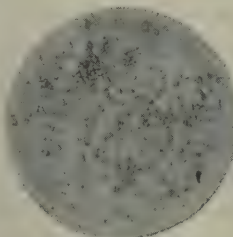
E. C. SMOKELESS,
LIGHT BROWN.



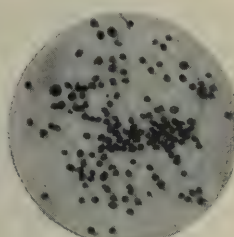
SCHULTZE SMOKELESS,
WHITE.



DUPONT, DENEMOURS & CO'S
BLACK POWDER.

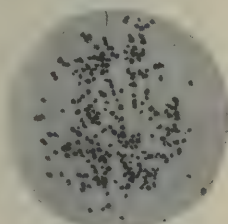


DUPONT SMOKELESS,
WHITE.

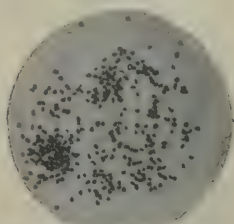


GOLD DUST,
BRIGHT YELLOW.

miliar with the methods of handling and loading the nitro powders, if they will use common-sense which is simply to read the directions that are plainly printed upon all packages of powder, and follow these directions as to the quantity without question, they will have no



HAZARD BLUE RIBBON,
BROWN.



WOOD
SMOKELESS.



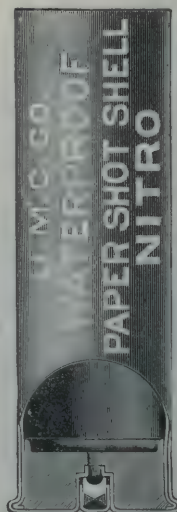
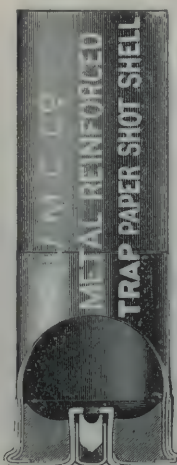
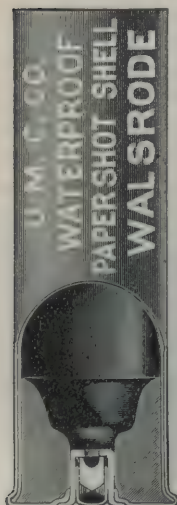
trouble with their ammunition, but I may properly add here that it is far better, in every particular, a saving of time, and often a lessening of expense, to purchase cartridges loaded by the machines. Such cartridges, being automatically



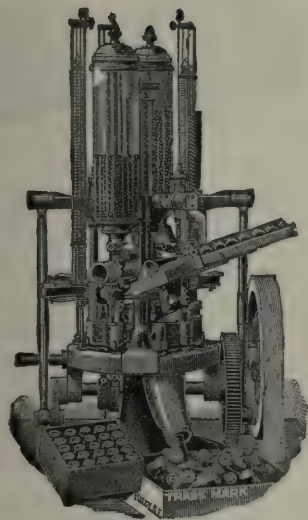
loaded, have the same pressure on each wad, have the same number of wads to

each shell, the same quantity of powder and shot in their proportion, and the crimp on the top wad is rolled firmly down, and thus with a good machine-loaded shell selling at two dollars to three dollars per hundred, what more can the sportsman ask?

All of the ammunition companies are manufacturing the very best kind of cartridges for the shotgun. They can be purchased from any of the dealers in arms and ammunition, as well as the majority of hardware concerns in all the different grades, from the cheapest shell used for ordinary work up to the very best shell with finest wadding. As a rule there is carried in stock by dealers generally a variety of loads from 38 to 55 grains of any of the nitros, running through from half a dozen or more different ramifications of wadding. In point of fact, the variety of this ammunition is



VARIETIES OF CARTRIDGES.



Courtesy of the Selby Smelting and Lead Co.
LOADING MACHINE.

as great as will be found in the stocks of rifle and pistol cartridges, and it seems as absurd for the sportsman to prepare his shotgun ammunition as to do the same thing for his rifle. Undoubtedly the superiority of the machine-loaded shell is rapidly growing in favor, in view of the tremendous increase in the output of this ammunition during the past three years, and I am reliably informed that the stock manufactured and being made up for this season's consumption exceeds last season's output by nearly one hundred million cartridges. This, of course, includes ammunition made up with black powder, to a very great extent, but it will only be a question of time when the entire output will be cartridges loaded with smokeless powders.

Up to 1876-77 all of the shells used by sportsmen in this country were imported, and the price varied from \$1.50 to \$4.00 per hundred for the empty shell. Beginning about the years mentioned, the ammunition companies of this country addressed themselves to the task of producing the shotgun shell, foreseeing that, as the demand was increasing with the

steady advance of interest in field sports, there would eventually be a great and growing market in this country for such goods. The result is, that today the shells manufactured in America are not only the very best in the world but are the cheapest as well. They are made in a number of varieties and qualities. I presume that had it not been for the great competition among our manufacturers two or three varieties and qualities would have been all that was necessary, but each one striving to produce the best for the least money, the tendency has been to manufacture shells in a great number of qualities, and all made of the best material and finished superbly.

Of the prominent manufacturers we may mention the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., The United States Cartridge Company, of Lowell, Mass., and the King Powder Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The latter company has very recently erected a plant for the manufacture of all kinds of ammunition for small arms. All of the shotgun shells have a trade name, as for instance The Union Metallic Cartridge Company have adopted the trade name of "New Club" and "Black Club" for the black powders, using the No. 2 primer, and for the smokeless powder the shells are named "Smokeless," "Walsrode" (or high base shell), "Nitro," and "Trap", the four last mentioned being primed specially for smokeless powders, and the Winchester have the Winchester "Rival," for black powder, "Blue Rival," "Leader," and "Metal Lined," for nitro powders, the three last mentioned having primers specially adapted to smokeless powders. The United States Cartridge Company, of Lowell, has the "Climax," for black powder, the "Rapid," and a high base shell with



VARIETIES OF WADS.

strong primer, for smokeless powders. All of the shells mentioned for use with nitro powder have a brass re-inforce on the outside, and are beautifully finished. A recent innovation is to make shells with the conical or high base. The advantage claimed for this form is to render a more perfect combustion of the powder, increase the velocity along the barrel and at the muzzle, decreasing breech pressure, and with most of the nitros render a smaller charge necessary to bring about the same results. Another advantage of this form of base is a lessened number of wads required to fill the shell sufficiently for the proper crimp. The flat base shell is, however, very popular, and for the larger charges of powders will continue in favor.

At the time when black powder was universally employed, the brass shell found its plan to a considerable extent, but since the general introduction of smokeless powders the use of this shell has become almost obsolete, as they are made to be reloaded almost indefinitely and primed with the No. 2 primer, adapted particularly to black powder, and being used without the turnover or crimp, they do not find their place in connection with smokeless powders. I am, however, aware of the fact that many brass shells are used by professional hunters and duck shooters. But as a rule, the employment of these shells is not attended with good results in the use of smokeless powders, and since the paper shell is so very cheap and fine in quality, there would seem to be no reason for the continued employment of the brass shell by any one.

The Selby Smelting and Lead Company, San Francisco, while not shell makers, have been for a number of years engaged extensively in the manufacture of shotgun ammunition, and their cartridges are very popular with the sportsmen for all kinds of shooting. They use all of the different brands and grades of shells here mentioned, with any kind of powder and any kind and number of wads desired, and the uniformity of their loads is satisfactory in every particular. The charge of powder, the number and thickness of the wad, and the charge of shot will be found to compare exactly with their labels, and the confidence the general shooter has in this ammunition is, of course, its best recommendation.

When black powder was used exclusively the No. 2 copper primer, with which shells were primed, answered for all the different grades of black powder, and the question of primer force very seldom if ever came under discussion, unless indeed by the manufacturers themselves. With the introduction of nitro powders the No. 2 primer for a time continued in use, but it was found to be too weak in its action, and so the ammunition companies were obliged to find a substitute that would more perfectly inflame nitros and render their combustion as nearly complete as possible. To illustrate the difference between the No. 2 primer and the strong primer used in connection with the nitros, if the former is used with smokeless there would be but about 35 to 45 per cent of the gases or force of the powder rendered, whereas with the strong primer 75 to 85 per cent of the gases are made available. There

are, however, one or two of the smokeless powders that the No. 2 primer can be used with advantageously, if the question of expense arises. Among the first of the manufacturers in this country to produce the strong primer was the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, and after many careful experiments they put upon the market the "Smokeless Shell," with its deep battery cup holding the No. 3 strong primer. This primer is used in all of their shells in which nitro powders are to be loaded with the exception of their recent production called the "Nitro." This shell has the No. 5 primer, is adapted to nitro powder, and is the cheapest shell of their production for this purpose. Quickly following and almost coincident with the advent of the strong primer by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, the Winchester Repeating Arms Company produced the "Blue Rival" shell, with its strong primer marked "W." This company employs three different kinds of primers in their shells, adapted to nitro powders, which they call No. 2½ "W," No. 3, "W," and No. 4 "W." The latter primer, being very large in the head, and seated in a deep battery cup, is of high power, and is at present used in their best shell, called the "Leader," a strongly made and beautifully finished shell. The United States Cartridge Company, of Lowell, manufacture a most excellent primer, which they use in their "Rapid" and high base shell, and which during the past season has found great favor with the trap shooters.

In mentioning the different companies and their product, I do so with a desire to inform the gentleman sportsman that has not interested himself on this point of the varieties manufactured, so that if he has any choice from reading this article it may be easier to make his wants known.

It may surprise the general reader to know that during the time that black powder was used nearly forty thousand different charges could be formulated for the shotgun. This was made possible by employing all the different grains and grades of powders, the different kinds of shells, and the vast number of ramifications in wadding, and employing guns from the heavy 8 gauge to the tiny but beautiful 28 bore. The variety in wadding alone would account for at least one quarter of the number of loads mentioned.

In preparing ammunition it is essential to use the right kind and number of wads to enable the gun to perform its very best. The idea is to study what the gun will do best with, and then wad to suit the gun. The powder may be good, the shells of excellent quality, the wadding the best, and the gun of the finest, and yet with an improperly wadded shell the arm will disappoint the sportsman. Therefore, those who load their own shells will find it greatly to their advantage to be painstaking and careful as to the selection of wads of the proper quality, thickness, number of wads to the shell, and pressure necessary to a good combustion of the powder, and to see also that the wad on the shot is of standard thickness for that purpose. The ammunition companies, realizing the vast importance of a properly wadded shell, have made a study of this matter and in their different grades of ammunition have succeeded in producing cartridges that will do well in the average gun, as now the modern hammerless is bored true to gauge and adapted to the handling of smokeless powders.

The limits of this article will not admit of dwelling upon the influence the different kinds of wads have upon the different powders in different gauges of guns with the varieties of shot from Nos. 1

to 10; and charges from $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. It would take a whole number of this magazine to contain the introductory to such a paper. The best advice upon wadding shells, is to procure the catalogues issued by the different ammunition companies, and there learn of the different sizes and thickness of wads together with their cost. Then if you learn that your gun will do the very best with a certain combination of wadding you can simply send a memorandum of same through any dealer to the ammunition company and get your load made up by the machines, and the loading will be done far more perfectly than can possibly be done by hand.

I have formulated tables of loads which have been published in sportsmen's journals, and while tempted to introduce tables here, and to go into a description of the advantages of these loads for the purposes intended, it is not possible to treat the subject exhaustively as it should be in this article. If the reader will apply to his gun dealer he can procure tables issued by the ammunition companies, which will, at least, act as a guide and give him valuable hints as to the requirements of his gun.

In connection with cleanliness, lessened smoke, reduction of recoil and noise of report, it has been the constant aim of powder makers to preserve a low breech pressure and attain a high muzzle velocity. For a long time the manufacturers of smokeless powders found this the greatest problem in connection with the use of these compounds. We are glad to say, though, that this has been overcome to a degree, and the powders herein mentioned, yield, if properly loaded, the minimum of pressure to the maximum of velocity to an extent that is proving more and more satisfactory to the users of them. Very recent experiments, made in my presence at the works of the

United States Smokeless Powder Company, of San Francisco, indicate that the powders produced today, are constantly improving, a proof that the powder manufacturers are alive to the fact that they must never cease in well-doing, and never rest on their laurels while there is a possible chance to improve their product. In the experiments referred to, embracing many hundreds of shots in combination with a great variety of styles and kinds of wadding and weights of powder, the chronograph being set to register velocities at thirty yards, using No. 7 shot of the Selby Smelting & Lead Company's "Standard," velocities of 850 to 950 feet per second were obtained with a pressure of 4500 to 7000¹ pounds to the square inch at the breech of the shell chamber. It is but a short time, comparatively, since 800 to 845 feet would have been a satisfactory velocity with a pressure in excess of that just mentioned. All of the powders tested gave most satisfactory results as to pressure and compensating velocity, and all were under the bursting strain when charges were used such as would be employed for the ordinary or extraordinary work of the shotgun.

It may be interesting to the reader to know how the chronograph is worked. In brief, it is the dropping of two rods held by electro magnets. Wires are strung from the chronograph to the muzzle of the gun and from the chronograph to the iron target, thirty yards from the firing point. At the discharge the shot cuts a thin wire stretched across the muzzle and drops the first rod, and the load of shot arriving at the plate causes a disjunction of the wires there, dropping the second rod. The time difference between the dropping of the rods is registered at the chronograph and figured out by the operator. It is a beautiful operation and requires a good

¹ 8000 pounds is within the bursting strain and is safe.

mathematician, very rapid in his calculation as well as absolutely correct. Everything pertaining to the chronograph must work harmoniously. The battery should be of a known power, and the current flow with a continuous regularity. The wires at the muzzle of the gun should be of the same thickness, and the muzzle of the weapon itself at precisely the same distance from the target at each discharge. A foot variation in this respect would make a surprising difference in the time of the flight of the load when we consider that with a velocity of say 900 to 940 feet per second an ounce and a quarter of shot will travel thirty yards in a little less than the eleventh part of a second. Eight hundred and fifty feet per second is a developed force great enough to kill any game for which the shotgun is intended, and anything beyond this is, of course, advantageous, adding, as it surely does, to the power of the gun,—providing always that to obtain the higher velocities the breech pressure is kept far below the bursting strain.

The pigeon shooter desires above all things what is called a killing load, and is constantly studying to increase the power of his gun. Hence he uses a charge proportioned to develop the greatest force to the shot charge. At the pigeon shootings of today the average velocity is undoubtedly 920 to 945 feet per second for thirty yards. Twelve to fifteen years ago a score of seventy-five to eighty-five pigeons out of one hundred was considered most excellent, and it was only the experts of that time who could score so high. Today such scorers would not win, for, with the improved ammunition and the modern hammerless gun, ninety to ninety-five per cent of the birds killed is considered a top score.

For inanimate target shooting high velocities are not considered indispensable.

If, for instance, forty-five to fifty grains of smokeless powder is necessary for killing pigeons or large game birds, forty to forty-five grains with less wadding will answer the purpose of breaking the flying target under all conditions of wind and weather.

Since we have spoken of velocities, it may be instructive to know something of pressures at the breech of the shell chamber, at which point the greatest strain in the barrel is usually exerted at the instant of discharge. As it is impossible in the space here allowed, to print the tables necessary for comparison with all the powders, we must simply be satisfied with an illustration.

Taking for instance five shots each, of the Dupont, E. C., and Gold Dust powders, with the shells wadded to obtain fair velocities for most any purpose pertaining to field and trap shooting, Dupont gave 879 feet velocity with 7440 pounds bursting strain, the load being $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams or 40 grains, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounce of No. 7 shot. E. C. gave 851 feet velocity with 7584 pounds bursting strain, the load being $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams or 44 grains and $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounce of No. 7 shot. Gold Dust gave 928 feet velocity, with a pressure at the breech of 5266 pounds, the load being 2 drams or 45 grains with $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounces of No. 7 shot.

The chronographic readings on the Dupont and E. C. herein mentioned, were taken at random from a report published in a recent *Forest and Stream*. The chronographic and pressure gauge readings on the Gold Dust are taken at random from a report at the office of the United States Smokeless Powder Company. By changing the wadding to thin, thick, extra thick, or combining same; decreasing or increasing the shot charge, using more or less powder in connection with the multitude of styles of wadding, the pressures and velocities are directly

affected thereby,—fifty grains of E. C. will give, say, a pressure of 7000 pounds and a compensating velocity of 930 to 945 feet 1½ ounce No. 7 shot. Dupont

and Gold Dust will do the same if the quantity of powder and number and quality of wads is used to produce the same results as nearly as possible.

W. L. Colville.



The Criminal Press.

IF THE good people that have done so good a work against the obscene pictures and penny-dreadful in art and literature would only turn their eyes on the columns of the San Francisco press, they would discover a state of things that should call for their earnest condemnation. How many thousand upon thousands of words and dozens of drawings the *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, and *Call*, have devoted to the trial of the man Durrant we will not even waste a guess. Suffice to say that for a month we have been glutted with the history of a bloody crime, which in small boys' and gushing girls' eyes has become through its newspaper notoriety an act of heroism. The intelligent public has been ignored and the news of the world sacrificed that the scandal-loving, sensation-seeking readers may have their fill. But this is not the worst phase of the question. It is the effect that the narration of crime always has on young and weak minds. Nothing worse appears in the *Police Gazette* of New York or the *Police News* of London than what appears from day to day in the city press re the Durrant Trial, and yet the United States mails refuse to carry either of these papers. Purveyors of criminal garbage should be as subject to the law as the hawker of

obscene prints. The devoting of two whole pages a day to a crime, repeated day after day, illustrated in every detail as carefully as a church wedding, magnifies the crime until it becomes honorable. We need censors of the press with power to impose fines large enough to make such exhibitions unprofitable. A Sunday school lesson once a week can do little to combat such broadcast demoralization. It is no excuse for an educated newspaper owner to plead that his paper is what the public makes it. Durrant might hide behind the same specious argument. As long as filth pays better than cleanliness the newspapers will pander to the filthy.

The Silver Knights.

UNITED STATES Senator William M. Stewart, the leader of the Silver Party in Congress, has organized a secret society styled the "Silver Knights of America," of which he is President. Its organ is *The Silver Knight*, published in Washington, of which Senator Stewart appears not only as editor but chief editorial writer. The plan of the society is outlined in the *Silver Knight* :—

TO THE PUBLIC :—This Order was organized for the purpose of combining into one great organization those of our citizens who are in favor

of the equal coinage of gold and silver, as was provided for in the laws in force prior to the demonetization act of 1873. It is nonpartisan as to party politics and aims to work through all political parties.

Then the argument following goes on to sum up the situation very concisely:—

The election occurring in 1896 will substantially settle the condition of all industrial pursuits in this country. If we can succeed in electing a Congress and a President who are in favor of the rehabilitation of silver to equal coinage, it will insure to this country a period of financial prosperity which it has not known for over twenty years.

If the single gold standard party shall succeed in electing a President and Congress favorable to their ideas, the doom of liberty will be sealed. Give them four years more intrenchment in power and they will have destroyed the people to the extent that by impoverishment, want, hunger, the citizen will have largely lost his individuality; his independence will have waned, and a condition gradually sinking to serfdom will have taken possession of his mind, and as hard times continue, hunger and want becoming the familiar companion of the family hearthstone, liberty will die, and with it will be established a moneyed aristocracy which will own the body of labor. The picture of an English mother, working at an iron forge, hammering iron and making nails from early dawn to late at night,

for \$1.27 a week, will become familiar in this country, if the Rothschilds of England and their myrmidons in America succeed in fastening upon us permanently the gold standard as the only fundamental money of our country. This is a work which every friend of his country and of his kind should need no urging to enlist in, untiringly, unceasingly, perpetually, until the close of the evening of the Presidential election in 1896.

If the Silver Party honestly believes that the above will be the condition of affairs after '96 in case a "gold-bug" is made President, they will do well to choose carefully their standard bearers for the campaign. Unknown men like their mushroom candidate Sibley of Pennsylvania, freaks like Pepper of Kansas, cranks like Waite of Colorado, or demagogues like Altgeld of Illinois, will only bring their fond dreams to the earth and the realities of ridicule. Let them nominate Senator Stewart for President on a silver platform free from Woman Suffrage, Prohibition, and attendant rot, and "The Silver Knights of America" will find their knighthood honorable and useful. The silver idea will win if it is not loaded down by short-haired women and long-haired men. It is to be hoped that it will have a chance.



Sonya Kovalevsky.¹

SONYA KOVALEVSKY, the daughter of a Russian nobleman, was born in 1850 and died in 1891. During her short life she was, in turn,

¹ Sonya Kovalevsky, — her recollections of childhood. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. With a biography by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bailey; and a biographical note by Lily Wolffs-hn. New York: The Century Company. 1895.

the carefully guarded child of aristocratic parents, the "nihilistic wife" of a frowzy student, a student herself at the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, a Doctor of Philosophy with honors in mathematics, a *privat docent* and finally a full professor of mathematics at the University of

Sonya Kovalevsky. I. *Memoir*. By A. C. Leffler (Edgren), Duchess of Cajanello. II. *Reminiscences of Childhood*, written by Herself. Translated into English by Louise Von Cassel. New York: Macmillan & Company: 1895. For sale by Wm. Doxey. \$1.25.

Stockholm. Moreover, she was the author of novels and of plays which, by themselves, would have given her a high rank; and finally, she was the heroine of dramas played out by her own passions in her own heart, and each of these dramas was in its way a master-work.

The book under review is a remarkable one in each of three respects and it is interesting in a hundred others. In the first place, it gives the most vivid picture possible of the interior of one of those Russian homes of the gentry which Turgeneff and Tolstoi have painted—but no better. And it gives the life-like image of the wave of aspiration, discontent, effort, which swept over young Russia in the years 1860-1870. The birth of the new woman of Russia is there recounted. In the second place, we have the history of the rise of a mathematical talent of a very high order. Sonya Kovalevsky's name will be ranked along with the few women mathematicians,—Maria Agnesi, etc. Her talent came by descent from one of her maternal grandfathers, and finally, her literary and dramatic successes were the record of a most remarkable life spent—and vainly spent—in *la chasse au bonheur*. Her happiness was wrecked on the rocks of a prodigious self-will.

With all these adventures and successes her life was a melancholy failure, and she knew it to be such. Even her scientific achievements were but the masterly working out of ideas derived from her teachers. It is difficult to conceive how she could have been more cruel and unregardful of her parents and of her child. Her intense passionate desire was for the two things which Balzac strove for all his laborious years—to be famous, and to be loved. She attained both, as he did, to the uttermost. But her life ended, as it began, in wretchedness; while his was nobly satisfied. The man had cast out selfhood; the woman fastened the demon of self-will in her very vitals.

This melancholy book, by a woman of genius, about her own development, is a document of precious value in the new questions which arise today. There is nothing new in the solution, but the experiment was made on noble material, with many noble aspirations, and its utter failure is all the more signal for this reason.

An Unlessoned Girl.¹

MISS TOMPKIN'S work has begun to be known to Californian readers by a number of pleasing

¹ *An Unlessoned Girl*. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. New York: Geo. P. Putnam's Sons: 1895.

poems, published locally and in Eastern magazines, and by certain clever skits, printed chiefly in the San Francisco *Examiner*. Her work is all of it bright, conscientious, and readable. But even with so much of an introduction to the reading public it cannot but be considered flattering to so young a Californian, to have a leading publishing house like the Putnams bring out two of her books at nearly the same time.

A reading of *An Unlessoned Girl*, the book here to be noticed, justifies the judgment of the publishers, for the story will undoubtedly make a multitude of friends for itself. It is a girl's story of boarding school life in New York. The heroine is a girl in the "green apple" stage, unhappy in her home life because her strength of character and abundant energy are too cabined in the narrow bounds of a poor home in a small town. She meets with her opportunity by the act of a cousin, a wealthy young New Yorker, who repays an obligation to her dead father by sending the girl to a good boarding school in New York City.

Of course there are many tribulations in this sudden transplanting, but Margy comes through them all and is successfully pruned and trained into shape for Vassar College, with the approval and love of the reader. Not that there are not some signs of inexperience in the book. It is a little vague as to places and devoid of local color, for the reason probably that the scene is laid in New York, rather than in San Francisco or San Leandro, the places that Miss Tompkins may be supposed to know best. The slangy tone of much of the conversation, too, it is to be hoped, would be more appropriate to the uncultured West than to New York.

But there is no question but that Miss Tompkins knows girls, their feelings, their aspirations, and their peculiarities. These she clearly brings out in her careful study of Margy, Louise, and their friends.

A New View of Invention.²

MR. W. H. SMYTH, manager of the late Mechanics' Fair, and a consulting mechanical engineer, has written an interesting brochure on *Is the Inventive Faculty a Myth?* His position is a novel one. He thinks that invention is simply the putting together of facts before known according to laws that are subject to study and classification,—that there might, in short, be a "school of invention," in which "problems"

² *Is the Inventive Faculty a Myth?* By W. H. Smyth. Reprinted from *The Engineering Magazine*, August, 1895.

might be given, and each of the class expected to arrive at substantially the same solution.

In this view he traverses all the opinions of the doctors; for even the Supreme Court has held that it is the evidence of "the inventive faculty" that gives validity to a patent. Now to resolve "the inventive faculty" into the ordinary exercise of common sense,—with nothing of "inspiration" about it, to make it a part of the mental equipment that has been irregular and spasmodic in its exhibition only because it has never been systematically cultivated in most people, is Mr. Smyth's attempt. He backs it up by the claim that he himself, "invents" to order in his ordinary business as a consulting mechanical engineer.

And yet we are not entirely convinced. To bring it into another field, wherein OVERLAND readers are supposed to be more at home,—Mr. Smyth's position is like that of one who should assert that there is no such thing as literary invention, that "genius" plays no part in the creation of masterpieces,—that it might be conceived that a class could be formed and so trained in literary work that, given the same materials of old tradition that Shakspeare had, each member of it could produce something quite similar to Hamlet or Macbeth.

Possibly so,—unquestionably they could be so trained as to do something of value with the materials, and yet there has been but one Shakspeare in the world, and he had but little training that we can discover. So there is but one Edison,—though, no doubt, the electrical courses in our universities and technical schools will result in multitudes of minor inventions about electricity.

A New Edition of Poe.¹

BY FAR the handsomest and most complete edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe that has appeared has been brought out by the firm of Stone & Kimball of Chicago. It is newly collected and edited, with a memoir, critical introduction, and notes, by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. The illustrations are by Albert Edward Sterner. It is in ten volumes. Little more can be said in commendation of the work than the bare mention of its editors and reference to its general excellence, as mere repetition adds nothing. It is printed on uncut parchment and bound in blue silk with design in gold. It is both an ornament and a necessity to every library.

¹The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Vol. I. Chicago: Stone & Kimball: 1894.

The Mountains of California.²

PROFESSOR JOHN MUIR has put in print the record of a lifetime of wanderings and observation in and about the mountains of California. As a naturalist and geologist the author ranks at the head, and as an observer of the things above the head and beneath the feet, he equals Thoreau. It is a wonderland that the reader invades, even the Californian who has spent his life among the mountains, as he listens to the author's stories of the Sierra, of glaciers, snow, passes, lakes, meadows, forests, storms, flowers, and inhabitants. It makes one long to go as Mr. Muir has into a great redwood forest or into the depths of a cañon and study and watch nature. Each tree has an individuality, each mountain slope a meaning, after one has looked upon them through Professor Muir's eyes. His studies of the Douglas squirrel, the water ouzel, wild sheep, and bees, are revelations. They make the reader wonder if he has been going through the world with his eyes shut.

The book should not only be in every school library in California, but it should be in every home within the entire range of the grand old Sierra Nevada. It is the most valuable work of its kind that has ever been penned by a Californian. It is handsomely bound and illustrated.

Memoirs of a Minister of France.³

From the Memoirs of a Minister of France is a collection of court tales of the time of Henry of Navarre, related by his Prime Minister, Duke de Sully, who as M. de Rosny the readers of Mr. Weyman's powerful novel, "A Gentleman of France," learned to admire for the very qualities which made him invaluable to his royal master. The adventures, gallantries, plots, and happenings, of Henry's court are related in a quiet, slow, quaint fashion that becomes both the age and dignity of the narrator. They relate principally to attempts on the King's life or honor, both growing out of the troublesome condition of the times and the jealousy of the Queen. While none of them are as exciting as certain passages in any of the author's former novels they contain an interest that is hard to explain. Possibly Mr. Weyman has striven more to make the stories appear truthful than exciting. If so

²The Mountains of California. By John Muir. New York: The Century Company: 1894.

³From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.: 1895.

he has succeeded, for one can easily imagine that they are just such incidents as might take place under the eye of a watchful minister at the time. French History seems to be an inexhaustible field for both the French and English novelists, and Mr. Weyman has made a place for himself in it that puts him beside Dumas and Doyle. The book is well illustrated with half tones of wash drawings.

Doctor Gray's Quest.¹

IF ONE were inclined to criticize Doctor Underwood's last novel it would be done in a kindly spirit and with full knowledge that its brilliant author was beyond the reach of both advice and praise. He died a few months after the book appeared. *Doctor Gray's Quest* follows the line of thought and description used by Henry Ward Beecher in his charming novel, "Norwood." The scene is laid in a New England town in the early part of the century and the characters, with the exception of the Kenmore family and their friends, are Yankees.

The harsh stern religion of the village magnate, Winterton, the keen good-natured humor and unswerving loyalty of Ezekiel Collins, the practical common sense and justice of Esquire White, the shrewdness and self-possession of Mercy Starkweather, and the single-mindedness of James Gray, combined with the individuality and quaintness of the inhabitants of Little Canaan, are pictured with a powerful brush and form a group of characters that become living friends. The author is best at description. His love passages are not so well done. One takes but little interest in the final outcome of James Gray and Flora Kenmore's affair. It is a trifle insipid. Mercy Starkweather is by far the most interesting and most strongly drawn character in the book. One finds himself wondering as to her after life in France, as he lays down the book. Anything might happen to her. She is of the stuff of which great actresses and famous queens are made.

Daudet's *Fromont Junior and Risler Senior*.²

A NEW edition of Daudet's works is always welcomed by a big reading public in America. No French writer living has a larger number of

¹Doctor Gray's Quest. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee and Shepard: 1875. \$1.75.

²Fromont Junior and Risler Senior. By Alphonse Daudet. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company: 1895.

admirers on this side of the water. Lippincott has brought out a new and large edition of one of Daudet's best known and most generally read novels — *Fromont Junior and Risler Senior*. It has been translated with great care by Edward Vizetelly and illustrated with eighty-eight wood engravings from original drawings by George Roux. In every respect the edition is the most perfect and praiseworthy that has appeared in English.

The story is too well known to need reviewing and is one that will be read by generation after generation. It is a classic.

Dumas's *Two Dianas*.³

DIANE DE POITIERS possesses a fascination for the reader of French history during the reign of Henri II. that is too real to be overlooked. No historian can ignore her influence on events, and Dumas has recognized in her and her court material for one of his most brilliant romances. The period of French history between the years 1540 and 1574, covering as it did the epoch of the Reformation and the driving of the English out of Calais, is filled with enough heroic incident and figures to please the most fastidious historical novel reader. In *The Two Dianas* Dumas has made use of fewer imaginary characters and scenes than in almost any other of his historical romances. The historical characters introduced and made to live are the great Guises, Catherine De Medici, Constable Anne De Montmorency, Prince de Condé, Coligny, and the leaders of the Reformation — John Calvin, La Renaudie, Théodore de Bèze, Ambroise Pare — besides Henri II. and his brood of young kings.

Almost this same period, closing with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, is covered by Balzac in his "Catherine de Medici," and it is interesting to note wherein the two great novelists diverge and agree in their estimates of the characters of the time. Dumas treats Catherine with scant courtesy and glorifies *Le Balafre* Guise, while Balzac apologizes for Catherine's acts and lays the blame for the persecution of the Huguenots and the death of the young king François II. on the Guises. Dumas paints a charming picture of Mary Stuart and enlists all the reader's sympathies in her behalf, while Balzac considers her a character too weak for serious thought. The theater of *The Two Dianas* is much broader than that of "Catherine de Medici," as it deals with the field as well as with

³The Two Dianas. By Alexandre Dumas. Three vols. Boston: Little, Brown and Company: 1894.

the court. The defense of St. Quentin and the storming of Calais are two of the most thrilling scenes in the story. While the love passages between the hero of the story, the young Count de Montgomery, and Diane de Poitiers's daughter, the other Diane, are charming. The real interest from first to last is the story of the intrigues that grew and flourished about the throne. There is not a dull page in the narrative from beginning to end.

The three volumes are illustrated and handsomely bound, uniform with the entire editions of Dumas's novels by the same publishing house.

The Little Huguenot.¹

The Little Huguenot is a sweet little story of a semi-historical character. It depicts an episode in the licentious court of Louis, "the well beloved" of France, in which a Jesuit priest saves the honor of a Huguenot widow. The book is brightly written and the scenes are graphically painted. It can be read in an hour, and will do the reader no harm. It is said to have had a big sale, and has no doubt pleased nine readers out of ten even if it has not benefited them. The edition contains a portrait of the author.



Houghton, Mifflin & Co's Riverside Literature Series is the result of a wish on the part of the publishers to issue in a cheap form for school use the most interesting and instructive masterpieces of such writers as Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, etc.

In order that the reader may be brought into the closest possible contact with the author, each masterpiece is given as it was written, unaltered and unabridged, and the notes, while sufficiently helpful, are not so voluminous that the reader's mind is occupied with the editor rather than with the author.

The numbers already issued have been extensively used for the study of Language, for the study of Literature, for Supplementary Reading, and as substitutes for the graded Readers. In whatever way they may be used, the principal benefit to be derived from them will be the formation of a taste in the reader for the best and most enduring literature; this taste the pupil will carry with him when he leaves school, and it will remain through life a powerful means of self-education.

Mr. Eric Mackay, concerning whom the amusing mistake was lately made in *The Bookman* of calling him Miss Marie Corelli's son, rather than her brother, has just issued a new volume of poems. "The Love Letters of a Violinist," his former book attained a tremendous sale both in England and America. Mr. Mackay has popularity, which is a rare thing nowadays for a writer of verse. "A Song of the Sea, My Lady of Dreams, and Other Poems" is the title of the new volume, which is to be issued by Stone & Kimball.

* * *

THE *Commercial Traveler*, the organ of the Pacific Coast Commercial Travelers' Association, comes to us this month under the editorship of D. M. Frazer a well known newspaper man of the city.

The editorials are lucid and clean cut, and the advice to Commercial Travelers to unite for their own protection and that of the firms they repre-

¹The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company: 1895. 75c.

sent is good. Mr. Barr, the proprietor, gives the P. C. C. T. A. an organ of which they should be proud.

* * *

The Land of Sunshine, Los Angeles's charming little magazine, improves in interest with each number. Mr. Charles F. Lummis has given it the atmosphere and flavor of Southern California, which in itself is enough to make it a favorite wherever it goes. Its pictures are superb and its reading matter bright, breezy, and up to date. May it wax fat and grow strong, if only to prove that California enjoys literature above the Durrant Case type. This Coast will support half a dozen magazines when it has had half a dozen magazines to make it aware that all the good things do not come from the Atlantic Coast.

* * *

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN has written for Messrs. D. Appleton & Company — soon to be published — "The Story of the Mine." It is the second volume of "The Story of the West Series," of which each number is intended to present a picture peculiar and characteristic of the country beyond the Missouri River. However the writers who have been chosen to depict the Indian, the trapper, the soldier, the explorer, and the railroad builder, may handle their subjects, the readers of Mr. Shinn's many brilliant contributions to the *OVERLAND* will have perfect confidence that the Mine and the Miner will receive a practical and sympathetic treatment in his hands, and will look forward with pleasure to the appearance of his work.

* * *

"*The Panglima Muda*" is a romance of Malaya by Rounsevelle Wildman, editor of the "OVERLAND MONTHLY," in which journal it appeared as a serial. We read it at the time, and with great pleasure and much profit. Mr. Wildman spent some years in the Malayan Archipelago and in the land in which the scenes of this romantic story are laid. The book takes one into a life of which the many know but little, and lets us in to view the civilization of some of the strangest and most romantic people of the earth. The story is graceful, scholarly, witty, and graphic. Sacramento, Cal., *Record-Union*.

The Electrical Journal changes its name with the September number, the third issue, to the *Journal of Electricity*. It is one of the best technical papers coming to the Reviewer's table and contains much valuable knowledge for the student as well as the practical electrician. The different departments are well edited and the journal under the management of Mr. George P. Low has from the start secured an enviable advertising patronage.

* * *

THE *Echo*, from Chicago, is one of the best exponents of "decadent" art and typography published. Percival Pollard has a crisp, bright style of writing. The remarkable proof reading may be an intentional feature, if so, it is a success. The posters issued from the *Echo* press are some of the best we have seen. No poster exhibition or collection is complete without them.

Other Books Received.

Lively Plays for Live People. By Thomas Stewart Denison. Chicago: T. S. Denison: 1895.

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents.

Twice-Told-Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 60 cents.

Stenotypy. By Rev. D. A. Quinn. Providence, R. I.: 1895.

Report on Total Eclipse of Sun observed at Mina Bronces, Chile. By J. M. Schaeberle. Publications of the Lick Observatory.

God Forsaken. By Frederic Breton. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1895.

The Two Brothers. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers.

The Old Maid's Club. By I. Zangwill. Lovell, Coryell & Co.: New York.

On the Point. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Joseph Knight & Co.: Boston: 1895.

Malay Sketches. By Frank Swettenham. Macmillan & Co.: N. Y. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey. \$2.00.

Mr. Isaacs. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan: New York: 1895. Doxey, \$.50.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PALACE OF COMMERCE.

THE EMPORIUM OF SAN FRANCISCO.



courtesy Pissis & Moore.

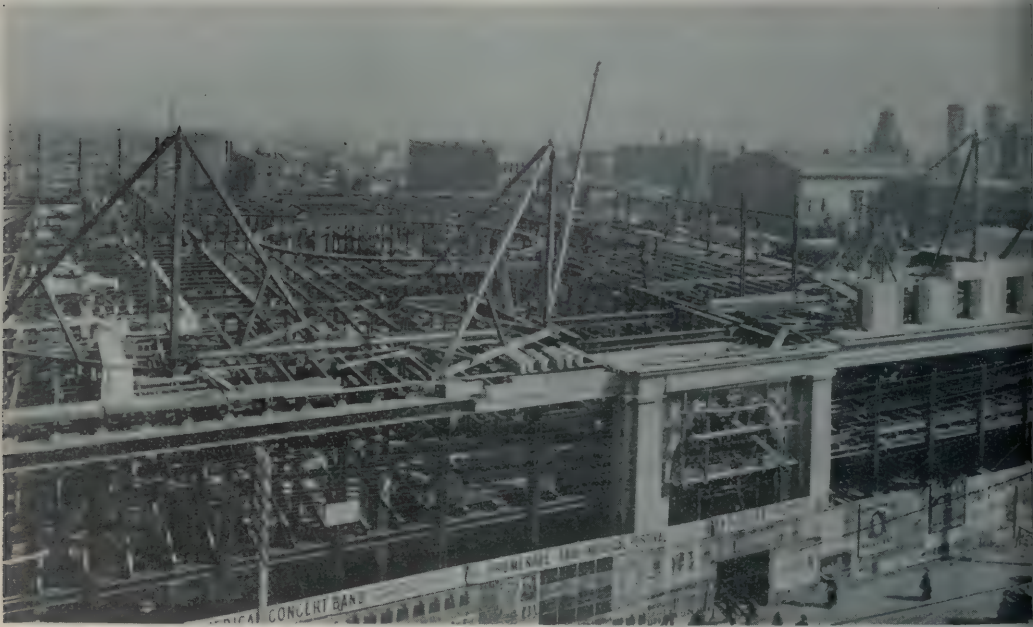
THE EMPORIUM. FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWING.

AN IDEA suggests itself as one stands before that vast monument to the commerce of the 20th Century on Market Street, San Francisco,—The Emporium. Passers may not have given the subject a thought as they hurried back and forth day after day as this building neared completion,—for this is the day of great buildings,—but this Emporium building is the greatest of its kind on earth. The idea that suggests itself is,—Would it not be interesting to place in the heart of this structure—the climax of the architect's skill—a museum, showing by models or object lessons the development of commerce in its many branches from the first dawning of primitive barter

down to the present methods of trade, steel-steamships, Bon Marchés, and Emporium Buildings? Dugouts and wampum would furnish vistas of history that would cause the sight-seer more fully to realize that commerce as well as the sciences have influenced the development of the human race. The study of the stars and the study of the almighty dollar and what it represents have marched hand in hand down this vista of the ages, until their humble origin and first steps have been forgotten. There is a world of history and a world of human achievements mixed with the mortar and iron in one of these wonderful marts. The products from the utter-

most parts of the earth meet within the stone and iron walls, and make of it a museum of modern manufactures that outrivals the dreams of Cleopatra, and is within itself a miniature World's Fair. It all represents a chapter in the romance of history, as the introduction of the silver coin, doing away with the long lines of camels that carried on their swaying backs the barter between Egypt and Chaldea, represents another.

ebb. The commercial spirit had to seek for itself places of security, and these could only be found in municipally governed towns which were capable of defending themselves. For mutual protection such towns formed themselves into leagues, and the productive arts and manufacturing industries flourished under the system. Such was the origin of the Hanseatic League, which, founded in 1241, extended itself from Lubeck and Ham-



A PORTION OF THE STEEL FRAMING. THE CIRCLE IN THE CENTER IS ONE HUNDRED FEET IN DIAMETER.

In the ancient world the two important conditions for the extension of international traffic—transport facilities and security—were conspicuously wanting.

On the collapse of the Roman Empire the ancient seats of industry and commerce were undergoing the process of decay, and civilization began to show symptoms of moving northward. During the feudal ages Europe afforded little encouragement for the extension of trade and international commerce was at a low

burg until it included eighty-five important towns. What Venice was in the Mediterranean, the towns of Holland were in the northern seas.

The next stage of development reached by commerce was marked by the discovery of the mariner's compass. The Cape of Good Hope was doubled, India, the Spice Islands, and China, were visited, and a new world was discovered.

At last the great final change was effected by the utilization of steam power



BUILDING UP THE STONE FRONT. J. D. MCGILVRAY, BUILDER.

on sea and land and in factories. During the three centuries preceding this marvelous innovation the whole world had been explored, and all parts of it had been brought into commercial intercourse.

The extension of commerce during the present century is unparalleled in history. At every great progressive stride made by commerce new features in her operations have displayed themselves not only in a general but also in a detail point of view. The most conspicuous of the latter in the present age is the institution of department establishments for the local distribution of commodities of every kind and description. These great establishments occupy relatively the same position in a nation which the greater emporiums of commerce do in the world at large; they are, in fact, retail empo-

riums for the concentration and distribution of foreign and domestic productions locally desirable and in demand, and have been brought into vogue by the vast scope of modern commerce.

The most prominent of these institutions are the Bon Marché and Louvre of Paris, Whiteley's of London, Wanamaker's of Philadelphia, Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago, and Hilton, Hughes & Denning of New York. These are soon to be more than equaled in San Francisco.

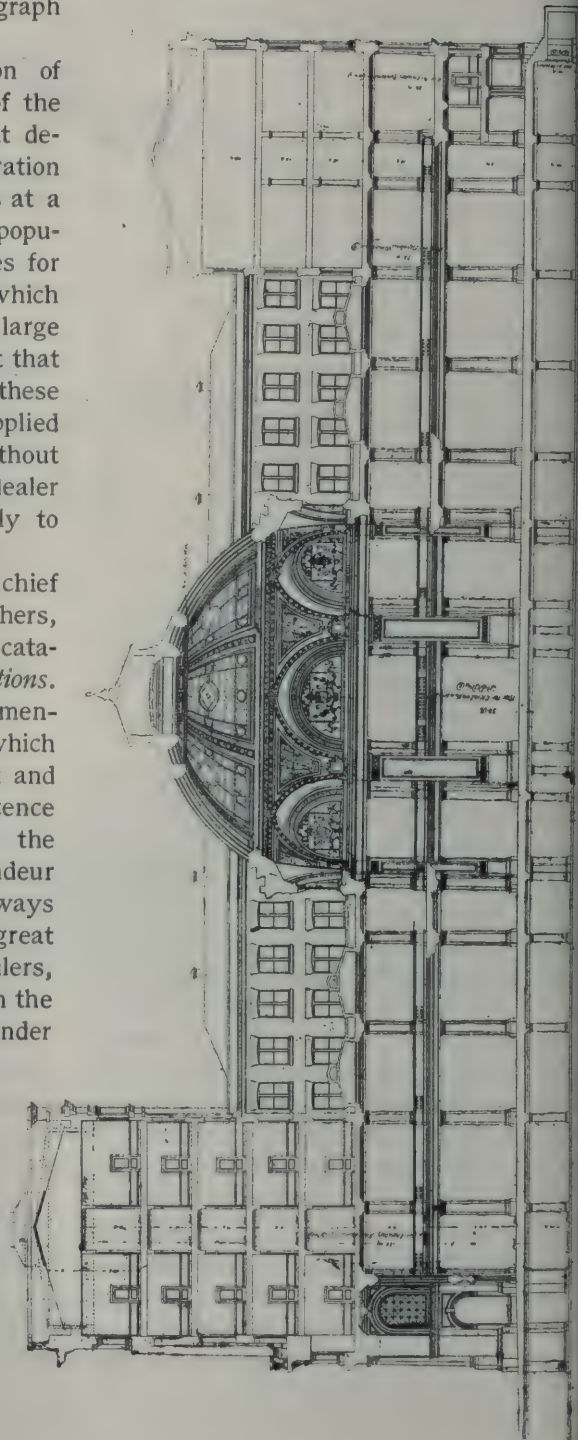
Only he that has wandered hour after hour through the corridors, up and down the grand stairways, along the almost endless aisles, of such wonderful expositions as the Louvre and the Bon Marché in Paris can form any adequate conception of what this Emporium of San Francisco, a greater exposition, will be. The eye

must really see to believe, the mind can not grasp it aided simply by photograph and printed letter.

Convenience and the reduction of retail prices are the mainsprings of the success which attends these great department emporiums. The concentration of the productions of all industries at a single point in a flourishing seat of population affords the consumer facilities for purchase without waste of time which individual stores scattered over a large area cannot present; while the fact that most of the goods with which these establishments are stocked are supplied directly from the manufacturer, without the intervention of the wholesale dealer and middle-men, points conclusively to low prices.

These may be regarded as the chief factors of success, but there are others, far from unimportant, which may be catalogued under the general term *attractions*. Such great institutions as those mentioned afford veritable spectacles, which invite the attention of the resident and transient public alike. The magnificence and gorgeousness of the displays, the immense variety of goods, the grandeur of the building, the marble stairways and wide passage-ways, and the great concourse of people, purchasers, idlers, and sightseers, promenading through the numerous departments, excite the wonder of the visitor and arouse in him feelings of pleasure and satisfaction second only to those experienced on a visit to a world's fair.

Establishments of this character exist in all of the large cities of the world. San Francisco has been, perhaps, dilatory in producing an institution of the kind befitting her rank as Queen of the Pacific, but she is now about to make amends, and will soon

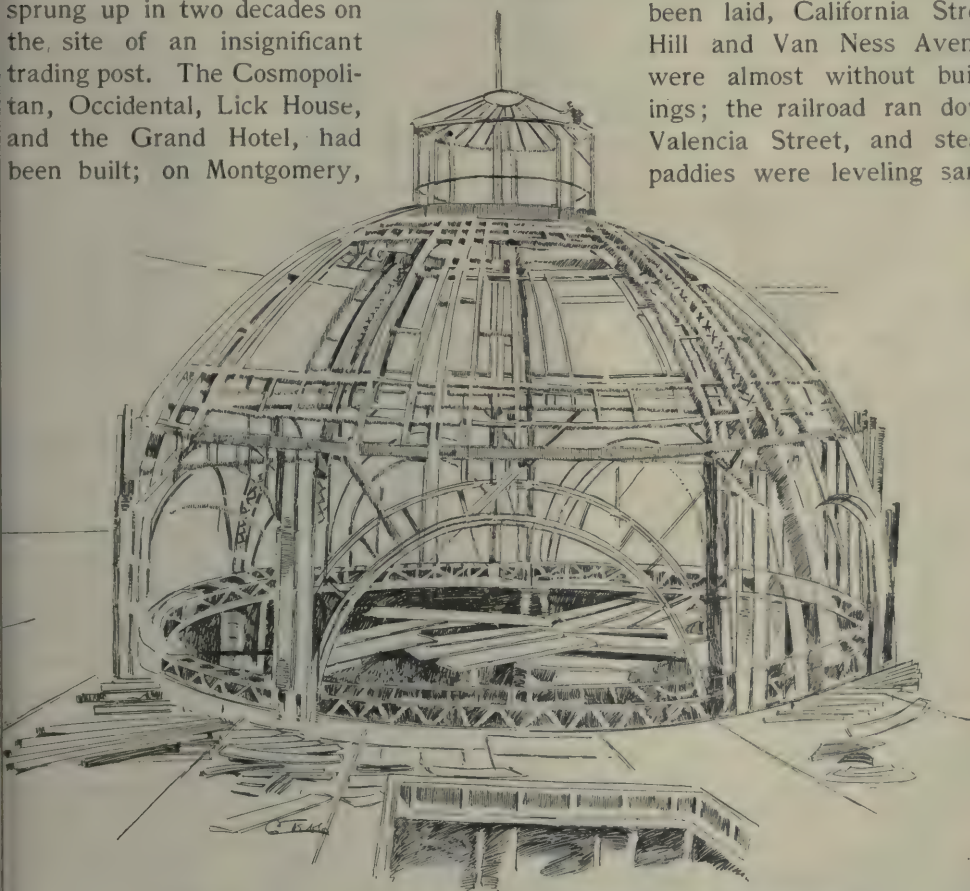


have an emporium greater in area, more magnificent in architecture, and more complete in all its arrangements than any of the great establishments mentioned or existing elsewhere. This vast enterprise, which when completed will represent a capital of five million dollars and give employment to from two thousand to two thousand five hundred people, has been created and carried out by the brains and capital of San Francisco's own citizens, and is one of the most potent indications of the dawn of the new era of prosperity which is opening for our State.

Five and twenty years ago the stranger visiting San Francisco was struck with wonder at beholding a city that had sprung up in two decades on the site of an insignificant trading post. The Cosmopolitan, Occidental, Lick House, and the Grand Hotel, had been built; on Montgomery,

Kearny, and Market streets fine stores offered the purchaser almost every variety of articles manufactured in all quarters of the globe; theaters had been built, great churches had been erected, and the visitor marveled at the tremendous energy and activity displayed by the city builders of the West. Commerce was the cause of this wonderful transformation; for it was California's wealth in gold, the commercial medium of exchange, that started her in her career of prosperity.

But the contrast between the aspect of the city at the time alluded to and that which it now wears is immense. The foundation stones of the Palace Hotel and the New City Hall had not been laid, California Street Hill and Van Ness Avenue were almost without buildings; the railroad ran down Valencia Street, and steam paddies were leveling sand-



PLACING THE STEEL FRAMEWORK OF THE DOME. DIAMETER, ONE HUNDRED FEET.

hills south of Market Street; none of the notably great and fine business structures and private mansions that now adorn San Francisco then existed. Today they proclaim the rapidity and permanency of her progress, and the new building will be a worthy addition to them, both architectural and commercial.

Its site was formerly owned by the Society of Jesus and for many years was occupied by the Jesuit College. After the Society moved to their new quarters, the lot was purchased by the Parrott Estate, but owing to its great size the Estate could determine upon no advantageous improvement until the Emporium Company was formed, and it was decided to erect a structure exceptionally ornamental to the city and to be devoted to an enterprise in step with the commercial progress of the age. A lease of the entire building for twenty years has been made with this Company.

No more favorable position could have been chosen for the establishment. Situated at a point on the main artery of the city most easy of access from all parts; placed in the very center of public movement; within short distance of the New City Hall and the future Post Office, the building will be a focus of congregation and a lodestone of attraction.

As you stand on Market Street and gaze at the magnificent façade, 275 feet in length and seven stories high, you can hardly realize the great size of its component parts. This is due to the symmetry and harmony of the architecture, the style of which is Modern Renaissance. Whether you look at the grand main entrance, with its flanking Doric pilasters and massive entablature, or at that striking feature of the façade, the long row of Corinthian columns, you are hardly conscious of their real size. The superficial area of the main entrance

is immense, the span of the arch alone being 25 feet and its height 40 feet. It is the largest single bond arch as yet constructed in any mercantile building or business block, and some of the stones used in it weigh twelve and even fourteen tons apiece.

The building is provided with two other handsome entrances, one at each end, leading to the office floors of the building, and the spaces between them and the main entrance are occupied by great show windows, twelve in number, which will present an almost unbroken surface of plate glass and furnish a



gorgeous spectacle with their brilliant displays of rich goods. The second story will also be similarly glazed on the Market Street front.

Above the third story rises the imposing colonnade of Corinthian columns, eighteen in number, flanked to half their height by pilasters. These columns reach to the top of the sixth story, thus covering with bases and capitals included, a height of three stories. Their entablature is simple and elegant, and above it rises the façade of the seventh story, which is surmounted by a rich cornice and stone balustrade.

This beautiful front is built entirely of Oregon gray sandstone, taken from the Pioneer Quarry, Lincoln County, and Yaquina Bay, Oregon. About 5500 tons of this handsome building material, which resembles granite, was used in the construction.

But even the great length and height of the façade do not fully convey a realization of the actual magnitude of the edifice; for it has a depth of no less than 350 feet, and therefore, an area of 36,250 square feet, while that of the basement is still larger by 8,250 square feet, owing to extensions of twenty feet under Market Street and ten feet under Jessie Street. This immense basement will be complete and perfect in all its numerous arrangements, and it will be devoted mainly to departments of this great store; but in it will also be located the heating and ventilating apparatus, an electric plant, supplying motive power for the elevators and light for innumerable incandescent and arc burners, and all the most modern contrivances for the comfort and convenience of the numerous occupants of the building.

A grand and lofty vestibule, embellished with magnificent carvings in stone, and having show windows upon either side, forms a fitting entrance to this



great establishment. It is without doubt the grandest entrance to any mercantile establishment. From this vestibule the visitor passes through the doors and beholds a spectacle unequalled in the world. This is a single room 275 feet wide, 350 feet long, and from 45 to 100 feet high. There is seen a forest of magnificent pillars, but nowhere is there a single partition to divide this vast room. The fixtures and shelving for the merchandise alone serve the purpose of dividing the different departments from one another. The visitor now stands upon the main aisle of the store, — a veritable highway. It is paved with beautiful marble and is forty feet wide. Along its sides begin the rows of massive pillars which uphold the second story, built as balconies in this vast room. This grand aisle extends in a straight line for one hundred and twenty-five feet from both ends, and then with the same width of forty feet extends in semi-circular form to the right and left, forming a rotunda one hundred and forty feet in diameter, in the center of the store.

This grand aisle is remarkable by reason of the fact that over the straight portion its ceiling is 45 feet from its floor,

and over its circular portion comes the grand dome in the center, one hundred feet above the floor at its apex.

On the east and west sides of the rotunda, and leading from the main aisle, are the grand and massive stairways, sixteen feet wide, which lead to the basement floor and to the second or mezzanine floor. Four huge, but nevertheless beautiful elevators, one upon each side of these stairways, run from the basement and second floor for the accommodation of passengers only.

These superb stairways will be ornamental features of the Emporium, which will excite the admiration of every one. The wide steps and spacious landings will be of white marble, and the handsome railings, balustrades, and newel-posts, of ornamental bronze. Costly chandeliers of beautiful design, ablaze by night with electric lights, will add to the grandeur and brilliancy of their appear-

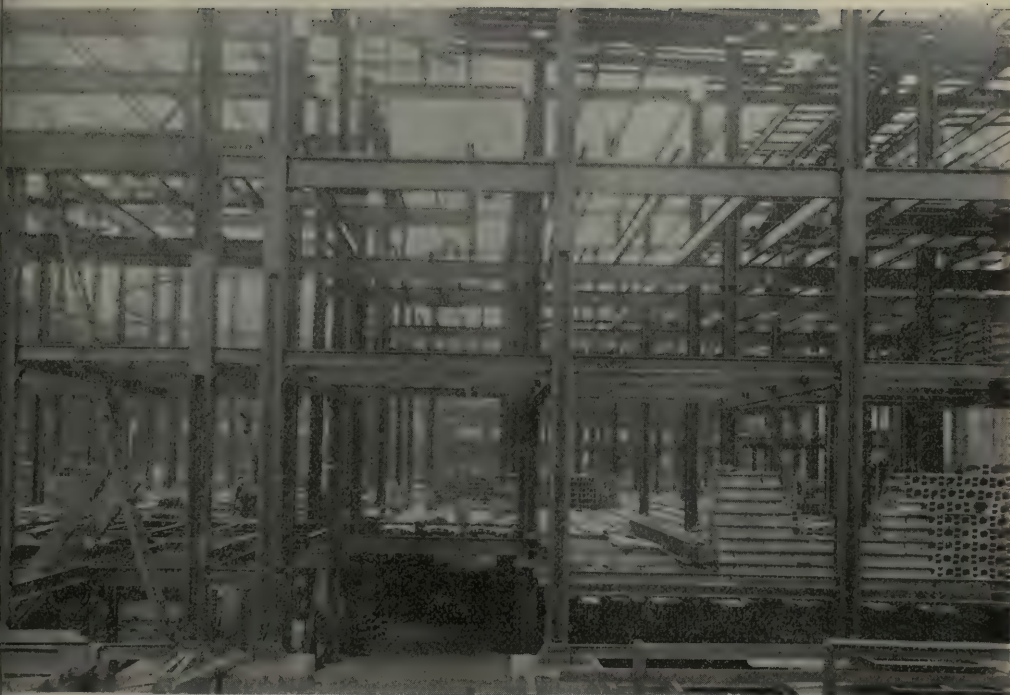
ance. Each stairway is continued from its broad landing on the first story in two flights, right and left, to the floor of the second story.

Of the individual structural features the most conspicuous, and the most interesting to the visitor as a thing of beauty will doubtless be the rotunda with its great light-supplying glass dome. One hundred and twenty-five tons of steel have been used in the construction of its framework. The beautiful windows at the base of the dome will be of ornamental art glass in figured designs by prominent artists, and the main skylights of crystallized plate glass in decorated design.

A beautiful balustrade will extend along the entire edge of the second floor, and following this line, a space of sixteen feet wide will form the main aisle of the second floor, and as parts of this aisle, two graceful bridges will span the main aisle at the rotunda, thus facilitating passage



THE CONCRETE PIERS, BUILT BY GOODMAN.



THE STEEL FRAMING. MANUFACTURED AND ERECTED BY PACIFIC ROLLING MILLS CO.

from one side to the other on this second floor.

An ornamented pavilion sixty feet in diameter, for the purpose of a Café, will occupy the center of the rotunda, and on its roof will be a fern garden, to be utilized when occasion requires for a bandstand.

On a sub-mezzanine floor, respectively on the east and west side of the rotunda, are the ladies' parlors and corresponding apartments for men, which will include reading and writing rooms.

This peculiar and ingenious construction of the two main floors in one vast room, with their spacious aisles, off of which are located various departments, gives opportunity for a delightful promenade to either purchaser or sight-seer either by day or night. From five to ten thousand people will not overcrowd these aisles. At night, when the whole place is illuminated by countless electric lights, the aisles are hedged by beautiful grill

fences, which temporarily enclose the departments, still giving opportunity for the display of the goods, and the band is dispensing its sweet strains to the there assembled throng, this establishment will form a picture heretofore only conceived in fairy land.

Every conceivable article of merchandise will be carried, and each line will be more complete than that of any single store devoted entirely to that line in the city today.

This grand structure will be completed and the department store "The Emporium" will be opened about March, 1st, 1896.

Fifteen elevators, run by electric power, will be in operation for passengers and freight.

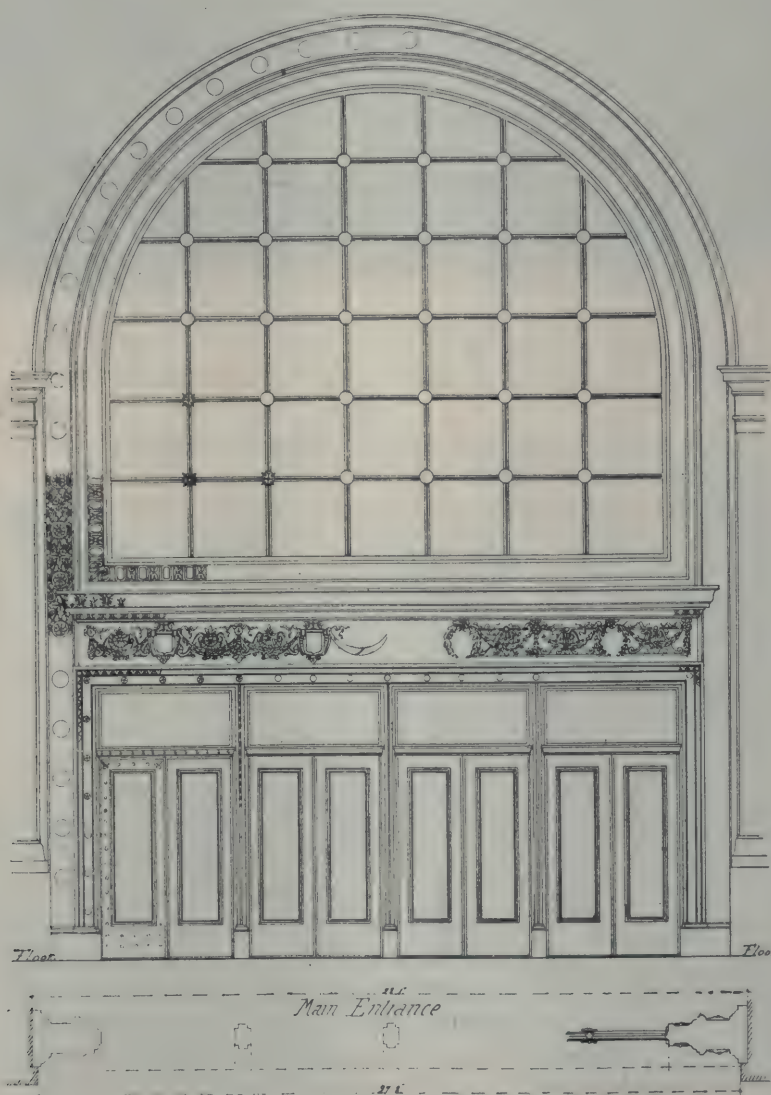
The front of the five upper stories will be rented for office purposes, confined exclusively to professional and other callings of the highest standing. In its appointments this portion of the edifice will equal

any building in San Francisco or the country. It will contain every convenience that modern architecture can furnish, and possess several new features of great advantage to the occupants. It is estimated that there will be from 300 to 350 offices, according to the final decision made as to the subdivision.

Indicative of the high class of tenants for whom this portion of the building is

intended is the fact that already the Supreme Court of California has leased the entire seventh floor for its court rooms and the transaction of its business in this city.

The building has been made practically fireproof. Constructed throughout on a mammoth skeleton of steel, and protected laterally by brick fire walls against danger from outside, the structural material

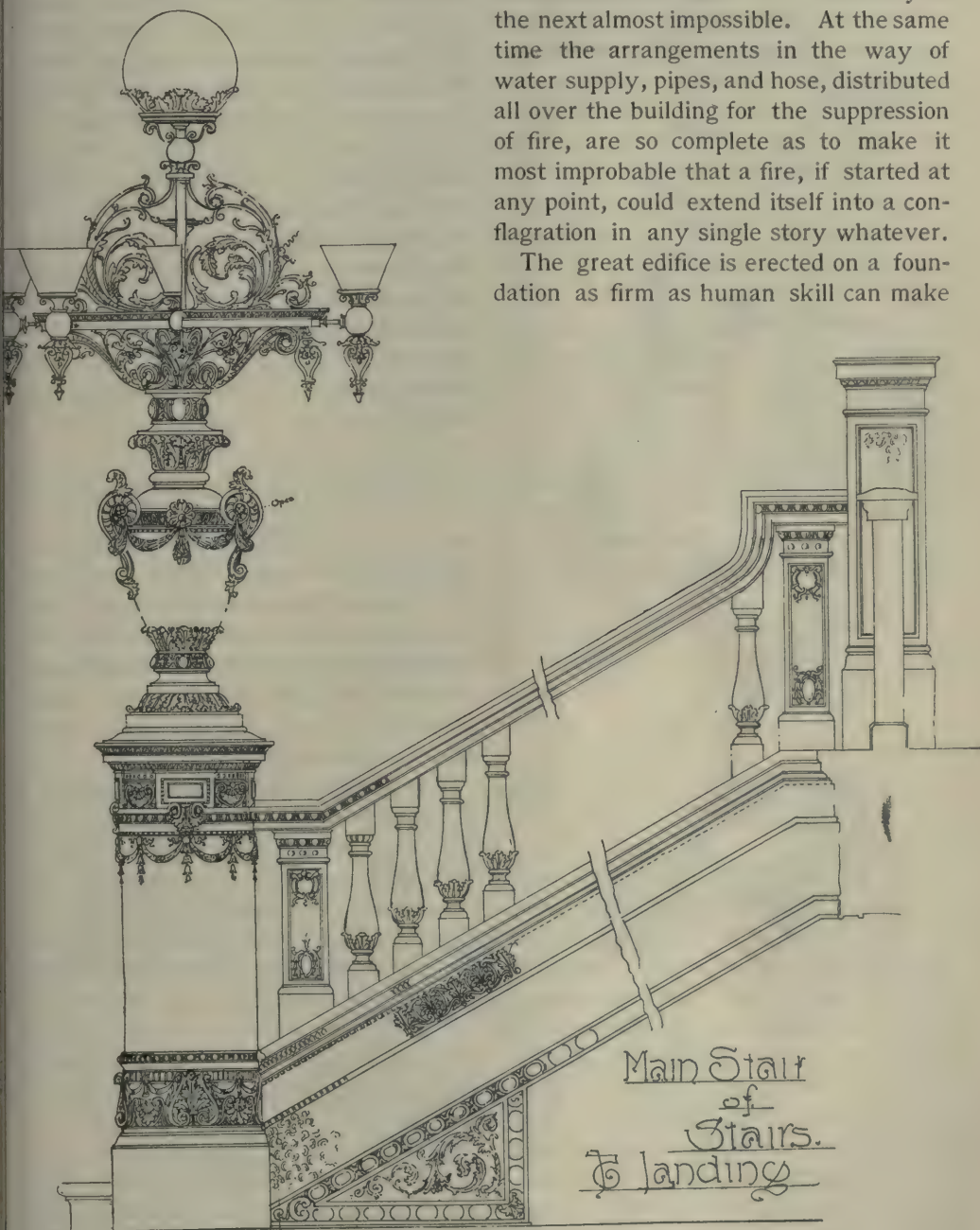


ARCHITECTS' DRAWING FOR MAIN ENTRANCE.

of the interior—mostly terra cotta, steel, and stone—reduces the risk of fire inside to a minimum. Each story that contains department stores—wherein will lie the bulk of combustible things—will be iso-

lated, as it were, from those above and below it by an absolutely fireproof packing or stratum of concrete, composed of cement and ashes, laid beneath the floorings of the stories and rendering the transmission of flame from one story to the next almost impossible. At the same time the arrangements in the way of water supply, pipes, and hose, distributed all over the building for the suppression of fire, are so complete as to make it most improbable that a fire, if started at any point, could extend itself into a conflagration in any single story whatever.

The great edifice is erected on a foundation as firm as human skill can make



ROTUNDA STAIRS. NEWEL POST AND ELECTROLIER, WINSLOW BROTHERS CO., CHICAGO.



it, and terrible would be the earthquake shock that could harm it. Three hundred concrete piers, wide-based and capped with granite, unyieldingly resist the pressure and support the steel-bound building as immovably as if it rested on adamantine rock. The granite, a great quantity of which has been used, is from our own State, being supplied by the Raymond Granite Company, Raymond, Fresno County. It is of the finest quality in the country, and some of the blocks are very large. The granite step in the

main entrance, 28 feet long and nearly 7 feet wide, is a marvel of its kind.

Neither money nor thought has been spared to produce a building which, for style of architecture, for the sumptuousness of its interior, the perfection of its arrangements, and the multiplicity of its conveniences and attractions, will justly be regarded with pride by our citizens. The marble floors of the great hallway, of the passages and corridors, the lofty pillars which form the central supports, cased with the same beautiful stone, and the marble wainscots will be long-lasting though mute witnesses to the art of Ruffino & Bianchi, and an evidence of the grand conception of the designers, while the whole structure will be a noble monument to the commercial enterprise of Californians.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILDING.

WHEN the Parrott Estate Company decided to build on the property purchased from the Jesuit fathers, they invited plans for a building, the lower floors of which were to be used for a grand department store, and the upper floors for office purposes.

The plans for the edifice were prepared by Messrs. Pissis & Moore, who were the architects of the Hibernia Bank, Mercantile Library, The Wenban, the Hotel Savoy, and a number of other buildings on our principal thoroughfares; and all the work has been performed under their supervision. The superintendent of construction of this as well as the other buildings erected by the Parrott Estate was our well-known townsman Mr. F. Bernard.

The plans for the building having been accepted by the owners, the work of excavating the site began. The whole surface of the ground extending from Market

to Jessie streets, including the portion of the streets covered by the sidewalk, a space of three hundred and eighty-one feet by two hundred and seventy-five feet, was excavated to the depth of twenty feet, requiring the removal of about 50,000 cubic yards of earth. A. E. Buckman, the contractor, pushed the work with a great deal of vigor, sometimes having as many as one hundred teams employed.

In addition to this the foundations for the piers and walls were excavated to a depth of about eight feet. This was difficult work, as each pier had to be sheet-piled to prevent the sand from running as below this level the ground is filled with water. The sheet-piling was driven down, the water and sand pumped out, and in the spaces was placed the concrete for the foundations. The building is almost entirely built on isolated concrete piers, of which there are three hundred and two, varying in size from nine feet square to twenty-two feet square, and eight feet deep. All of the piers were put in at least six feet below the water level. The sixteen large piers on the Market Street front, which carry

the whole frontage of steel and stone, were constructed very carefully of Josson cement, sharp-beach gravel, and crushed basalt rock, no finer or more carefully constructed piers have ever been built, and they reflect credit on George Goodman, the veteran contractor. Mr. Goodman also built the exterior walls and retaining walls along the whole length of the street frontage, two hundred and seventy-five feet in length and fifteen feet high, and has laid the first three floors of the building in concrete composed of ashes, cinders, and cement, for fire-proofing. The basement floor and sidewalks are yet unfinished. During the construction of this work over sixty-five hundred cubic yards of rock, etc. were used and over ten thousand barrels of Josson cement, which after competitive tests was decided to be the best. This cement comes from Niel on Rupell, Belgium, and is used, on account of its great strength and regularity of manufacture in concrete for fortifications built by the United States Government, and has been supplied to some of the largest buildings, locks, Portland and other water works, on the Coast.



BUCKMAN'S TEAMS EXCAVATING FOUNDATION.



QUARRY OF RAYMOND GRANITE COMPANY.

As soon as the concrete piers were finished they were capped with granite from the Raymond Granite Company's quarry, the iron shoes were placed in position, and the Pacific Rolling Mills began the erection of the steel frame, over fifty-five hundred tons of steel pillars, girders, and joists, were used. There are three hundred pillars reaching from the concrete piers to the top of the building, and the steel joists are bolted to them. In the dome alone, which E. F. Jones, the constructor, is just completing, there are two hundred tons of steel from the spring to the top. The Pacific Rolling Mills, a local corporation, took the contract in open competition with large Eastern firms, and thus kept the work and workingmen's wages at home.

The bases of the sandstone pilasters which weigh seventeen and a half tons

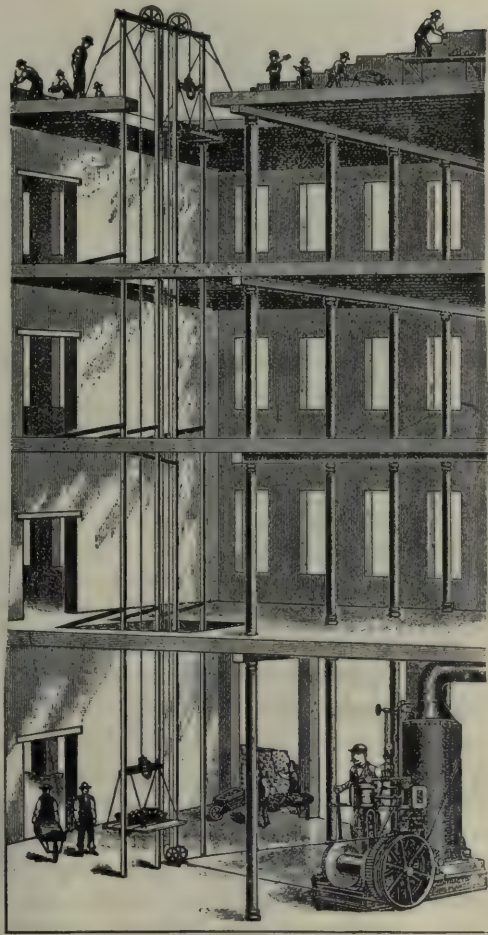
each, and the main entrance door-sill, an immense granite slab, twenty-four feet seven inches by six feet six inches, and one foot thick, were also supplied by the Raymond Granite Company, for which Messrs. Knowles & Hosmer are resident agents. The illustration shows the capacity of the quarry for turning out immense blocks.

John D. McGilvray, who has built scores of stone buildings all over the country, commenced on the front immediately after the erection of the steel skeleton frame. His work shows to more advantage than that of the other contractors, as it is directly in evidence. The stone used was Oregon sandstone from the Oregon Sandstone Company's quarry near Yaquina Bay. The cutting and carving was done at McGilvray's yard in San Francisco.

Richardson & Gale, the contractors for the brick work, erected in each of the four corners of the building hoisting elevators, by which the brick and mortar were handled from the basement to the different floor levels. This rapid service enabled the placing in position of about 45,000 brick per day. The brick work contract was the largest contract for similar work ever let in San Francisco, and included the brick walls from the concrete and iron lintels to the capping of the firewall above the roof. To illustrate the size of the contract, the walls on the third floor if extended in a straight line would reach 2500 feet. During the twenty years Richardson & Gale have been in business they have erected some of the largest buildings on the Coast.

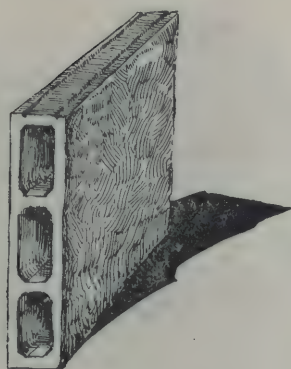
All the steel columns and girders are covered with terra cotta fire-proofing which was manufactured by Gladding, McBean & Company, at their Lincoln, Placer County, Terra Cotta Works. This firm also built the terra cotta arches of the three lower and mezzanine floor, making the building thoroughly fire-proof. They also, in connection with the Forrester Cornice Works, will roof the building.

To render the interior of the building still more fire-resisting, a new fireproof material, manufactured by the firm of Wanner & Maddox, is to be used for all the interior division wall on the three lower floors, and as furring for all the brick work of the building. This material, which is a cement compound containing dead air, is used by the United States Government for all its buildings, and after the most severe tests has been pronounced to be the best fire-resisting building material known. In addition to this, there are no wooden laths in the building,—in their place is used a new style of wire lathing, which is manufactured and supplied by the Standard Iron & Wire Works, of San Francisco.



BRICK AND MORTAR HOIST, RICHARDSON & GALE.

The wire cloth is stiffened throughout by means of steel rods, and is held down from face of joists by a three eighths inch number 18 wire on edge, thus insuring a perfect covering of mortar to the wood work, and leaving no contact between wood and metal. The patent iron furring which is ingeniously applied and secured to the terra cotta arches on the lower floors consists of one and one quarter inch by three sixteenth inch iron, standing on edge, and having one half inch by one eighth iron woven through them, and twisted on either side of the one and one quarter inch by three sixteenth iron,



WANNER & MADDON'S DIVISION WALL
FIRE PROOFING.

also bringing the edge of the iron down and flush with the main iron, giving a strong and even surface, to which the wire cloth is applied by means of wire clips, designed for the purpose.

The cast iron used for construction and other purposes was supplied by the Joshua Hendy Machine Works.

The four upper floors on the front and the two in the rear are supported by heavy wooden joists, which were placed in position by F. W. Kern. Mr. Kern's work included, in addition to placing the joists, the roof trusses and roof boards, the laying of all the wooden floors, and the setting of all window and door frames.



THE building is to be heated by steam used at a low pressure, either the exhaust steam from the engines, or steam taken direct from the boilers and reduced in pressure.

The system of piping used is the single pipe overhead gravity return system, working at a gauge pressure of from one to five pounds. This system is being used extensively throughout the Eastern cities in all the large buildings.

The main steam pipe, which starts from the boiler room in the Jessie Street end, will be covered with sectional cov-

ering to prevent loss of heat by condensation. As the pipes supplying the radiators are taken from the main steam pipe, it is reduced in size. In the boiler room the main steam pipe will be valved so that either the live or exhaust steam can be used.

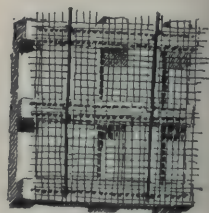
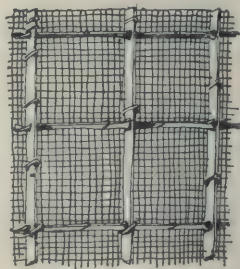
In each office and throughout the stores and corridors, cast iron ornamental radiators will be placed, artistically decorated. These radiators are of the manufacture of the American Radiator Company of Chicago, who are the largest radiator manufacturers in the world, and who received the award at the World's Fair in that city.

All of the latest scientific appliances for the better control and regulation of steam systems are being used on this plant, which is being put in by the George H. Tay Company, and it bids fair to be the most perfect system in use on the Pacific Coast.



MR. E. H. FORST, contractor for the electrical work in the world-famous Sutro Baths and Cliff House, will install the electrical apparatus in the building. The entire installation is of the most modern pat-

tern; iron and brass armored conduit is used throughout,—an innovation in the electrical annals of San Francisco, while the marble switch board, in the



IRON FURRING AND WIRE LATHING. STANDARD IRON
AND WIRE WORKS.

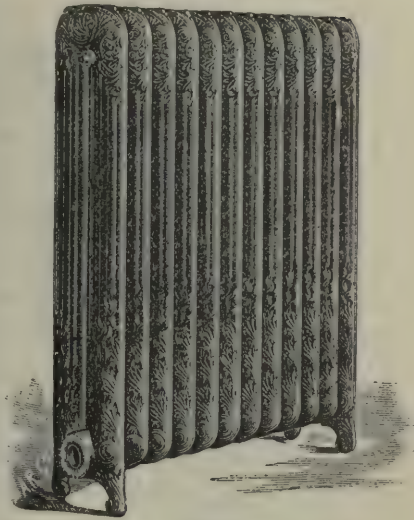
basement of the Jessie Street portion of the building, will excel, in size and completeness, any thing of its kind on the Pacific Coast, outside of the largest central station equipment.

To keep pace with the improved methods of electrical installation, special drilling machines are at work on the tile and wood floors, and so perfect is their construction and operation that the difficult problem of successful and economical installation of the conduit system seems to have found a solution. A special feature of the building will be the marvelous illumination of dome and rotunda. More than two thousand incandescent lights, reinforced by a splendid array of arc lights, encircling the dome and windows opening to the court, will lend to this promenade a brilliancy as yet unequaled in any similar building in the West.

As absolute hygienic sanitation is necessary in a building of the size of the Emporium, which will contain, with its army of employees, and office tenants on the upper floors, a population equal to a good-sized small town, the matter of plumbing was carefully looked into. R. A. Vance, the plumbing contractor, is using the Durham system, which, generally speaking, consists of wrought iron pipes with screwed joints, which will stand a steam pressure and have no leaky caulked joints.

The "Durham" is recommended by the best sanitary experts, and is used in all the large modern Eastern buildings. Mr. Vance will also furnish the marble tiling for the lavatory floors and walls, and all the other material in his line used in the building.

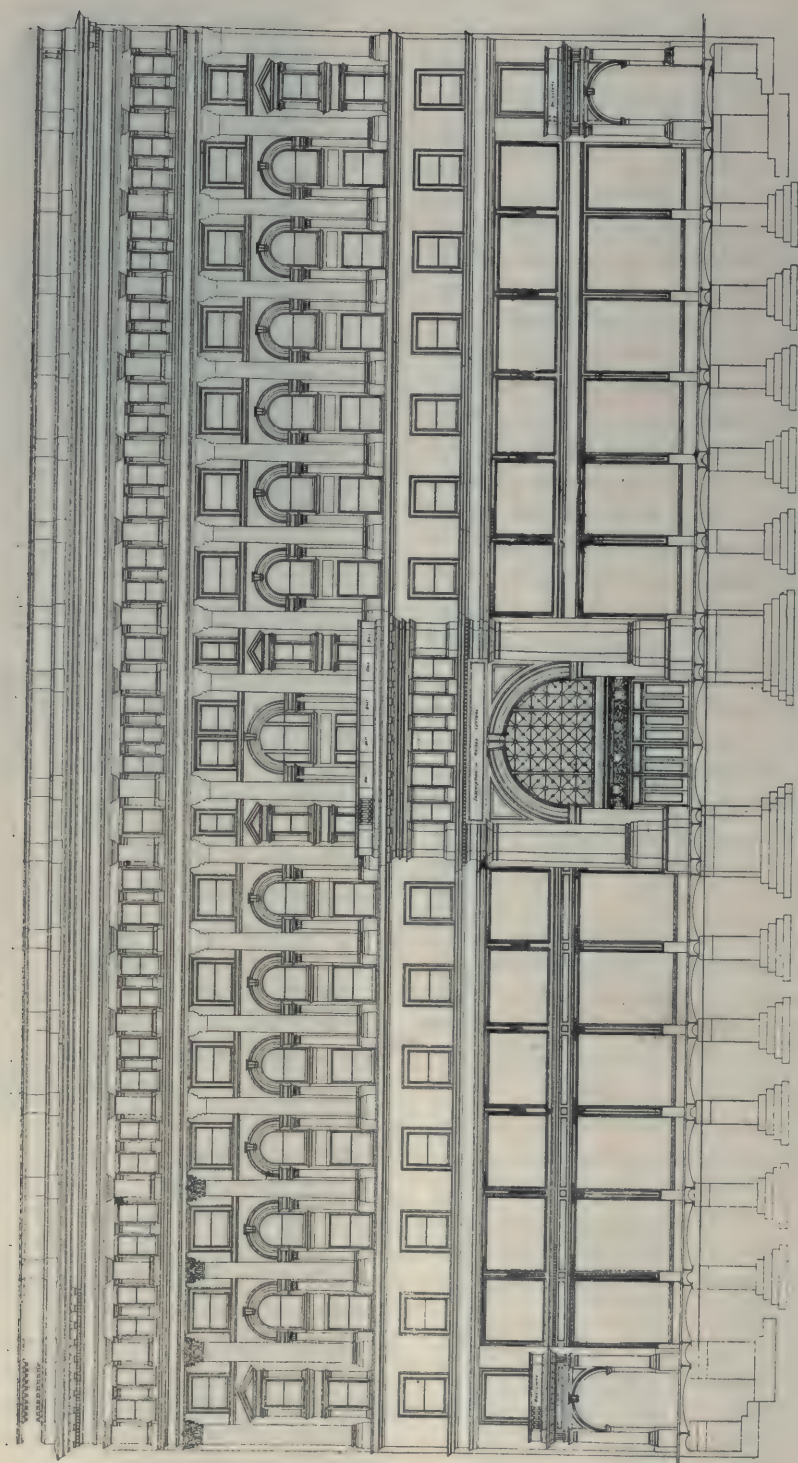
On each floor of the building there will be a number of iron folding doors, some of which will be forty-five feet in length, and so constructed that extended they will be as firm as a wall, though in circular form, and having no stiffening top



AN OFFICE RADIATOR. GEO. H. TAY CO.

bars. When closed they will take only sixteen inches of wall space. These are constructed under patents belonging to the California Artistic Metal Works, and are being built by them. Coppieters & Moeckel, the proprietors, are also building the elevator enclosures for the four main office elevators. They have made grill work of all kinds for the principal buildings in San Francisco, and do all kinds of artistic metal work in iron, copper, brass, or bronze.

When completed the interior of the building will be beautiful in the extreme. The luxurious marble entrances, floors, marble-cased pillars and wainscoting, the beautiful copper bronzed and dark-finished ornamental iron grill and stair and elevator enclosure work, which are the main furnishings, will be superb in their elegance and completeness. The marble work throughout the building will be the handiwork of Messrs. Ruffino & Bianchi, whose beautiful marble ornaments nearly all our large buildings. They will furnish and place in position the marble floors, etc., wainscoting for all the halls and passageways, the steps and all the interior furnishings, — which



THE FRONT ELEVATION. FISSIS & MOORE, ARCHITECTS.



ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK BY CALIFORNIA ARTISTIC METAL WORKS.

will be of white Italian marble, and colored marble from all parts of the world.

One very noticeable feature will be the lavish use of copper-bronzed and dark-finished ornamental iron on the store fronts and the interior of the building. In its artistic effects, as well as in the superior excellence in points of workmanship, the ornamental iron in the Emporium, manufactured by the Winslow Brothers Company, of Chicago, makes a fitting finish to the great building, and is fully up to its architectural beauty and structural merits. The store fronts and entrances on Market Street are of iron duplex plated of copper bronze.

In iron, electroplated in bronze, the ornamentation can be accentuated by brightening the relief lines, however low, and the absence of decisive shadows gives it a dreamy, sketchy look that is

very beautiful, and specially so when its effect is heightened by the sheen of plate glass.

This style is used on all the iron work on the front of the building, the entrances, the rotunda stairs, electrolier frames, and other rotunda decorations. The finish around the rotunda elevator enclosure is a combination of electro-bronze and Bower-Barff, all the grill work being of the latter matchless finish, whose smooth, soft beauty has done so much to extend the reputation of the Winslow Brothers Company. The main rotunda stairs, the design for which is shown in this article, are perfect in their artistic proportion, and will be the handsomest in the city, fitting ornaments for the great circle, and an optical feast to the thousands who will pass through it. Messrs. Winslow Brothers Company are doing much through the excellence of their work to stimulate the ornamental iron business, and hardly any recently erected large building, no matter where located, but is beautified by their handiwork.

To the Western Iron Works, Sims & Morris, proprietors, is entrusted the work



GRILL WORK OF MAIN ELEVATOR. CALIFORNIA ARTISTIC METAL WORKS.



A ROTUNDA ELEVATOR ENCLOSURE. WINSLOW BROTHERS COMPANY, CHICAGO.

of building the iron stairs which extend from basement to roof in the front and rear of the building. They will be

highly ornamental, — those in the front copper bronze plated, the rear stairs of black iron with hand forgings.

No Other Medicine Needed.


Always Satisfactory.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for fifteen years as a cathartic for constipation and liver complaint, and always with extremely beneficial effect, never having had need of other medicine. I also give Ayer's Pills to my children, when they require an aperient, and the result is always satisfactory."—ADELAIDE E. EATON, Centre Conway, N. H.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best Blood-purifier.



Lowney Building
World's Columbian Exposition
WHERE
Lowney's
Chocolate Bonbons
Received the Highest Award.
SAMPLE PACKAGE TEN CENTS IN STAMPS
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.,
99 PEARL ST., BOSTON, MASS.



This 10 x 12 Camping Tent

8 Ounces Double Filling Canvas, complete, with Poles and Pins

PRICE, \$6.85

delivered at any freight depot in Chicago.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO., Manufacturers

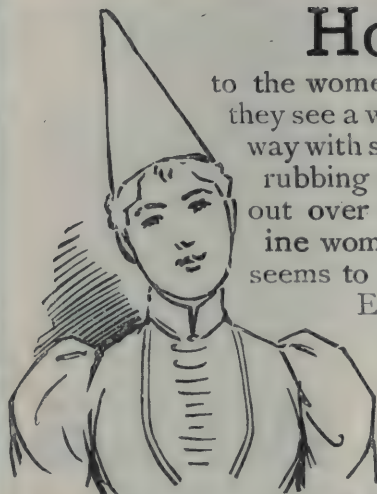
202-208 S. Water Street, CHICAGO

THE LAYMAN PNEUMATIC SPORTING AND OUTING BOATS.



Send 4c. in stamps for illustrated catalogue and price list.

H. D. Layman, 30 W. 29th St., cor. Broadway, N. Y.



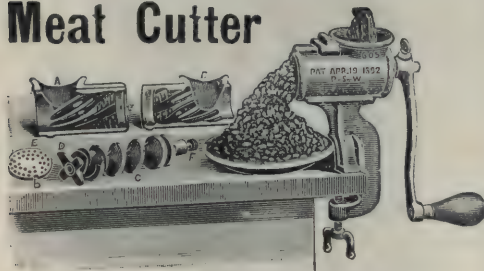
How it looks,

to the women who wash with Pearlina, when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap—rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearlina women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to “wear a fool’s cap unawares.”

Everything’s in favor of Pearlina—easier work, quicker work, better work, safety, economy. There’s not one thing against it. What’s the use of washing in the hardest way, when it costs more money? 489

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

A Necessity to Housewives, THE NEW TRIUMPH Meat Cutter



EXCELS ALL OTHERS IN THESE RESPECTS:

- Is durable.
- Easy to operate.
- Can be very quickly washed.
- Cutting parts are forged steel
- And can be cheaply and easily replaced.
- IS NEEDED BY EVERY HOUSEKEEPER
- For preparing cold Ham for the table,
- For making Beef or Veal Loaf,
- For cutting tough Beef Steak,
- For making Croquettes
- Or Minced Pies.

How often does your butcher wash his Meat Cutter?

Buy your own and know that it is clean.

To wash the New Triumph is as easy as to wash

FOUR PRESERVE DISHES.

To wash any other is as hard as to wash

TWO GRIDIRONS.

If your dealer does not keep it, write for circular and address of Agent to

THE PECK, STOW & WILCOX CO.,
SOUTHINGTON, CONN.

NOW IT ONLY TAKES ONE MAN

Well dressed and up to date
convince you that H. S. Brid
& Co. are the best Tailors
San Francisco.

IN OLDEN TIMES

You will remember that it w
said and currently believed
be true that

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN

In matters of dress H. S. Brid
& Co. do not need this amou
of assistance, but will make
man of you on short not
without outside help.

SHIRTS TO ORDER
a specialty.

622 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Stiffening
in your skirt
doesn't cut through
if you put on an
"S. H. & M."
Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding
The kind that
"lasts as long
as the skirt."



Send for samples, showing labels and material, to the S.H. & M. Co., P.O. Box 699, New York City.

"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

Our New Specialties

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PRODUCED IN PHOTOGRAPHY

AN IMMENSE COLLECTION OF

Pacific Coast Scenery

We have the Latest Approved Apparatus for
Producing Instantaneous Views of Field
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All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory and at
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DON'T discard your
dresses be-
cause they
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Put

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Extra light weight perforated for Summer
Wear, in Cream, White, Slate and Fast Black.

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Sole Agents.



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FOR WAISTS, SLEEVES AND SKIRTS
Instruction Free

Call at our parlors—833 Broadway, New York; 186
Wabash-av, Chicago; 40 West-st, Boston; 102 North
Charles-st, Baltimore; 1113 Chestnut-st, Philadel-
phia. Send 65c for 12-yard Sample Skirt Bone.

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HOW TO MAKE

NEW **BEAUTIFUL**



Many
women
with fair
faces are
deficient in
beauty owing
to unde-
veloped figures,
flat busts, etc.,
which can be re-
mediated by the use of

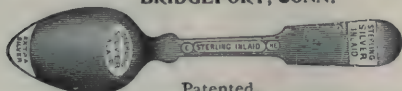
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Sterling Silver Inlaid
SPOONS
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 are guaranteed for
Twenty-Five Years.
 Each article stamped on the back.
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Patented.

Salesrooms 2 Maiden Lane (second door from Broadway, N. Y.)
 A complete line of Solid Silver novelties and plate to be seen.

"XIV"
 is the mark for
EXTRA SECTIONAL PLATE
 and on spoons and forks means more
 silver on the wearing points.
 Not the same as Inlaid
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Nuyler's
COCOA-CHOCOLATES
 For Eating & Drinking
 Purity of Material
 and Deliciousness of
 Flavor Unexcelled
 For Sale at our stores & by Grocers
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 ASK For *Nuyler's* use no other!

At 1/4 Price

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness,
 Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Rollers Mills
 Scales of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles.
 Lists Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.

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Have you ever tried a few
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 more serious matter?
 Write to **Brooks' Homoeopathic Pharmacy,**
 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal., for one of those
 little books which are sent free by mail.

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5 THIRD AND 303 KEARNY STREET

Diamond Setting
 Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty **SAN FRANCISCO**

Exquisitely
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Scented with
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COMPOSED OF
 CLEAN, PURE,
 HEALTHY,
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ABSOLUTELY
THE BEST
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Velvet-Skin
POWDER
 for the BELLE'S BOUDOIR
 and the BABY'S BASKET.

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ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS.

Send 10 cts in stamps to DEPT. H, PARFUMS MARY CO, YONKERS, N. Y.

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MADE IN LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA.

Livermore Valley is noted for the excellent wines
 produced. The grapes grown on our vineyard are from a
 imported direct from the Medoc and Sauterne districts
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We received the Gold Medal at Paris in 1889; at the
 Chicago World's Fair, 1893; San Francisco Mid-
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Shipments made to New York, Boston, Chicago,
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PRICE LIST

	QUARTS. 1 doz. case	PIN 2 doz.
SAUTERNE TYPES		
Sauterne Souvenir.....	\$6 00	\$7 00
Haut Sauterne Souvenir.....	9 00	10 00
Chateau Yquem Souvenir.....	11 00	12 00
CLARET TYPES		
Table d'Hote Souvenir.....	\$5 50	\$6 50
St. Julien Souvenir.....	7 00	8 00
Margaux Souvenir.....	8 00	9 00

We offer to deliver, freight paid, to any of the above
 road terminals at 50 cents per case additional; in lots
 cases, 25 cents per case additional, and in lots of 5
 we pay freight.

ASSORTED CASES AS SAMPLE ONE DOZEN QUART BOTTLES

1 bot. Old Port Wine	2 bots. Sauterne Souvenir
1 bot. Old Sherry	2 bots. Chateau Yquem Souv
1 bot. Old Muscatelle	2 bots. St. Julien Souvenir
1 bot. Haut Sauterne	1 bot. Table d'Hote Souvenir
Souvenir	1 bot. Margaux Souvenir

Including freight paid to any of
 the above railroad points for **\$8.10**

We guarantee these Wines to be absolutely pure.
 REFERENCE: Anglo-California Bank.

WETMORE-BOWEN CO. 140 MONTGOMERY
 SAN FRANCISCO



Professor Charles Jewett, says in the *Independent* of September 12, 1895:—

In regard to the bicycle, it may not be the best form of exercise for women, but its chief advantage is that it appeals to the sex as an attractive form of exercise, and does for them what nothing else has done in this country, it gets them out-of-doors, in the open air, and gives them an amount of muscle work which nothing else has done in the same degree. The result has been that women, almost without exception, who have mastered the bicycle, are immensely benefited in health by its proper use. . . . The subject of bicycle riding was discussed at a recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine in New York. The unanimous conclusion arrived at was that, as a general thing, it was a good form of exercise for both men and women, certainly as suitable as horseback riding. . . .

In the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, Dr. Charles W. Townsend recently states that he sent a list of questions to eighteen women physicians in Boston, and throughout the State, in regard to the value of bicycling for women. The replies cover the field very satisfactorily, showing that the bicycle is of great value to the average woman, even to the woman with various forms of uterine disease; but, when improperly used, the exercise may do more harm than good.

* * *

Judge: My boy, do you know the nature of an oath?

Youthful Witness: I guess I ought to. I've been page for two years in the State Legislature. —*Echoes (Elmira, N. Y.)*

* * *

THE VULCAN IRON WORKS of San Francisco, has been feeling the recent revival of interest in gold mining in California by a fresh demand for their product. They supply all the most approved modern devices in mining machinery.

* * *

THE MASON & RISCH Church Organs, constructed on the Vocation System are notable for sweetness and volume of tone. No church or other society desiring to get full value for a set sum of money can do better than to apply to them. See advertisement.

The "Ideal" Guitars, Mandolins, and Banjos, handled by THE ZENO MAUVAIS MUSIC COMPANY, 769 Market street, are recommended as absolute perfection in intervals, design, and finish. They are certainly beautiful instruments and are sure to give satisfaction.

Their Sheet Music Counters are loaded, as usual, with all the latest songs and instrumental music.

An elegant sample of the Decker & Son piano, of which they are agents, stands in their show window. It is attractive to the eye, and its appearance is a token of its tone, which is unsurpassed. We recommend a call on this enterprising house.

* * *

Of all novelties in the sporting line, the LAYMAN PNEUMATIC BOAT takes the lead. For convenience and perfect safety it is unrivaled, having been practically tested as to capabilities under all possible conditions in lakes, rivers, and open sea, and in all sorts of weather. In fact it is just the thing that every sportsman needs. Send for illustrated catalogue and note the new address. See advertisement.

* * *

SOLID SILVER wearing quality and Plated Ware price in intimate combination are what may be had in the Holmes & Edwards Inlaid Silver goods. The insertion of a little plate of solid silver at the points of greatest wear obviates the only objection to plated goods.

* * *

It may not be generally known that the cleansing powder lately introduced under the name of BORAXAID, is the refined product of the California Borax Lakes; is perfectly harmless in its effects on the skin and is the *very best* of all the so-called SOAP POWDERS for Laundry use and for all cleansing purposes.

* * *

Drop a postal to MERCHANT & Co for information concerning ROOFS which may prove of great value; this is the season to attend to such matters, —before the winter rains set in. See their "Ad" on another page. Oscar S. Levy is their San Francisco Agent.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. Of course I see all the monthly magazines and read some of them and look at the pictures in every one of them. I have thought a great deal about what magazines and papers I would subscribe and pay my money for, if I were to retire from the editorial chair and leave all exchanges behind. As I am discussing magazines just now I will leave out the papers. First of all I would put down on my list the OVERLAND MONTHLY. Because as a Californian by adoption, I would wish to know about the literature and incidentally the history of my own State and the Pacific Coast, of which it is the true exponent. I consider my month's reading most incomplete without reading this valuable magazine. It is invaluable to the Californian who would keep abreast of the literary and historical times of our State.

If I could not afford to subscribe for more than one magazine it would be the OVERLAND. If the reader has never read it, we advise you to at least send 25 cents for a sample copy and be convinced of its merits.—*The Household, Los Angeles.*

* * *

He: What makes you look so vacant?

She (archly): It must be because I am to let. (And he took a long lease).—*Echoes (Elmira, N. Y.)*

* * *

It affords us pleasure to call attention to the printing plates and half tones made for the OVERLAND by BOLTON & STRONG. Each issue of this Magazine contains Specimens of their handiwork. They have a large establishment and are prepared to fill all orders for work in their line promptly and at low prices.

* * *

J. F. Douthitt of Fifth Avenue N. Y., the world famous maker of Tapestry Paintings, has published a book—*Douthitt's Manual of Art Decorations*, that should be in every home. It is the decorative art book of the century, contains 200 Royal Quarto pages fifty full-page original illustrations of unique interiors, etc. The book is worth twice its selling price of \$2.

* * *

B. W. Payne & Sons the well-known manufacturers of Engines and Boilers of Elmira, N. Y., are making engines for Yachts and Launches that are meeting with general satisfaction. They want yacht owners and makers to write them for full particulars.

* * *

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounseville Wildman, \$3.00.

Parke & Lacy Co, 21 & 23 Fremont St., dealers in Mining Machinery etc, write us that their small "Ad" on the outside back cover has been the means of selling two large orders for Mining Machinery.

* * *

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* * *

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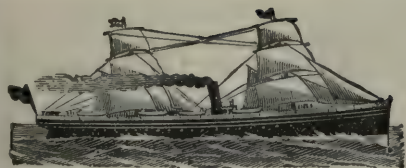
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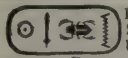
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	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49 353	15 063 367
Alvarado.....	1803	20 324	4 486 572
Watsonville.....	6388	65 291	15 539 040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26 801	4 708 500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11 149	1 835 900
Norfolk, Neb.....	2807	22 625	4 107 300
Staunton, Va.....	50	850	50 027

YIELD OF SUGAR.

	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
Chino.....	3611.4	305.2
Alvarado.....	2488.4	220.7
Watsonville.....	2432.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

Annual consumption of sugar in the United States, 4,162,204,200 pounds.
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
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THE DECORATIVE AGE.



AT an age when woman is making rapid strides toward overtaking man in methods of profitably using time and talents, to point encouragingly to a new field of education suitable for her exploration is to be a public benefactor of the sex. The writer has no wish to poise on so lofty a pedestal, but only hopes to merit the approbation of such lady readers of *THE OVERLAND* as may be desirous of entering a new and fascinating opening for feminine talent.

In the natural development of a progressive country we have been passing through an age of building, of more or less experimental and imitative architecture, a field occupied exclusively by man, and perhaps not so suitable for the opposite sex. Our people seem almost to have exhausted their ingenuity in this field, so that many of our new and expensive private residences are little more than abortive architectural attempts to differ from one's neighbors, even if that only means an additional ugliness. Our more advanced taste and inventive genius, however, is finding its natural vent in another channel. We are entering the arena of artistic decoration, and in at least one branch of decorative art the genius of our people has quickly taken the lead.

The era of wall-paper is passing away in the homes of the refined and the artistic. The walls are now being covered with tapestry canvas, and on the

ceilings, in the spaces between the windows, beneath canopies, over settees, and wherever a room may be beautified by a lovely figure or a dreamland scene, a tapestry panel is conjured into being as part of the room itself. Even the doors become frames from which a sweet-looking pompadour demoiselle is airily tripping toward you; or the home of a jolly cavalier, perpetually inviting you to drive dull care away.

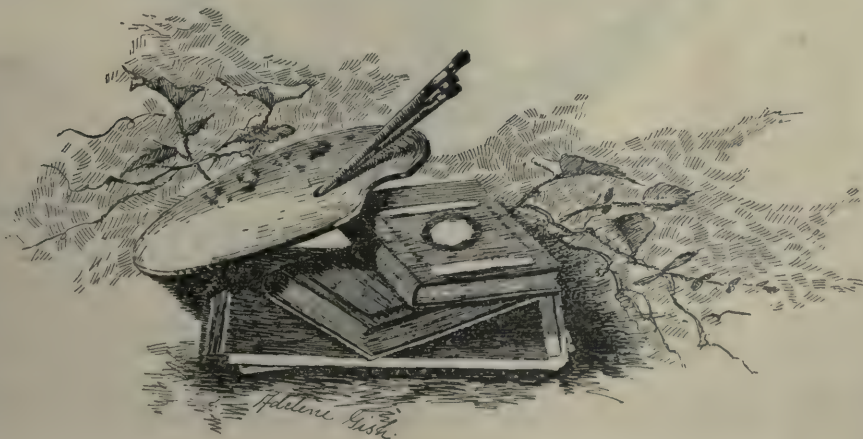
Painted tapestry panels have hitherto been little more than crude and lifeless attempts to imitate the old woven tapestries, and such inferior products of primitive brushes have not been particularly pleasing to the artistic sense of our people. The art has, however, quickly passed through this primary stage, and tapestry panels are now produced in some of our studios equal in every artistic particular to the best oil paintings on canvas. Indeed, there is an ideality and delicacy of atmospheric effect in these paintings on the soft woolen and silken groundwork of the higher grades of tapestry panels that give them a peculiar charm of their own. A well-executed oil-painted tapestry on soft-ribbed wool or silk material has a subtle, inherent beauty that causes it to improve on longer ac-



quaintance, and to reveal new pleasures to the artistic sense of beholders day by day. Some of the most delicate panels in the country are the work of women artists, who have been quick to seize upon this new opportunity; for, probably in the whole field of women's work there is today no more promising opening than the painting of tapestry panels, and their application to high-class interior decoration. An artistic temperament, an inherent tone of art for its own sake, must, of course, be the groundwork of success in this new field, as in the field of art in general, or any form of work beyond mere drudgery. There is plenty of room at the top of the ladder in tapestry painting, and a number of earnest women students are steadily pressing upward, while already painting panels that are by no means the daubs that disgraced the walls of six years ago. The difference it makes to a room when the bare and unlovely door has been transformed into a pleasure to the eye by a beautiful tapestry, is always a delightful surprise to the owner of a home. Another thing not to be overlooked is the important point that tapestry decorations, whether of wall, door, or ceiling, are part of the

movable effects of a household, which may, like other pictures, be transferred from one house to another.

Women possessing the groundwork of an artistic education to begin with make rapid progress in tapestry painting. The usual plan, after taking a course of lessons, is to purchase the material with the subject drawn in outline on it, and finish the panels in one's own home studio from a photograph, or from another completed panel. One important point to remember is that high-class tapestry paintings are now in great demand, and good panels probably meet with quicker sales than anything women are now turning their attention to. Mr. J. F. Douthitt, of 286 Fifth Ave., New York, has 38 artists engaged in this line of work, to whom readers are referred for all information as to materials and methods in this field.



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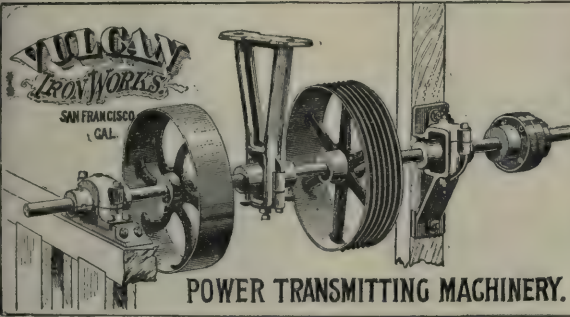
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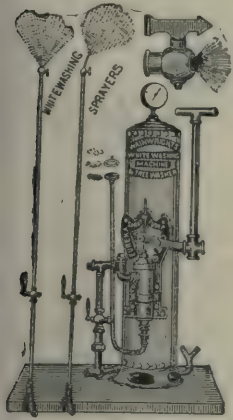
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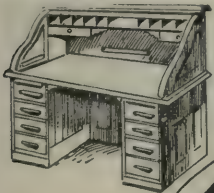
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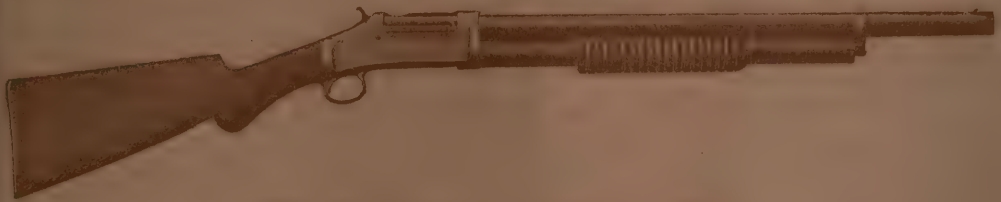
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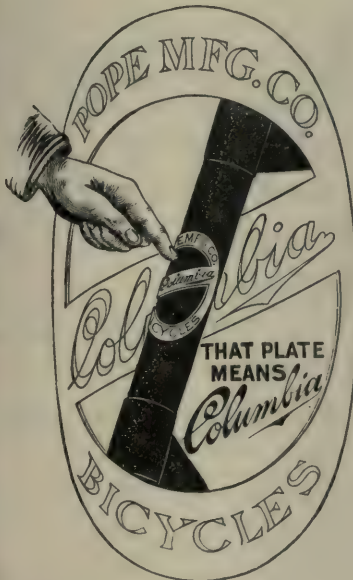
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Gold not Necessary for Foreign Trade. By Senator Wm. M. Stewart, which appears in this number will be followed by

The Silver Question and the Coming Campaign. By U. S. Senator John H. Mitchell.

Quicksands of Pactolus.

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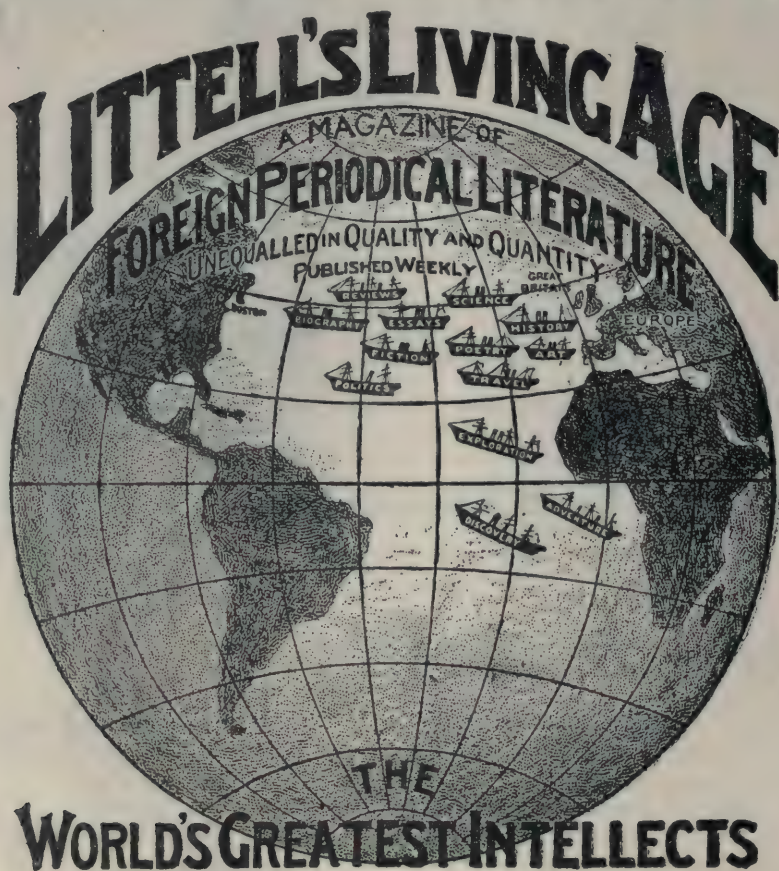
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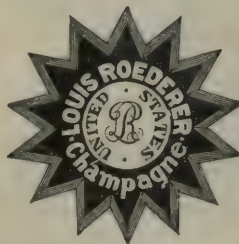
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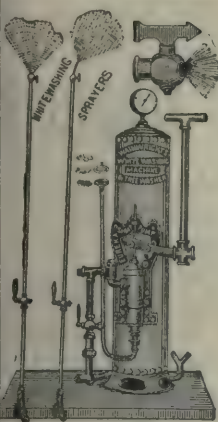
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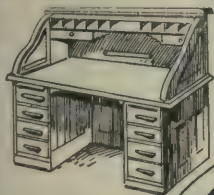
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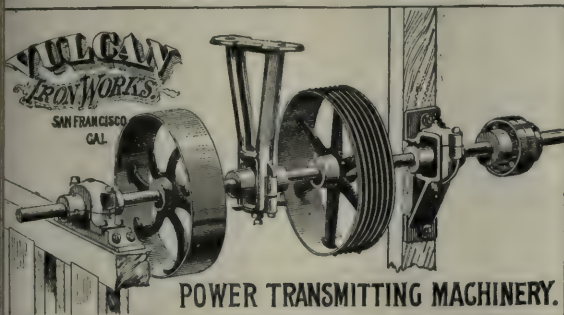
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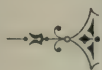
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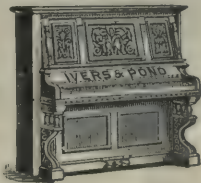
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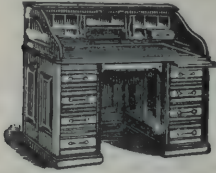
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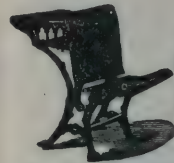
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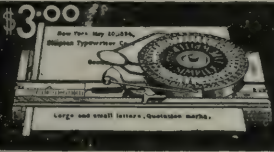
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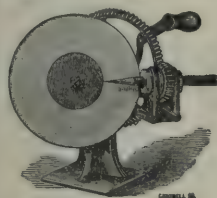
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EL CAPITAN.



Photo by Carpenter.

A NATURAL TUNNEL.

From Well-Worn Trails.

THE PASS.



SLOPING vale between the rugged hills,
Soft-lined with meadow grasses ankle deep,
And filigreed with threads of silver rills
Whose voices soothe sweet solitude to sleep.

Behind, ahead, the gorge ; above the skies ;
On either hand, the rocky ramparts rise,
Half hid from view by screens of sturdy trees,
Aggressive, strong, reliant, iron-souled,
Unyielding to the soft caressing breeze,
But wooed to life by tempests fierce and bold.

Hark ! Hear that rhythmic beat ! The startled stag
Has left his noonday bed, and speeds away
To scan the scene from some o'ertowering crag,
To meet with skill the wiles of those who slay.

High on a point, a blasted fir uprears
A mute and ashen hand, disfigured, drawn,
By storms and tempests born of many years,
But pointing upward still, though life has gone ;
Perched on its top, a lonely sentinel,
A hawk keeps watch beneath the mid-day sun,
Like one who dreams of things he dares not tell,
And thinks on death when life has scarce begun.

Alfred I. Townsend.





Bell, Photo.

SENATOR WILLIAM M. STEWART.

Overland Monthly

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AS TALKED IN THE
SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR

THERE was a circus in town
and its cohorts were
gleaming in purple and gold

directly beneath the Sanctum windows. A score of
horsemen and a half dozen lancers were in the lead.
There was a troupe of Sitting Bulls and a steam piano. The
Office Boy from the fire escape dropped an overripe fig into
the lap of the Queen of Carthage, who was luxuriously
idling in a golden chariot. The Queen's Celtic-Ethiopian

an bearer shook his gauntlet at the admiring convoy of small boys who had dared
to laugh. Her Majesty scraped with her scepter the tropical jam from her regal
lobes, and the Poet composed an original sonnet on the spot that begins, "Uneasy
is the head that wears a crown." The accident, however, did not stop the proces-
sion, although it retired the Office Boy and caused him to miss the elephants.

From time immemorial the circus has come to town, to every town, once a year.
The same old-fashioned circus, as changeless as marbles and whooping cough. The
small boy always goes in spite of parents or funds, and the big boy relates the
same old story of how he earned his way by carrying water for the elephants,—but
more than likely stole in under the canvas. The newspapers the day after contain
the same familiar pictures of the small boy with bandaged neck who tried to
catch three rings at once, and of the good deacon who went to teach his grand-
children natural history and never mentioned the girls in tights who rode bareback.
Everything is just the same as when the Parson and the Contributor were half a cen-
tury younger. The Circassian lady and the living skeleton, the fat woman and the
India rubber man, were there and the lion tamer did the identical tricks that lion
tamers have been doing since the days of Daniel. Everybody ate peanuts and it

rained in the afternoon. The clown was not funny, but the people laughed, felt they had been humbugged, vowed never to go again, and were false to their oaths within a year. The callopie struck up "The Suwanee River" and the Office Boy disappeared down the stairs with the speed of a California road-runner.

THERE are some things that neither philosophy, reason, nor cold-blooded analysis, can strip of their fascination. Why it is so, belongs more truly to the realms of philosophy than the fact itself. There is no mystery in the side-show that we have not explored a hundred times: there are no surprises in the circus ring that are not as ancient as the circus itself; there are no strange animals in the cages and no one expects them. It is something else we go to see year after year — something that is as intangible and illusive as life. And the something is with no two persons the same.

There was a fearful din in the great rings below. The chariot race was on and the charioteers were urging their steeds with whip and voice. The sawdust was flying and a clown was chasing and yelling behind the racers and then scrambling grotesquely under the ropes as the steeds overtook him. Boys were shouting and children screaming. For all the world it was the chariot race from Ben Hur. But the Contributor noted it not. There was a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes. The circus he saw had only one ring, the tent held but a handful, there was but one elephant, and the giraffe was a thing of the sign painter's imagination. It was the circus he would see as long as he lived — the circus of his boyhood.

For weeks all the barns that stood up against the wide, dusty, rambling country road, the main street in Whitesville, had been covered with great flaunting pictures of lovely women, unbridled chargers, and savage beasts. Envied was the boy whose father owned one of these barns, for the wonderful advance agent had left behind him a golden stream of yellow cardboards that bore the magic legend, "Admit One." "Admit One," — what dreams, what hopes, what worlds, it summoned to the mind's eye of each and every urchin! The Parson never pictured Paradise in such glorious hues. Could he, he would be the greatest word painter since John the Evangel.

The woods that crowned the fat little hills glowed like a halo in their russets and golds and browns on the morning when the circus came to town. At five o'clock sharp we all stole out of bed and up the winding road that led over these hills to Spring Mills. The grass was still wet and the spider webs as big as plates that had sprung up like mushrooms during the night shone like pale morning moons in the light. The deep dust was warm below a crust of dew and we ran our blue toes far into it as we raced. Just above Mr. Chapin's watering-trough a black, lumbering, swaying mass was coming down the hill. Clouds of dust hedged it in and sharp, strange cries came from out the demi lights, followed by a string of oaths that made us catch our several breaths. We scrambled through the fringe of elders and up on the rail fence, as the elephant with a little red-fezzed being on his back burst upon our enraptured vision.

No elephant was ever half as big again. We dared hardly breathe until some showmen from the tops of great boxlike wagons, whose sides were covered with the counterfeit presentments of lions, tigers, and a dozen animals that never seemed quite real before, spied us. Then we gradually gathered courage and shouted back timid answers to their coarse jokes.

It did not strike us then that we were parts of a picture that had never been painted but will some day. "The Circus Coming to Town," as we knew it, would win the medal for the artist. The dust begrimed, shopworn elephant, the score of straggling, gaudy cages, the draped grand band-wagon, the little company of sleepy riders on spiritless horses, the cheap chariot trailing ignominiously behind the baggage van, the heads of the "dazzling queens of the ring" peeping from between the canvas covers of a leather-sprunged couch,—all half revealed in clouds of heavy dust,—the brown of the road, the red of the sumac, the green of the fields and the gold of the stubble, the soft blue of the sky, and the wonder-eyed admiration of a dozen little country boys in blue jeans and chip hats, are but items in the unconscious stage. Far below us was the valley and the little town—one aimless street with houses and gardens and trees on either side, two miles long, with a district schoolhouse at either end. Cryder Creek wound and twisted and doubled back and forth as though loath to leave the grist mill and the swimming pond.

The chariot race was over. The din subsided so that the clang of the cable cars without was distinguishable. I pressed the Contributor's hand. He looked up with a start. There was a foolish happy smile on his lips.

"Where have you been?" I asked, although I knew.

"Carrying water for the elephant," he answered, and we both laughed.

The Poet.

"How sad and bad and mad it was!

But then, how it was sweet!"

THE Contributor was passing up and down the Sanctum in shoes whose creaking testified arrogantly of their newness.

The Contributor. "The small boy is a born hero-worshiper. At ten he falls down before the lion tamer and the leader of the brass band. When the circus departs, he stretches a rope from one gnarled old apple tree to another and comes within an inch of breaking his precious neck time and again in emulating the tight-rope-walker. At twelve or fifteen, his big brother commands an undivided admiration that Robin Hood never received. Such as only Boswell knew how to bestow. At sixteen or seventeen, he has picked out some national hero and burns to make public speeches and vote for him when he runs for Governor or President. It is fortunate if his hero is worthy of his worship, if no one shatters his idol. It is better that the worshiper should grow strong and reliant in the fame of the worshiped."

The Reader. "The Contributor's sentimental mood does him credit. The boy is but father of the man. Call in the Office Boy and find out which one of us he has placed on a pedestal."

The Office Boy. "There is a man outside with a bill for——"

The Sanctum. "Tell him to call around again after the magazine comes out."

The Office Boy. (In outer office) "All gone out to lunch."

Man With Bill. "This is the seventeenth time I've been up here and I don't intend to come again. See!"

Office Boy. "No, I don't see."

Man With Bill. "Don't get fresh, son."

Office Boy. "I won't, if that's what ails you."

Man. "What's that?"

Office Boy. "The Wilson Bill has put a duty on salt."

Man. "This is no salt bill, it's for shoes."

Office Boy. "Snow shoes?"

Man. "Naw, shoes."

Office Boy. "O, just feet shoes. There's some mistake, we all wear boots."

The Reader. "The boy needs a lesson or two in hero-worship."

The Contributor. "He will do." And the good man's shoes were hushed while the gentleman with the bill for same stamped defiantly down the hall.

THE Contributor. "I had rather plead guilty to being a hero-worshiper than to being a member of a mutual admiration society."

The shot told. An Eastern newspaper had said editorially but the day before, marked copies being kindly sent us by several thoughtful friends, that we were a lot of pedantic busy-bodies rattling around in Bret Harte's old chair. Surely we are not busy bodies, in the vulgar rendering of the term, and as for our first editor's old chair it has gone the way of all furniture years ago. In fact literary folk and literary things have no right to expect any such fostering care in sunny California as that chair would necessarily have had to have eked out an existence of twenty-eight years. In any case, alive or dead, that chair belonged to Anton Roman and not Bret Harte. Had Mr. Roman never been born Mr. Harte might never have been heard of, and the present circle would have been strangers to one another and to their villifiers. So may Roman bear the blame as well as the glory. However, as individuals and as a body, we have to confess with no hidden feelings of condescension that we do not pretend to be a whit better than the outside world. The confession is a forced one, or it would never have occurred to us that it was worth making. Possibly this present humility may wear off in time. When the Contributor publishes his "Reminiscences," and the Poet his "Echoes of the Golden Gate," and the Parson gets his D. D., then the Artist and the rest of us may set up a mutual admiration society as the big authors do in New York,—or better still, found a publication like "*The Critic*" to sound our praises.

It is a strange and awesome thing, this custom among writers to tell each other and the world what great lights the others are. Mr. Gilder asks Mr. Zangwill to write an article for the *Critic*, relating all the remarkable and fearsome peculiarities of his friend Mr. Hall Caine or Du Maurier. Mr. Gilder in return prints a picture on the next page of Mr. Zangwill and bids the multitude come forth and do obeisance. The following week Mr. Zangwill or Mr. Caine tells an interviewer that Mr. G. is one of America's sweetest singers, whereupon a brother editor's magazine publishes five or six or seven or eight pictures of the "singer" on one page. It is a marvelous system but it pays as it sells their books.

So I say it was unkind of our contemporary to gibe us. If he only knew how timidly and modestly we from month to month send our little argosy out as a burden on the desert of the sea, getting few hails from passing boats and not a dip of the flag from the great three-masters of commerce, he would neither call us pedantic nor throw the ghost of Bret Harte's old chair at our heads.

The Reader. "I wish the Contributor would fill Bret Harte's chair or any other chair. The squeaking of his Trilbys is becoming too self-conscious."

The Office Boy. "Proof."



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BASIL, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE GREEK CHURCH ON THE PACIFIC.

WHEN their eager desire for valuable pelts was beginning to draw Russian traders and adventurers from Siberia to the shores of America, the Aleutian Islands were naturally among their earliest discoveries. The commander of the first Russian vessel to touch at one of the group was Stephen Glottof, who spent the winter of 1759-1760 at Oumnak. He and his companions erected there a large cross, on the site of which a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas was afterwards erected. They lived in harmony with the wild natives, and finally persuaded their chief to be baptized, and to permit his son to go to Kamchatka to be edu-

cated. The boy was taken to Petropaulovsk, and returned after some years familiar with the language and manners of the Russians. This first convert to Christianity became a head chief among his countrymen, and contributed greatly to the spread of religion among them.

For some time after Glottof's visit to Oumnak the Russians in the Oonalashka district did not baptize any more Aleuts, being chiefly occupied in fighting with and nearly exterminating them. In 1780 they began to turn their attention again to religious matters, their anxiety to convert the natives arising, however, rather from prudential and commercial than

from any more creditable motives. The influence of religion made the natives more pacific and easy to deal with, and converts gave their trade exclusively to their religious preceptors. Thus rough hunters and shrewd traders were the first teachers of the rudiments of Christianity to the Aleuts and Kadiakers, and paved the way for the coming of the missionaries.

In 1785 Shelikof, a Siberian merchant, one of the partners in a trading company, and the real founder of the Russian colonies in America, opened at Three Saints, on Kadiak Island, the first school in Russian America. There he taught his own language, the elements of arithmetic, and the rudiments of Christianity. He was very enthusiastic, and professed to have made forty converts among the natives of Kadiak; but though he asserted that the converts began to preach Christianity to their fellow-

countrymen, it is hardly to be believed that Shelikof did more than teach them to make the sign of the cross and repeat a few words of the creed.

For several years Shelikof continued in his reports to urge the Russian government to send priests and missionaries to the colonies to spread the peaceful doctrines of Christianity. Nor was he wholly disinterested; for the astute merchant perceived that his anxiety for the spread of Christianity would produce a favorable impression upon the commission appointed to examine the application of the Shelikof Company for exclusive trading privileges in the colonies. At last by a ukase dated June 30, 1793, the Empress Catherine II. ordered the Metropolitan Gabriel to select men fitted for missionary work, Shelikof having promised to convey the missionaries to America and to maintain them at the expense of himself and his partners.



SITKA, LOOKING TOWARD MOUNT VERSTOVIA.

In August, 1794, two of the Shelikof Company's vessels, the Three Saints and the Catherine, arrived at St. Paul, Kadiak Island, with eight clergymen and two lay servitors on board. The head of the mission was the Archimandrite Ioassaf, and the other members were the Archimandrites Juvenal, Makar, Afanassy, and Nakar, the deacon Stefan, and the monks Herman and Ioassaf. The missionaries at once began work at Kadiak, and gradually extended their operations

and to get rid of some of them he urged the Archimandrite Ioassaf to send missionaries to the savage tribes of the mainland. Though the traders had requested that priests should be sent to them, the pioneer Russian clergymen in America did not meet with a very hearty reception, and the two classes soon became very hostile to each other. One reason for this was that the traders, from chief manager downwards, worked on shares, and received a proportion of the



Photo by Portridge, Boston and San Francisco.

RUSSIAN CHURCH AT SITKA.

to the mainland and neighboring islands. From the arrival of this mission to the present day, there have always been Russian missionaries in America.

At this time the agent of the Shelikof Company, at St. Paul, Kadiak, was the afterwards famous Baranof. Outwardly he paid a certain amount of respect to the priests, but thinking that they were desirous to obtain that control over the natives which he wished to exercise himself, he looked upon them as enemies,

provisions served out: it was also expected that every man would in his spare time hunt and fish for the general benefit. The clergymen thought they ought to have food provided for them, and so came to be looked upon by the rough hunters and traders as mere idlers, born only to consume the fruits of the earth. The uselessness of the clergy was further increased by their ignorance of the language of the natives. The priests made many complaints of the manner in which they



Watkins, Photo.

RUSSIAN CHURCH, UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO.

were treated, saying that in some cases they had to work for their living. The hunters, too, did not like the priests, because they rebuked them for their intercourse with native women.

The head of the mission, the Archimandrite Ioassaf, was respectfully treated, as the agents of the company took case to check their subordinates in his case. But even he wrote letters to Shelikof containing the bitterest denunciations of Baranof, and complaining that he could not get a church built.

The first winter at St. Paul's, Kadiak, was, doubtless, one of considerable discomfort and some privation for the priests, who had sailed for America already imbued with strong prejudices against the colonies, and ready to view everything in its worst light. The missionaries even asserted that they had to pick up food on the beach, while Baranof and his associates feasted, but this statement does

not find support in the accounts given by naval officers and other visitors to the settlements.

In 1795 Father Juvenal opened a school at Three Saints, Kadiak, the first since that of Shelikof. Teachers and taught were on mutually good terms, and the school was getting on pretty well, when in June, 1796, instructions came from the Bishop at Irkutsk, in whose diocese Russian America was, that Juvenal should go to the trading station at Ilyamna. Next day he celebrated service for the last time at Three Saints, and was particularly impressed by the fervor with which Baranof joined in the singing and responses.

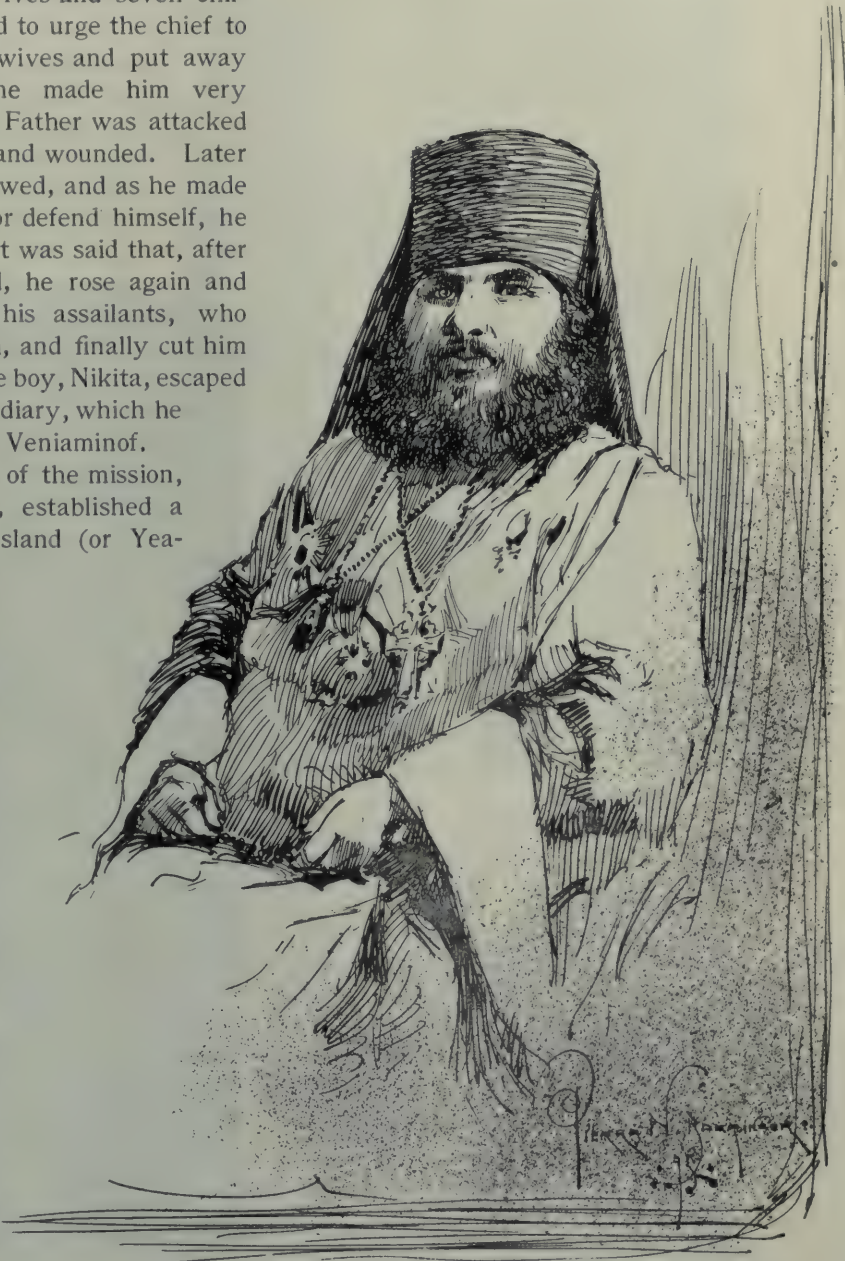
In July he set sail on the ship *Catherine*, on which he met with rude treatment, poor fare, and a rough passage. The latter part of his voyage was both tedious and dangerous, being made from island to island in *bidarkas*, or native canoes. Reaching the Kenai River, he found a trading-station of the Lebedeff Company, where he held services and baptized several persons. With much difficulty he pursued his journey to Ilyamna, where the chief received him in a friendly manner, gave him a native boy who knew some Russian as a servant, and promised to build a house for him. The chief professed to be a convert, and in company with one of his wives and two servants, was baptized in the presence of his tribe. But when Juvenal began to tell the natives that they must put away all their wives but one, and must marry her, the chief and others became hostile to him. Most

unfortunately for himself and his cause, the Father fell a victim to the charms of an Ilyamna girl who visited his house one night. But despite his deep shame, he persevered in his preaching against polygamy, and baptized the chief's brother, his three wives and seven children. He continued to urge the chief to marry one of his wives and put away the others, until he made him very angry. At last the Father was attacked by several natives and wounded. Later the attack was renewed, and as he made no effort to escape or defend himself, he was soon killed. It was said that, after he had been killed, he rose again and advanced towards his assailants, who attacked him afresh, and finally cut him to pieces. His native boy, Nikita, escaped with his papers and diary, which he conveyed to Father Veniaminof.

Another member of the mission, the monk Herman, established a school on Spruce Island (or Yea-loonie, as the Russian Creoles call it) in the harbor of St. Paul, and lived there for more than forty years, instructing the youth in Christian doctrine, trade, and agriculture. The other members of the mission remained with the Archimandrite Ioassaf.

When Shelikof died, the missionaries lost their principal friend, and no further effort was made to enlarge their sphere of work until the Archi-

mandrite Ioassaf was recalled to Irkutsk to be consecrated a Bishop. He was full of pride at his new dignity, which he thought would overcome all opposition on the part of the traders. On the voyage from Siberia he formed the most sanguine



BISHOP NICOLAS.

and ambitious plans for building up a Russian Church in America, but these were cut short by the foundering of the *Phenix*, with all on board, at an unknown point not far from her destination. The Archimandrite Makar and the deacon Stefan, who were in the suite of the Bishop, perished with him. Of the other members of the mission the Archimandrite Afanassy, was priest at Kadiak till 1825, and then returned to Irkutsk, as Nakar had done nineteen years earlier. The remaining two died at Kadiak, the monk Ioassaf in 1823, and the monk Herman in 1837.

In 1805 Rezanoff, a Russian of good birth, was appointed by the Russian Emperor as a Plenipotentiary to report on the affairs of the Russian-American Company. Like many other men of the world before and since, he was not much impressed with the value of mission work in the colonies. He said that the missionaries lived in idleness, and were the cause of much trouble and confusion through that meddlesome spirit which seems characteristic of ecclesiastics in all times and places, and which is perhaps inevitable in men of their calling and professions. He said also that few of the clergy took the pains to learn the native language, and attributed the favorable reports of Ioassaf to the fact that he owned fifteen shares of stock in the Russian-American Company.

The missionaries succeeded better among the Aleuts than among any other Alaskan Indians. It was in 1795 that the first missionary, Father Makar, visited Oonalashka. Accompanied by only a single servant, he traveled over the whole district, being fed and protected by the natives. In a few years nearly all the Aleuts were baptized and reported to the Holy Synod as Christians. From that time to the present day, no representative of the Russian Church has

ever been ill-treated by them. They received Christianity very readily, and once they had accepted it, abandoned Shamanism and all their former religious beliefs and practises. And though there were no service-books or books of the Bible translated into the native tongue, and no priest permanently resident among them for thirty years after Makar's first coming, their conversion remained permanent. This remarkable fact is to be explained by the following circumstances: first, the Aleuts were a people of good disposition, and so naturally in-



MADONNA, FROM THE CHURCH AT SITKA.

clined to religion; next, they were dissatisfied with their own beliefs, and felt a contempt for their shamans. Besides, they were eager to please the Russians, and the acceptance of Christianity relieved them from the payment of tribute.

After Baranof had re-organized the settlement of New Archangel, or Sitka, he asked for a resident priest, and in 1816 Alexei Sokolef arrived. When the charter of the Russian-American Company was renewed in 1821, one of the conditions being that a sufficient number of priests should be maintained in the colonies, the company petitioned that priests should be sent out from Russia. Accordingly, in 1823, the priest Mordovsky, with two missionary monks, arrived in Kadiak; in 1824 Ivan Veniaminof landed at Oonalashka, and in 1825 Yakof Netzvetof, a Creole, took charge of the church at Atkha, his native place. Yakof rendered valuable services to the cause of Christianity, transcribing Veniaminof's translations of the Gospels and catechism from the dialect of Oqnalashka into that of Atkha.

Veniaminof was the ablest and greatest of all the Russian priests in America. He at once set himself to the task of acquiring the Aleutian language, and as soon as he could, translated into it several books dealing with the doctrines of the Greek Church. He was exceedingly energetic and spread the influence of his Church over a wide area. He visited all the Aleutian islands, and traveled extensively on the mainland. A Russian writer states that in 1827, less than three years after Veniaminof's arrival, the Greek



Partridge, Photo.

ROYAL GATES, GREEK CHURCH, SITKA.

Church in the colonies numbered 10,561 communicants, of whom 8,532 were natives. Other authorities give 8,532 as the total number of Christians, of whom more than 7,000 were Indians. As a proof that the preaching of Christianity was not wholly without good results, it is stated that in 1827 there were seven illegitimate births among the Aleuts, while for the twelve following years there was an annual average of one.

In 1840, towards the close of Kuprianof's term of office as governor of the



CHURCH ON ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

Russian colonies in America, by order of the Holy Synod the four churches and eight chapels then existing there were consolidated into an independent diocese. Hitherto they had been attached to the see of Irkutsk in Siberia, but now the diocese of Russian America included the Kamchatka and Okhotsk precincts. Veniaminof was summoned to Irkutsk, and there consecrated the first Bishop of the

new diocese, assuming the name of Innocentius. On his return he went to live at Sitka, where a cathedral was built. Hitherto the savage Koloshes living round Sitka had shown themselves utterly irresponsible to the teachings of Christianity, submitting to the rite of baptism only on condition of receiving presents of to-

bacco, blankets, calico, knives, and occasionally rifles. But Veniaminof labored among them with marked success. He mastered the Kolosh language, and translated into it some hymns, a catechism, and several books of the New Testament. He established at Sitka a seminary, where many of the Creole priests and readers now officiating in Alaska received their education. Sir Edward Belcher described



Helen J. Smith.

CHAPEL AT FORT ROSS.



From Photo by Lieutenant Broadbent, U. S. R. M.

RUSSIAN CHURCH ON ATTU ISLAND.

him as "a very formidable, athletic man, about forty-five years of age, and standing in his boots about six feet three inches; quite herculean and very clever." Sir George Simpson, who met him in 1842, was equally struck by his physical proportions and mental ability. He had great influence with the natives and even miracles were ascribed to him. He served as priest and missionary in Russian America for nineteen years, from 1823 to 1842, for most of which period he lived at Oonalashka, where he made himself thoroughly familiar with the language, customs, and beliefs of the Aleuts. Afterwards he published a book in three volumes, entitled "Letters concerning the islands of the Oonalashka district," which shows his intimate acquaintance with all matters concerning the Aleuts, their manners, habits, legends, and traditions. He also published a grammar of one of the dialects of the Aleutian language, and translated from the Russian, a "Guide on the Road to the Heavenly Kingdom,"

to be used by the Aleuts. That he was a man of liberal mind is shown by the fact that he welcomed a Lutheran clergyman who came to Sitka during his administration. He was recalled to Russia, and made Primate of the Russian Church: he was more than ninety years old when he died in 1879. His influence depending, as it did, upon his own strong personality, did not long survive his departure from the colonies.

The first chapel in Russian America was built in 1795 at St. Paul, Kadiak. No church was built at Sitka until 1817, the officials of the Russian-American Company performing the religious ceremonies up to that time. Occasionally a priest visited the settlements, and baptisms took place pretty often. In 1817 a church, dedicated to St. Peter, was built on St. Paul, one of the Pribylof group, and in 1833 one dedicated to St. George the Victor was built on the island of St. George, another of the same group. In 1826 a church was dedicated at Oon-

alashka, and a chapel was built at Oumnak.

In 1861 there were in the Russian American colonies seven churches and thirty-five chapels, several of them, including the cathedral, having been built at the cost of the Russian American Company, which also kept them in repair. The cost of maintenance was defrayed by voluntary contributions, and by the profits realized from the sale of candles. At about this time the total capital of the churches amounted to more than 255,000 rubles, and was kept by the treasurer of the Company, interest at five per cent being allowed upon it. The contributions to the Church were made partly in money and partly in furs, the Company allowing the Church from seven to fourteen rubles for the skin of a sea-otter. The Company expended on behalf of the Church nearly 40,000 rubles per annum, and built a residence for the Bishop at a cost of 30,000 rubles.

At the time of the transfer of Russian America to the United States, the Greek Church maintained a considerable establishment, consisting of a Bishop, three priests, two deacons, and numerous acolytes, at Sitka. Then the Bishop made Oonalashka his headquarters, and now San Francisco is his seat, from which place as a center he administers the whole of his vast diocese, apportioning the funds at his disposal according to the needs of the various parishes.

There are among the Aleutians two parishes and one independent church organization. The parish of Belkovsky in the east embraces the Shumagin islands and the settlements at the south end of the Alaska peninsula; the Oonalashka parish in the west comprises all the islands from Avatanok to Attoo. The parish churches are at Belkovsky and Oonalashka or Iliuliuk village, but there is a small chapel at nearly every settlement, where unpaid subordinate members of the clergy read the prayers. On the Pribylof or Seal islands there is an independent organization, where the natives maintain a priest and an assistant at their own expense, and have erected, with some aid from the lessees of the islands, a fine church.

When a community is too poor to maintain a priest or reader, the Bishop, with money supplied to him from Russia,



From Photo by Lieutenant Broadbent, U. S. R. M.

A GROUP OF ALEUT CHILDREN.

defrays the cost of maintaining a chapel there. Where there is no resident priest, the higher rites of the church, such as baptism, marriage, etc., are performed by a regularly ordained clergyman from Oonalashka, Belkovsky, Sitka, or even from San Francisco, who makes the entire round of the religious establishments in Alaska about once in two years.

Outwardly the Aleuts are intensely pious, greeting you with a prayer, and bidding you farewell with a blessing. Before a meal they always ask the blessing of God; when they enter a neighbor's house, they cross themselves, and in most of their dwellings there is a picture of a patron saint, towards which the members of the household turn on rising in the morning and retiring at night. They will assemble for prayer whenever a priest's services can be obtained; and no matter how long the service may be, they give it their whole attention without manifesting any signs of weariness or impatience. They listen with the greatest interest to the reading of the Bible, and keep all fast-days and other religious observances strictly. In every village there is a church or chapel; the churches being erected and kept in repair, and the chapels supported, by the natives. No other religious denominations have succeeded among the Aleuts except the Greek Church, the ornate services and frequent festivals of which appeal strongly to their taste. They willingly contribute towards the maintenance of a Reader or Deacon, who performs the daily services, and teaches the young people to read, first in the Aleut dialect, and then in Russian.

The best specimen of a Greek church and one of the most interesting structures in the United States is the cathedral at Sitka, whose dome and graceful spirelet are the most striking objects of that town, the peculiar green hue of their

roofs catching the tourist's eye ere the steamer has yet touched the wharf. The church is a cruciform wooden building, consisting of a nearly square hall, with a sanctuary to the east, and chapels on its north and south sides. It is well lighted by windows in and below the dome, which is supported by columns of the Byzantine order and has suspended from its center a heavy silver candelabrum. The church also contains eight fine silver candlesticks more than four feet in height. The belfry has a fine peal of bells, the original cost of which was 8,700 rubles in silver. On the altar used to rest a representation in miniature of the Holy Sepulcher wrought in silver and gold, and the communion cup was of gold set with diamonds. But many of the books and vestments which were formerly at Sitka are now in San Francisco, brought by Bishop Vladimir.

An Orthodox church consists of three parts: the sanctuary, for the clergy; the nave, for the faithful; the porch, reserved in the ancient church for catechumens and penitents. The sanctuary to the east, is raised by steps above the nave, and is separated from it by a screen called the ikono-stas, or image-stand. An ikon is an oil-painting, the whole of which, except the face and hands, is covered by heavy robes of chased silver, stamped with the mark of the Imperial Mint at St. Petersburg. The ikono-stas is the most striking and characteristic detail of the interior of a Holy Orthodox church; it is adorned with representations of Christ and the saints, and has in it three openings, furnished with doors opening inwards. The center doors are called the Royal Gates; they are double, but are not solid throughout, the upper portion being of open wood or metal work; behind is a veil which is drawn as the ritual directs. At Sitka the Royal Gates are of bronze, the panels

representing the Annunciation and the Four Evangelists; above them is the Last Supper in silver. The north side of the ikono-stas is adorned with an ikon of St. Nicholas, a painting of the angel Gabriel, and an ikon of the Virgin and Child. On the south side are a figure of Christ, and a painting and ikon of St. Michael, the patron saint of the church.

High above the bronze Royal Gates is a picture of the Transfiguration, below which is a portrayal of the same subject on an oblong canvas attributed to the master Raffaele. The wall space to the right and left of, and below, the Transfiguration is occupied by other sacred subjects. A somewhat ghastly painting of John the Baptist's head in a charger, and some pictures by a local artist are found in another part of the church, but are of little merit. The most beautiful object in the church is the well-known Madonna, in which the faces of the Holy Mother and Child are executed with as much skill and delicacy as in a miniature on ivory.

In the middle of the sanctuary stands the altar, with a cloth of rich brocade thrown over a linen cover. Behind the altar is a representation of the Crucifixion, and before it a seven-branched candlestick. On the altar are a cross, a book of the Gospels, and a *ciborium* for the sacred elements. When the *ciborium* contains the Holy Sacrament reserved for the communion of the sick or absent, it has a burning lamp hanging in front of it. The raised floor of the sanctuary projects westward into the nave, and furnishes a standing place for the choir; in the middle is the *ambo*, from which the deacon reads the Gospel. As the attitude of worship is standing, there are no seats in a Greek church; and as instrumental music is not employed, there is no organ. The choir sometimes stand in a gallery at the west end of the church, and consists of

men and boys, though the presence of women in it is not prohibited. All Russian church music is for soprano, alto, tenor, and basso; in good choirs there is also a contra-basso.

Among the treasures which the warden, George Kostrometinoff, brought out for our inspection was a miter, woven of gold and silver threads, and set with precious stones, chief among them being a single emerald of remarkable size and depth of color. Bridal crowns, too, were there, of gilded silver with crosses at the top, to be worn by bride and bridegroom during the marriage-service; and stoles of Genoese velvet embroidered in silver and gold by the nuns of Russian convents.

Later, on board the G. W. Elder, Mr. Kostrometinoff gave me some interesting facts about his Church. The warden and the priest at Sitka are responsible to the Bishop at San Francisco. There are about two hundred Russians at Sitka, and the resident priest there receives a little more than \$1,600.00 a year and a house rent-free. The salary of the Bishop in San Francisco is about \$3,850.00 per annum. The Russian government still contributes from forty thousand dollars to forty-five thousand dollars a year to the cause of religion and education in Alaska. In small villages, where there is no resident priest, a choir-master or Reader has charge of a chapel, and receives a salary of \$37.73 a month, the money being sent out from London, and by the change from rubles to dollars resulting in this curious sum. In each parish there are many chapels, in one as many as eighteen. Besides those which have been mentioned there are churches at Killisnoo (built in 1889), at Juneau (built in 1894), at Nushegak on the Yukon River, and at the Apollo gold mine at Unga. At Jackson, California, is a church, and at Portland and Seattle

there are churches served by missionaries.

The Bishop now lives at San Francisco, his cathedral being the church of St. Basil. The building, having been adapted from an ordinary house, is not a very good specimen of a Greek church: though its decorations are elaborate. The walls are covered with enlargements from famous pictures in the churches of Russia. On the south side of the ikon-stand is a picture of St. Basil the Great, kneeling in the robes of a bishop at the altar painted by the noted Russian artist Dumitrashko. Another painting represents St. John Chrysostom, holding a two-branched candelabrum in one hand and a cross in the other; and there is a picture of Jesus showing the imprints of the nails and the hole in his side to the doubting Thomas. On the north side are pictures of the Holy Virgin, of St. Nicholas proclaiming his faith at the Ecumenical Council, and of St. Innocentius, the Bishop of Siberia. In the nave or body of the church is the copy of an old ikon of the Virgin of Tichein in Novgorod; it is of silver-gilt. In the altar space is the bishop's throne. Bishop Vladimir was succeeded in 1892 by Bishop Nicolas, the present incumbent of the see. Bishops, being generally monks, have only one Christian name.

The regular position of the priest is towards the east facing the throne, and during the celebration the details of the consecration of the wine and bread are not visible to the congregation. The Holy Sacrament is celebrated with leavened bread, and the chalice contains wine and water mixed at the table of oblations. Much incense is employed, the sanctuary and the whole church being perfumed at the beginning of the service, and repeatedly during the more solemn acts of the

celebration. Lamps and tapers burn about the altar, and before the shrines and ikons; at the Easter matins and on several other occasions all the worshippers hold lighted candles.

It must be admitted that the cause of native religion and education suffered by the transfer of the Russian colonies to the United States. Formerly there were in the Creole settlements of the Kadiak and Aleutian districts schools, at which the children were taught to write, to read the catechism, some prayers, and a few chapters of the Bible, in the Russian language or in one of the native dialects, but since 1867 nearly all these schools have been discontinued. Veniaminof asserted that in his day in some places all the Aleuts except the young children could read well, but this is rather doubtful. It certainly could never have been said of the Kadiakers and Koloshes; for the first books printed in the Kadiak language were not published till 1848, and there were none in the Kolosh dialects till several years later. These books contained translations from the Russian of prayers, hymns, anthems, the ten commandments, two of the four Gospels, and a small list of words and common phrases. At the present day, of the natives who are members of the Greek Church only a few can read and write, though in places where there are parish churches perhaps one third of the population have an elementary education.

The natives and Creoles, all along the coast from Mt. St. Elias westward, are wedded to the faith of the Greek Orthodox Church, which in 1880 claimed 10,950 members, distributed over the parishes of Sitka, Oonalashka, Belkovsky, Kadiak, Pribylof, and the missions of Nushegak, Yukon, and Kenai. Of course, the church is poor, and most of the chapels are in the hands of natives

and Creoles who are not clergymen. These readers drone lazily through the appointed services, and preside on feast days. The number of members of the Church is, doubtless, placed too high, and does not really exceed seven or eight thousand.

Speaking generally, it may be said that, except among the Aleuts, who have become thoroughly Russianized, the Russian Church never acquired any strong hold upon the natives of Alaska. Many of the Aleuts write and speak Russian, and are able to follow the church services, which are conducted in the old Slavonian language. But the preaching of the Russian clergy, with the exception of Veniaminof, made very little impression on the savage Koloshes and Kadiakers, who retain most of their old superstitions and practise Shamanism to the present day. The Kadiakers have had missionaries among them since 1794, but they show little interest in religious observances. Under Baranof's administration the priests were held in scant respect, even by their own countrymen. During the sermons the rough

traders and hunters squatted down and smoked, and sometimes even laughed so loudly that the priest could not go on with his duty. The priests baptized a few natives every year, and visited such of the villages as were situated near to the trading-posts, but they did very little to spread the word of God or to help and comfort the poor in their hours of suffering and distress: nor did they make any serious efforts to induce the natives to adopt more settled and industrious habits. Sir George Simpson and other travelers accuse them of being hard drinkers, and Mr. Dall mentions one, who, after serving for seven years as a missionary on the Yukon, thanked God, that he was about to return to Russia, where a glass of rum could be bought for twenty-five kopecks.

Yet on the fog-begirt Pribylof islands and in other dreary parts of the vast territory of Alaska, the brilliant services and numerous festivals of the Greek Church lend a few touches of brightness to the hard, dull lives of the natives, and help to save them from utter stagnation.

Arthur Inkersley.

AFTERWARDS.

A SHATTERED ship sailed in from sea;
Wild were the seas thro' which she'd passed,—
Her sailors laughed and danced with glee;
For they were home at last.

And so they furled the tattered sails;
They chaffed the Storm King in defeat;
They made of dangers merry tales,
And bitterness turned sweet.

Frederick A. Bisbee.

GOLD NOT NECESSARY FOR FOREIGN TRADE.



THE REFORM CLUB of New York and the gold press assume that our foreign commerce depends upon the gold standard, and that low prices benefit alike all classes of the community. Each of these assumptions is so manifestly false that it seems a waste of time

to refute them. But as they constitute the stock in trade of the goldites, you will pardon me for calling attention to facts showing the absurdity of such contentions.

Legitimate international trade, or commerce, consists in the exchange of the commodities of one country for those of another, and such exchanges ought to balance each other without the use of domestic money.

The American importer buys goods in England with English money and the English importer buys wheat and other farm products in this country with United States money. The money in each case is procured by bills of exchange drawn against the exports of the two countries respectively. If neither country buys more than it sells, the accounts balance, and the trade is beneficial to both. The country whose aggregate imports are more than its aggregate exports goes into debt and creates what is termed an unfavorable balance of trade, which means disaster.

No country should, by currency regu-

lations or otherwise, encourage an adverse balance of trade. Every excess of imports over exports should be prevented if possible. To provide a currency especially fitted for the payment of an unfavorable balance of trade would be a ruinous policy, and if it resulted in the export of money such export would disturb business, contract the volume of money, produce falling prices, and create hard times.

The United States is not engaged in foreign commerce. Exporters and importers do that business. If John Doe and Richard Roe buy more goods in foreign countries to sell in this country than can be paid for with the commodities we send abroad, they are engaged in an illegitimate and injurious traffic. Let them find the means of payment, and let them cease asking for legislation which will enable them to export United States money and thereby deprive the people of a stable volume of money for domestic purposes.

Comparatively few individuals are engaged in foreign commerce and they can take care of themselves without regard to the character of the currency in this or in any other country. While they are engaged in exchanging our commodities for the commodities of other countries, their business is legitimate and beneficial; but when they attempt to interfere with the currency of this country to accommodate excessive importations, they are public enemies and should be restrained by the legislation and administration of the government.

If we should admit that gold, for ex-

ample, would answer the purposes of foreign trade better than silver or paper, and that the coin money of this country was actually used in foreign trade, it would by no means follow that the people of this country should be deprived of an adequate volume of money for the convenience of the few who are engaged in international trade. The domestic trade and commerce of the United States is at least ninety-five per cent of the entire trade of the country. Why should ninety-five per cent of the business of the country be sacrificed for the convenience of the other five per cent? When and where did the money of any country prevent such country from buying and selling in any part of the world? What difference does it make to the shopkeeper of Paris, or the wheat grower of America, what kind of money the people use where the French goods are manufactured, or where the wheat is grown? The money of different countries frequently fluctuates in value or purchasing power, but that does not prevent international trade.

It is true that the country having the larger volume of money compared to its population and business has some advantage in trading with a country which has a more contracted volume of circulating medium. This was fully demonstrated by the discussions of the Royal Commissions of England from 1884 to 1888, in considering the trade relations between England and India. England was on the gold basis and India was on the silver basis, with her mints open to unlimited coinage of that metal. It abundantly appeared in those investigations that England was at great disadvantage, and that India was greatly benefited by the difference of exchange; so much so that English manufacturers appealed to Parliament for relief, declaring that the difference of exchange was more

prohibitory than the McKinley tariff; that their trade with India fell off while it increased with the United States, notwithstanding the McKinley bill. The productions of the farms and factories of India and the exports from that country increased so rapidly under unlimited coinage of silver as to produce distress and alarm in England.

The year before the suspension of silver coinage in India, which took place in June, 1893, that country supplied her people with textile fabrics and exported of such fabrics more than fifty million dollars in value. She also exported over sixty million bushels of wheat, besides jute, raw cotton, opium, and other products, in like increased proportion. The avowed object for suspending silver coinage in India was to take away these advantages and restore them to the mother country, and give England not only the trade of India, but that of the East which India was acquiring. The change was most disastrous to India. While her mints were open to the free coinage of silver, she paid annually \$80,000,000 in gold for interest to English bondholders. The cutting off of the supply of new money by the suspension of silver coinage so embarrassed the business of India that she was forced to issue in the following year fifty millions of bonds to pay current interest.

The repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act in this country has been followed by like results. Since that repeal \$162,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds have been sold for gold to carry on the government and maintain the gold standard. It is now the established policy of the Administration and the Republican leaders to borrow money to maintain the gold standard. The only matter now discussed is as to the character of the bonds to be issued, what rate of interest they shall bear, and other mere

matters of detail. There is no difference as to principle between the leaders of both of the old parties. Both regard the issuance of interest-bearing bonds as the legitimate business of the country, if the rulings and recommendations of the Administration and the votes in Congress of Republican and Democratic leaders are any indication of their political or economic views. They are logical. They are goldites, and the only way to maintain the gold standard is by a perpetual increase of the national debt. Our fixed obligations to foreign countries are enormous. They are estimated at \$150,000,000 or \$200,000,000 for our carrying trade in foreign bottoms; \$100,000,000 annually expended by tourists in foreign lands; \$250,000,000 annually paid to foreigners for interest and dividends on their investments in this country; aggregating the enormous sum of about \$500,000,000 each year which this country must pay to Europe, and all must be paid in gold. When these facts are presented, the parrots who echo the lingo which the goldites have prepared for public consumption exclaim:—"This is a bad state of things; how can we help it? The United States cannot remonetize silver alone; our creditors in Europe must help us break the chains of financial bondage by which they make us their financial slaves; we must wait until the gold syndicate of banks and bankers, with the Rothschilds at the head, will act with us and aid us to overcome the combination which they have formed against us."

The United States unable to coin both gold and silver as provided by the Constitution! What nonsense! Why is Mexico able to maintain free coinage of silver alone without the aid of Europe? Why is Japan able to maintain the free coinage of both gold and silver alone without the aid of the Rothschilds or any

other power? Why was India able to maintain free coinage alone until it became necessary for England to stop it, not for the benefit of India, but for the benefit of England? Does anybody doubt that these and other free coinage countries are more prosperous and happy than ever before in their history, while every gold standard country in the world is more miserable than at any other time for the last 200 years? If unrestricted coinage of the two metals makes every country which adopts it prosperous, and a single gold standard makes every country which maintains it miserable, why should not the United States reopen her mints to the unrestricted coinage of both metals and enjoy a new era of prosperity? The combination which wickedly, dishonestly, and clandestinely demonetized silver and destroyed one half of the metallic money of the world dare not admit why they did it and for whose benefit it was done. The plain truth is that it was done for the sole and exclusive benefit of dealers in money, owners of bonds, and hoarders of gold. The reason for it, and the only reason for it, was to reduce the volume of money and thereby enhance the purchasing power of each remaining dollar.

The one hundred thousand millions of indebtedness existing at the time this transaction took place was payable in either gold or silver at the option of the debtor. By destroying silver, gold was made the sole money of ultimate payment. The value of gold rose more than one hundred per cent. The obligations of every debtor were doubled. Prices commenced falling and still continue to fall; enterprises were wrecked and are continuing to be wrecked. The money of the combination controls everything and absorbs the wrecked fortunes of those who have been destroyed by the iniquity of the conspirators. This

conspiracy against civilization benefits only those who by stealth and cunning have placed themselves in a position which enables them to say to the nations of the world, "Stand and deliver, or we will ruin you." It enables them to say to every monarch in the civilized world, "Divide the substance of the people with us or we will destroy your government," and to say to Mr. Cleveland, "Give us ten millions of the people's money and buy protection for the country for nine months."

The power to command and extort, which the gold conspiracy has acquired by reducing the money of ultimate payment to gold alone, ought to satisfy the greed of Shylock and the ambition of Lucifer. With no motives but ambition and greed, it is natural for the conspirators to invent hypocritical, equivocal, and dishonest phrases and put them in the mouths of subservient politicians and echo them through the commercial press, which they own and control.

"Parity of the two metals" is another cheap-John catchpenny phrase. What do they mean by it? If they mean anything they mean that silver shall remain demonetized until the market value of silver bullion, with silver so demonetized, shall rise to the market value of gold bullion with gold continued monetized. This impossibility they require before the mints are opened to silver. They know full well that if silver had the same right of mintage with gold, the parity between the two metals would be restored and maintained as it was for thousands of years previous to the crime of 1873. But what do we want with parity of one metal with another? What the people want is parity of money with labor and the products of labor, so that money, which is only a measure of value, shall be an honest measure between the rich and the poor, the debtor and the creditor.

There is another suggestion of the goldites which the gold press and hungry office-seekers frequently iterate and re-iterate. They say if the price of property which the people sell is low, the price of property which they buy is also cheap, and the poor wages paid to labor is compensated by cheap living. In short, cheapness is beneficial and benefits everybody alike.

The absurdity of this stale argument is illustrated by the object-lesson presented by China. There everything is cheap; wages are from three to ten cents a day, and the people live on less than it costs to feed American chickens. All the wealth in the country is owned by a few nabobs and mandarins. Do the people of the United States want such cheapness? If they do they want Asiatic civilization. Besides, falling prices are more disastrous than the stationary cheapness of Asia. Every investment in any kind of business or enterprise is seriously embarrassed by continuously falling prices. The farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, or any other man engaged in business, feels the loss when his property depreciates in price. Profits are reduced, and if business is continued loss and ruin follow. Enterprises are stopped and labor is thrown out of employment. The result is universal stagnation in business and enforced idleness throughout the land. But falling prices are not only disastrous but absolutely ruinous to the debtor class. The aggregate indebtedness of the people of the United States, public and private, is estimated at about thirty thousand millions, drawing an annual interest of about two thousand millions. Five hundred millions is exacted by the general government through taxation, and the taxes for State and municipal purposes are estimated to be double that amount. The people engaged in productive enterprises must sell much more than they

buy. They must sell enough to pay taxes and interest, educate their children, support the church to which they belong, and meet many incidental expenses before they buy at all. The fact is that the fixed charges upon the people of the United States absorb the proceeds of all they can sell, leaving only a meager and parsimonious support for themselves and their families. This is true of the most enterprising wealth producers, while millions are suffering for the necessities of life. What a mockery to say to them that the cheapness of the few articles which necessity compels them to buy compensates them for low wages and low prices for what they are compelled to sell to keep the red flag from the door and the sheriff from ejecting them from their homes!

It is easily understood why Mr. Cleveland regards the gold standard as sound money. It took on an average 33,333 bushels of wheat per annum to pay President Grant's salary. It now takes 3,333 bushels of wheat to pay President Cleveland's salary for one year. In other words, if the salary of President Cleveland were paid in wheat, he would receive 50,000 bushels a year more than President Grant would have received. Is it not preposterous in Mr. Cleveland to contend that the farmers who raise 50,000 bushels of wheat more to pay him than they did to pay President Grant are as much benefited by low prices as he is? Mr. Cleveland's case is the case of all officers and persons having a fixed income or drawing interest in time contracts. The case of the farmers who raise the additional 50,000 bushels of wheat is the case of every wealth producer in the land. None but office-holders, annuitants, and coupon-cutters, and those whom they control, argue that the shrinking volume of money is "sound money" and "safe currency," and the

reason why they do it is well illustrated by Mr. Cleveland's own case.

The country now sees the effect of falling prices, and it seems idle to be compelled to tell the people that it is not a good thing. No country has ever prospered or advanced in civilization while prices were falling. Every country which has made any progress in civilization has been able to do so through an increasing volume of money. Reason and experience teach us that falling prices lead to bankruptcy, ruin, slavery, and barbarism; that rising prices lead to wealth, prosperity, and higher civilization. Times were good when Solomon built his temple, because gold from the land of Ophir was abundant. Times were bad when the Roman legion occupied Jerusalem and the money of Judea was transferred to Rome. Times were good in Greece when Athens was the university of the world and the armies of Greece were invincible, because the mountains of Thrace were furnishing an abundant supply of the precious metals. Times were bad in Greece when the mines were exhausted. The people, being impoverished and without money to defend their country, became a province of Rome. Times were good in Rome when her conquering heroes had robbed the world of gold and silver, and were enslaving their conquered enemies to mine in Spain and Italy, because there was nearly two thousand millions of gold and silver in circulation in the empire. Times were bad when the barbarians of the North overran and conquered Rome, because her mines had failed and her coin had disappeared by wear and loss, and Rome was conquered by poverty and want before the foot of a Northern barbarian entered upon her soil. Fourteen hundred years of contraction of the money volume are called the Dark Ages, and people wonder why it was so called,

but they do not reflect that poverty and want of money obscured the light of reason and humanity, and filled the land with gloom and despair. A nation without money is dependent like a tramp, and meek and cowardly like a starving beggar.

Amid all the gloom of the Dark Ages how quickly light dawned when a new world of rich mines of gold and silver was discovered! The nature of man seemed changed in the twinkling of an eye, and the proud spirit of the ancient Romans was again seen and made manifest in every part of Europe. It was poverty and want which made Europeans slaves. It was the gold and silver that the New World furnished the Old which made Europeans and Americans free men. Money famine and slavery are always twin sisters in misery. Freedom and an abundant supply of money always go hand in hand in prosperity. In each case the two are inseparable.

Restore the money of the Constitution by opening the mints to the unrestricted coinage of the two metals, and prosperity will come with the increased supply of money as surely as adversity has already come by the shrinking supply of money produced by the crime of 1873. In the contest between gold monopoly and the money of the Constitution the consolidated banks of the commercial world, with the bondholders and money changers, will fight for the gold standard. Time-servers, cringing politicians, trembling debtors, office-holders with fixed incomes, and fawning hypocrites and sycophants of every name and nature, will rally under the banner of gold monopoly. The opposing ranks will include every honest, independent, liberty-loving citizen of the United States. The con-

test will be between the producers of wealth on the one side, and the absorbers of wealth on the other. Cunning has been victorious thus far only because the American people believed it was impossible that they had been betrayed by their trusted leaders until the object-lesson of universal distress was brought home to every household in the land. They now know and appreciate the truth that the men they placed in power have surrendered the government of the United States to an alien gold trust. They will resent such treachery and demand that the dodgers and skulkers of all parties shall throw off the mask and do battle in the open field for the people against the gold trust, or for the gold trust against the people.

No class of men will be so much despised in the coming contest as the straddlers and dodgers who have been playing the game of good-Lord-good-devil for their own dishonest and selfish purposes. The army of go-betweens will be held in the same contempt as the compromisers and skulkers were from 1860 to 1865. In those days no man who tried to be on both sides of the contest was trusted by either. Each suspected him and expelled him from camp. It will be so in the coming contest with the pretended bimetalists who talk for silver and vote to put gold men in power. The earnest friends of Constitutional money have looked forward to the day when the creatures of an alien gold trust would be compelled to separate themselves from the honest mass of wealth-producers. The people are at last moving for liberty and independence, and they will secure both in spite of the power of money, patronage, and the combination of the two old parties to do the bidding of an alien gold trust.

William M. Stewart.

"YAT."

A DIGGER INDIAN STORY OF THE CALIFORNIAN FOOTHILLS.

I.

THIS is not my story; it is the story of the older inhabitants of Pleasant Valley, told as they tell it when you have made them understand that you really want to hear something of the Digger Indians—at least something of that tribe which has from "the beginning" dwelt in this little valley of the Sierra Nevada. It is not told in the language of the narrators, for they are ordinary, sensible farmer folk, and they have no particular dialect, unless a trifling superabundance of ungrammatical phrase can be called a dialect." This latter cannot be better shown than in their reply to your question,—

"Don't know nothin' about them Diggers, except that you can smell 'em three miles off." Which is the truth, as every one knows.

The Pleasant Valley tribe—or the Pleasant Valleys, as they are called—dwells today on a little knoll back in the heavy timber, hidden from view from the road which winds through the valley and leads up to the rich Nevada County mines. But long years ago they had their camp—and indeed, they moved but recently—on a high knoll which overlooked the lower portion of Pleasant Valley. The hill Digger invariably sets his lodge upon an eminence of some kind, if it is possible. He was trained to it in his youth, when the tribes were powerful and an overlooking position was a necessity,—and an Indian is slow to forget. It was here, on the high craggy

point—from which one can look down upon wide level fields cut into sections by hair-lines of fence, a few brown-roofed houses, and running through the valley like a winding white ribbon, the gleaming sands of Deer Creek—that there was a "big soup" and Yat—the stalwart, robust Yat—became as a little child.

His name was not Yat. "Yat" was what the white people called him. His real name was spelled differently, but it sounded something like Yat, and so it became Yat.

Yat was twenty-three then,—a strong, straight, supple young man, with a well-featured, pleasant face. He was an orphan. His mother had died when he was yet a little papoose, and his father had become involved in a row with some white men over a mining claim on the Yuba, and had been shot for his temerity. An old squaw, who was some sort of relative, took him in then and he grew up under her care until she died and they cremated her with wierd and solemn ceremony.

Yat was the champion of the tribe, and as such was, of course, loved and disliked. Loved by the squaws, the older men, Chief Pamblo, and some of the young bucks; disliked by the would-be athletes who were always defeated in contests with him. But Yat himself had no enmities; he smiled at those who praised him, and laughed at those who sneered at him. He loved them all, he said, but he did not say that there was one whom he loved more than all the others. The name of this one was not

"Maria," but so she was called. She belonged to a different camp from Yat's—the Penn Valley tribe, who dwelt a few miles away over the hills. She was of slight figure, graceful in a certain Indian way, but not very pretty. Her hair was straight, and fell in a tangled mass about her shoulders; her nose was flat, her mouth wide, and her eyebrows heavy and black. But the dark, quick eyes and the mocking smile that always lurked around her mouth made the face attractive.

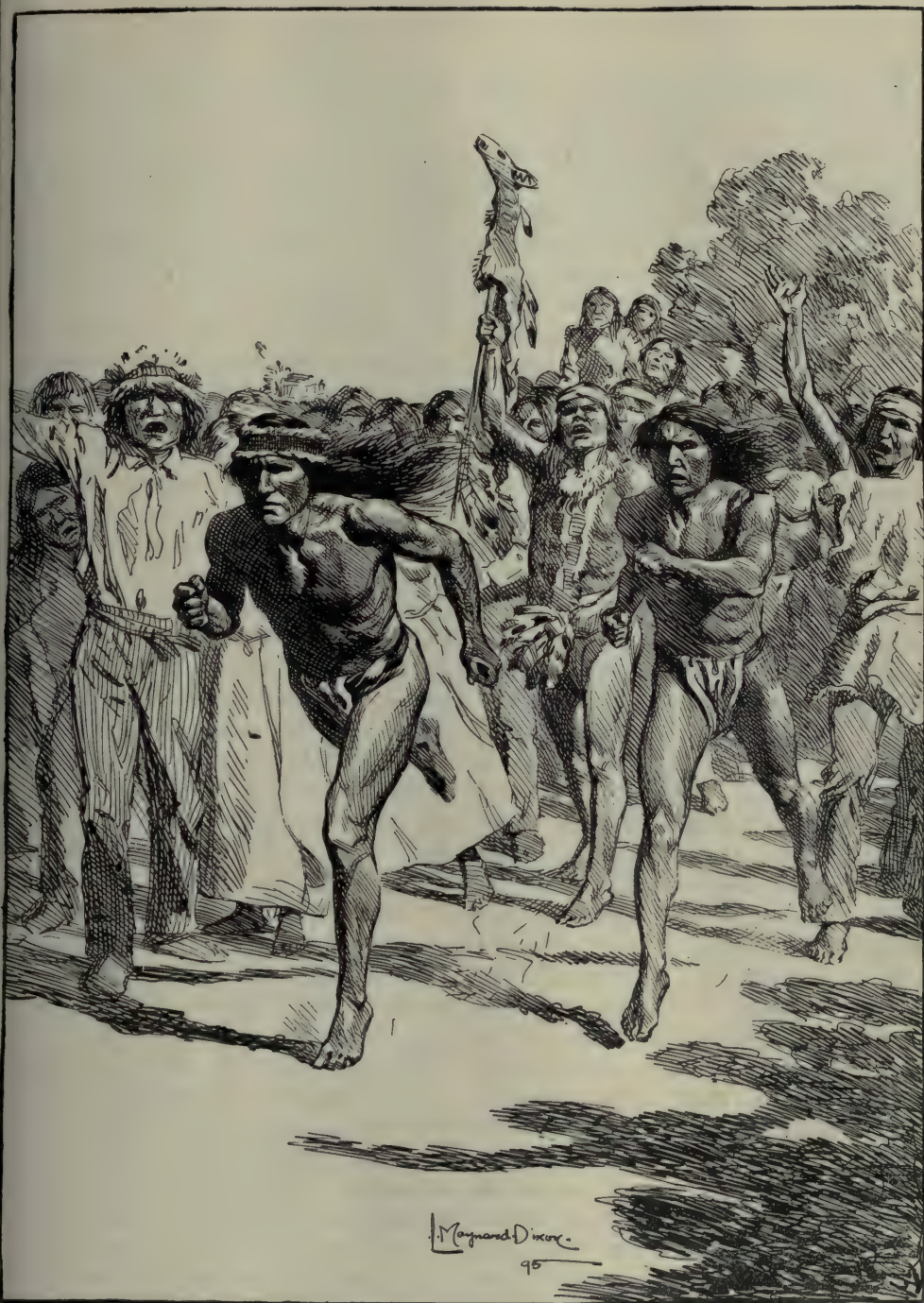
Yat loved it and hoped sometime to see it smiling at him in his own house. But there was another who loved that face, and as he belonged to the girl's own tribe, he had more opportunity to woo her. This young man's name was George, and he was the son of a sub-chief. More than that, he was quite an athlete himself and had won some distinction in competitive sports with other tribes. So when the third day of the big fandango came and it was announced that Yat and George would run a race, there was much speculation as to who would win. The Pleasant Valleys, even to the last of those jealous of Yat's prowess, stood up for their champion, and the Penn Valleys did the same in regard to George. So there were many bets up and good prizes had been offered for the winner.

But there was one prize which only three persons knew anything about. The two rivals did not forget this when they stripped for the race and passed around so they could walk out by Maria. She sat at the lower end of the course where she could see the winner as he came over the line. Her gala dress, a bright new calico, showed off her native charms to the best and her eyes were dancing. She tossed her shiny black hair back from her face every little while and beat her foot restlessly. She

was the third person who knew of that prize. As Yat passed her she leaned towards him and whispered, "Win, Yat."

He smiled proudly and walked on up the course with confident bearing. Just behind him came George, and as he went by she whispered to him also, and although she said but one little word his heart beat high with hope; for that word was also, "Win."

They stood braced for the signal to go. From where Maria was they appeared as two specks. Suddenly the specks moved, and soon became two men running in an easy trot. The wind floated their black hair back from their faces and the sun shone on their bare shoulders. Steadily and slowly they came, their bent arms held closely to their sides and their bodies bending forward. Then their speed began to increase and their positions to change. Suddenly one of the spectators, a Penn Valley Indian, yelled; the racers were on the home stretch, and George was slightly ahead. Then a Pleasant Valley Indian shouted something and cheered; Yat had drawn up even with George. Now came the tug, and great was the excitement. The heavy lines on each side of the course surged to and fro, the Indians yelling savagely. Slowly George began to draw ahead. His face was set and his every muscle was strained. Just before him was the line—and Maria—and he was straining every nerve to reach them ahead of his rival. So near were they coming that she could see the set look on their faces, the muscle-shadows on their bodies, and hear the swiftly increasing "plut-a-plut" of their feet in the soft dust. The Penn Valleys yelled like demons now, and the Pleasant Valleys became silent. But not for long. Suddenly the latter burst into a very roar of cheers, for Yat, their own Yat, gathering himself to one mighty



YAT'S FINISH.

effort, dashed by his rival and crossed the line ahead!

When Yat had crossed the line he did

not stop, but continued on towards a little creek where there were some big pools of water. The creek was fed by the many springs near there and the

water was very cold. But the race had been a long one, the sun had been warm, and Yat was in a bath of perspiration. The thought of those pools was pleasant. Behind him he heard the shouts of his people, and as he reached the willows that grew by the creek he turned his head and looked back. George was sitting down at one side, a few of his camp around him. Maria was standing where she had been throughout the race, and seeing him looking back, she waved her hand. He waved in return and was hidden from view by the heavy copse of green willows.

A few minutes later two of Yat's friends came down to congratulate him. They found him crouching in a shallow part of the pool, his head held out of the water by one long arm which grasped a willow branch. He had plunged into the ice-cold water and the result had been a cramp. He was pulled out and all the medicine men were consulted. It was useless. One of Yat's legs was bent tight under him and nothing could break the grip of those iron muscles. They wanted to carry him up to the camp, but Yat would not allow it. That he, the champion of the tribe, should be forced to sit like an old squaw was terrible. He was stung suddenly with the thought of his fallen prowess and he wanted to be left alone. So the young men cut some green boughs and made a roof over him where he sat by the side of the little creek.

All the rest of that afternoon he sat there like a block of wood and gazed stolidly straight in front of him. His view included only a green strip of the valley and a wedge of the hills, but a thousand memories came to him as he gazed. Over there on that sharp point he had killed a mountain cat when he was a little boy; just below, on a little flat where there was a spring, he had

slain his first deer, and down in the valley, in a bend of the road, he had first seen Maria. Where was Maria now? Why had she not come to see him? He had been expecting her all day but she had not come. Almost every one else had come around to stab him with their wondering—or worse, pitying—looks, but not Maria.

Toward evening they brought him food, but he did not taste it, and answered nothing to their questions. He slept none that night, but sat there moveless as a stone until the east flushed and the sunlight filtered in through the pine boughs above him. In the forenoon the medicine men consulted again, but could do nothing; and in the afternoon Maria came. Yat was looking steadily out at the hills when Maria suddenly appeared upon the threshold. Yat's heart bounded and he stretched out his long arms impulsively. "O Maria, Maria!" he said.

But Maria said nothing. Her face was in the shadow, but Yat felt the coldness. His arms dropped slowly and his eyes fell. Then Maria began to laugh—a mocking, heartless laugh.

"The great Yat!" she said. "The strong, the mighty Yat!" She came inside and approached him. "How like an old woman you look. And would n't you make a fine husband?"

"But I won you," said Yat sullenly.

Maria laughed. "Won me? No. It was the strong, stalwart Yat who won me; not the old-woman Yat. Yat the champion is dead. Do you think I would marry you? It would be nice, would n't it? I could gather acorns and kill the game and slave myself to death. And you could sit here and keep the blue-jays away. Maybe you could pound up the acorns. Do you think you could?"

Yat answered nothing. A fierce fire was raging in his heart. He saw it all now. He saw how cruel, how heartless,

this girl was. But he was proud and he did not wish to have her see how much she hurt. "Marry George," he said then.

"Marry George?" she answered. "Why, foolish Yat! George and I were married yesterday."

She laughed again, and bent over him.

"Poor Yat," she said, but there was only mockery in her tones. "Poor Yat."

She stooped closer—so close that he saw every little mocking wrinkle about her mouth and felt her breath fan his cheek. Suddenly his eyes fired up and he made a start as if to take hold of her. She leaped back, and then, as Yat sank down once more, she came and stooped over him again. "Poor Yat," he crooned. "Did you come near having another fit then?"

The fire flamed in Yat's eyes once more. His long, strong arms reached out suddenly and he seized her by the shoulders,—seized her and shook her until he felt by her unresistant weight that she was unconscious. Then he called all his strength to one mighty effort and hurled her savagely from him.

She fell among the stones some feet away, but in plain sight. And there for

some time he sat stolidly and looked upon her. He saw the outline of her figure; a portion of her smooth breast was disclosed through the torn bosom of her gala dress. Her face was half turned towards him and he noted that there was a great red mark down across the temple. But he sat for hours gazing immovably upon her. Then that soft breast and that cruel red streak began to appeal to him and he called softly, "Maria!" and then louder, "Maria! Maria!"

But Maria did not hear. A blue-jay heard him, though, and chattered loudly. From the sweat-house came laughter and shouts, and the ponies tied close to where he sat whinnied and stamped about. But from Maria came no sound. And so Yat sat until some of the Indians came and carried Maria away. George swore vengeance, but Chief Pamblo, out of his love of Yat, paid a large indemnity and the matter passed.

For many years Yat was a familiar figure to the hill people. He never became able to walk, but he could swing his body over the ground by his arms, which became unusually long and strong.

So this is the story of Yat, and like Yat, it is now ended.

Elwyn Irving Hoffman.

SPECULATION.

YESTERDAY

I was, or was not,—
Who can say,
From nothing something,
Or alway?

Today I am! yet—what?

Tomorrow I may be
Worm-food, or heir
To all eternity!

William H. Anderson.



V. AMONG THE REDWOODS.

And then the dim, brown, columned vault,
With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing.

Bret Harte.



HE garish glare of the noon-day sun died slowly out. The warm, sweet breath of the orchards gave place to the warm, rich incense of the redwoods. We were moving quietly along a vast woodland aisle that was ever on the point of terminating. Light and color seemed to steal upward as though escaping a repetition of adjectives of appreciation and expressions of reverence that came naturally to all lips.

Here and there a shaft of sunlight filtered down from the interlaced tree tops

as though in protest of the roseate gloom, but only served to intensify the dull red of the vast columns that turned mid-day into twilight. On either side the trees reached up into the clear blue of the Californian sky three hundred feet. Our car, the engine, the forests of our childhood, our very anticipations and expectations, became insignificant in comparison with their vast bulk. There is almost an unreality about them that makes one feel that they belong to another world or have outlived their age—the age when giants stalked beneath their shade.

From Guerneville four miles into the heart of the redwoods the railroad twists



Photo by Ericson.

A FALLEN GIANT.



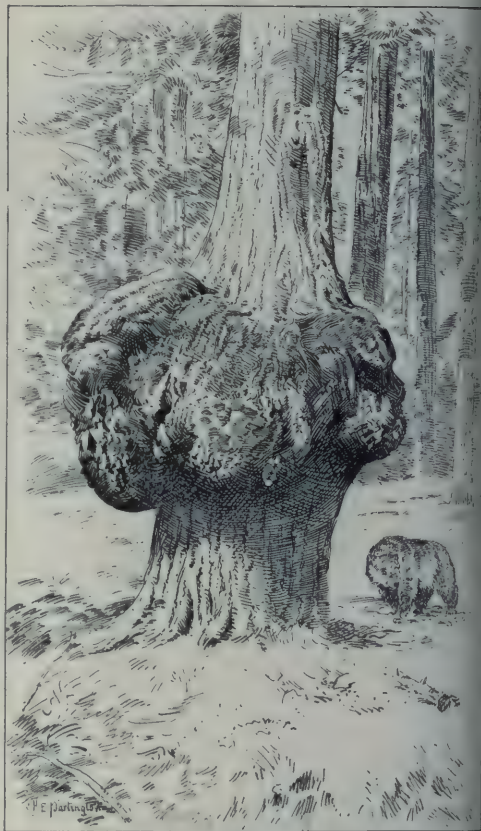
Photo by Lowden.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

and turns along the shelving banks of Russian River over trestles and down sylvan glades, preparing one by easy stages for the full beauty of what is to come. The term forest, as known to all the world outside of California, gives but a faint idea of the home of the redwoods. The trees are so vast, the distance between them so great, the bark-strewn ground so open, that the almost absolute lack of underbrush, and the absence of branches within two hundred or more feet from the earth, suggest rather a chapter from Baron Munchausen. A mastodon walking demurely down a village street could not call forth more ejaculations of surprise. You begin to doubt your eyes, for you look twice before you reach their tops.

On a sunny day, when streamers of light fresco and enamel the redwoods' leafy roof, or when the fog creeps in from the Pacific and fills all the higher arches with a clinging fleecy mist like clouds of incense, hiding everything save the gigantic architecture of the boles, then all that is lacking is the Sistine choir and the processional to convince the beholder that he is on sacred ground within some Brobdignagian cathedral.

As a mere sight for the tourist and the globe-trotter a redwood grove is as much one of the "lions" of California as the Yosemite, Mount Shasta, the Geysers, or the higher Sierra. Nowhere else in the world are there trees to compare in size and height with either the "big tree," the *Sequoia gigantea*, or the redwood, the *Sequoia sempervirens*, not even in the jungles of the tropics. I have cut my way day after day through the most impenetrable Asiatic jungles where the light of the sun is never seen and have felt neither enthusiasm nor wonder, for I knew that they were remarkable only for their denseness, which was due to the network of vines and parasites and



A REDWOOD BURL.

not to the height of the trees. There is nothing inspiring in such a living wall, and the impression is one of irritation rather than of wonder.

Across the Bay, past the frowning portals of Alcatraz, to Tiburon, three hours ride through tule marshes, past typical ranches, by picturesque towns, in the midst of vineyards and orchards of peach, fig, and prune, brings one, almost before he is aware, out of the smiling California lowlands into the heart of the finest grove of redwoods in the State. It is a bit of Nature's wonderland that stands almost within sight of the Golden Gate and yet is missed by thousands of sight-seers, who think that there is nothing to do but go out to the



Photo by Waters.

IN THE BOHEMIAN GROVE, NEAR GUERNEVILLE.

Seal Rocks while waiting twenty-four hours for the Pacific steamers.

Lying within the fog belt on the west side of the Coast Range, never farther than twenty miles from the coast, the gigantic redwoods breast the gales of the Pacific as though in derision of their even

more gigantic brethren, the Sequoia gigantea, who choose the warm breezes and genial sunshine of the western Sierra foothills in the interior. Three hundred feet in height and eight to seventeen feet in diameter, they present an imposing mark not only for the tour-



Photo by Ericson.

THE UNDER-CUT.

ist but for the lumberman. Like the grizzly, the buffalo, and the North American Indian, the "big trees" are rapidly and surely dying out before the march of civilization, and it will not be many years before such a grove as the one at Guerneville will be all that is left to show the world of what the soil of California is capable. Today the bulk of the remaining redwood forests is in two counties, Mendocino and Humboldt, where the annual rainfall is in keeping with the size of the trees—between four and five feet. Since 1856 the commercial value of these trees has been steadily growing,

and in spite of the protests of the lovers of nature the demand has been met with a ready supply. A wood that will not rot, is hard to burn, easy to work up, of a rich mahogany color, and not difficult to procure, holds out too many inviting inducements to expect any mercy from the human race. Redwoods have been found prostrate in perfectly good condition for lumber over and around which another redwood had grown that is between five and six hundred years old. In clearing the ground after the lumber has been taken off, the roots have to be cut and dug out, for

they will not burn on account of the amount of water they absorb. Fires, which are almost an annual occurrence in the spruce and pine forests, stop on the borders of the redwood groves. The absorbent nature of the lumber and the absence of resin and pitch make it of the highest value in building in case of fire. A redwood fire will die out in a gale of wind. Added to these virtues are the facts that it will not warp, is impervious to the effects of fresh water, and sustains a high polish. It is little wonder then that only State laws or personal philanthropy can preserve these giants from total extinction.

More wonderful even than the size of either of the great sequoias is their age. By actual count of their rings, whole groves of them, it has been ascertained beyond doubt, were swaying in the warm coast winds when Moses was leading the children of Israel out of Egypt and when Christ walked and talked to his disciples. Unless destroyed by man or the elements, they would stand forever, the name *sempervirens* is no misnomer, they are *everlasting*. Empires, monuments, and races, have decayed and been forgotten, but the redwoods are the same.

The great monarchs in Camp Bohemia, under which we sat and ate our luncheon and read the petty incidents of the day from the morning papers, were born long before our nation, long before Columbus, long before the English race. If they could talk, all the dark

problems of this so-called New World would be revealed. We would know from whence our Indians came and whom they displaced; we could gaze straight back through all the vistas of ages to the very borders of the Tertiary and Cretaceous times.

The life of the famous old Charter Oak is but a day in theirs. They are relics of periods in the world's history of which we have but the most childish knowledge.



IN A REDWOOD CAÑON.



Photo by Carpenter.

MONTGOMERY WOOD, MENDOCINO CO.



ITS GLORY DEPARTED.

A faint, somnolent breeze stirred the tops of the giants, three hundred feet above our heads ; a squirrel with a cone between his paws sat almost within reach and chattered at a blue jay ; the twilight was deepening among the massive pillars ; a soft haze that seemed to be born of the wood itself was taking possession of the echoless aisles ; there was neither coolness nor moisture in the air ; a dry, fragrant dust rose from beneath our feet ; the whistle of our engine came to our ears and warned us that the day was spent and our outing at an end. With a feeling that we were in some

great cathedral and that the fallen trunks were mammoth tombs, we arose quietly, almost reverently, and followed the last half lights down the silent corridors to where the world began again.

The redwoods of California deserve all the homage that can be paid them. They are part of the glory of the State, and the time will come when generations unborn will wonder in silent amazement how a race could be so indifferent to the preservation of the one live connecting link between the known and the unknown in the world's history.

Rounsevelle Wildman.



EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY. V.

ETHELBERTA.



PRIL 21st. Sister Susan has gone to Japan to meet her husband, and has sent Ethelberta to spend the summer with us. I was somewhat in awe of her

before she came, from hearsay, and the feeling is not lessened since her arrival, with her bicycle. She is handsome,—oh yes, that is undeniable in spite of her height; and she must be nearly six feet tall. Nature gave her a lovely skin, but she has succeeded in tanning it a butter-nut brown wherever it is exposed to view. She was showing me her “tennis arm” with a great deal of pride to-day. Now I should think that a deformity. Her eyes are as clear and serious as an infant’s, without any pretty little tricks of expression; she does n’t seem to know what eyelashes are made for. There is something terrifying about their gaze when you are trying to be witty and *fin de siècle*. If you were to say the moon was made of green cheese, she would argue the point with you seriously,

and demonstrate that it is impossible because the chemical constituents of cheese are not present in the moon’s atmosphere, or lack of it.

Oh dear! Chloe was a dreadful torment, but she was adorable. How can anyone love this creature, who will discuss with anybody any subject under the sun, from the pancreatic fluid to the social evil?

She never was nicknamed in her life; no one would ever have thought of being so sacrilegious as to call her “Ethie” or “Bertie.” I call her “Ethel,” but Harry always gives her her full name, rolling it under his tongue like a sweet morsel. He says that nothing less than “Ethelberta” could possibly do justice to her. (She was named after two rich aunts of her father’s, an Ethel and a Bertha, but the ancient ladies are both still in excellent health.)

Friday the 23rd. Ethel informs me that she is engaged. She has very decided ideas upon the sort of man that it is proper to marry, so I infer the happy individual must be something of a para-

gon. And I am told that he is ; member of the Y. M. C. A., superintendent in the Sunday school, and all that sort of thing.

"You had better look out for that fellow, Ethelberta," said Harry, "he will bear watching."

"I cannot agree with you, Uncle Harry," replied Ethel, with a not unbecoming flash of spirit. "There is no reason in nature why a man should not be held to the same standards of conduct as a woman ; and for my part I shall always exact it in any man whom I honor with my confidence."

"Well, my dear," said Harry, "when you find the man you have in your mind's eye, you want to bottle him up, quick, or he will evaporate before you can get the license."

"I have a better opinion of your sex than you have," rejoined Ethel.

"That is because you don't know them as well," retorted Harry. "Don't you know the good book itself says, 'The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked?' It don't say, 'Some men,' but 'Man' generically."

"That it does n't include woman, is some comfort anyway," I remarked.

"Good reason why," said Harry. "The good book knew very well they had no hearts at all," and with this parting shot he was off, before either of us could think of a fitting rejoinder.

Sunday night. My niece certainly is consistent. Having announced as an axiom that naughty men are just as bad as naughty women, she lives up to it so far as circumstances will permit. Reuben Harper has dined with us every Sunday from time immemorial ; ours is the only house wherein he ever does set foot in a social way. So the first Sunday after Ethel's arrival, Harry remarked to her at breakfast, "We shall have a very improper man to dinner today, Ethel-

berta. I know it will be trying to your feelings, but you will have to put up with it ; for your aunt and I are very fond of him, and he comes to dinner every Sunday."

"What does he do that is improper?" asked Ethel, buttering her second waffle.

"Everything," responded Harry comprehensively. "He does everything that he ought not to, and leaves undone everything that he ought to do. What church do you go to, Ethelberta?"

"I'll take another chop, please, Uncle. I never go to church."

"Wh——!" said Harry, stopping in the middle of the word, with his mouth open, and the fork suspended over the chop.

"Not unless there's something special in the way of music, or a famous preacher, or something."

"What do you do, then?" asked her uncle.

"When it's a nice day like this I start off early, so as not to meet the church people and offend their prejudices, and take a long spin in the country, forty or fifty miles. What time do you have dinner?"

"And do you think that is a proper way to spend the Sabbath?" persisted Harry.

"I think it is a proper way for me to spend it," returned Ethel. "I do not interfere with anyone else's way of spending it."

"What have you against the churches?" demanded Harry aggressively. (You would have thought, if you did not know him any better than Ethel, that he was a most devout observer of all the ordinances of religion.)

"I have nothing against them," replied she. "I suppose they have their uses. But to me, personally, it seems as if they expended a vast deal of money and nerve tissue, to achieve very small results. Why don't they save people's

bodies first?" and Ethel began to warm up and grow argumentative. "That's what the Founder did. He filled up their stomachs and healed their aches and pains, and preached the good word to the poor. What good word do the poor ever hear out of our pulpits?"

"You're an anarchist," said Harry, "a bomb thrower, a petroleuse."

"I did n't inaugurate the discussion," retorted Ethel. "Give me a slice of bread, Auntie, and I'll make a sandwich to stick in my pocket."

"Have you a pocket?" inquired Harry with interest. "Now I know that you are a new woman beyond a shadow of a doubt."

Ethel came back from her "spin" with two more layers of sunburn, and sat opposite the improper man at dinner, and treated him with the most frigid politeness; and before he and Harry finished their cigars and came into the drawing room, she went away to take a nap; for she owned up to me that she was tired.

I did not suppose Reuben would notice her absence, but he did look around for her when he came in; and I know Harry was not pleased.

That was the first Sunday; this one was worse, for she was really rude to Reuben when he tried to make some slight conversation with her. She need not put herself out to define her position, for Reuben was only trying to be civil to a guest in our house. He is a confirmed woman hater. I told her as much in plain terms after he was gone.

"Aunt Patsie," said she, "when I meet him in your house I shall be civil to him; I don't think I was less than that today. But anywhere else, I shall not know him, any more than I would a woman of the same antecedents."

It is dreadful. I wish Reuben would stay away for a while until she is gone.

Monday. I asked Ethel today how she could reconcile her opinions about churches with those of the devout young man to whom she is betrothed.

"O," she said, "we never clash about that. Religion is the last thing I should ever quarrel about with anyone. Politics I might, but not religion; that's a purely personal matter. I should n't care if he were a Catholic, as far as that is concerned, if he felt that those particular forms and ordinances were helpful to him. He is a good man, and that's enough for me."

"When are you to be married, Ethel?" I inquired.

"O, I don't know," she replied carelessly. "I am in no hurry. I am very well as I am. Freedom is sweet; and though of course Arthur will never dictate to me, still I recognize the fact that a married woman has duties and obligations, and that her best powers must be devoted to her husband and children."

"Indeed!" said I.

"Yes indeed," she answered. "I attended a cooking class all last winter; and I have quite an idea of going as a nurse in the children's hospital for two or three months this winter. A woman certainly ought to be prepared at all points before she ventures upon such an important step as matrimony."

"H'm!" said I. "I suppose you are quite posted on the rearing of children? The *Ladies Home Journal*, now, for instance, would give you many valuable hints."

"O, yes!" assented Ethel with positive enthusiasm. "I always read the mother's column in the papers, don't you know. Dear, dear, is n't it dreadful to think how the poor little babies are mistreated, just from pure ignorance? Fed whenever they are hungry, and taken up whenever they cry, and all that sort of thing; instead of being properly trained and disciplined right

from the very start. If there is anything I have clear and decided opinions about, it is about how I shall bring up my children."

"Quite right," said I: "Views are very comforting things. And if the baby should happen to conflict with the views, you can always make the baby over."

"Just what I say," assented Ethel cordially. "Mothers can make their children just what they please, if they are firm and consistent:—provided, of course, they are fit for motherhood in the first place."

"You don't believe in heredity then?" I asked.

"Of course," she answered. "That's why I say not everybody has a right to be a mother or a father. People are not properly educated about such things."

"When you come into your fortune," I suggested, "You can endow a chair in some university to instruct the future fathers and mothers of the race about the proper combination and qualifications."

"A splendid idea!" cried Ethel. "I'll not forget it, Auntie. Only," she added thoughtfully, "university people are not the ones who need the instruction so much. Environment teaches them some lessons of self-restraint. If one could establish that chair in the slums, it would be some use."

"Not a bit," quoth I.

April 28th. Dottie broke a Sévres cup for me today; I did not say anything, but of course I looked volumes.

"I 'se sorry, Issam," she remarked penitently, "but you can just take it back to the saucer shop again and get a new one, so never mind."

"Now," said Ethelberta, "this is an occasion where I think discipline should begin. If she had not been meddling, the mischief would not have been done."

"You is meddlin', youse'f," retorted Dottie instantly.

Ethel's manner of cultivating acquaintance with a child is very amusing. She regards it attentively as if it were a new botanical or entomological specimen; I am sure she would spear it on her hat pin for more convenient study, if it were feasible.

"It is very important to study their characteristics," she says.

I combated her on that, for I think it is more important to enter into their feelings.

There goes Bud Barager by the window; going somewhere to "interview" some hapless creature, I suppose; or it may be that the hapless creature has the "interview" all typewritten and has sent for Bud to get it inserted,—you never can tell about these things. Bud has been trying to make love to Ethelberta ever since she came; that boy would not hesitate to tackle the Queen of the Amazons. But Ethel sits down on him at every opportunity; she regards him as very small artillery, nothing more than a pop-gun in fact. She has condescended to allow him to go bicycling with her a few times, but purely as she would any other small boy. Bud is not accustomed to being snubbed by the fair sex, and it astonishes him so much that he takes it quite meekly. I asked him the other day what possessed him to persevere in the face of so much discouragement, and he said, "Now, Mrs. Isham, what a question! Have n't I always stood in, whenever you have had a girl visiting you, and done my very best to make myself interesting, and help her pass the time? Did I ever fail you?"

And when Ethel appeared, racket in hand, he returned to the charge with undaunted courage. He had some flowers for her; she smelled them, and then remarked:—

"How lucky. It will save me a trip around to the florist's; I wanted to leave some with Effie on my way to the court."

"Who is Effie?" inquired Bud ruefully.

"Effie Kline. She is a cripple, poor thing. I'm teaching her water colors, and these long-stemmed pansies will be just the thing for her to try. Did you bring your racket? Good. Come on to the Club with me; I am going to practise there today. You can wait outside while I stop in to see Effie."

Bud went along obediently, putting his best foot foremost to keep up with Ethel's stride as she swung along at a pedestrian excursion gait.

When all the girls are like my niece, how much fun will be lost out of the world. Perhaps something better will come to take the place of it, but certainly life will not be so amusing.

May 17th. It is a fact, I suppose, that when the new woman arrives, the old man will have to accommodate himself to her, just as he does to the present one. They can't do without us. It is amusing to watch Bud studying this advance specimen. He has evidently made up his mind that there are more in reserve where this one came from, and that he will discover a vulnerable point in their armor, or perish in the attempt. Ethel endures him good-humoredly for the most part, but when he gets too presuming, she snubs him without ceremony. Even Reuben Harper seems unable to withstand the attraction of curiosity, and he observes her respectfully from a distance, without putting himself in the way of getting any more stings from her virtuous spines. Last evening he sat in the shadow and watched her continuously, as she argued with her uncle about fate and freewill, quarreled with Mrs. Ostrom about realism in fiction, or instructed Bud

patronizingly in the merits of the Wagnerian school of music.

"I like something with a tune," said poor Bud.

"Tune!" repeated Ethelberta scornfully. "'Little Brown Jug' has a tune. When you listen to Wagner, all you have to do is to shut your eyes, and be transported into a universe of pure truth. Music is the only speech of heaven, I am sure of it. When we all stop clattering our tongues so much, we shall be able to hear our souls speak."

"There is Mr. Harper," said Mrs. Ostrom, "who has not said anything for an hour. He must have had revelations."

"I have," said Reuben quietly.

Ethel started and looked around at him, trying to pierce his shadowy corner with her glance.

"I had forgotten he was there," she said; and some way the force of her own last observation seemed to strike her, and she, too, became suddenly silent. It is odd, how as soon as we find we have had a listener we wotted not of, we begin reviewing our utterances in this new relationship.

My niece moved presently, and put herself in a position where Mr. Harper had not so much the advantage of her. However, she can bear inspection; there are no artifices to conceal. I wish she would let me dress her, but she affects to despise dress; I think in my heart she secretly believes she can afford to do without it, and that she emphasizes her perfect profile by the utter plainness with which she combs back her hair. New or old, women are made on one pattern. I have no opinion of that young man she is engaged to, or he would have taken some of the nonsense out of her before this.

Tuesday, the 18th. The age of mir-

acles has not ceased. Who but Ethelberta, none other, came to me today to ask shamefacedly if I knew anything that would take off tan? and tonight she will go to bed in a buttermilk poultice.

"I could n't put on evening dress with all this sunburn on me," she explained.

"Do you possess such a frivolity as an evening dress?" I inquired.

"Why, of course," she returned, surprised. "What do you take me for? A heathen? You are too narrow in your views, Auntie, you really are. If I choose to cycle instead of riding a horse, as you do, I don't see why you should think me a monster," and there were actually tears in her eyes.

"Why, Ethel!" I cried penitently. "Honestly, I never thought you would be a girl to care for dancing and all that sort of thing."

"And why not?" she asked. "Because I like to follow my own tastes and pursuits, and because there are things I would rather do than flirt and simper,—yes, even walk on the very verge of indecency as I have seen girls do to get men about them,—you and Uncle Harry talk to me and about me as if I were a freak. And that man that comes here Sundays will sit and watch me for an hour without speaking, as if I were a sword-swallower or something."

"How do you know he watches you?" I asked. And Ethel turned red through her sunburn.

"How did he get to be lame?" she inquired irrelevantly.

"O years ago, when he was only a boy. He and a companion were upset out of a boat; the other boy could not swim, and Reuben got him up on the boat, and stayed in the cold water so long holding him on and waiting for help that he got some dreadful thing in his hip, that left him lame for life."

"Is that why he never goes into society?" inquired my niece, who seemed suddenly to have become very curious about this reprehensible man.

"Partly, I think; but mostly because it would bore him. He is very easily bored, you notice."

"He looks dreadfully bored with himself," retorted Ethel, "and that's a bad sign. If a man is any good in the world he has no need to be bored."

"I suppose that's true enough?" I admitted. "I don't think Reuben is of any particular use in the world."

June 1st. Dottie is very anxious for a little brother; she has dunned Doctor Pillsbury for one so often, that now the good man takes down a cross street when he sees her coming; and having pestered her mother and me with questions till she has about made up her mind it is useless, she has found a new victim in Ethel. Now my niece, being a new woman, of course believes you can't begin too early to instil knowledge of all sorts into the youthful mind. I'm not saying she's wrong, but I notice she also finds a difficulty in conveying information on certain subjects in a form suited to the infantile capacity. Dottie has found us all so unsatisfactory that she has been forced to frame a theory of her own.

That Ostrom woman annoys me. Some one has told her that she looks like me, and she actually seems to feel complimented by it. So now she apes my clothes. I have a combination in my mind for next fall that I think will give her pause. It will cost me some trouble and I shall wear it just once, and then throw it away. She will have to wear her reproduction all winter, because she can't afford to have another so expensive as hers will be.

June 15th. When Harry was reading his paper this morning I noticed him give

a start and look over at Ethel, who was commencing on her third muffin. Presently he got me out of the room by means of some of those cabalistic winks and nods known to married couples, and showed me an item among the dispatches. It was just one of those items you see in the paper every morning and never think twice of. Some man in a position of trust absconding with money that does not belong to him. There was nothing particularly novel in the details of this occurrence. A young man of good family, excellent reputation, prominent in church work, cashier in a trust company, treasurer of various guilds and societies, had levanted with everything he could lay his hands on, including another man's wife. And of course the enterprising reporter had already discovered that the exemplary youth had led one life for the benefit of the respectable public and another for his own private amusement. It was the defaulter's name that was striking to us, for it had a familiar sound.

"Is not that Ethelberta's model young man?" asked Harry.

"I am very much afraid it is," I responded.

We gazed at one another blankly.

"I suppose there 's no keeping it from her?" suggested Harry.

"Of course not," I said. "Sooner or later she must know it."

"Better get it over with at once, then," remarked my liege lord, seizing his hat. "I'll leave it to your tact to manage it." And he shot out of the door before I could so much as seize his garment to detain him. Tact! Yes, I suppose it requires tact in the head lyncher to jerk the rope at the proper moment; but it appears to me a little healthy callousness would be more serviceable. Anyway, I let Ethel go off with a bevy of girls on some sort of foray, all unconscious of her misfortune. It

was not until after lunch that I took my courage in both hands, as the French say, and observed carelessly, "Did you notice in the paper this morning, some man in Cincinnati, the same name as your fiancé, has been doing dreadful things?"

"What things?" asked Ethel, interested, but not as yet at all startled.

"Going off with another man's wife, for instance," I said.

"The ideal!" said she. "Some old reprobate, old enough to be a grandfather, I'll warrant. Where is the paper?"

I handed it to her silently, folded at the place, and waited breathlessly. Surprise, incredulity, horror, chased each other across her face, till the paper dropped from her hands and she gazed at me despairingly.

"O Auntie, it can't be!" was all she said.

"Surely, I hope not," I returned fervently. We had a bad hour, and then my niece straightened herself up.

"What a fool I am," she cried, "to torment myself this way, when there are telegraphs! Get Martin, and I will send a dispatch at once."

The telegram sent, Ethel bathed her eyes and declared she would wrong herself and her lover no more with such unworthy fears. Of course it was all a mistake, and she should never forgive herself for doubting him for an instant. Happily, the human heart is so constituted that in the presence of sorest calamity it can give itself these momentary respites: else, how would it endure to run its race? And when again the icy hand of the inevitable clutches it in its unrelenting grasp, a merciful numbness seems to have supervened. The bitterness of death is already past. So when Ethel's answer came, from the old friend to whom she had sent for information,

saying with electricity's cruel brevity: "The worst is true. Don't trouble. The matter is not worth it." It was only a confirmation of that which was already burnt into her cognizance.

After the first tempest had had its way, I took up the parable.

"It is just as your old friend says, my darling," I urged. "The matter is not worth troubling about. The man you fancied yourself in love with still exists, as truly as ever, in the only place he ever did exist, your imagination. That other creature was only masquerading in his garments. In reality you have lost nothing."

But how are you going to convince a child that has burnt its fingers that it does n't smart? I have heard that the Christian Scientists can do it; but I never saw the feat accomplished, though I've often seen it tried.

July 1st. Ethel is making a good fight. The other man's wife has been a marvelous though bitter tonic towards recovery. Still, even misplaced affection has a wonderful mandrake way of shrieking when it is torn up by the roots. As no one here had any reason to connect her with this special *mouton noir*, and as everybody that read the item had forgotten his name before the next day, she has not had to contend with curiosity under the offensive guise of condolence. And cycling and tennis are certainly a much better way of getting over such a time than the old fashioned pursuits of woman; they don't leave one much time for brooding, and keep up the appetite and keep off insomnia. Ethel has got back her color, which did go off sadly for a few days, and can go her three muffins again for breakfast.

"She's all right," said Harry this evening. "She is back to her feed again." He has been watching the fight with a good deal of respectful sympathy,

and ordering home all the delicacies of the season as if he were trying to tempt the appetite of a convalescent. Reuben, too, is greatly interested in the affair. Of course Harry has told him all about it. Talk about women gossiping. If you want to hear gossip, you just want to hear a pair of male chums over their cigars.

"What sort of a beast must that fellow be?" he said to me last evening, regarding Ethel as she sat off in a corner of the piazza, by herself, rocking gently and reading the "Heavenly Twins" or some other of the offensive idiocies with which the recent woman appears to feel herself impelled to sluice literature off the face of the earth. Her straight nose showed up well in profile against the dark green of the Virginia creeper.

"Yes?" said I. "Don't you know, I have a sort of sympathy for him. How could any mere mortal man hope to live up to Ethelberta?"

"Perhaps not," he returned; "but you would think that a man that a girl like that honored with her liking, would at least make a try at it."

"Perhaps he did," I suggested, "and found he was not equal to it. It is a fortunate thing for you descendants of Adam, that the daughters of Eve are not all like Ethel."

"No," he said, "it's a very unfortunate thing. You know very well, Mrs. Isham, that I have been as much in love with you for years as a man can afford to be with his friend's wife; but all the same, it's women like you that are responsible for men like me."

"I'll not have it so," I cried wrathfully. "I am responsible for nobody except myself. My own deeds I'll answer for, womanfully, and not hide behind anybody. 'The woman tempted me, and I did eat,' forsooth!"

"No," said Reuben, placidly flipping

the ashes off the end of his cigar, "it's not the question of temptation so much. I am ready to admit, if you like, that my sex has a remarkably keen scent for temptation. What I have against your sex is your leniency, your unpardonable leniency, with ours. You have no right to overlook things as you do. If you did n't condone our offenses we would n't commit so many of them. There it is in a nutshell."

"Tush!" said I scornfully. "If I had quarreled with my husband about you, years ago, and forbidden you my house, would it have made a better man of you?"

"I don't know that," he replied thoughtfully. "But you might have taken a different tone with me, and with all men like me. You know right well what I mean."

"Well, of all the ungrateful scamps that ever I heard of," said I, "you will take the palm. Depend on it, you'll find the 'tone' different henceforth."

"No good now," he answered carelessly, "when I should know it was from pique, not principle."

Male creatures are past calculating on. I believe that man is in love with Ethelberta, who treats him like an outcast. And Chloe, pretty Chloe, who tried so hard to break up his shell of indifference, he never noticed any more than if she had been an amusing kitten.

July 5th. Well, the annual outburst of self-glorification is over, and I am glad of it. Such a bore as it is getting to be to hear the Eagle flapping his wings and crowing over moribund democracy. A vulture would be more appropriate. However, it amuses the children, and is a good thing for the brass bands and livery men. I saw the grocer's boy in a yellow sash, riding a prancing steed. Dottie had a glorious time, though she cannot refrain from "hiding her ears" every time a bomb goes off. But too much ice

cream and soda must have given her indigestion, for she said this morning, "O, I'm so nervous!"

"How do you feel when you are nervous?" asked Ethel.

"O, I feel, I feel, as if I were to lie down and die, I'd still keep on wiggling."

We all went down to Reuben's offices to see the procession. I did n't know whether Ethel would consent to be his guest, and I think he felt quite flattered that she did. Reuben can be very charming when he cares to exert himself, and if you accept a man's hospitality you cannot be utterly rude to him; and as he chose to devote himself almost entirely to my niece during the tedious hour while we waited for the welcome blare of brass which should announce the advance of the pagent down our street, she was forced to be at least civil. At odd moments she forgot herself and was even more, but froze up again instantly when she remembered. Then Reuben would set himself tactfully to make her forget again. I am surprised that he should take so much trouble; but I suppose it is only the usual perversity of human nature. He is a very artful fellow, is Reuben. Even the newest women is not impervious to flattery; and I observed that, in the course of that hour, in a dozen different ways he managed to convey to Ethel that poor sinful man was but clay in the hands of the potter when his ideal woman took it upon her to shape the vase; and that the more sinful the man, the more abjectly ductile would he be. And so on. A few weeks ago Ethel would have flouted such an idea. But having been disappointed in the man she picked out ready made, she may entertain the idea of remodeling one. It is only somebody that has tried it that knows it can't be done.

July 7th. I can't get Ethelberta to be even decently civil to Mrs. Ostrom in the way of calling.

"I don't care for her, nor she for me, and why should we waste time on one another?" says Ethel. "This thing of making calls I determined long ago to anticipate myself from. There is no badgering like it. I will only go to see the people that I like, or have business with. And I don't want anybody else to come to see me."

"But," said I, "you went there and danced all the evening last week."

"There was something to go for then," returned my niece stubbornly, "I will go again if she offers me inducements. But when we have not a single thought in common, why should I go and sit up in a chair to look at her in another?"

"Why don't you like her, Ethel?" I insisted.

"O, I don't know," she replied. "I don't have n't any use for these women that are always 'being treated' for something or other, and cannot be in your company half an hour without presenting you with a synopsis of their internal arrangements."

"Now Ethel, I remonstrated," you are too bad! You ought to take into consideration that this is a nice new doctor that Mrs. Ostrom has got."

"O Auntie!" Ethel cried. "I never said anything half as unkind about her as that." And she put an end to the discussion by mounting her bicycle and rolling away. It looks easy. I believe I'll get one myself.

I suppose Harry would be horrified; but he'd get over it in time. He would have to.

Dottie is a passionate lover of flowers and can't bear to see them mishandled. Yesterday she said to Ethel: "Don't make my n'sturtims by their elbows that way. This makes two ones I told you that"

July 10th. Ethel and I shall start soon for a month in the mountains. It is a

positive fact that Reuben Harper is planning to join us with Harry at some point on the trip! I don't know what has come over the man. If he really has designs on Ethel, I shall be no party to them. Of course his pale face, with its lines of past suffering, its languid veiled eyes, and its tired smile, is very captivating to some women; but I would not have supposed Ethel a girl to have any sentimental fancies about that sort of thing. He made a very specious plea for himself last evening. Ethel was riding a particularly high horse of pure morality.

"O, come down, come down, Ethelberta!" says my spouse rudely. "You don't know what you are talking about, or else you would keep still. But to err is human, so we will forgive you this time, but don't let it occur again, if you value our good opinion."

"To err is protoplasmic," says Reuben. "The instinct for wrong-doing is implanted in the primordial jelly. How then can we be held responsible for it? That is the First Cause's plan to evolve a man. Wrong-doing entails suffering; suffering induces reflection; reflection inculcates a fear of consequences; after aeons of punishment that develops into an idea of right and wrong. As soon as you have a rudimentary conscience you have the beginnings of man. Man arrived on the scene, it takes ages of martyrdom to develop a soul; not all specimens of the race are born with souls yet, by a long ways. Some of us have to get them flailed into us, individually. But that is not our fault. We ought to be pitied and helped by the more fortunate as victims of the system, which we did n't invent. Good women don't realize what a God-like power rests with them; nothing less than to assist in the freeing and uplifting of some poor struggling soul into self-knowledge and self-possession."

He spoke so sadly, so earnestly, that

even I was impressed, and we were all silent for a moment. To break the pause and change the subject I asked, "What do you hear from your art student, Reuben?"

He laughed. "I'm afraid she does n't amount to much as an art student," he said. "I did n't really suppose she would, but she will make a very appreciative artist's wife, and I hear that is what she is likely to become; so all's well that ends well, and I shall be glad to have her off my mind."

"What did you mean by asking Mr. Harper about his art student?" Ethel inquired of me afterwards.

"O," I said, "it's a long story; it would not interest you. It is a girl that was left destitute, and Reuben heard of the circumstances and has been paying her way at an art school in New York. He has put two or three girls in the way of being self-supporting. One that he sent to Germany has a very promising musical career before her. He has no family of his own to support; he can afford to do such things."

"I suppose he can," said my niece. "But men like him generally have ways enough to spend their money on themselves. It is queer you never mentioned any of these things."

"Why?" I asked. "I am not a paid organ to advertise Mr. Harper. He is not running for anything."

"All the same," retorted Ethel, "I notice you and Uncle Harry both were very ready to tell plenty of bad things about him. I see no reason why you should not have told the good too."

Thursday. Well, it has come to pass; and I am not responsible for it, though I suppose Susan will always think so. For if there were two people in the world that could have been supposed to be as safely uncongenial as oil and vinegar, it certainly was those two. This is the

way it happened. We all went to a picnic yesterday,—even Reuben, who is getting to be quite a society man these last few weeks. Of course Ethel went out on her bicycle with Bud; Reuben rode out with Harry and me, and we five chanced to be the first arrivals. A few moments after we had chosen our headquarters and established ourselves, a couple of women with a baby came along in a buggy; and just as they were crossing a little bridge at the foot of the acclivity where we were stationed, the horse (I hate a horse with a Roman nose, I would n't own one) got some maggots in his evil brain, and commenced backing. Of course the woman with the baby tried to climb out over the wheel, and the other slapped the animal with the lines and shrieked like a frightened hen.

"Give him the whip! give him the whip!" shouted Harry, running with all his might. But Reuben was the nearest, and he got to the brute's head just as the woman got Harry's words through her intelligence and brought down the whip across its back. The beast leaped forward like a catamount, striking Reuben down, and it seemed to us horrified lookers on that horse, buggy, and everything, went clean over him.

Ethelberta got to him first and sat down in the dust and took his head in her lap, and commenced wiping the dirt from his face with her handkerchief, that was n't half as white as her cheeks. "Get some water, somebody, quick!" she said.

Harry climbed down into the brook and brought up his straw hat full, while Bud got the crying women out of the buggy. I tried to loosen Reuben's collar, but Ethelberta did nothing but wipe his face and run her fingers through his hair.

"Is he dead, Auntie? oh, Auntie! is he dead?" she wailed softly. "I can't bear it if he is; I can't bear it!"

By this time Harry was back with the water and began to sprinkle it in his face. I did think I saw his lashes quiver, but he remained so pale and still that I dismissed the fancy. Ethel's self-control seemed to be deserting her completely.

"O I don't care if he is bad," she murmured. "I'm bad too, proud and self-righteous, and I never did anything to help anybody in my life. I've always just thought of perfecting myself. And he would give his life for his neighbor without a second thought."

Reuben opened his eyes and smiled at her wickedly. "No I would n't, not now," he said. "It has become too precious to me within the last five minutes."

Bud had just come up. "Left again!" he said, looking at me whimsically.

Poor Ethel turned all the colors of the rainbow, and would have got up very abruptly; but Reuben groaned piteously at the first move, and she dropped down again with a frightened expression.

"Old man," said Harry, "get up out of that! You are a consummate fraud. I don't believe you are hurt a bit."

"Yes I am," said Reuben. And so he was, pretty badly; he has a dislocated shoulder and a big thump on his head; I suppose he was stunned just at first. He swears he was. But Ethel never will get over her mortification; it will be a sore point with her for a good while. She allowed me to curl her front hair this morning, and is very busy just now, entertaining Reuben, who is staying with us a few days, until he is able to go about without bandages.

Batterman Lindsay.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

X.

"UNDERSTAND," said Mr. Barrington to his wife, "that Chetwynd spent an hour and a half with Nellie yesterday afternoon?"

They were alone for a few minutes before dinner. Mrs. Barrington had dismissed her maid and was adding a few touches to her toilet.

"It seems, Rufus, that Mr. Chetwynd is fond of music. Nellie was playing to him most of the time."

"How often has he called in the past fortnight?"

"Several times, I believe."

¹Begun in August number.

"You believe? It's a mother's duty to know such things. I don't approve of these visits. Chetwynd is a distinguished man, but he is a foreigner. He dines here tonight?"

"Yes. So does Mr. Desmond. He is very attentive to Nellie, Rufus."

"Well, Alice, we must expect to lose the child one of these days. I trust she will marry a Californian, and live here to be a comfort to us. As for Chetwynd, he is dangerous."

"We can trust Nellie."

"My dear, few daughters can be trusted, and few wives."

He took the sting from the words by bending down and kissing her. He had reason to know that she, gentle, loyal

soul, would never betray a trust. She was fastening a bracelet on her wrist, and glancing indifferently at her image in the tall cheval glass. Evening dress became her, for her arms and bosom revealed no trace of time. Her husband, contrary to her own wishes, insisted upon buying her the most extravagant gowns. He had excellent taste, and delighted in rich fabrics; exquisite velvets and cunningly wrought brocades. These, trimmed with rare laces, enhanced her beauty, and lent it a dignity at once quaint and charming. Her daughter had named her playfully, "La Marquise." She wore her hair *à la Pompadour*, and her manners were of the *vieille souche*.

"That is a new dress," remarked the millionaire. "Let me see it."

He fumbled for his glasses, as she drew herself up, and turning with a smile, swept him an old-fashioned courtesy, a courtesy which Madame Michaud had taught her when the century was thirty years younger, and fashionable folk madly practised the polka in Baker Street.

"Is my lord pleased?"

She was appareled in the palest lilac brocade, covered but not concealed with delicate black lace.

"Yes," he said critically, "I am pleased. You look a young woman still, my dear, and prettier than ever. Put on some diamonds."

These were kept in a small safe, a miracle of polished steel, securely bricked into the wall. Mr. Barrington manipulated the combination himself and unlocked the inner doors. A score of plain leather boxes were exposed to view. He selected one of the cases, the shabbiest, and handed it to his wife.

"Not that, Rufus," she demurred, with a gentlewoman's contempt of display. "I cannot wear such a valuable necklace at a small dinner party in my own house."

"Nonsense, Alice, I bought them for my own pleasure as much as for yours. I insist."

He opened the box as he spoke and took therefrom a magnificent *rivière*. He was an expert — for an amateur — upon precious stones, and had a pardonable weakness for East Indian diamonds. This particular necklace was historic and had glittered upon the persons of the Bourbon princesses. Mr. Barrington had bought it at the sale of the French crown jewels, and liked to see it in use, paying interest, as he phrased it, upon the sum invested. He fastened it carefully round his wife's throat, and then, stepping backwards a couple of paces, feasted his eyes upon its scintillating iridescence.

"Is this my own?" asked Mrs. Barrington.

"Of course it is."

"My very own? To do what I like with?"

"Certainly. Do you wish to get rid of it?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I might wish to will it away. When I die, Rufus, I cannot take it with me."

As a rule her husband hotly resented any allusion to the King of Terrors. A republican, he abhorred monarchs; and this monarch, in particular! But now he was silent. Of late the possibility of losing his wife had obtruded itself. He put the thought from him with a shudder, but it recurred with exasperating persistence.

"It cost a great deal of money."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"What do twenty-five thousand dollars bring at safe interest?"

"At six per cent — the savings banks pay six per cent — at six per cent twenty-five thousand dollars will bring an income of fifteen hundred dollars."

He knew that she was thinking of her sister, that the necklace was destined

or her, to be sold of course, and he was willing that it should be so. He knew, further, that half a dozen tender, cordial phrases would bring the two women together, but prejudice linked to vanity withheld them. The time came when he bitterly regretted this lost opportunity. None the less, kindly feelings were stirring his heart as he marked the refined, sensitive features that always, in sickness or in health, lighted up at his approach, and presently the warmer sentiments found audible expression.

"Was it your wish," he asked abruptly, "that Phyllis Murray should come to the ball?"

"I should like to invite her, Rufus, but—" (Woman like she was considering whether it would be politic to throw the young people together.)

"But you would consider me, eh? Well, I gave Master Dick a lesson, and he took it like a gentleman. I can afford to be generous. Ask the girl here, to stay for the night, I mean, and see that she has a proper dress."

"O, Rufus! How good of you."

"Rubbish! Let's go down. And, Alice, remember that you can do as you please with the diamonds. And if—you need money, ask me for it. I'm no biggard, the Lord knows. What I have is yours!"

Half a dozen persons, besides the Barringtons, were seated round the dining room table. Count Van der Bock and his wife, Mrs. Paul Travers and her daughter, Desmond and John Chetwynd. The table was remarkable. By means of cunning mechanism and innumerable pieces of wood it could be made to expand or contract at the will of the worthy Mosher and still remain a perfect circle. Mr. Barrington had seen a similar table in the private dining room at Windsor Castle, and had ordered from a London

firm an exact copy to be executed out of old Honduras mahogany. Upon the cloth were masses of violets of every shade and maiden-hair ferns, and through these gleamed fairy lamps (at that time fashionable). In the center, its roots in an unsightly pot beneath the table, was a stately date palm whose fronds soared ceilingward, and then drooped in enchanting curves. There were no candelabra. The light was derived from about sixty wax candles in antique Venetian sconces on the walls. The room was octagonal and very lofty, with a domed ceiling painted after Verrio. Its sides were hung with modern tapestry, light in tone, and the furniture was *rococo*, but neither fantastic nor unduly florid. The general effect was soft, harmonious, and peculiarly festive. A superbly painted screen stood in front of the doors leading to the servants' offices, and behind this Mosher and his well-drilled staff performed their noiseless labors. The room was worthy of Lucullus, and John Chetwynd, who had dined in halls the palaces of Europe, told himself that he had seen nothing to surpass it.

Mrs. Barrington was celebrated for her dinners. Her *chef* was a *cordon bleu*, and her wines above reproach. San Francisco has been justly criticized in regard to the wine it drinks. In certain houses champagne flows like water, but it is generally new. The old, mellow vintages seldom cross the Rockies. First class clarets are also rare—the *Lafites*, the *Latours*, and the *Margaux*;—and the odious and indefensible French custom prevails of serving during the course of a four hour dinner innumerable wines. Rufus Barrington, with that sterling common sense that characterized him, set his own fashions. Dinners, in his house, formal or informal, never exceeded one hour and a quarter, and his cham-

pagne was of '74; his clarets the silkiest of Californian vintage.

The Count was describing in strident broken English a boar hunt in the Ardennes. By birth a Belgian, he had married an American heiress, and kindly consented to pass an occasional month in San Francisco. Both husband and wife were favorites in society. The Count because he invested his "*chérie's*" dollars in Californian securities, and the Countess because she was perfectly amiable and unaffected.

"We are *en famille*," cried the lively Belgian, jumping from his chair and dropping upon one knee. "I vill show you how we receive ze boar. Soh!"

He made a deadly lunge at the majestic Mosher with his fork, which almost took effect. Everybody laughed and the Count resumed his seat, wiping his brow, heated by the mere recollection of past encounters.

"*Ciel!*" he cried. "I nearly spit my friend Mosher in ze leg! *Ça donne fureusement à penser*. To dine wiz an old acquaintance, and to return, *parbleu*, his hospitality by sticking a fork into his butler! Mosher, *mon ami*, I rejoice that I did not kill you."

"Really, Alphonse," cried his wife, "you are too absurd. Finish your cutlet, and don't leave the table again unless I give you leave. Mr. Chetwynd, you were telling me something interesting. What was it?"

"I was quoting Lamb."

"Lamb," cried the irrepressible Count, "he is adorable when he is young wiz mint sauce. Ze English know how to cook him."

"Be quiet, you donkey! Mr. Chetwynd, please go on."

By this time every person present was wondering what Chetwynd had to say.

"Charles Lamb uses somewhere the

words 'superficial omniscience.' I think that is what is exacted of the successful society man. He must never be at a loss."

"Society man!" echoed Rufus Barrington in his hearty voice. "I tell you, Mr. Chetwynd, a man of business has to be superficially omniscient in these days. We live in stirring times."

"Stirring times," repeated Dick. "I call this the Age of Slop. The phrase is not original with me, but I've stolen it because I like it."

Rufus Barrington frowned. He was an optimist, and reasonably satisfied with the social conditions which had made him the first citizen of San Francisco.

"Explain yourself," he said curtly.

"We have excellent laws, sir, poorly administered. You know of course that a conviction following the crime of murder in the first degree seldom results in hanging. Why? Because of sickly public sentiment, or in other words,—slop! Flogging brutes who can only feel physical pain is out of date,—slop again! Flowers are sent to wife beaters and highwaymen before their conviction,—slop once more! Bribery and political corruption have made our name a by-word. What is the reason? Laws bad? Not a bit of it. Public sentiment tacitly approves, because the public morality has no backbone to it. It is nourished on slop. Our small boys are killing themselves with cigarette smoking. Why? Because their fond mothers don't birch them. Slop, nothing but slop."

"I endorse every word you say," said Chetwynd. "You don't put the case half strongly enough."

"He was never spanked himself," said Helen.

"Was n't I!" said Chetwynd with grim emphasis.

"I mean Master Dick," she explained with a blush. "I can remember well

ough his smoking cigarettes on the y, and cigars too. If anyone ever deserved the rod he did, but Papa ruled us y love not fear."

Mr. Barrington had listened moodily to his discussion, but at these words his brow cleared. Chetwynd admired the girl's tact. It was not the first time in his experience that she had smoothed out the paternal wrinkles.

"Thank you, Helen. I have endeavored to act towards my children as the United States Government acts towards her citizens. I trusted to their ultimate common sense. I believe in what Carnegie calls 'Triumphant Democracy.' We are making mistakes, but we know how to profit by them. You see we have just turned out Cleveland."

He laughed good-temperedly. Chetwynd and he had sparred more than once upon the vexed question of Protection. Chetwynd was an out and out free trader, and the millionaire, a Blaine man.

"But," there was an ominous change in his voice, and Count Van der Bock, who had been taking to Mrs. Travers, suddenly pricked up his ears, "our government has shown what it can do when pushed to the wall, and I think there is the same stern spirit of discipline in me. For instance, if one of my children were grievously offend me, I should certainly pluck him, or her, from my heart, no matter what the wrench might be to my feelings."

Again Helen skilfully turned the subject.

"We were speaking," said she lightly, "of superficial omniscience being required of society men. I want further evidence. Mr. Desmond, are you, or are you not, superficially omniscient?" She turned to Desmond, who sat upon her feet.

"I like society," said Desmond, "but first and foremost I count myself a busi-

ness man. My affairs require my constant attention."

Mr. Barrington applauded these sentiments with an Olympian nod. Desmond had brought capital letters from Los Angeles, but a better passport in favor of his host was the fact that he had opened an office down town, kept regular hours, and was regarded already as a shrewd speculator in Market Street property. Moreover, he was the fortunate possessor of a tenor voice. He warbled effectively in the best houses and his high B flat was in constant demand. Tonight he wore the white satin waistcoat which had moved Helen to mockery, and in the center of his shirt front blazed a conspicuous stud, a sapphire surrounded by brilliants. He was undeniably handsome and well built. His face was large and red, sleekly red, and his feet and hands showed good breeding. Old Desmond, his father, was a cadet of one of the best families in Ireland, but he had married beneath him. Mrs. Travers, as High Priestess of Society, could remember Mrs. Desmond as a vulgar, overdressed creature, flaunting her velvets and diamonds in the day time; objectionably handsome in the most florid style and detestably illiterate. The mausoleum, where she lies embalmed in a leaden coffin, is one of the sights of Los Angeles!

Helen Barrington received the homage of this young gentleman with ill-concealed impatience. His attentions annoyed her. His love-making was quite as conspicuous as the white satin waistcoat, and besides, Chetwynd was talking very earnestly to Madame Van der Bock and Helen could not catch a word of the conversation. Under this stress of circumstances a little acidity on her part may be forgiven.

"You have not answered my question, Mr. Desmond. Are you superficially omniscient?"

"I know a thing or two," he answered complacently. "I know what I want,—and generally get it," he added with a significant smile.

Under cover of a Babel of sound Helen ventured on a thrust.

"Regardless of other people's pleasure," was on the tip of her tongue, but she softened it into, "Regardless of consequences."

"Yes, you are right, Miss Barrington. You see a man can't expect to please everybody. If he pleases himself, he pleases one person."

He said this as if it were something original and profound.

"How very clever of you," returned Helen pleasantly, "to have found that out so early in life."

This was too much for Desmond's digestion. He perceptibly reddened and frowned. The lady smiled sweetly. She was avenging the slights of Chetwynd who had not looked at her once during dinner, and had greeted her coldly upon arrival. Men, she reflected, ought to suffer vicariously, as women did. Desmond turned his broad back and addressed a tender whisper to little Miss Travers, a speck of humanity, just out, very shy, and a secret admirer of tall talkative blondes. Helen, still smiling, encountered the steady gaze of Dick, who occupied the chair to the right.

"Leave Rufillus alone, Queenie, and talk to me."

"I never heard of Rufillus, Dick." Nobody called her Queenie save he, and the name conjured up pleasant memories.

"Rufillus was a school acquaintance. He scented himself! I hate men who smell of sachet powder."

"So do I. You and I think alike upon everything. By the bye I have a piece of news for you. Phyllis Murray is to be invited to our ball. Mamma told me so just before dinner, and asked me to go

down to Menlo tomorrow, and arrange about her costume. She is to stay here in the house."

Dick set down his wine.

"I'll go with you, Queenie."

"Will you really? How nice of you, I hate to go alone. I am afraid of facing Aunt Mary. I feel guilty of neglecting her, poor dear. Ever since the row I've kept more or less in the background. Aunt Mary will say disagreeable things about Papa, and I cannot allow that. I don't understand his having Phyllis here, but I'm so pleased. It may lead to a reconciliation. Mamma is wretched without Aunt Mary."

Dick eagerly assented, and talked with animation for some minutes, but his sister's attention wandered. She was absorbed in considering whether, after dinner, it would be politic to be frankly friendly with Chetwynd, or coldly distant. She left a final decision *sub judice*, and determined to be guided by circumstances. Hitherto she had received, but never courted, the attention of the opposite sex, but now, analyzing her own feelings, she admitted with a hot, inward blush, that Chetwynd's indifference piqued her consumedly. She raised her white lids and stole a cautious glance at him. He was listening politely to the Countess, with the distinguished, mildly bored air of a Lord Lieutenant at his own levee.

Half an hour later Chetwynd was sitting beside her, and his keen eyes bent upon hers, his harsh, vibrating voice awaking curious echoes in her breast, and stirring into tumultuous life a thousand fancies. There was no question now of being friendly or distant.

Perhaps the unspoken opinion of Mrs. Paul Travers is worth recording. Nothing escaped that lady's prescient eye, and her Sphinx-like face guarded its secrets well. She had known Chetwynd

for some years; and Helen from a baby, the former she passively disliked. The latter, her own God-child, she actively loved.

"Poor Nellie," she thought, "it has come to you at last, as it comes to all of us. John Chetwynd is certainly interested, but his interest won't lead him to the altar,—at least I think not. I wonder," her fine lips were compressed, "if I ought to speak to her father. No,—that would be premature. I shall say a word to *him* (by *him* she meant Chetwynd) tonight—if opportunity serves." Opportunity, however, was long coming. Finally, as Chetwynd bade her goodnight, a chance presented itself.

"Goodnight, Mr. Chetwynd. I understand that it is soon to be goodby. You are leaving San Francisco after the New Year?"

Something in the tone of her voice arrested his attention. He looked steadily into her eyes, which were raised to meet his, and read their message. He and Mrs. Travers understood each other perfectly.

"No," he answered curtly. "I have engaged my mind. I stay."

"You stay?" she repeated softly.

"Yes, Mrs. Travers, I stay."

XI.

"CONFOUND the woman," he murmured, as he walked briskly down the steep slopes of California Street. "Is she threatening me? How much does she know? I read defiance in her eye, contempt, bah!—I have the game in my own hands now."

He strode through the dimly lighted city, inhaling gratefully the salt night wind. He was no patron of cable car companies or hackmen. His iron legs had carried him across continents, and his daily exercise, was an imperious necessity. An athlete, and Chetwynd

was an athlete in the widest sense of the word, must pay the penalty that attaches itself to all culture, physical as well as mental. He cannot afford to relax his muscles. Chetwynd carried dumbbells amongst his *impedimenta*, and swung them religiously for half an hour night and morning. Rain or shine he walked each day, his ten miles or more. These were his sacrifices to Hygeia; the only prayers he knew which were abundantly answered. For the rest he ate and drank what he pleased in moderation, could do justice to a Lord Mayor's banquet, and dine contentedly off a handful of dried dates and a crust of bread.

He smiled grimly as he thought of Mrs. Travers. If past peccadilloes threw their mirk shadows across the path he proposed to tread, he was the last person in the world to turn back on that account. He never turned back for man, woman, or beast. His footsteps through life pointed all one way. A discreet traveler, beyond the meridian of middle age, he trod the miry places more warily than in the days of his hot youth, and he seldom slipped and never faltered. Intensely ambitious, he had learned long ago the secret of success—concentration. Before he was thirty-five he had earned his niche in the Temple of Fame, but from the dollars and cents point of view he was still a failure. His annual income fell short of fifteen hundred pounds, and unless immediate communication were established with some of the planets, he did not quite see what was left to explore. Othello's occupation was gone, and Othello himself had an uncomfortable suspicion that his wandering days were numbered. A man cannot expect to tramp with impunity beneath brazen skies and through pestilential swamps forever. Chetwynd had the seeds of malaria in his system. A clever doctor at Singapore, whom he had consulted,

told him frankly that he must go to Nature's laboratory for his medicines.

"Ozone, my dear sir, is better than quinine. Sun yourself on the Pacific Slope for a few months, and try the rest cure."

This advice had brought him to California.

His rugged features softened as his thoughts turned from Mrs. Travers to Helen Barrington. The witch had thrown a glamor over him. What singular charm she possessed! An undisciplined nature, true, but one that could be touched to fine issues. The daughter of a man whom he both liked and respected. It never entered his head that, possibly, he might encounter opposition at the hands of Rufus Barrington. He liked the millionaire, and to a certain extent, had studied his idiosyncrasies. He was prepared, if necessary, to renounce allegiance to her Britannic Majesty. He would agree to live in California—if Helen were his reward. The climate was superb, the people congenial, and he hoped to shoot a grizzly or two before he crossed the Styx. Why should he not enjoy, after the storm and stress of thirty years, domestic peace and happiness? It must be confessed that he thought more of himself, considered his own interests, rather than the future weal or woe of Helen Barrington. A man of strong animal passions, close and taciturn but super-vitalized, he was sensible that life had something more to offer than an everlasting procession of dusty solitudes, swamps, mosquitoes, malaria, lectures, and gold medals. These he had always regarded as means to an end. Now the end had come. He had "arrived," as the French say. He had taken no vow of celibacy; but, till now, the desirability of a wife had not obtruded itself. Marriage, it is true, he had seriously contemplated. The ceremony indeed had been

forced upon his notice. He could recall with painful distinctness a certain hymeneal halter that had encircled his neck, and from which, at the last moment, he had withdrawn his head. His precipitancy on that memorable occasion had given rise to much unkind comment. The enemy had blasphemed. What foolish twaddle some folk talked, English people in particular, the damned Pharisees with their eternal phylacteries and respectabilities. From a cosmopolitan standpoint their starched prejudice was really immensely humorous; grotesque; incomprehensible.

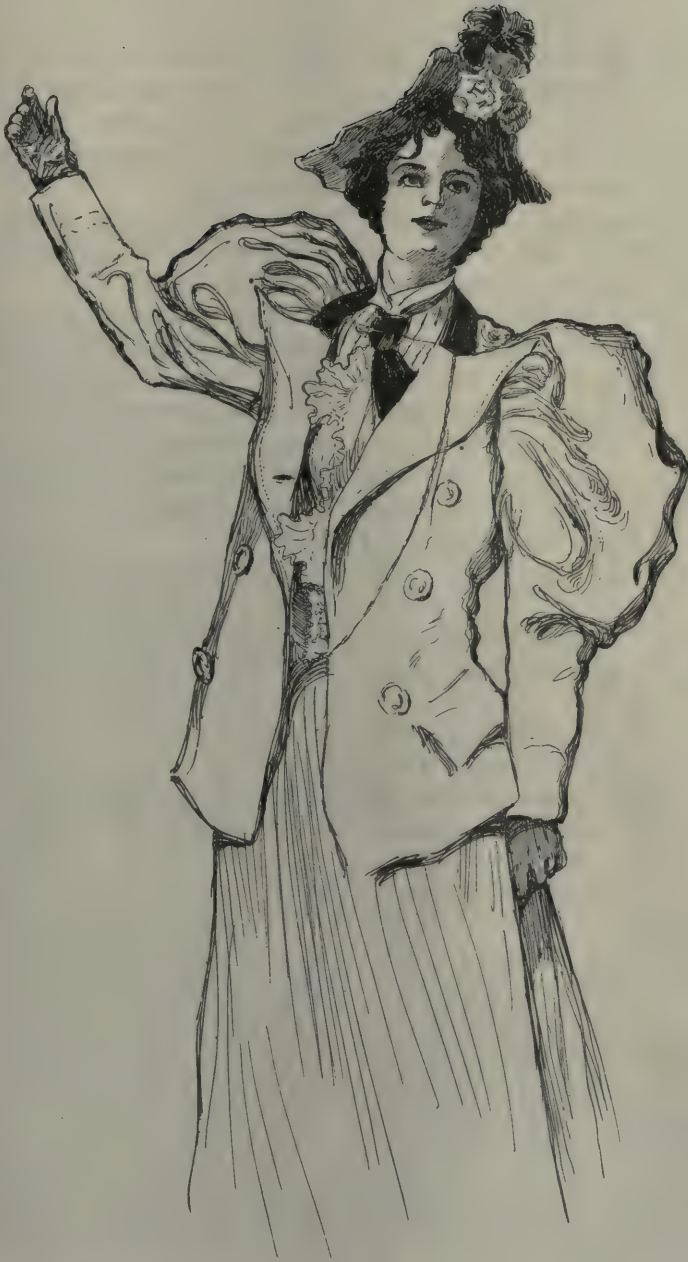
Thus it came to pass that John Chetwynd, in the fulness of his strength and fame, determined to lay his knapsack and compass at the feet of Venus Verticordia.

"I'll speak to the old man tomorrow," he murmured as he entered the hotel. "With all his dollars I don't think he is likely to refuse me, *me*, as a son-in-law. I owe it to my self-respect to obtain his consent. I swear I'm no fortune hunter. I love the girl for herself, but—hang it—I'm glad, all the same, that the money's there."

Accordingly, at ten the next morning he presented himself at the Barrington Bank, and sent in his card to the President. After five minutes delay he was shown into the magnate's private room, and in half a dozen terse sentences stated his errand. Rufus Barrington listened courteously until he had finished. Chetwynd concealed nothing.

"I am forty-five, Mr. Barrington, but I'm strong as a horse, and likely to live to be a hundred. I come of a long-lived family. My income is small but increasing. I expect to double it by the sale of my books."

He was perfectly calm and collected. The father showed signs of considerable agitation.



Pen sketch by Pierre N. Boeringer.

HELEN BARRINGTON.

"Has my daughter," he faltered, "authorized you to speak to me?"

"She has not. Her feelings towards me are a matter of surmise. My own towards her are of the strongest,—of the strongest," he repeated with heavy emphasis. His eyes were flashing. The pupil was very small, and the iris a peculiar blue; the blue of a Californian sky at dawn, pale but intense. Chetwynd's eyes—so his friends said—were the sure, but only index to his emotions. Under the pressure of excitement they absolutely glowed with light. Their radiance, accentuated by his dark, weather-beaten complexion, was almost unbearable. "I am poor," continued he, "like all the Chetwynds, but I am proud. I came to you first, Mr. Barrington, because without your consent I refuse to force my suit upon your daughter."

"Thank you," replied the banker, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "I appreciate that."

He rose from his chair, and paced nervously up and down the room. Chetwynd sat impassive and stared at the mighty safe. Presently the millionaire spoke.

"You're a very distinguished man," he began abruptly.

Chetwynd nodded carelessly.

"You pay my daughter a high compliment in selecting her for your wife, but—" he hesitated and stroked his massive chin. The gesture was a familiar one. It signified, to the suppliant of favors, a diplomatic refusal. Chetwynd, however, did not know this.

"Plain speaking is best," muttered the banker, half audibly.

Chetwynd's quick ear caught the words.

"Certainly," he replied, "plain speaking is always best."

"Not always. It depends upon whom

you are dealing with. Between you and me any beating about the bush would be a waste of valuable time. Mr. Chetwynd, I must ask you a question or two which you can, of course, refuse to answer. I tell you frankly that upon those answers will rest my ultimate decision."

"Ask any question you please, Mr. Barrington."

The two men were facing each other, the light from the window falling slantwise upon both.

"Your prominent position before the world has exposed you to grave slander. As my daughter's happiness is at stake I must request a categorical denial of two distinct charges."

"Only two?" said Chetwynd indifferently, "I thought there were two hundred."

"Only two that in my eyes are material. It has been said that you ruthlessly abandoned dying men, white men, upon the line of march. To my knowledge you have never personally denied this."

"Is there any difference between white men and niggers?"

"We need not enter into that, Mr. Chetwynd. I'm waiting for your answer."

"You shall have it in a moment. I wish to say, Mr. Barrington, that I have made it a rule never to deny charges made against me. I've ignored criticism all my life. Will you proceed with the indictment. I am curious as to charge number two."

"Charge two concerns a woman."

Chetwynd drew in his breath sharply. "That old Puritan," he thought, "has let the cat out of the bag." But he was mistaken. Mrs. Travers had kept her counsel. Rufus Barrington commanded a thousand sources of secret information. He had his agents everywhere. The day before, when he had learned of

Chetwynd's protracted visit at his house, he made inquiries. His emissaries could not, of course, vouch, as Mrs. Travers might have done, for the truth or untruth of what they submitted, and perhaps an ordinary man might have justly mistrusted Chetwynd's own evidence on the subject. But Rufus Barrington was no ordinary man. He was one of the shrewdest judges of character in the United States. He often boasted that he could detect a liar ninety-nine times out of a hundred. John Chetwynd, he reflected, was possibly an undesirable son-in-law, but he was no liar. If he pleaded "Not Guilty," the plea would be accepted without cavil or further question.

"Is it true that some years ago you eloped with the wife of an officer in the Indian Cavalry? That she accompanied you during a shooting expedition in Bengal? That in consequence, her husband, Captain Darcy, divorced her? That you refused to marry her? That she has never been seen or heard of since?"

"Does any man dare to imply that I murdered her?" asked Chetwynd, leaning forward, and speaking so fiercely that the banker involuntarily shrank back.

"I imply nothing, my dear sir. I ask you for information, and explanations."

Chetwynd laughed scornfully. Explanations! would they profit him now? Nevertheless he spoke.

"Charge one is half a lie and half a truth. I *have* abandoned men on the line of march. White men and niggers both. But only when nothing more could be done for them; when to linger a few more hours, out of sickly sentiment, meant death to myself and those who were with me. This I have done, and would do it again. The newspaper men have distorted the facts, but like the apostle I suffer fools gladly. I've acted according to my lights. I've not chosen

to parade my motives before an ignorant public. But I tell you, that you or any other man of sense would have acted in my place as I did."

"I believe you."

"Charge number two is,—" he faltered for an instant, "is true."

"I feared as much. The evidence submitted was overwhelming. Where is Mrs. Darcy?"

"She is dead. Don't judge me too harshly, Mr. Barrington. I make no excuses for my conduct, but God knows I've been punished. That midsummer madness cost me the best friend man ever had—Fred Langham."

"Fred Langham?" interrupted the banker.

"Yes—your wife's cousin. You have stopped at Langley. You know Fred. He's true as steel, but he has quixotic ideas. He thought I ought to have married Edith Darcy. I differed from him. I did n't propose to cap one folly with another. The poor girl is dead now, died in my arms of Asiatic cholera, but she was one of those women who appeal to what is worst in a man. She had betrayed Tom Darcy. I knew that she would betray me when the time came. I'm no saint, but your daughter can make me less of a sinner. I think, I believe, I can make her happy."

"You have spoken no word of love to her as yet?"

"Not a word, but I fancy I'm not quite indifferent to her."

At this intelligence Mr. Barrington knitted his dark brows. Chetwynd's imperturbable manner puzzled him.

"And you are forty-five years old?"

"I shall be forty-six next May."

"Mr. Chetwynd, you're an honorable man. If, as you say, Helen is not indifferent to you it would have strengthened your case to have made sure of her consent before you sought

mine. That you did not do this is to your credit. I have no wish to judge you harshly, but I cannot give you my daughter. My instinct, backed by experience, tells me that you are not—er—the right man. The disparity of years, and the disparity of fortune might be overlooked, but the past would rise like a phantom between you. I want my daughter to marry a clean man.” His voice trembled, and the tenderness of his tones was almost pathetic as he repeated the words, “a clean man.”

“How many men, Mr. Barrington, are clean men? Answer me that.”

“They are to be found,—I should be a traitor to the whole human race if I questioned that. Mr. Chetwynd, believe me when I say that I’m heartily sorry for this. Many fathers would have welcomed you with open arms, but I—well, I’ve only one daughter and I can’t afford to take the chances. Possibly you might influence Helen against my expressed wishes, but unless I’m mistaken you will not attempt this.”

“I shall not,” he answered hoarsely. “Good-day, sir.”

For an instant Rufus Barrington wavered. Chetwynd’s disdainful acquiescence was somewhat disconcerting. Perhaps, if he had pressed his suit, the banker might have given way. Who can tell? He loved his child very dearly. But what father could contemplate with equanimity a marriage between an innocent girl of nineteen and a sin-worn man of forty-five whose moral character in the face of the world was so terribly besmirched. Even the explorer’s appearance was against him, his saturnine features, his gaunt figure, his strange eyes. These were all factors in his decision.

“Stay,” he cried, holding out a restraining hand. “One word more. You are leaving San Francisco shortly?”

“After the New Year.”

“My wife is expecting you on New Year’s eve. Your absence might give rise to—” He stammered, at a loss for a suitable phrase.

“I understand,” said Chetwynd calmly. “You wish me to play out the farce. I will do so. And more. For your daughter’s sake I’ll try and undo the mischief I’ve done. She has set me on a pedestal, but I promise you to dethrone the idol, if idol it be. It shall be effectively rolled in the dust.”

He held out his hand which the banker grasped with a sigh, and then the two men parted.

“Have I made a mistake?” said Rufus Barrington, as the heavy door closed behind Chetwynd. “He seems a better fellow than I had supposed, and if Nellie really loves him,—pshaw! I can’t believe it has gone as far as that. Still he is a man, an entity, one of the few who can mold circumstances, and not be molded by them.”

Then he thought of the decorative Desmond and smiled. He liked Hector for many reasons. He was rich, handsome, and young. He was an American,—better still, a Californian with inherited business instincts and a shrewd eye of his own to the main chance. And Hector was passionately in love with Helen; no question of that! An inflammable spark whose light could be seen from afar! It would be so pleasant for him (Rufus Barrington) if his only daughter married a Californian, a man who might be trusted with vast wealth; who would add to the family pile and not scatter it broadcast in London, Paris, and New York. Yes, he had done wisely!

XII.

MEANWHILE Dick and his sister were at Menlo. They had taken the early



Pen sketch by C. E. Tebbs.

PHYLLIS MURRAY.

train—at the young man's suggestion—and expected to spend a full day in the country. Helen was hilariously gay. The recollection of what had passed, the previous evening, between Chetwynd and herself (mere phrases, no doubt, but fraught, none the less, with unmistakable significance) had steeped her soul in a delirium of which mirth was the outward expression. The girl was beneath that mysterious sexual spell which has power—thank God—to transport even the meanest of human beings from hell to heaven. She had entered that region where the harsh outlines of fact are shrouded by fancy; where mere oxygen and nitrogen seem to resolve themselves into more intoxicating elements; where every sense is heightened; every energy more potential.

Dick, it may be added, was also in the highest spirits. Apart from the prospect of seeing Phyllis, his errand was a joyous one. He carried a message of peace and goodwill.

"I'd no idea," cried Helen, as they walked from the station, "that Menlo was such a very pretty place. Look there, Dick. Isn't that perfectly lovely?"

Some slender eucalypti, to the right, towered skyward, their fairy-like tracery of foliage delicately outlined, with nature's inimitable finish, against the azure background. Between and beyond the pink columns of the trees lay a vast plain of palpitating verdure, a stubble field, seduced by early rains into wearing its spring mantle. And far away, fringing the eastern horizon, were the hills, the Coast Range; their sides clothed with chaparral; their peaks bleak and forbidding. The air was freshly crisp; the atmosphere crystalline; and above all, in all, was the Protean renaissance of early morning.

"You will catch your death of cold,

moonin' over a landscape. I say, I'll bet you a box of candy that I can hop from here to the corner faster than you can run. Come on,—one, two, three!"

Off they started as gleefully as children. Dick was ignominiously beaten by a dozen yards, and puffed like a gram-pus. Helen laughed at him and offered revenge. Double or quits over the same course and under similar conditions. He refused, attributing his defeat to Nicotina. In after years Helen recalled this frosty morning. Unwittingly she was taking leave of her youth.

"We must stop and see Uncle Joseph," she exclaimed as they approached Mr. Claggett's cottage.

"We can drop in on our return, Queenie." He did not add that he grudged every minute its legitimate sixty seconds.

"Nonsense, Dick. I would n't offend Uncle Joseph for anything. There's the old dear in his garden. Uncle Joseph! Uncle Joseph!"

She ran lightly across the road and shook hands with Mr. Claggett, who, dropping his hoe at the first sound of her voice, had hobbled through the gate to greet her.

"Jee—roo—salem! If it ain't Miss Helen! An' lookin' fer all the world like the Queen o' Sheeby!"

"Was she nice looking, Uncle Joseph?"

"I never seen the lady, Miss Helen! I ain't so old as young folks think. But ye'r lookin' fine, Miss Helen, fine."

"She's not as good as she looks, Uncle Joseph."

"Yes she is, Master Dick, an' ye know it. Ther's womenfolk an' womenfolk. Some ain't worth the cussin', an' others, like Miss Helen an' Miss Phyllis, make an old man feel young again."

"Is Miss Phyllis well?" asked Dick carelessly.

"Wal, Master Dick, she 's 'tol'able. She works kinder hard fer a lady. Ther ain't a lazy bone in her body. An' work tells on good looks. If Miss Phyllis marries that ther noospaper man, she 'll be a wreck, the first thing ye know. That young feller 'll never keep a hired girl fer *his* wife."

"Newspaper man!" cried Helen. "Why, Dick, here is a romance. Tell us about your newspaper man, Uncle Joseph."

"Won't ye come in an' sit down, Miss Helen?"

"No, no, we cannot stay long. Answer my question, Uncle Joseph. Who is this newspaper man?"

"Who indeed?" replied Mr. Claggett with a loud sniff. "Why, it's Cassius Quirk. He's around the most o' the time too. Talkin', singin', laughin', an' playin' the guitar."

"Damn him," murmured Dick. He was not jealous. In poor Cassius with his long-tailed coat and lank legs he scented no rival, but he wished his divinity hedged from the attentions of impetuous hacks. Cassius might be one of nature's noblemen in disguise, but the fact remained that his fingers were ink-stained; that his hair was smoothed with a wet brush; that his linen was dingy; that he habitually draped his thoughts in slang and that, in a word, he was an "outsider" — a Boeotian.

"What a delightful lover," laughed Helen. "I hope I shall meet Mr. Cassius Quirk."

"Why, Miss Helen, yer jokin'. Yer don't want ter meet that feller!"

This speech irritated Dick. It emphasized the difference between Phyllis Murray and his sister.

"Why not, Uncle Joseph? This is a republic, you know. We are all equal. I think I should like Mr. Quirk immensely. He is evidently full of life. Sing-

ing, dancing, playing the guitar,—a glittering description surely."

"Miss Helen, ye 'r mighty smart, but I'm goin' ter give yer a pinter. All is not gold that glitters. If I'd 'a' known that when I was young it would 've saved me a heap o' trouble. All is not gold that glitters."

"Is that your own, Uncle Joseph?" said Dick, his mouth twitching. He had recovered his good humor, and Uncle Joseph was so terribly in earnest.

"It 's not my own, so to speak, Master Dick. 'It 's a maxim. But I 've took it fer a motter. Ye 'll bear it in mind, Miss Helen, when the time comes fer pickin' a husband. Them dudes up to the city air glitterin',—ther 's no denyin' that,—with their plug hats, an' imported *seegars*, an' spring bottom pants, an' ———"

"White satin waistcoats, Uncle Joseph. Don't forget white satin waistcoats."

"An' buttonhole bouquets, an' gold-headed canes. Pshaw! it makes a work-in man ache in all his bones jest ter see the style them fellers put on, an' if ye 'd strip 'em——"

"Oh, Uncle Joseph!"

Mr. Claggett blushed. He liked to hear himself talk, but he feared he had committed an indiscretion.

"Miss Helen, ye know what I mean. I 'm speakin' jest — wal, semaphorically. I would n't touch the critters with a ten foot pole!"

"Come on, Helen," cried Dick, waxing impatient. "I 'm afraid of Uncle Joseph. I don't know what he 'll say next."

"Master Dick, I 've fixed up Mrs. Murray's yard. It looks first rate."

"Mind you keep it so. Goodby."

The brother and sister found Mrs. Murray and Phyllis sewing busily. Both women belonged to a Dorcas society, and although almost every minute of

each day had its appointed task, found time, nevertheless, to perform many kindly offices for others. It had been agreed between Helen and Dick that it would be unwise to broach the subject of the ball at once. A little diplomacy would be needful. There was a ghost to lay,—the specter, Southern Pride,—which might be stalking abroad even at high noon. It was characteristic of Helen, being a woman, that she proposed to embroider artfully the actual facts, which, as she pointed out, were too crudely plain. To this Dick demurred.

They found Mrs. Murray very acidulous, almost venomous. She pointed out to her nephew that this tardy recognition of Phyllis was insulting and mortifying. It is not necessary to repeat her cutting remarks, scathing innuendoes, and mordant satire.

Her taunts were entirely wasted upon Dick, who knew his aunt better than she knew herself. "I'll give the old lady plenty of rope," he reflected, "and bring her up at the end with a sharp turn."

When Mrs. Murray had exhausted her rhetoric, Dick kissed her warmly. "You are splendid," he said in admiring tones, "Mrs. Siddons must be stirring in her tomb."

"Eh? Mrs. Siddons? What do you mean?"

"You are such a superb actress, Aunt Mary. Who would believe that the kindest-hearted woman in California could play the rôle of Xanthippe. Of course I know you don't mean a single word you say."

In this way Dick the crafty, Dick the astute, prevailed. He recited the facts. His father, with all his prejudice, had been the first to hold out the olive branch. Would it be wise; would it be Christian to reject it? Aunt Mary weakened.

"But the costume, Dick?"

"That is to be my mother's affair."

"Well," said Aunt Mary, with a sigh, "I hope no harm will come of it. I tell you, child, I don't think Phyllis will set foot in your father's house."

These words were scarcely cold when the two girls appeared. Helen was flushed, and the tears were in her eyes. Phyllis followed her into the room with uplifted head and compressed lips.

"She won't come," cried Helen, with half a sob. "And I had set my heart upon our both wearing the same dress."

"Both wearing the same dress?" repeated Dick. "Dear me, what character does that suggest? Ah, I have it. The two-headed nightingale. Capital,—faces blackened of course?"

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Helen tartly. "You would grin at a funeral. This is a funeral to me,—the funeral of pleasant hopes."

The young man glanced at Phyllis. Her lips had relaxed. Indeed a smile was hovering round the corners of her mouth. This bachelor of arts told himself that he need not despair.

"Come out on the porch, Phyllis. It's quite warm now. I want to find out how obstinate a woman can be when she tries her best. Helen, you stay with Aunt Mary and give her a synopsis of Chetwynd's last lecture. That has been your principal topic of conversation of late."

Phyllis demurely obeyed. She had quite made up her mind, she thought, but Dick was an agreeable person to argue with because he kept his temper under control. Few men did that.

"And now," said Dick seriously, when he found himself alone with his mistress, "tell me what you mean, Phyllis, by being so disgustingly selfish."

"Selfish, Dick? What a queer boy you are."

"Of course I know that this ball would bore you to death. You only care for books; but I must say I gave you credit for considering others before yourself. Don't you see that this visit may be the means of drawing Aunt Mary and my mother together again. If you shirk your duty I quit too! I had laid the cleverest plans, but as you refuse your help my hands are tied. Upon my soul it's really too bad."

He stuck his hands into his pockets, and gazed ruefully at the soft December skies.

"Do you mean to say that it's my duty, *my duty*, to accept this invitation?"

He marked a note of anxiety in her voice.

"I don't presume to dictate, but as you ask for my candid opinion I shall give it. I do think that it's your duty to try and patch up this miserable quarrel. I believe the game is in your hands. My father has not seen you for years, and your face, Phyllis, would melt a heart of granite. Hang it all, let bygones be bygones, and take my word for it, you won't suffer as much as you think. A blue-stocking is rather out of place in a ball-room, but I don't mind giving you a dance or two myself."

"You don't?—Well, the impertinence of some people!"

She was smiling graciously and Dick knew that the battle was won.

"You'll come, won't you?"

"Yes, Dick. I'll come. You have convinced me that,—” she laughed outright at the young man's preternaturally solemn face,—“it is my duty. I don't deny that I shall enjoy myself immensely. And Dick, you don't really call me a blue-stocking, do you?"

"I call you the dearest girl in the world."

She blushed delicately. There was a fervor about the word "dearest" that mere friendship scarcely warranted.

"Aunt Mary says you are going into your father's bank?" she said quickly.

He made a grimace.

"Sitting on a high stool will prove a wholesome discipline."

"I see that I must not rely upon your sympathy."

"Yes, you may. I shall administer homoeopathic doses. I'm really sorry for you."

"You are not joking?"

"No. I can easily realize that this office routine will be hateful to you. You will sigh in vain for your books, your leisure to read and think; for even your thoughts will be shackled."

"Phyllis, this is mind reading indeed. Go on."

"You have nothing in common with Henry," said the girl dreamily. "He's the typical young American. The Napoleon of finance, as Cassius would say. President of his own bank at six and twenty, with the digestion of an ostrich for interminable rows of figures. Why, that last article of his made me dizzy."

"I would sooner study the Assyrian inscriptions."

"I daresay. Yes, Dick, I am truly sorry for you."

Her sympathy, thought Dick, was after all allopathic, and amazingly sweet. He was mentally framing a suitable reply, but Helen ruthlessly routed his thoughts.

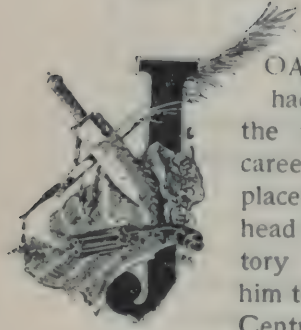
"Are you coming, Phyllis? Has he persuaded you? You both look as solemn as owls."

"Oh, yes. I'm coming. Dick is wiser than the serpent. He has actually persuaded me that duty and pleasure may be sometimes found arm in arm."

Horace Annesley Vachell.

JOAQUIN MURRIETA.¹

A CALIFORNIAN FRA DIAVOLO.



JOAQUIN MURRIETA, had he chosen Mexico for the field of his dare-devil career, would have been placed by his talents at the head of a revolution and history would have awarded him the title of General. In Central America he would have terrorized a government and become its Dictator. In Spain or Italy his reckless feats and gallant loves would have given him a notoriety almost amounting to fame. He was the typical brigand of the footlights, but his lines were cast among aliens and his deeds were given their right names under the law. Anglo-Saxons have never wasted much sentiment on the brigand—no matter how picturesque.

While California's great bandit's career was as sanguinary as those of any of his more famous prototypes, it contained extenuating circumstances that raised him above the level of the mere bandit for booty. In the eyes of his race and of the common people he was revered as their liberator and avenger. He became an outlaw to revenge himself for the inhuman treatment received by himself and wife at the hands of a few American ruffians. Robbery was a secondary consideration. With the members of his band it might have been different, but

race hatred played a big part in their minds.

Right or wrong, many of the Spaniards and Mexicans of California after the conquest refused to accept the fact that the war was over, and believed that it was no crime to kill an American in open conflict. This mistaken patriotism easily led to brigandage, and bands of from half a dozen to fifty and one hundred were organized and terrorized the people for nearly a generation. At times Murrieta had several "divisions" in the field, each numbering ten, twenty, or more, according to the territory to be covered. His immediate command sometimes aggregated a hundred men, and this, with several detachments under fearless lieutenants, formed a formidable army in those days, when the country was sparsely settled, and had no telegraph or other means of rapid communication.

In addition, in nearly all of the towns and villages there were silent members of the band, who kept their chief informed of the movements of the officers, and vigilantes, and also as to the most available subjects for robbery. He had secret agents in the mining camps, who reported the "strikes" of the miners and where the money was "cached." Others, whether they shared in the booty or not, gave reports from ranches,

¹This spelling of the bandit's name is preferred by Mr. Scanland as that given him by Don Coronel of Los Angeles, from whom much of his material was obtained. It also agrees with the spelling used by Mr. D. S. Richardson in his article, "Duels to the Death", in the OVERLAND for August, 1888, (which should be read by anybody interested in Californian bandits). There is, however, a great

diversity of opinion as to the proper spelling. Mr. William Heath Davis spells it Murietta, which is also the spelling preferred by the postal authorities in the naming of the town in San Diego County. Baueroff spells it Murieta; the San Luis Obispo County History, Murlatta; and a tale, "Joaquin, the Claude Duval of the Mines," published by Robert McDevitt of New York in 1865, Murieta. Ed.

stores, and gaming houses, and at the opportune time these would be raided by Murrieta or one of the detachments. Relays of horses were in waiting at various places, and provisions were also supplied at these agencies. The organization was as complete as that of an army—having a “military” staff, a quartermaster, and a code of signals and passwords.

The division of the band into squads, and their robberies in various portions of the State at the same time, gave to the band the reputation of being ubiquitous, and threw a kind of supernatural glamor around Murrieta. One of his lieutenants, Joaquin Valenzuela, *alias* Carillo, *alias* Botillier, bore a striking resemblance to his leader, and when these bandits appeared at different points simultaneously, there were many who believed that Murrieta was more than human. The hatred of Murrieta's double seemed to be directed in an opposite direction from that of his chief, for he made a specialty of killing Chinese. He would throw a lariat around the body of a Chinaman, pinioning his arms, then pull his head backward by the cue and cut his throat. He was the most cruel assassin of the band, and murdered merely to revel in blood.

Murrieta was mild in manner, genial in disposition, and affectionate and kind to all save Americans. He had a low, sweet voice, and spoke with that calmness and decision which denotes a positive character, and his well-shaped mouth denoted firmness. He was of average height and slender figure, was quick in movement, and walked gracefully. He had a high forehead, piercing black eyes, and his features bore the stamp of intellectuality. His hair was what novelists style “raven black,” and he wore it in semi-curls over his shoulders. This was not in imitation of the

regulation bandit style, but after the fashion of the Spanish settlers in the early part of this century, which had not then gone out of fashion among the gallants. He also wore a “dark, curling mustache,” and being handsome and gay, was the ideal and idol of the señoritas, and of many of the señoras.

He came to Los Angeles from Sonora, Mexico, in 1849, when in his eighteenth year, as a horse trainer in a Mexican *maroma*, or circus. Here, he met again and loved Rosita Feliz, a Castilian beauty whom he had known in Sonora. Her father being a Spaniard, objected to the marriage of his daughter with a Mexican. It seems that the lovers eloped singly. Joaquin went ahead to get out of range of the old gentleman's musket, and the dutiful daughter with her *chalo* chaperon, followed to the designated point in Stanislaus County. Here he located a mine, and it proved to be of great value.

Ever since the discovery of gold lawless bands of Americans had been murdering and robbing successful miners, more especially if they were Mexicans or Chinese. No sooner had the rumor spread that the young Mexican had discovered a valuable mine, than his cabin was visited by a number of cowardly ruffians, styling themselves American freemen.

The spokesman of the gang said to Joaquin: “Greasers are not allowed to take gold from American ground. This is our country now, and you had better git.”

Joaquin replied that he had located the claim in compliance with law, and he had as good a right to seek gold as any one.

“Wall, you git, and take that,” with you,” said the bully, pointing to Rosita.

This allusion to his wife aroused the Aztec blood of Murrieta, and he replied in a quiet but firm manner, yet in tones expressing a threat: “I will leave,

since I am forced to do so, but say nothing against my wife,—or you may regret it.”

One of the ruffians struck Joaquin in the face. He sprang for his bowie-knife, which was lying on a table, but his wife seized his arms, and appealed to him to desist, saying, “The Americans will murder us.”

She was pushed aside, and Joaquin was knocked down by several blows from clubbed muskets. The assassins took what valuables were in the house, and assaulted Murrieta's wife. Smothering their revengeful feelings, the heart-broken husband and wife sought a home in the mountains, where they hoped the Americans would not come.

Not long afterwards, Murrieta visited Murphy's Camp, and was riding a horse that he had borrowed from his half-brother. An American miner accosted him with: “You — Greaser, that is my horse, and you stole him!”

Thereupon the mob took him from his horse, tied him to a tree, and flogged him on his bare back, and he was warned never to return to “these diggings,” if he did not wish to be hanged. He left the crowd, his back bleeding, and his spirit of manhood broken. The mob rode to his brother's ranch and hanged him.

Murrieta swore vengeance on the Americans,—the outrage upon his wife, the humiliation to himself, and the murder of his brother, should be avenged by a hundred deaths. And it is believed that more than five hundred murders were committed by his band.

A small band was soon organized, comprising Murrieta's brother-in-law, Roger Feliz, Manuel Garcia, known as Three-Fingered Jack,—because he had lost a finger in one of the skirmishes around Los Angeles during the American conquest,—“Pancho” Daniel, Ruiz, Pedro Gonzales, Captain Claudio, and Valenzuela.

With these banditti Murrieta began his bloody career of vengeance and slaughter. Their first murder was that of one of the men who had assisted in the hanging of Murrieta and the hanging of his brother. The man's body was found near Murphy's Camp, literally cut in strips. Two or three others of that party were killed and then the miners of the camp realized that the “Greaser” was on the path of vengeance.

In a few months, the band was well organized. Mexicans who had grievances to settle with Americans, and others from mere hatred, joined. They were sworn to obey the orders of their leader without questioning, and to be loyal to him and to each other. Disobedience was severely punished, sometimes with death; and he who betrayed his associates was hunted down and killed. There were lieutenants and officers, and each had his specified duties as is prescribed in the army. When a raid was made, the lieutenant and sergeants of the band acted within the limits of their orders. For example: Manuel Garcia, of the three fingers, who was naturally a blood-thirsty villain, was charged with nothing but kill; and Pedro Gonzalez, who was a horse-thief by preference, gathered in the horses, his duties being in the light of quartermaster for the squad. Each detachment of Murrieta's command was thus officered, and when acting singly, or in one body, each officer and private had his place in line and his specific duties. They were all mounted on the best and fleetest of horses that could be had. When hotly pursued a detachment would disband, or scatter in all directions, like the Vendéans in the Chouan war, and the pursuers would find themselves pursuing nothing. They would rally again at their rendezvous at Cantau Cañon, between the Colorado Range and Lake Tulare, which was entered by a narrow gateway in the mo-



en sketch by Boeringer after the head preserved in alcohol.

HEAD OF JOAQUIN MURRIETA.

s, and was almost an impregnable
tion. The Mexicans had the advan-
of being the better riders, having
trained horses, and thoroughly
wing the topography of the country,
furthermore, they had the sympathy,
ot the direct aid, of a great number
their countrymen who warned them
nst danger.

their field of operations was at first con-
d to Calaveras, Tuolumne, and San
quin counties, but as the band in-
DL. xxvi.—43.

creased, it also covered Southern Cali-
fornia.

The career of this modern bandit was
about three years,—he was but twenty-
one when he died. This gay cavalier
had for chief of staff, a lady whom he
passionately loved, Señorita Antonia
Molinera, who like the "Spanish Nun,"
attended him in his adventures, disguised
in male attire, with this difference,—
Murrieta knew of the disguise, while the
Spanish Colonel did not. His gallantry

led to his death. Antonia ran away with Pancho Daniel, one of the bandits. Murrieta pronounced death upon both, and detailed Vergera to go to Los Angeles and kill the betrayers. Vergera went, saw, and was conquered by the charms of the pretty Antonia of the "little mill." He refused to kill either her or her lover. In order to save herself from the vengeance which she knew would surely be visited upon her, she betrayed Murrieta to his death.

Murrieta dressed after the fashion of the day, and was a typical Mexican on horseback. His hat, or sombrero, was plumed with black feathers, his pantaloons and jacket were of fine black cloth, and the jacket was braided with gold. He rode a magnificent steed; the Spanish saddle being ornamented with silver.

By his recklessness and daring he seemed to court death, yet his escapes seemed to be almost miraculous. Once while he was paying court to a charming señorita, the house was surrounded by vigilantes. They entered and demanded Murrieta, whom they said they knew to be there. The lady of the house protested, which gave Joaquin time. He secreted himself in the bed into which the señorita had hastily jumped in order to feign illness, so that the bedding would not be disturbed. The vigilantes entered the room with their arms in readiness, but seeing a sick lady in bed, apologized and retired.

When they were few, Joaquin and his associates would camp amid the boughs of large trees, and on one occasion their pursuers passed underneath, loudly boasting what they would do with the "greaser" when caught. Two of them, in the rear, were lariated, and dragged to death, or rather hanged, to the great amazement of the vigilantes, who could not detect the trace of an enemy near.

He frequently visited the towns in dis-

guise, with one or two attendants, dance at the fandangos, flirt with the señoritas, play monte, and if unsuccessful raid the bank. While Murrieta was at monte table in Marysville, a braggart said he would, "Just give one thousand dollars for a chance at that greaser, Joaquin."

In a spirit of recklessness, Murrieta sprang upon the table, bowie-knife in hand, and shouted: "You coward gringo, look, I am Murrieta!"

The man trembled and the crowd stood back in amazement. Murrieta then walked out of the room, his associates covering the crowd with their revolvers. Under various disguises he entered towns, sought out persons who had betrayed him; and while in the act of stabbing them to death, uttered, "Joaquin!"

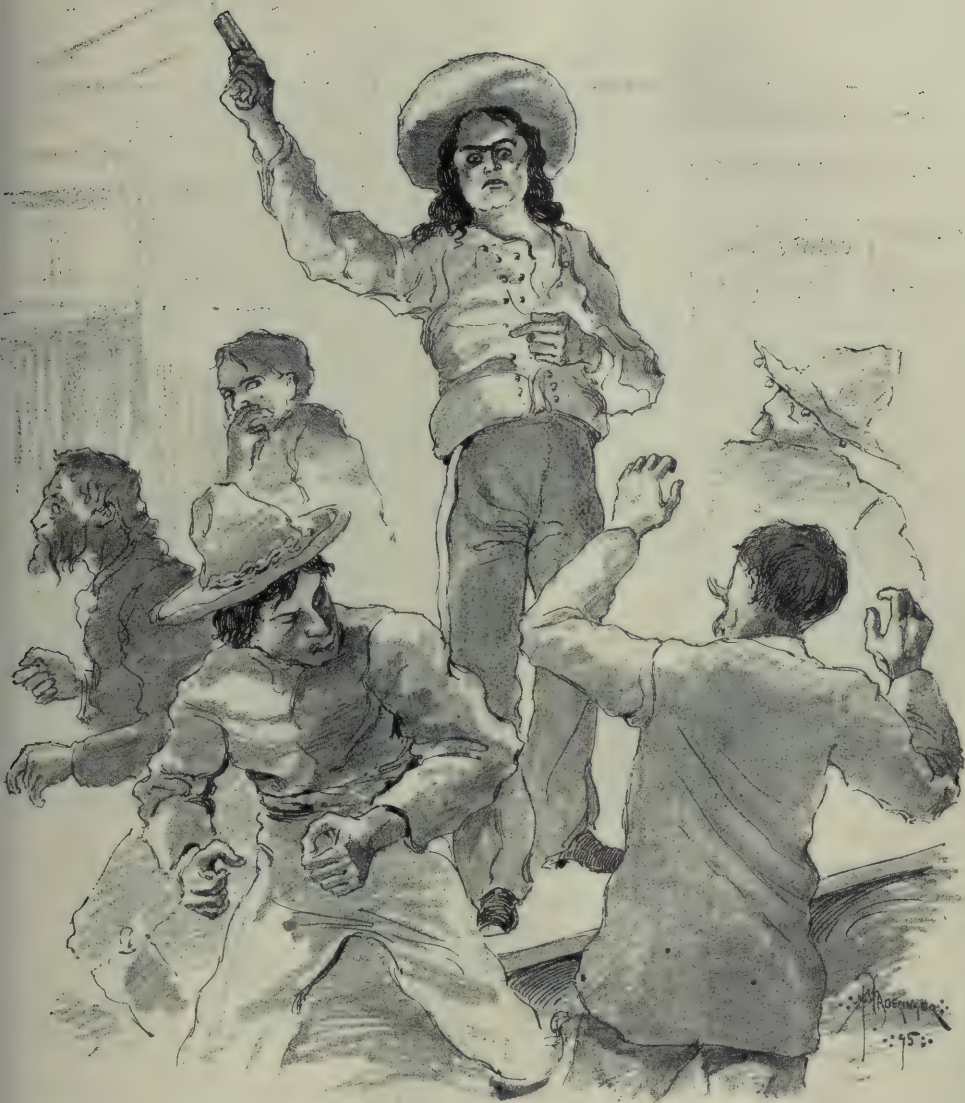
Perhaps the most daring act was that at Stockton. The Governor had offered a reward of five thousand dollars, "dead or alive, for Joaquin Murrieta." Disguised, he rode into town, and seeing a crowd reading a placard, he rode up. Reading it, he dismounted and wrote underneath:

I will give \$10,000 myself. Joaquin Murrieta.

In a moment he had remounted, as his horse swiftly sped away, turned in his saddle, and with a dagger in his hand, shouted, "Carajo, gringos!"

Some of the timid ones fired after him as soon as they had recovered.

So numerous had become the murders and robberies, and so ineffectual were the local officials and vigilante bands that State assistance was invoked. In the spring of 1853 the Legislature commissioned Captain Harry Love to enlist a company of twenty men to suppress the bandits.



"I AM MURRIETA!"

Captain Love had commanded a company of "rangers" in Texas — a company of legalized vigilantes, whose duty was to protect the people from lawless bands. The Captain and some of his companions had migrated to California. His company was mainly composed of ex-Texas rangers. They were good riders, excellent marksmen, and brave.

The company started southward, after the bandit, "dead or alive," and the five thousand dollars. Friendly couriers informed Murrieta of the movement, and for some time he eluded the vigilantes, yet continuing his depredations. The rangers had now been on the trail about two months, when, finally, Captain Love learned of the whereabouts of Antonia

Molinera, the faithless mistress of Joaquin. She had now been deserted by Pancho Daniel, with whom she had eloped, and fearing the wrath of Joaquin, she sought protection from the Americans. For her own safety she had kept herself informed of the movements of the bandits, and reported that they were at Tejon pass.

The rangers rapidly rode to the place designated, and at dawn next morning surrounded a party of Mexicans, whom they believed to be the bandits. The party consisted of seven, and the rangers were eight in number. The Mexicans had camped on a slight eminence or knoll, in a plain, and though having an unobstructed view for perhaps fifty yards, were surprised. Six of the Mexicans were seated around the fire preparing breakfast, smoking and talking. Their horses were perhaps twenty yards distant. Murrieta was standing by his horse, feeding and petting him.

The rangers seemed not to know Murrieta, even from the descriptions they had received. Love first accosted him as to his destination. Joaquin replied, "Los Angeles." Love was asking other questions, when William Burns, a former gambler, who knew Joaquin, turned and recognized him.

Manuel Garcia, he of the three fingers, was the only one who had not laid aside his arms, and stood waiting for developments. As soon as Joaquin saw his former companion, Burns, he shouted to his men to *vamos*, threw himself upon his bare-back horse, and sped away like the wind.

Love and two others followed. Joaquin fell as his horse leaped a precipice, amid the whistling bullets. He remounted, and threw his body over on the side of the horse to protect himself. In a moment, the horse was shot, and fell; but Joaquin was instantly on his feet.

As he arose he was shot in the arm. He stopped, faced his pursuers, held up his arm, saying: "Mira! Mira!" — "Look! Look!"

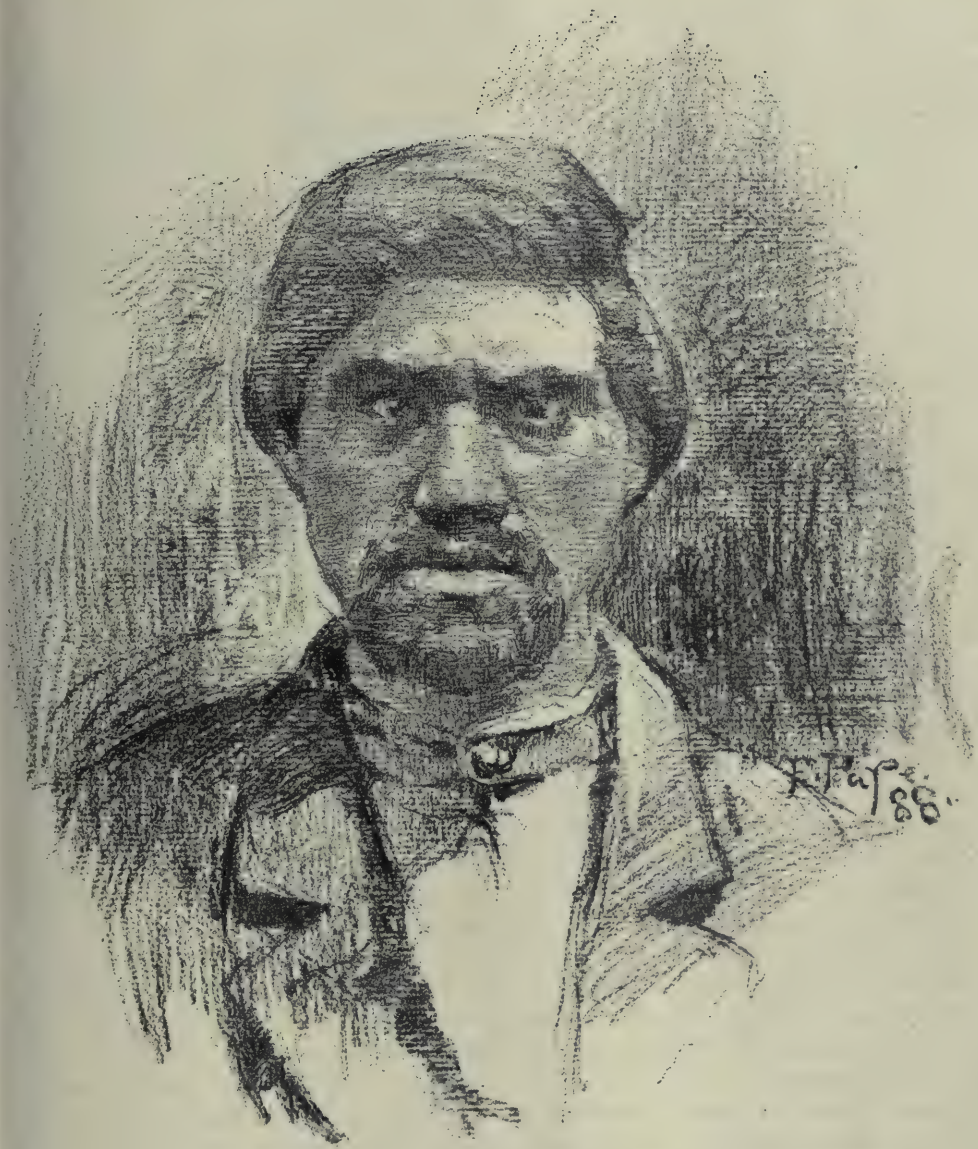
No attention was given to the surrender, but the three pursuers again fired at close range, each shot taking effect. Murrieta raised his arms, scowled at his assailants, and shouting, "It is enough," sank to the earth, dead.

In the meantime, "Three-Fingered Jack" and the other men were having trouble with the other four rangers. Jack fought desperately, and fell riddled with bullets, uttering a "Carajo, gringos," as he breathed his last. The remaining three bandits were either killed, or captured and killed.

With the death of their leader, the band disbanded. The head of Joaquin Murrieta was severed from his body, in order that it might be identified, and the reward secured. The strong right hand of Jack, which contained only three fingers, was also cut off. They were placed in alcohol and brought to San Francisco by two of the company, William Black and J. Nuttal.

A "dodger" issued on August 18, 1853, had these "scare lines," in big black type: "Joaquin's head is on exhibition at King's, corner of Halleck and Sansome streets; also, the hand of Three-Fingered Jack! Admisison, one dollar."

The press agent evidently did not work the newspapers to any extent, for the attraction failed to draw, and after a short season of one week, the show closed. The managers took the gruesome exhibit to the smaller towns, but there it also met with a frost, and finally the exhibit was seized by creditors and sold by the sheriff to satisfy a claim of fifty dollars. It was bought by a San Francisco museum proprietor, and exhibited for many years. For a short time,



JUAN SOTO.

the hair on Joaquin's head continued to grow, and the nails on Jack's remaining fingers continued to lengthen. The Mexican element looked upon this as supernatural, believing that Joaquin and Jack were yet alive.

The rangers received the reward, but they found no treasure in the camp of the bandits, or upon their persons. The result of their most recent robberies had no doubt been secreted in the camp

which was left in their hasty flight and fight for life.

The majority of the rangers came to a violent death. Captain Love, jealous of his wife and a farm hand in his employ, attacked the man, and was killed, his wife aiding her lover. Burns, who cut off Murrieta's head, was assassinated, presumably by one of Joaquin's friends, and several others were killed, probably by the same hands; others were killed

accidentally, and even the sheriff that sold the "aforesaid exhibit" met an accidental death. The violent death of these men was regarded by the Mexicans as the vengeance of Heaven, and as the natural consequence of their act.

For a year or two the State was free of banditti, but having had a taste of blood, a number of Murrieta's lieutenants organized small bands and again took to the road.

Pancho Daniel, who had deserted from Murrieta's band, taking also his mistress, Antonia, organized at Los Angeles a band, mainly of Manila men, and on the same line as that of his late chief. The band was composed of the unlucky number of thirteen, and all came to a sudden period excepting one, who was only spared because of his youth. They had killed a merchant at San Juan Capistrano and robbed his store, and were pursued by the sheriff and four assistants, who were ambushed and killed. A party of vigilantes from Los Angeles started after the bandits. Two were caught and hanged in the defile now known as Cañada de la Horca. The others were killed or captured, and Pancho Daniel came to a timely death in Los Angeles, at the end of a rope.

Claudio, another of Joaquin's lieutenants, organized a small band, composed of Bras Angelina, Sebastian Flores, Francisco Garcia, Juan Cartabo, "El Huevo" (Bad Egg), and other ex-members of the old band. Their career was short. "One-Eyed" Piguino and "Indian" Juan desired to secede from the band and lead an honest life. They were refused a division of the spoils. Indian Juan threatened to invoke the law in order to obtain the plunder he had stolen as an outlaw. Garcia and Bras Angelina shot him to death. Flores betrayed his commander, and nearly all the

band were killed. Fifteen years afterward Bras Angelina was hanged at San José for killing the Indian, on the testimony of Flores.

Tiburcio Vasquez was, next to Murrieta, the most daring bandit in California's bloody history. He was about fifteen years of age when Joaquin began his career. He had no grievance like Murrieta, but became an outlaw from choice, — he wished to acquire a reputation even greater than that of Murrieta. At a fandango in Monterey, he quarreled with another Mexican who claimed a señorita for the next dance. An American constable interposed, and Vasquez stabbed him to the heart. Vasquez was blood-thirsty, reckless, affable in manner, and possessed influence over those with whom he came in contact. He was of mixed blood, half Indian, and was brutish by instinct and treacherous by nature. His features were coarse, and he was anything but handsome, yet his dashing manner made him a favorite among the ladies. Soon after Murrieta's death, he, with the assistance of Juan Soto, a noted horse thief, and Chavez, organized a band of about forty men, mainly thieves, who had only plunder in view. The career of Vasquez was temporarily suspended by his capture and retirement to the State prison for horse-stealing. He escaped and resumed business at his old stamping ground. He also emulated his predecessor in his romances. He eloped with a daughter of Señor Salazar at San José. The unromantic old gentleman overtook them at a ranch house at the foot of Mount Diablo, with a shotgun. One shot wounded Vasquez, and the other struck his daughter in the arm, and she fell fainting in the arms of the bandit. The old gentleman then took his daughter home. Vasquez's next escapade was to gain the affections of the wife of Abdon Leiva. Rosaria persuaded her hus-

band to join the band, taunting him with cowardice on his refusal. Finally he consented, and like Antonia, she accompanied her lover on his raids. But as her husband was along, she did not don male attire. Finally, Leiva's eyes were opened and he shot Vasquez, slightly wounding him. He then took his faithless wife home, where it is presumed they lived happily "ever afterwards."

The depredations of this band were confined to Santa Clara, Alameda, Monterey, and Fresno counties. Horses and cattle were stolen, ranches plundered, stages robbed, stores sacked, and people murdered. This continued until the spring of 1874, when a sheriff's posse surprised Vasquez in the house of "Greek George," near San Bernardino Mission, Los Angeles County. Like his prototype, Murrieta, he was unarmed and sitting at the dinner table. On seeing the officers he jumped through a window and ran for his horse, but was stopped by a load of buck-shot. He turned and faced the officers, and was again shot. He threw up his hands, and walking towards the officers, exclaimed: "You have done very well!"

It is believed that Leiva betrayed him. Vasquez was hanged at San José about a year later.

Chavez, late lieutenant of Vasquez, with Procopio, or "Red-Handed Dick," Chico Lugo, Santo Satelo, and José Tapia, soon organized and began operations in Southern California. Two of them were captured, and the others were pursued into Arizona, where all were killed.

This was the last of the Mexican banditti in California, which began because of an outrage, and was perpetuated by race hatred, covering a period of nearly a quarter of a century.

No treasure of any considerable value was found in the camps or on the persons of these bandits. Yet it is known that many of their robberies were very fruitful, raids on mining camps netting ordinarily five and ten thousand dollars. And the amounts plundered from the ranches, cattle and horse-buyers, and travelers, was also considerable. But what became of it? By many of the early Spanish settlers it is believed that much of this booty was buried in jars in and around the temporary camps of the bandits; and that Cantau Cañon is a veritable gold mine—already coined. With the death of Murrieta and his lieutenants, the secret of their buried treasure died with them. All of them died in poverty, and as nearly all of them died suddenly, it is not believed that these hiding places had been revealed to their families or friends. For years parties of hidden treasure-seekers have been prospecting in the vicinity of these bandit camps, but the results of their searches have not been told for prudential reasons. Some of the hunters have acted under the advice of clairvoyants, who can see for others, but not for themselves, but have not reported progress. It may be, however, that a great deal of the treasure has been found during the continual burrowing, and yet large sums remain buried, like the victims of the bandits, in forgotten places.

J. M. Scanland.



THE ARRIVAL AT MADROÑO SPRINGS.

BY KIBESILLAH.

I.

THE evening stage was due at Madroño Springs, and the transient dwellers of the hills lingered on the hotel veranda. It was dull at Madroño, undeniably dull, and the coming of the stage constituted the event of each succeeding day. If one could not expect to receive letters invariably, there yet remained the possible glimpse of dust-begrimed newcomers in their rapid transit from the stage to the hotel door; and that was a sight well worth waiting for.

Three children, perched like sentinels on the farthest fence posts, gave the expected cry at last, "Stage coming!" "There's one!"—"No, two!"—"Only one outside, anyway!" they screamed their bulletins momentarily, till the group on the veranda was focused at the doorway as the dusty stage rattled up to the gate.

There proved, however, to be only one passenger sitting beside Bryant on the driver's seat. A girl, who stepped light-

ly to the ground with small assistance from the landlord, to whom even one arrival was a godsend in these dull times. Bryant, in the meantime, opened the stage door for another veiled form that leaned wearily on soft cushions and shawls in the evident exhaustion of an invalid.

"Mother, how have you stood the last five miles!" the girl asked affectionately. "I really believe you would have been more comfortable where I was. The dust was n't half so bad, and I had such beautiful glimpses of the lake. But I ought not to have left you in that stuffy stage alone," she added half-penitently, as she noted how heavily the older woman leaned on her arm as they followed Mrs. Burton, the landlady, into the hotel.

As they disappeared from view the strained silence on the veranda was broken, and gossip and chatter burst forth in solo and in chorus.

"Of course it was only women!" pouted little Miss Rivers, a Napa

Valley belle, who had been bitterly disappointed in the social opportunities afforded by Madroño Springs. The young men were pitifully few, and somehow Miss Rivers had not succeeded in enlisting any of them as knights of her sunshade and fan. To be sure, that fine-looking young southerner, Mr. Kimbrough, had strolled with her on the hills several times, and he had found him more charming than most of the young men she had known in Napa Valley. But those cousins of his, Mr. Preston and his hateful wife, had kept the young Georgian pretty much to themselves; and Carrie Rivers was having a rather dismal time, listening to the symptoms of a set of whining invalids; or throwing herself with pretended zest into the sports of children who bored and irritated her. It was hard luck indeed, and it was with a sense of personal injury that she turned toward the little postoffice to receive the usual letter from the young man at home.

By this time the veranda was almost deserted, and Mrs. Preston and her cousin, Arthur Kimbrough, walked slowly toward their cottage on the hill, while Mr. Preston went to the office for his San Francisco paper, and remained to discuss the political situation. Kimbrough broke the silence abruptly.

"Who is the new girl, Cousin Jessie? She is the only person I have seen yet who did not look ridiculous after that twenty miles of staging. I never shall forget the night we came, and how supremely and unutterably forlorn you looked. I smile to think of it."

"Don't be rude," replied Mrs. Preston coolly. "It is extremely tactful of you to point the comparison between me and Miss Hatherton, I must say. I wonder when the world at large will recognize the fact that I have vanity, and treat me accordingly. You would never

have dared to make such a remark as that to some women who are really no better looking than I am. I don't like to be thought so exalted above feminine foibles; but no one ever thinks it worth while to flatter me, I have noticed."

"That is because you are too sensible to be taken in by that sort of thing," said her cousin honestly.

"I hope you are right, Arthur," said Mrs. Preston, laughingly. "And I must admit that Miss Hatherton carried off the trying moment of her arrival with an air that I envied from the depths of my self-conscious soul. But, you see, she didn't have any bangs to be wilted and was provided with a veil, whereas I had lost mine as we crossed the Bay."

"Who is she?" repeated Kimbrough.

"Kate Hatherton, the daughter of the wealthy Mrs. Hatherton of San Francisco. She is an adopted child, but Mrs. Hatherton has no relatives in the world with whom she is on speaking terms. Kate's own mother was an actress, and her father an impecunious newspaper man, I have heard, and both died before she was three years old. She was reared in a convent, till Mrs. Hatherton took a fancy to her about four years ago, and adopted her. You may flirt with her if you want to,—and if you can. I won't try to stop you as I do in the case of that loud Rivers girl. But—" Mrs. Preston stopped short.

"But what?" inquired Arthur. "But you are not going to have me make a fool of myself over any woman while I am under your charge?"

"You may have it that way if you like," said Mrs. Preston. "Look, Arthur!" she cried a moment later, as they stood on the cottage steps, "Look at the exquisite tints of that sky. It seems to me that we never had such glorious sunsets as these in Georgia."

"Yes, it is beautiful. I wish we were

at a prospect point I found on one of my tramps, where Mount Kibesillah rises grandly above. It seems the true incarnation of the everlasting hills. Are you and Tom ever going to walk there with me, Cousin Jessie?"

"Tom? You will never get him to take that amount of useless exertion, even though he is a Westerner born and bred. But I will go with you some day when he gets a lot of new magazines from the city and will not miss either of us."

"All right, then," said Arthur heartily. "I remember you were always ready for a tramp in the old days, and I would rather walk with you than with any fellow I know—not to speak of the girls."

"That atones for your rudeness this evening, and after all, I would n't know how to take conventional compliments from you."

She looked at the dark, well built young man with warm sisterly affection in her eyes, while he smoked his cigar with the freedom granted him many years before when they were girl and boy together. Arthur Kimbrough was Mrs. Preston's junior by several years, and having no sisters of his own, she had taken the place of one to him during his schoolboy days. Then she had met and married Tom Preston and gone out to California to live; but the old friendship lived on, and the cousins had never ceased to correspond. Arthur had been a moody, taciturn boy, and she had urged him to mingle in society. He had obeyed, and had acquired thereby an ease and grace of manner unknown to the hobbledehoy whom Jessie Preston remembered as the most awkward of the groomsmen at her wedding.

Two months before the August evening at Madroño Springs he had risen from a long illness brought on by expo-

sure and overwork in a malarial region where he had gone in the capacity of civil engineer. Rest and a change of climate had been urged by the physician, and his thoughts had turned to his cousin in California. So he had come out to visit her, and was now with her and her husband in the Clear Lake country of California, a land where, if anywhere on this earth, "it seemeth always afternoon," in the still mountain air that hardly stirs a leaf on the trees that sprinkle the yellow slopes. More beautiful, to some eyes, are these summer tints than the green shimmering of verdure in the spring. The glory of the May has long since departed from the land, but every hillside has turned to pale gold, with here and there a madroño or manzanita, set like some giant bloodstone, the dark green of its foliage lightened by the lines of its red-skinned branches.

Arthur Kimbrough was breathing in the spirit of the hills, and his whole being responded to the re-awakening consciousness of his youth and strength.

Kate Hatherton had never outlived her long convent practise of early rising, and before six o'clock on the morning after her coming to Madroño Springs she had stolen softly down the uncarpeted stairway, and out into the keen-scented, dewless morning air. To the left of the low, rickety hotel building a path stretched out over a rustic bridge and on through an enticing vista of manzanita bushes to the springs that gave the place its fame. On the slopes above were the hotel cottages, while on every side the strength-giving mountains barred out the world below.

The air was yet chilly with the early morning, but she was conscious of no discomfort. "How beautiful it all is up here!" she was saying to herself, with

an eagerness and enthusiasm that neither twelve years of convent training nor four more of attendance on a nervous invalid had been able to extinguish. "On such a morning as this I always feel like running! — But that would never do, I suppose, though all the rest of the world is presumably asleep. I can walk, at any rate, so I think I will explore the path over the bridge the first thing of all."

It is safe to assume that almost every pretty woman is aware of her own claims to beauty, and Miss Hatherton may have been no exception to the rule; yet the glance of her eye and her every movement were singularly devoid of self-consciousness. She was certainly pretty, though, and this morning her enjoyment of the mountains and of her stolen solitude had lent an added beauty to her fresh face. She was hardly above medium height, but the well-developed curves of her form and her erect bearing made her seem taller than she really was. The face was a very pure oval, and a dimple in the cheek was at once satisfying and surprising. The soft light brown hair was always smoothed tightly from her forehead, and it was this that gave her a general severity of appearance, in spite of her red lips and ready smile. But her chief beauty, in the opinion of many persons, was in her eyes, though certain of her schoolmates had been heard to assert that she was fearfully pop-eyed. The lids were rather full, it was true; but the eyes themselves were large and gray, with "a wavering tinge of the sky," and their eager, intent glance seemed never to weary of the world and its wonders.

There had been little enough of the world to see during the first fifteen years of her life, save the bare convent halls and the high-walled garden where she took her dreary "recreation." Then Mrs. Hatherton had taken an invalid's

fancy to her, and she had since then enjoyed every luxury, with very little more freedom than the sisters had allowed to her. Mrs. Hatherton was not an unamiable woman, and really imagined that she loved Kate as she would have loved an own daughter. "Have I not adopted her as my own?" would have been her rejoinder to any doubt that might be expressed on the subject. But she had known much sorrow and long illness, and was not a little exacting in her demands. Besides, her plans for the girl were not of a sort to lend much encouragement to social expansion, and Kate had had no friends of her own age and had been thrown very little in the social circle that ill-health and unhappiness had caused Mrs. Hatherton to leave. Indeed, the girl had sometimes thought of late that her life had gone wrong from the beginning, and that perhaps the wrong had only been intensified by her removal from the convent.

When Mrs. Preston had stopped short in speaking to her cousin of Kate Hatherton, it had been from a wish that he might remain unprejudiced against the girl. "If Arthur flirts mildly with her, it will at least keep him from that designing 'Carrie Rivers,'" she had thought, "and a foreordained nun is not so dangerous,—nor, if anything *should* come of it, would an heiress be so objectionable?"

Kate Hatherton did not look particularly like a nun, for all her smooth hair and innocent eyes; but no other prospect in life had ever stretched before her. She could not remember her parents, and the nuns who had taken her in had always told her that she was to enter the sisterhood as soon as her schooldays should be over. They had been kind to her, and with no memory or imagination of a different mode of life, she had not

opposed their plans for her future. Of an ardent and impulsive disposition, and repressed by the sisters in all demonstration of love for themselves, she was thrown upon the visible Church as the sole outlet for her emotional nature; and it was not strange that she should fancy herself called of Heaven to the life of devotion. Among her schoolmates this proposed destiny of hers was not without an awe-inspiring effect, and while they would come to her for help in their French exercises, they were very apt to leave her out of their play. She would sometimes wonder a little sadly why it was that she had no particular friends like the other girls; but came to the conclusion (aided by her favorite Sister Anastasia) that it was the superiority of her own higher calling that kept them at a certain distance from her.

Mrs. Hatherton's married life had been a tragic disappointment, and the years of her widowhood had passed in ill-health. It had long been her declared intention to leave her entire property to her Church, and it was not strange that its representatives should have shown some uneasiness when she talked of adopting little Kate. Of course she was not to be offended on any account, but Sister Anastasia did venture to hint that it would be a pity to sacrifice to the world such a strong vocation for the sisterhood as Kate had shown. Mrs. Hatherton had tried to reassure her on this point.

"Have no fear about that," she said; "I will have it understood clearly that she is to return to the convent at my death, — and the doctors do not think I shall last very many years longer. Heart disease, you know. But I need some care and companionship beyond that of servants. She won't see much of society with me, and you can have it all arranged for her to take the veil as soon as I am dead. If it is the money you are thinking of,"

added Mrs. Hatherton shrewdly, "that is one of the very reasons you should favor the plan. I can leave it all to Kate, and when she enters the convent the Church will have it; and those New York cousins of mine will not be so apt to dispute the claims of a legally adopted daughter as of mere religious organizations."

So it had all been settled with very little volition on Kate's part, and she had exchanged the dulness of the convent for the luxury of Mrs. Hatherton's home. Even her name was changed, and she was permitted to call her benefactress "Mother," and to lavish upon her all the grateful love that was in her heart. The girl's warm affection was pleasing to the lonely woman who had given her a home as a sort of selfish experiment, and in less than a year Mrs. Hatherton believed that she loved her protégé as a daughter. The strongest desire of her soul was still, however, to know that both her daughter and her wealth were to be dedicated to the service of her Church, and she would often impress upon Kate's mind the truth that freedom is not lost in the convent alone.

"It is the safest and happiest life, I make no doubt, my dear," she would say, "and I sometimes think I would like to see you take your first vows before I die, though I don't know how I would get along without you. Don't talk to me of marriage!" (Kate had not said a word). "I don't often refer to my past life, but to you I can. We are none of us quite free, I suppose; but there is one form of slavery that is worse, more debasing to the soul, than all others. Remember that, Kate, and always thank heaven that it has spared you such a fate. And it is generally impracticable for a young unmarried woman to live happily in a critical and censorious world, without ties of family and kindred. Be-

lieve me, when I tell you that I love you with a mother's love and can see for you no happier lot than the peace and safety of the convent."

Had Mrs. Hatherton's love been less selfish and more truly that of a mother, it is probable that her theories, born of her own disappointments, would have been destroyed by the instincts of natural affection. But she was sincere in her belief, and Kate had learned to look on marriage as the greatest possible evil of a woman's existence. The unknown world of conventional society had few attractions in her imagination, and the nuns and priests still exerted a strong influence upon her mind and judgment. And yet—and yet—Kate would not own it to herself, and tried to smother the impulses within her—there was a dumb, impotent rebellion against her fate growing in her heart and increasing with every day that brought her larger knowledge of the world. It was only a hotel or parlor car world that became known to her, for the most part; but it was all beautiful in her eyes, and the people who dwelt therein were free and happy—presumably.

And Kate herself was not positively unhappy. The pleasure-loving, Bohemian blood that flowed in her veins, all unsuspected even by herself till of late, taught her to seek the utmost good of the moment and to leave the cares of the future for the evil day that would usher them into her life. Material comfort was yet hers; and of friendship, family affection, and social excitement, Kate was too profoundly ignorant to sorrow for their absence from her life. So, on the summer morning at Madroño Springs, there was no thought of sacrifice or of nunneries, but only the gladness of the hour in her heart.

Fatalism is a rather comfortable doc-

trine upon which to shift the burden of human effort and responsibility; and the record of many lives might seem to offer some foundation and excuse for the belief of the fatalists. And perhaps, if Mrs. Hatherton had been able to resign herself to the futility of human planning, a propitiated fate might have dealt very differently with her adopted daughter's life.

From the beginning it seemed to Mrs. Hatherton that everything went wrong. At Del Monte, Monterey, and Lake Tahoe, there had been no difficulty in guarding the girl from would-be fortune hunters. The self-sufficient throngs had secured the isolation desired. But here, in the dulness of August, at an unfashionable little retreat for invalids, a persistent young man was forever at Kate's side, and she, Kate's mother, was somehow powerless to prevent it. Before the end of three days Arthur had asked Miss Hatherton to walk with him, and she had consented, and after that their strolls were of almost daily occurrence. Mrs. Hatherton attributed the state of affairs to the slyness of Mrs. Preston, and certainly that little lady had done her best for her cousin's pleasure since the arrival of the pretty San Francisco girl. When Kate had returned from her walk on that first morning, she had found her mother already in the dining room, chatting pleasantly with a lady and two gentlemen at the same table. No one but the waiter was to blame for showing the newcomers to the Prestons' table, and Mrs. Preston, who had a passing city acquaintance with Mrs. Hatherton, could not fail to present her husband and cousin, in accordance with the free social standards of the little hotel. Yet Mrs. Hatherton was aggrieved, and her feeling was further intensified when Kate came in and the introductions were repeated. The girl quietly took a seat beside her

mother, but directly opposite Mr. Kimbrough, and the young man proceeded to converse with her after the manner of Southern youths, while his cousins monopolized the elder lady.

Arthur was not particularly given to the paying of broad compliments, and on this occasion he was conscious of nothing more than a desire to be civil. But there is a suggestion of personal flattery in the common courtesy of the South that is rarely seen in the manner of Western men; and Mrs. Hatherton at once put the young man down in her mental blue books as a fortune hunter of the worst type. Kate, it might be presumed, however, could not be wholly of her mother's way of thinking, for she was soon smiling brightly across the table and talking more than she usually did with strangers. Arthur was charmed, and from that hour Mrs. Preston was annoyed by no further attentions paid by her cousin to Miss Rivers, of Napa Valley.

Mrs. Hatherton was a shrewd woman, in spite of her present inability to guide the course of events, and her knowledge of human nature was sufficient to restrain her from any very open opposition to Kate's acquaintance with the Prestons and their cousin. She had long since come to the conclusion that the success of her plan depended on the girl's continuing unconsciousness that the conventional vows were in any manner to be forced upon her; and an arbitrary limitation of her freedom now might counteract all the influences that had hitherto been brought to bear. It might be better, perhaps, to leave the Springs at once; but the waters were undeniably beneficial, and Mrs. Hatherton was not prepared to sacrifice a positive good for a merely possible evil. She would keep Kate with her as much as she could, and make as little of the affair as possible.

Kate and Arthur, on the contrary, were disposed to make the most of the golden summer days. To her it was a first experience, and Kimbrough's habitual earnestness was more in accord with her simple, direct manner than the usual conventional inconsequence of society men could have proved. He in turn fancied that the girl's perfect simplicity was her greatest charm; but perhaps her blue-gray eyes and dimpled cheek were more potent than he knew. Mrs. Preston confessed that she found her a trifle slow and unresponsive.

"I can't see how you can say that," he remonstrated. "She is not 'catchy', if that means to be up to the newest slang and the latest sensational novel. She is plainly as unsophisticated in the ways of the world as though she had never left her convent. But if you had ever watched her face light up when a new idea is presented to her, you could not call her unresponsive."

Mrs. Preston laughed. "Are you presenting many new ideas to her, Arthur?" she asked. But her cousin refused to answer.

One afternoon, several weeks after their coming, while Mrs. Hatherton took her indispensable invalid's nap, Kate was persuaded by Mr. Kimbrough to walk with him over an old stage road long since abandoned for a shorter cut to the new railroad. They did not talk a great deal, but their long silences were not so significant as such lapses of speech between two young persons generally are; for the girl's training had never encouraged in her over-free expression of her thoughts and sentiments, and the hush of the summer stillness was upon them both. All at once she stopped and pointed eagerly up the road in front of her. A mountain deer disappeared among the manzanita bushes.

"They are such beautiful creatures,"

she said, with no trace of the dreamy expression he had admired so much a few moments before. "I wish we could have seen it longer. There is always something to see on this road. I walked out here one morning with Miss Rivers, and two or three rabbits ran right across our path."

"Was Miss Rivers interested in the rabbits?" he inquired, smiling.

"Well, no, I don't think she was," Kate answered, with a smile that was neither slow nor unresponsive. "She said I was so funny to care about such things, and she did n't like this walk because it was so lonesome,—and there was no chance of meeting anyone."

"I see," said Arthur. "But then, it is not always desirable to meet other persons when you are walking. Just now, for instance, I like this old road better for the thought that you and I have it all to ourselves,—don't you?"

"Yes," said Kate frankly, "I do." A moment later Arthur noticed that her cheek flushed—a very unusual circumstance with her—and an expression of uncertain embarrassment came into her face. It was quickly gone, and she said, with a coquetry that must have been intuitive, "We stand a better chance of seeing the deer as it is."

"Just so," responded Arthur coolly, "that is exactly what I was thinking of. But do you know, an interest in such things is really very eccentric in young ladies of your age. Most of them are more like Miss Rivers."

"Perhaps so," said Kate, "but all this free country life is new to me, and it is very pleasant."

"But don't you care for other things too?" Arthur persisted. "For people; you know, and dancing, and the theater?"

Kate looked at him curiously. "I meet very few people," she said, "and

I know nothing of society and the pleasures you speak of. But really, Mr. Kimbrough, I don't think I can walk any farther today, for Mother will want me when she wakes."

They turned to walk back to the hotel, and Arthur questioned her no more.

"What do you say to a long tramp tomorrow?" Arthur asked, as the old weatherbeaten gate of the hotel yard was reached. "About five miles from here there is a very beautiful spot which I discovered myself, and where I have never taken anyone else. We can get up a party," he added, as he saw a slight hesitation on Kate's part.

"But it spoils a lovely place to admire it with a crowd," she objected, and Arthur glanced at her keenly, wondering for a moment if she were quite so simple and ingenuous as she seemed. Her eyes reassured him, and he answered confidently enough.

"I can manage that,—we will just leave the crowd!"

They had reached the hotel by this time, and Kate went upstairs to Mrs. Hatherton at once. Arthur stopped to chat with Carrie Rivers and a mild-mannered youth who had recently arrived at the Springs from Napa Valley,—drawn thither by Miss Rivers's charms, it was said. By the time Mr. Kimbrough and his cousins walked to their cottage after the evening meal, a pedestrian party had been arranged for the next day, to be chaperoned by Mrs. Preston and a San Francisco school ma'am, and to include a half dozen young people.

"It was kind of me to submit to an entire afternoon of Miss Kendrick's society for your sake, Arthur," said Mrs. Preston. "And especially when Tom says we ought to leave tomorrow. He is anxious to get back to his office. As for my chaperoning the party, it would n't have been necessary at all but for Mrs.

Hatherton's objection to letting Kate go. As if six sane persons needed a chaperon to help them look at a mountain! She fell back on that pretext when she could think of no other, and had to give in when I offered myself and Miss Kendrick as sacrifices to her nonsense. Have I ever told you the reason Mrs. Hatherton tries so hard to keep Kate from forming any friendships? Have n't I? The plan is for Kate to enter the convent at Mrs. Hatherton's death."

Arthur laughed incredulously, but with a little perceptible irritation.

"I should not think there was much chance of the young lady's gratifying her mother's desire on the subject," he remarked. "It would be rather difficult to imagine her in a nunnery."

"O, but you don't know what the influence of the Church is on its members," said Mrs. Preston earnestly, her conscience a little sore as to her previous encouragement of her cousin's flirtation, as she had mentally termed it. Kate was a nice enough girl, no doubt, but it was easy to foresee the reproachful sorrow of Aunt Sallie if a Roman Catholic daughter-in-law was thrust upon her. Mrs. Preston now determined to clear her skirts as to any complicity in bringing about such an event.

"I have often been told that Kate herself is willing to do as her mother wishes, — that it has always been her choice," she went on. "Mrs. Hatherton herself said as much to me a few days ago, and Kate was present and did not deny it. Of course it seems a sad fate for a pretty girl with youth and wealth at her command, but it is often done in Catholic families. They have a feeling for their Church that you and I cannot understand. I am not particularly religious, as you know, Arthur, and the worldly life I lead would probably shock the home people in Georgia. But somehow my

ideal of piety is still in Mother's and Aunt Sallie's faith. Why, I sometimes feel myself to be as narrow-minded and intolerant as the old circuit preacher who used to tell me I was on the road that leadeth to destruction, all because he found me reading one of George Eliot's novels. One can't escape from one's early training, it seems to me."

"That depends," replied Arthur shortly.

For the rest of the evening, Mrs. Preston noticed that he was more silent than usual, and late that night she heard him walking restlessly on the narrow porch of the little cottage.

August weather at Madroño Springs is of almost invariable quality, so there was nothing that could be expected to interfere with the proposed excursion. Mrs. Hatherton, it is true, was inclined to fancy herself not quite so well as usual, and Kate offered, a little weakly, to remain with her. But there was such a chorus of remonstrance against this as to assure Mrs. Hatherton that she would be accused of selfishness and tyranny if she permitted the sacrifice; so, feeling a little resentment toward Kate, she told her to go on, — that she really did not need her.

It was a lively party that set out that afternoon, with Arthur Kimbrough as guide, for some "views" that he pronounced finer than anything to be seen nearer to Madroño Springs. Mrs. Preston was silently amused, however, to observe that Carrie Rivers had maneuvered so successfully that she led the way with Mr. Kimbrough, the latter looking less hilarious than at first, — while Kate brought up the rear with the young man from Napa Valley, who would have preferred the society of the lively Carrie, and who found Miss Hatherton "a little bit slow, you know."

But the longest of five-mile tramps

must have an ending, and Arthur at last brought his little company to a halt, with a "Here we are!" of undisguised relief! The small clearing where they stood was upon the ridge of a line of hills that half-encircled a narrow yellow valley. Tall, dark pines covered the sharply descending slopes thickly, and the winding valley looked like a golden river in the gleaming sunlight. A rancher's small white hut, at the head of the valley, was like a single sail on this stream of yellow pasture land. Across from where they stood, the loftier mountains, Kibesillah in the foreground, rose clear against the perfect blue of the sky, and a glimpse of the distant lake came through a gap of the hills.

"This is indeed the Switzerland of America," remarked the school teacher in precise but not unappreciative accents.

The usual perfunctory expressions of admiration were heard from several others, and the party proceeded to make themselves comfortable according to their several inclinations. Mrs. Preston and



"I HOPED YOU WOULD LIKE IT."

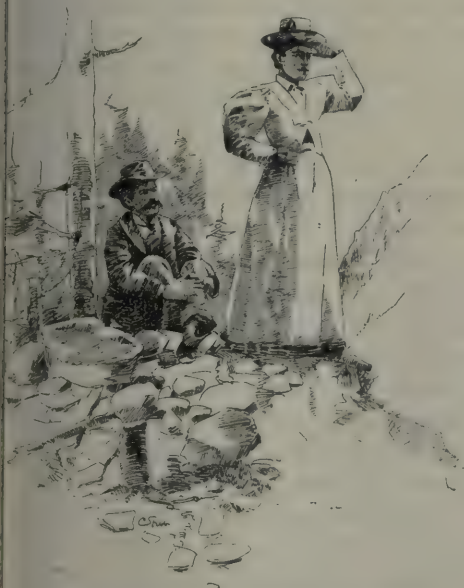
Miss Kendrick sat on the dry pine needles for a quite rest and chat, while the young people strolled off in pairs to other prospect points. Carrie Rivers had found Mr. Kimbrough a rather dull companion, and she was not sorry now to be with the young man from Napa Valley, while her former escort, with Miss Hatherton, disappeared from view in another direction.

"Now, I will take you to the place we really came to see," he said. "It is not more than a quarter of a mile from here."

It was rather rough walking, for the most part, and there was little said till they reached a spot near the edge of a bluff, where the pine needles covered the ground, and the air was full of the wood-fragrance.

"This is the spot I wanted you to see."

The girl looked for some minutes without speaking. "It is very grand," she said at last, "but do you know, I think I like it better below. There is nothing human in the picture here, and Kibesillah looks harsh and bleak, instead of protecting as it does from the other spot. I do not know what makes the difference, but the mountain affects me as much



"IT IS VERY GRAND," SHE SAID AT LAST."

drearier from this point of view. But I am glad to have seen this."

"I hoped you would like it," Arthur answered rather absently. He was looking earnestly at the girl, and wondering what sort of a change would come over her face, what light into her eyes, if he should tell her that he loved her. And he did love her, deeply, he told himself. Was it less than three weeks that he had known her? Perhaps so, according to the calendar, but it seemed to him that the time before she came into his life was all at once dim and shadowy, as seen through the mists of many years. She was so unlike the girls he had known. It was such an exquisite happiness to watch her smooth cheek flush at some word of his own. As for that nonsense Cousin Jessie had told him,—pshaw! the thing was an absurdity, and yet it irritated him to think of it. Could it be, as his cousin had said, that for some natures the passion of the religious life was stronger than any other? And could this blooming girl be self-condemned to a dreary cloister fate? If it was so, it was surely not for him to mar her spirit's peace by murmuring of a love she could not comprehend. He longed to know the truth, and then either speak the words that might make her his own for all time, or leave her forever and in silence.

Kate, all unconscious of her companion's thoughts, was still looking across the sunlit valley to the mountains beyond. Below, where they had left the others, she thought, the mountains looked nearer to simple human happiness. If anything were to go a little wrong with her life, she might go there for comfort. But if she were done with everything that makes living dear, she would rather come here, and reach up for some of Kibesillah's joyous strength. But it looked a little dreary to her now.

An uncontrollable impulse came upon

the man to know the truth or falsity of what he had heard the night before.

"Kate!" he exclaimed.

The girl looked up, startled by the strange sound of her name uttered in his voice.

"Kate, is there anything that seems better to you than freedom to live your own life?"

She looked at him for a moment, then turned her gaze again to the mountains, the color rising to her cheeks and brow. She had never listened to a lover's words before, but it seemed to her that Arthur's eyes and tone were not to be mistaken. The spell of youth and nature was upon her own heart, too, and she had no thought of the real import of his question. Her past life in the convent and the possibility of returning to it were alike gone from her memory this day. But she thought, instead, of her adopted mother's often repeated warnings against love and marriage. The slavery that belonged to a wife, the surrender of freedom to a man's will,—was it so fearful a thing as Mrs. Hatherton represented? She could not think so. Her heart was thumping heavily, but her eyes were shining with a steadfast light as she turned them once more to his face. There was no thought of concealment possible to her now.

"Yes, there is something better," she said slowly. "Something that would make me infinitely more happy, I know, whatever anyone else might say to the contrary,—I wish that I might never hear words of that sort," she concluded earnestly, foreseeing Mrs. Hatherton's futile pleading and disappointed hope. But to Arthur her words carried a very different meaning.

A sound of footsteps was heard on the dry pine needles and a shrill laugh echoed close at hand.

"It certainly was smart of us to find

here," exclaimed Miss Rivers, coming into view as Kate uttered her last word, the Napa Valley young man following in her wake. "Miss Kendrick says it is time we started for the hotel, and sent us to look for you two."

Arthur Kimbrough rose quickly to his feet. "Miss Kendrick is right," he said. "It is high time for us to be going."

He laughed and talked almost noisily with Carrie Rivers for the rest of the morning; while Kate walked home in pensive silence.

The early stage that left Madroño the next day contained three passengers,—two men and a rather cross-looking woman.

"You are a strange being, Arthur," said the lady a little irritably, as the stage made its first turning and the hotel and white cottages disappeared from view. "Never giving us a hint that you wanted to leave today till after dinner last night! I never was so hurried in getting away from a place in my life before. Honestly," she went on, a little crossly, "why were you seized with such a sudden longing for the city?"

"Because I had enough of this place, I suppose," the young man answered shortly; and Mrs. Preston forebore to question him further. One last shot she was impelled to make.

"It did seem rude, you know, to go without saying goodby to any of our acquaintances," she remarked lightly, and then relapsed into silence beside her husband, who smoked his cigar and enjoyed the changing mountain view. Arthur Kimbrough, too, looked silently across the stretches of gold and evergreen hills, but their beauty did not appeal to him this morning.

Kate would understand why he had left without a word of farewell, to spare her

the pain of listening to futile words that she did not wish to hear, but which he might not have been able to restrain if he had remained. There had been no want of earnestness and firmness in her face and words on the hills yesterday. He had not seen her apart from others since Carrie Rivers had come so suddenly upon them. But Kate would understand and approve of his going; for the rest of them he cared nothing.

A sudden turn in the road showed Kibesillah far in the distance, looking bleak through the chill haze of the morning. Arthur's brow contracted as he looked. It was grand and inspiring, no doubt, but something a little nearer the common level was better for ordinary eyes to rest their gaze upon. Then he thought of his mother, and the distress that had been spared to her simple soul. She could never have been reconciled to his marrying a Catholic, he felt sure. He did not realize that his gentle little mother's intuitions were more powerful than all the narrow-minded doctrines she accepted from the circuit rider; and that Kate's true soul would have been dearer to her than all the Methodist orthodoxy possessed by the Georgia village girls, for whom Sunday school and prayer meeting were the leading social functions of the week.

"Cousin Jessie," said Arthur abruptly, "I believe I am homesick. It is a beautiful country you have out here, but I want to see the red hills of Georgia."

To the little bluff where she and Arthur Kimbrough had last talked together, a week before, Kate Hatherton came alone one afternoon. The laughing of merry girls and the hum of women's voices were heard below, and her sketchbook, the excuse for her solitude here, lay unopened by her side. She was a little paler than was usual with

her, perhaps, and there were faint circles under her eyes. But no one had noticed any change in her during the last few days, and it was she who had proposed this picnic party. No one knew of the long sleepless hours at night, the blank wonder and benumbing despair that had overcome her as the days passed which hid the possibility of explanation forever out of sight. Mrs. Hatherton had been ill for several days, in spite of the healing waters, and the girl's hands were fortunately full, in waiting upon her. Today, however, her mother was better, and she was released. They were to leave the Springs on the next day.

Kate looked toward the mountains and remembered her thought on that other afternoon. Well, she was done with life now, as well as with love. For her mother, at least, should have the desire of her heart, and Kate had promised yesterday to enter the old convent immediately after the death of the woman who had befriended her. Nothing mattered very much now, she thought, and she would do it if only for gratitude. "Though I could never have done it," she murmured to herself, "if he had stayed."

She did not blame Arthur. A burning sense of shame came over her at the thought that she had so far misunderstood an impersonal question. But he

had understood her, she supposed, and had left to spare her further mortification. The thought had been almost unbearable at first; but now it, like everything else, seemed of less and less importance, in the dull apathy that was stealing over her. She looked long over the hills toward Kibesillah, and perhaps some of the peace and strength of which she had thought in a happier hour did come to her now. She saw her life stretching out through the gray years,—long days of devotion and the performance of dull duties, with only the teaching of little children to keep her in touch with the lives of ordinary men and women. But her mother—she loved to call her so—would be satisfied, and she rebelled no longer in spirit. The future years were distinct before her consciousness, and by prophetic vision. Yet even at that hour it was a kindly fate that kept from her all prescience of how short a time she was to possess the only substitute she had ever known for a mother's love; of how soon the convent walls were to close upon all possibility of fuller understanding of the past, or of new hopes for the future.

She heard them calling from below at length, and rose to leave the spot forever, the steadfast light of her eyes undaunted, but the smile no longer lingering in their gray depths.

Victor Shanet.

BEAUTY FROM UGLINESS.

IN BARNYARD muck may hide the quickening grain
Whence springs the rarest flower by nature wrought:
In uncouth head may dwell the gestate brain
That giveth birth to finest human thought,

Carrie Blake Morgan.

EARLY CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS.

BEAR AND BULL FIGHTS AT RECESS.

Y first schooling in this State was in American Valley, Plumas County, early in 1855, and the next nearest school was at Bidwell Bar, fifty-three miles distant. It was the only school in what is now Plumas, Lassen, and Modoc counties, an area of seventy-five hundred square miles, as

large as the combined States of Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island, and which now contains over five thousand children.

The next year a school was opened in the town of Quincy and was taught by a queer-looking, hump-backed but kind-hearted little man, known as Daddy Loran. The site of the schoolhouse is now occupied by the Plumas Hotel. Near the schoolhouse stood during a part of one summer a large wooden edifice that had great attractions for us. It was a circular wooden pen thirty or forty feet across, with circles of high seats around it. Within this enclosure there was to be a combat between a wild Mexican bull and three bears. Two of these bears were owned by a playmate named William Yates, son of Sheriff James H. Yates. He had reared the young bears and would sit down between them, feeding first one and then the other with lumps of sugar, while the rest of us stood at a respectful distance, preferring to make their acquaintance at longer range. They were kept chained to trees, but at last became so savage that it was dangerous to approach them and they were sold to be

turned loose in the big pen against Chichuachua, the bull. The latter was a lithe, active, tawny, sharp-horned vicious brute, fully as dangerous as any wild animal. From our acquaintance with the two smaller bears and the bull we felt a deep interest in the fight. The fourth animal was a full grown and very savage bear that had recently been caught.

On the day the contest took place every schoolboy was on hand and sat in the highest row of seats, so as to have the best place to see and at the same time be out of danger. Hundreds of miners, fully one half of whom wore revolvers or large bowie-knives slung to their leather belts, filled the circle. The betting was all in favor of the bears.

We had watched the big bear brought to town, had seen his huge cage placed near the arena, had keenly inspected from the topmost rail of a high fence the driving of the wild bull into the small corral near the big pen, and our expectations were wrought to the highest point. We had heard much of the savage bears and their tremendous powers, but we knew the bull well and had faith in his long, sharp horns. When the big wooden doors of the cages were lifted and the bears shuffled forth with their hair on end, making them look twice as big as they really were, we began to feel Chichuachua had more than met his match, but the bull did not think so. Without a second's hesitation he made a dash for the big grizzly, and a terrible fight ensued, in which the bull's head and nose

were torn and bitten and his body was ripped and gashed.

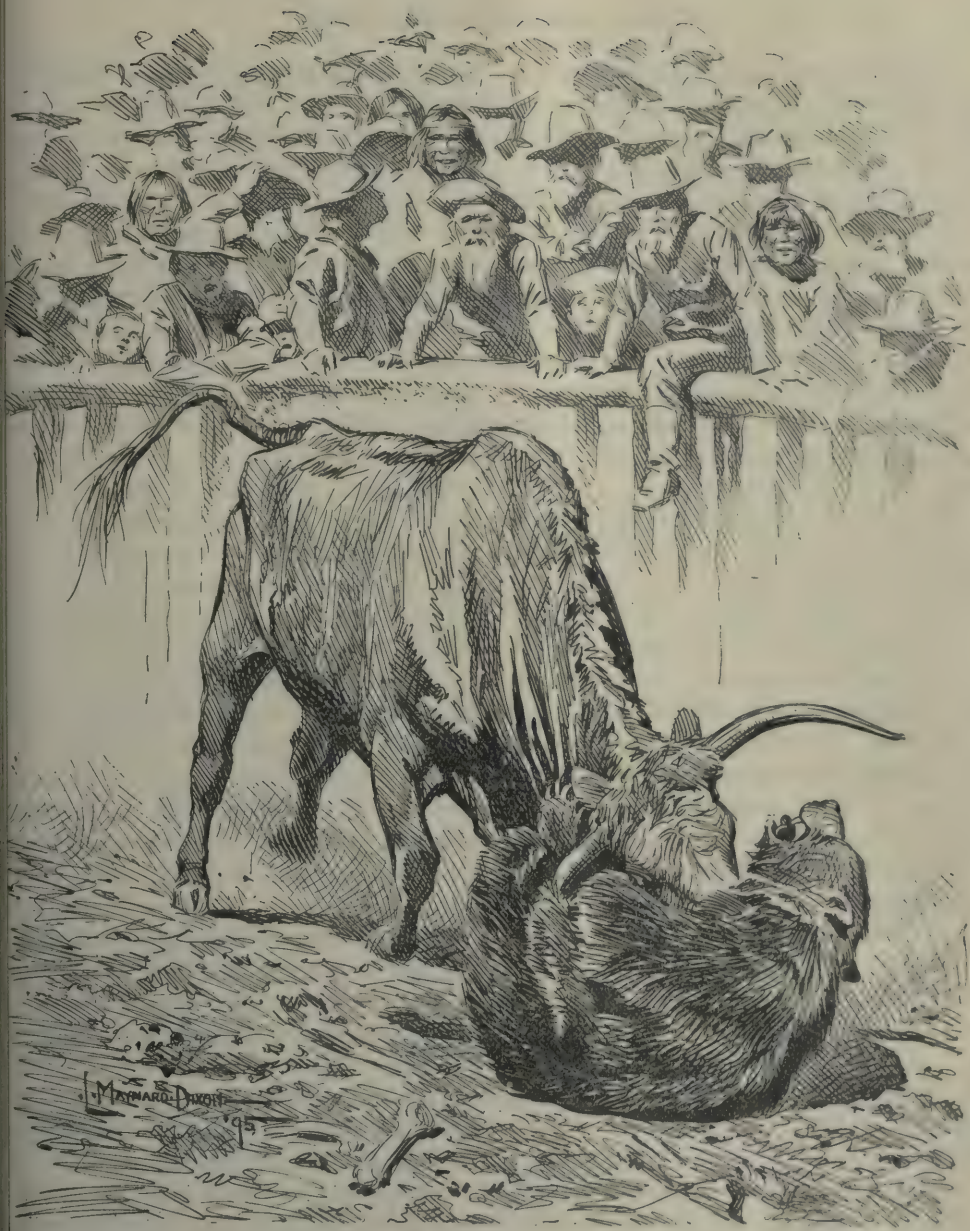
While every eye was fixed upon the combatants, one of the smaller bears dug a hole beneath the edge of the ring and made for the thickly-wooded cañon back of the little town. Within a moment fifty men and every boy, with at least a dozen dogs, were in pursuit. The bear was at last treed and shot, and by the time the body was brought back in triumph the fight in the big pen was over, and Chichuachua was the victor.

The crowd of miners sought the nearest saloon, which was in the American Hotel, filled the bar-room, and lined the long piazza in front of the dining-room. The vaqueros now undertook to drive the bull back to the pasture, but he was in such a violent rage that when he saw the crowd of men on the porch of the hotel, he made a dash for them, scattering all right and left and then sprang into the bar-room.

Some of the miners broke out through the doors and windows, others crawled under the billiard table, and others on top of or behind the counter. The bull rushed out through the rear door and off toward the cattle in the pasture. During the remainder of the summer the bull and bear pen was our favorite playground, and one of the favorite games was to imitate the fight we had here witnessed.

Daddy Logan was a firm believer in good spelling, and when winter set in we had an evening spelling school once a week. I had to walk two miles to school, but the spelling school was the one mental excitement, so I did not mind the walk of eight miles a day when the eventful night came, although I was not counted among the best spellers. During these evening walks we often heard coyotes and wolves howling but were never molested.

In 1857-'79 I was living on Rich Bar, the most prosperous and thickly populated mining camp in Plumas County. Within a few miles were Indian Hill, of which the schoolhouse stood, Negro Bar, Missouri Bar, Smith's Bar, Smith's Hill, Long Bar, Junction Bar, Oak Flat, and other mining camps. While there were over a thousand miners gathered here, there were but seven families and a limited number of children. Wilder Gates was the efficient teacher. The building was a common log cabin with a big wooden door, two small windows without glass, and the cracks between the logs were chinked with clay. Our desks were long slabs turned rounded side down and fastened to the sides of the building. The seats were similar slabs with sticks for legs. These slabs were cut from logs with whip saws, there being no sawmills within a long distance and not a wagon road within many miles. Supplies of all kind were packed on the backs of mules. We used old-fashioned foolscap paper, wrote with goose quill pens made with a knife by Mr. Gates, and shook black sand from a tin box over our writing to prevent it from blotting. Blotting paper to us was unknown. No two arithmetics or geographies were alike, but most of us had McGuffey's readers and the Webster spelling book. Our games partook of the occupation of the miners. We had a little quartz mill run by water power from the ditch that was near the schoolhouse, ran tunnels into the deep red clay of Indian Hill, had miniature sluices with sets of riffles in them, and quite often picked up pieces of gold from our play mining. The gravel on Rich Bar was so rich that it was then being worked for the third time. When the first miners struck it in 1851 it was fabulously rich, and men could make from one hundred to five hundred dollars a day, yet so avaricious were some of the men that within two



"A TERRIBLE FIGHT ENSUED"

days after reaching the spot a gambling game was started, although there was not a house nor even a tent on the bar.

A big reservoir was situated not far from the log schoolhouse, and the dam was made of heavy pine logs. These logs were filled in summer with nests of

yellow-jackets. It was a game to throw rocks at the logs until the yellow-jackets were thoroughly aroused, and then the more daring of the boys would run across the narrow footpath on top of the dam, which usually resulted in their being stung from one to three times.

None of us had ever seen a church, and during the years that I lived there we heard but two sermons. Sunday, most of the miners came into the little town to sell their gold dust, buy supplies of all kinds, gamble, and get drunk. Footracing, jumping, and all kinds of sports, took place on Sunday. Miners were liberal with their money and I recall on one occasion when a company gave a theatrical performance that the spectators threw half-dollars on the stage where a girl was dancing until the stage was nearly covered.

To gather fruit we had to climb a mountain six or seven thousand feet high, where wild plums were found. One of the cruel sights of those days was the driving of beef cattle from the mountain valleys and shutting them up in strong corrals for several days without a mouthful of food ere they were slaughtered. I have known the last animal to be kept five days without anything to eat.

Illustrating early schools and the use of firearms, I remember that one of the parents came to the teacher, Mr. Gates, with some complaint, and in the dispute threatened to whip him. Mr. Gates promptly drew a large revolver when the man prudently retreated.

From Rich Bar I moved in 1859 to Indian Valley. The mines here were quartz and none in the valley itself. Here our games again partook of the occupations of the people. We each had a pair of spurs and leggins, and each owned a lariat or rawhide. Every boy was an expert rider, and we helped drive cattle, brand colts and calves, and practised upon pigs, chickens, and each other, with the lariats until we were proficient. We rode on the saw logs that floated in the mill-race, fished, swam, and in winter coasted down the hills on sleds or on the long Norwegian snowshoes. No one who has not lived in the high Sierra can form

an idea to what extent these shoes are used in winter. About La Porte, Howland Flat, Port Wine, Gibsonville, Morristown, and other localities in Pluma and Sierra counties, from five to seven thousand feet in altitude the snow falls from ten to twenty-five feet deep, and if the schools are open in winter the teachers and pupils must all travel on these snowshoes. It is an odd sight to see near the schoolhouse twenty or thirty pairs of these shoes stuck on end in the snow until the pupils are dismissed.

The games in these localities often consist of snowshoe racing, and so great is the speed attained on a good track and with the most expert runners that a mile a minute is made. In the mountain valleys sleighing and skating are among the sports, but in the high mountains there is too much snow, for roads cannot be kept open. Even the horses attached to the mail sleighs must go on snowshoes round ones of rubber and iron, larger than a dinner plate, and the animals can only go in a walk with these on their feet.

At Prattville, where I taught, fishing was one of the most common sports, but the manner was rather novel. One boy used a long sharp spear as he knelt in the bows of a huge Indian dug-out, a second kept the fire of fat pine faggots replenished, while a third would paddle the boat to the best fishing grounds. I have seen hundreds of fish caught in this way during a single night. Professor Joel Snell says this plan of fishing was quite common in Modoc County, at the head of Fall River, and occasionally nearly the whole school would go to Big Springs, at the head of the stream, and spend almost the entire night in spearing fish from boats.

Mr. Snell says the first school he attended was in the Sacramento Valley, and he and a playmate named Louisa

EARLY CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS.

Wilkinson each had a pet antelope that accompanied them to school. The animals would feed about the schoolhouse, play with the dogs, and make themselves at home generally, until school was dismissed, when they would follow them home as contentedly as a dog. During the high water of 1861 both of these animals sought refuge on the highest ground near the Snell residence, but the flood grew so great they were swept off and drowned.

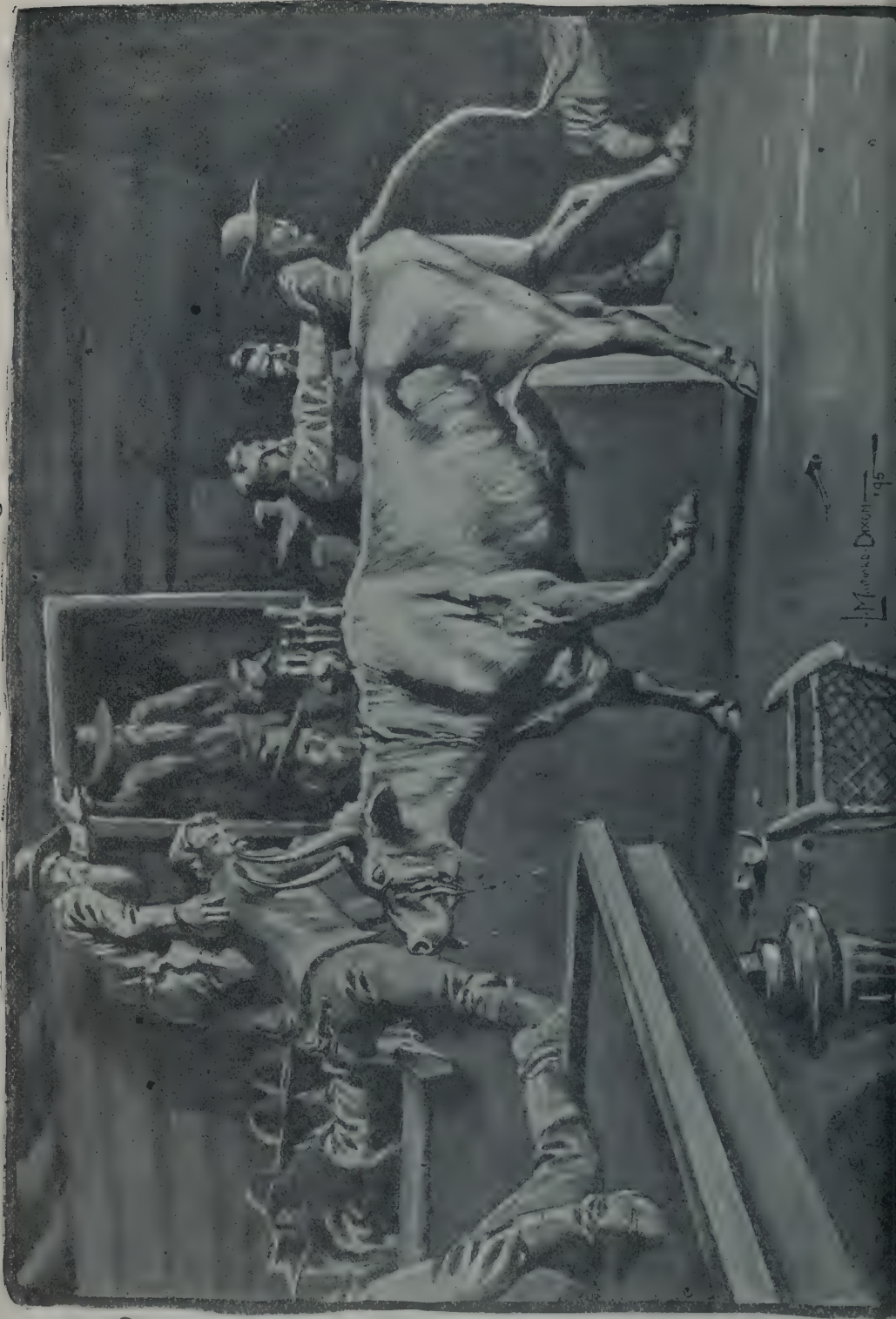
In the backwoods district wild animals were frequently seen by pupils going to school or returning. I have often seen deer on my way to school, as well as foxes, coyotes, and other animals. Miss Mary Snell taught at Danaville and crossed over to Soldier Meadows at times on snowshoes, the distance being between eight and nine miles. She rarely made a trip that she did not see deer, twice saw bears, and once saw a California lion. Miss Kate Hutchins while teaching at Lovelock in Butte County saw a bear not a great distance from the schoolhouse, and Superintendent of Schools G. H. Stout of Butte killed two California lions near his schoolhouse at Yankee Hill. During one summer I taught in Red Clover Valley near Beckwith Pass. Squirrels were numerous and two or three used to come into the schoolhouse when the door was left open. They would get into the children's dinner pails and eat portions of their lunch. One boy tied a paper over his pail but this a squirrel tore off, then he got a tin cover. After trying in vain to scratch this off, a squirrel apparently in a fit of anger ran under the seat and bit the boy's bare foot. Quails and sage hens were often seen near the schoolhouse.

Professor Snell tells us that at Cedarville in Modoc County a large new brick schoolhouse had been finished, and on the first day of school a number of boys

found a large quantity of dynamite and giant caps that had been left in a closet by the contractors. One of the boys was just in the act of exploding a cap when the Professor caught his arm. Another second and the cap would have fired, which would have caused the explosion of the other caps and the box of dynamite, and killed every boy and wrecked the schoolhouse. At Sisson he found half a dozen boys engaged in loading a cannon that had been left there the year before by a party of soldiers. Believing the sport would result in serious accidents, he took a file and effectually spiked the gun.

Something over thirty years ago I taught in Taylorville, Plumas County, and the children wanted me to get up a Christmas tree for the school. With the help of Robert Hayden, a young friend, I got the tree, set it up, and then asked some lady friends to help decorate it. The presents began to pour in rapidly. A lawyer consented to make the required speech, and the brass band to play. For a Santa Claus Hayden made a cloth mask, got a bright red blanket and an Indian head-dress, and secreted himself at a seasonable hour in the top of the schoolhouse. A trap door opened directly over the tree, and when the right moment came he was seen amid the upper branches of the Christmas tree. Some of the children were greatly frightened, for the head-dress and bright red blanket were by no means suggestive of the traditional Santa Claus.

There have been many changes in the schools of this State since I was a school boy. The short and irregular terms, the poor accommodations, the diversity of school-books, the crude apparatus, have all given way to better and more useful things in the schoolrooms. Only the common studies were then taught, the teacher wrote our copies, there were



M. M. DIXON '95

blackboards, the terms lasted but three months in a year, and children frequently had to ride six or eight miles to school. In order to attend the last school went to it was necessary to ride two and a half miles. I got up at four o'clock, milked a number of cows, attended to the ordinary chores about the house and dairy, and then rode to school. When the hour for dismissal came I

saddled my horse, rode home, and then a mile and a half beyond to drive up the cows, and then helped milk them. A lot of grain had been cut and bound into bundles but these had to be "shocked," so this work was done by moonlight in order not to miss school the next day. It took us more than a week to get the grain all up, but I did not miss a day from school.

S. S. Boynton.

DOMINOES, THE NATIONAL GAME OF CHINA.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINALS IN THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE game of dominoes is one of the universal games in China, where games fill a place now almost unknown under the changed conditions of our Western life, and furthermore exists in a complexity and perfection not even suggested by its European counterpart. Chinese dominoes are a direct inheritance from primitive conditions, and were manifestly inspired by primitive modes of thought. No record has been found of their invention, the earliest reference to them being that in a petition to the Emperor in 20 A.D., praying that the form of the game be fixed as it exists at the present day. And no trustworthy record need be sought of their invention; for it is likely they were invented as a game. They arose indeed, like many another game, in the practise of divination, in which they were implements of magic; implements for determining numbers and hence place. The system in which they were employed dealt with the essences of things, of which number was a most sig-

nificant part. Their dots, in orderly permutation, were the symbols of the world quarters, and of the cosmical powers, through the interaction of which all things had their being. Combined at random, under propitious influences, they disclosed numbers, which, correctly interpreted, furnished a clew to the profoundest secrets of the universe.

The common Chinese name for dominoes is *kwat p'ai*, or "bone tablets," a name which, although they are now



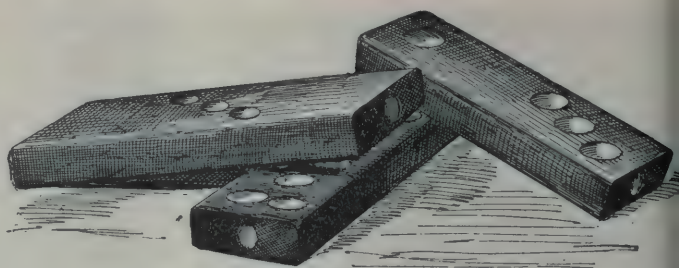
KOREAN SINGING GIRLS PLAYING DOMINOES WITH GUESTS.

generally made of wood, points to their original material. They are also called *nga p'ai*, "ivory tablets," and sometimes *tim ts' p'ai*, "dotted tablets." They are now made of teak wood, or of an imitation of teak wood, of bamboo, bone, or ivory, or of bone and wood conjoined, like common European dominoes. Two sizes exist: a large kind of teak, peculiar to Kwangtung and southern China, in which the pieces measure about two and five eighths inches long by seven eighths of an inch wide and three eighths of an inch thick, and a smaller kind, of bone or bamboo, about an inch long by seven eighths of an inch wide and one half inch thick.

The distinctive peculiarity of Chinese dominoes does not lie, however, in their form or material, but in their marks. They differ from the European game in the absence of the blanks, a set comprising twenty-one different pieces, formed by the permutations of two dice. (Fig. 2.) In the common form of Chinese dominoes, as ordinarily sold, eleven of the twenty-one pieces are duplicated, making thirty-two pieces in the complete set. The duplication of these pieces constitutes the chief problem presented by the game.

A remarkable characteristic of Chinese dominoes is found in the names applied to the pieces. It was by reason of the curiosity excited by these names, which will be seen to be more than merely suggestive and descriptive, that I was led to the study and investigation of games generally.

In the first place the twenty-one dominoes are divided into two series or suites, which are respectively known as *Man*, "Civil," and *Mò*, "Military." The *Man* pieces in the order of their rank are:—



TEAK WOOD DOMINOES, KWANGTUNG, CHINA.

- 6-6, called *t'in*, "Heaven."
- 1-1, called *ti*, "Earth."
- 4-4, called *yan*, "Man."
- 1-3, called *wo*, "Harmony."
- 5-5, called *mui*, "Plum" (flower.)
- 3-3, called *ch'ung sam*, "Long three."
- 2-2, called *pan tang*, "Bench."
- 5-6, called *fu t'au*, "Tiger's head."
- 4-6, called *hung t'au shap*, "Red head ten."
- 1-6, called *ko keuk ts'at*, "Long leg seven."
- 1-5, called *kung ch'ui luk*, "Red mallet six."

The *Mò* pieces are:—

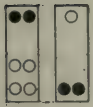
- 2-4 and 1-2, called *chi tsum*, "Supreme."
- 6-3 and 4-5, called *tsap kau*, "Heterogeneous nines."
- 6-2 and 5-3, called *tsap pat*, "Heterogeneous eights."
- 4-3 and 5-2, called *tsap ts'at*, "Heterogeneous sevens."
- 1-4 and 2-3, called *tsap 'ng'*, "Heterogeneous fives."

In the ordinary set of thirty-two pieces intended for playing the game to be described as "Heavens and Nines," the eleven pieces of the *Man* suit are duplicated. In this game they mate each with its duplicate, while the *Mò* or Military dominoes, mate as shown above, with reference to the sum of their spots. In "Heavens and Nines," the pieces 2-4 and 1-2, called "Supreme," are together the highest, and separately, the lowest, of the Military series.

It is to this game of *T'in kau*, or "Heavens and Nines," that I assign the first place, both as a game and as an object of antiquarian research among the many Chinese domino games. So perfect are its mechanical details, so rapid and dramatic its unfolding and development, so

武子

文子



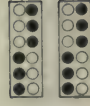
至尊



雜九



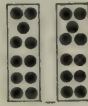
板樅



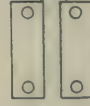
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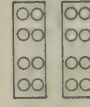
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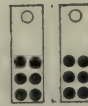
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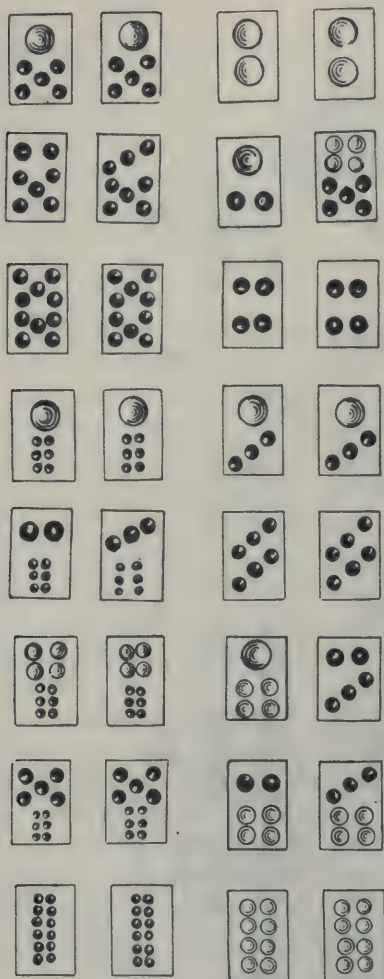
CHINESE DOMINOES, WITH NAMES, SHOWING METHOD OF PAIRING IN GAME OF HEAVENS AND NINES.

air its chances, and so subtle its finesse, that it may be regarded as an ideal game, and one that with a modified nomenclature might be adopted by us as an agreeable pastime. I have played the game experimentally, substituting our ordinary cards for dominoes, but much of its charm is lost in the abandonment of the Chinese domino pieces. Indeed, as thus played it is distinctly inferior to our game of euchre, of which it is a prototype.

"Heavens and Nines" is the favorite social game of the Chinese laborers in the United States and is often played in the shops after dinner, where all who happen

to be present will gather around the table and watch the four players. It is an animated game. The players cry aloud as they play and the sharp click of the long wooden dominoes as they are whirled in shuffling or piled rapidly one on another, adds to the noise.

A single set of thirty-two dominoes, such as are sold in all our Chinese shops, are used in the game. They are arranged face down in a stack four high, forming eight piles of four pieces. One of the players throws two dice and counts around to determine who shall be first player. He is called *tsò chong*, and usually places some



KOREAN DOMINOES.

object on the table before him to determine his position. A disk of wood inscribed with the character *chong* frequently accompanies sets of dominoes for this purpose. The first player takes two piles of dominoes. If the dice fall near one end of the stack, he takes the two piles at that end; the player on his right, the next two piles; the third player to the right, the next two, and the fourth player, the remaining. But if the dice fall near the middle of the stack, the first player takes the two middle rows; the player on his right, the piles on the right and left

of the middle ones; the third player, the piles outside of these, and the fourth player, the piles at the ends. The first player leads and may play out from one to four pieces. One piece of a suit may be led, and a higher piece of the same suit is required to take it, or one or both pieces of the first, second, third, or fourth pair of either suit may be led with one or both pieces of the corresponding pair of the other suit, and two, three, or four pieces of higher corresponding pairs is required to take them. That is, one or both of the 6-6 may be led with one or both of the pair 6-3, 4-5, and the pair 1-1, with one or both of the pair 6-2, 5-3, and vice versa.

The other players follow from right to left, playing as many pieces as are led, which they put on top of those on the table, if they are higher, or below, if they are lower, than those already played. They are not required to follow suit. The player who takes the last round wins the game. He becomes the *tsò chong* for the next game. It is required of the winner, however, that he take at least two tricks, so that if only one piece is led on the last round, a player who has not won a trick is not allowed to take it, and the game goes to the next highest player. Heavens and Nines is invariably played for money, although regarded more as a social recreation than as a means of gambling. A trick counts one point, for which any sum may be agreed upon. At the end of each game the players pay the winner according to the number of tricks they have taken. A holder of four or more tricks pays nothing, of three tricks, for one point; of two tricks, two points; of one trick, three points; and one who does not take a trick, for five points. The first player or *tsò chong*, however, pays twice the amount when he loses, and gains double when he wins, and so

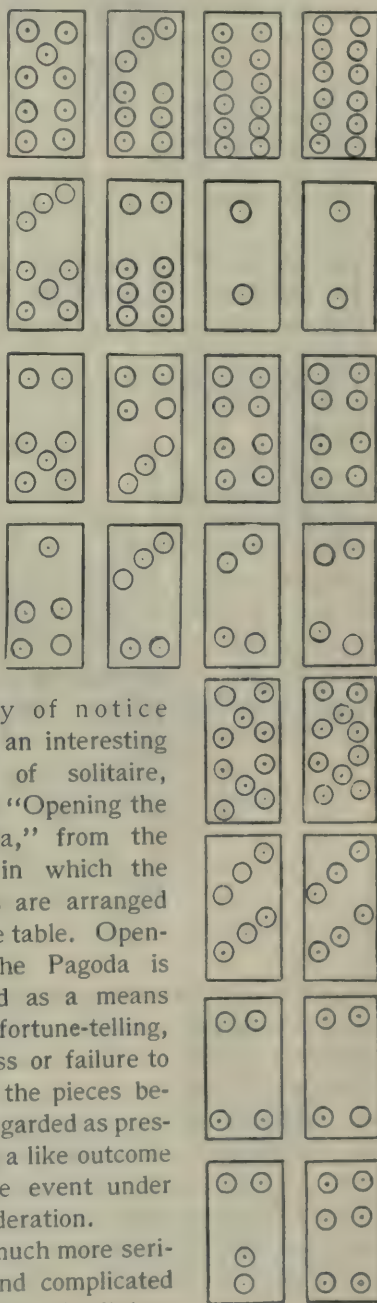
on throughout the game, paying and receiving in every case twice as much as the other players. Should the *tsò chong*, through winning the last round, hold his position over into the next game, his gains and losses are then in the ratio of three to one to those of the other players. In the third game they would be as four to one, and so on.

If any player except the first player wins a round with the pairs 2-4, 1-2, called "Supreme," the first player must pay him four times, and the other players twice the sum agreed upon for one point, but if the first player takes a round with the Supreme, the other players must pay him four times the value of a point.

If any player except the first takes a round with four pieces of two corresponding pairs, the first player pays him eight times, and the other players four times the value of a point, but if the first player takes the round, the other players pay him eight times the value of a point. If a player takes two rounds with the Supreme or with two corresponding pairs in two successive games, the amounts that must be paid him by the others are doubled, and if he takes three such rounds in successive games, they are trebled. In gambling houses, the winner of a round with the Supreme must put the value of one point, and the winner with two corresponding pairs, of two points, in a box for the house. This constitutes the only revenue derived by gambling houses from the game.¹

Heavens and Nines, a game for four players, is not one that finds favor in Chinese gambling houses, where dominoes are played more openly than the equally popular *Fàn t'án*. A game for a larger number of players, the name of

which may be translated as "Making Tens," is there universal. Of all the other games that are played or known to our Chinese residents, one alone seems

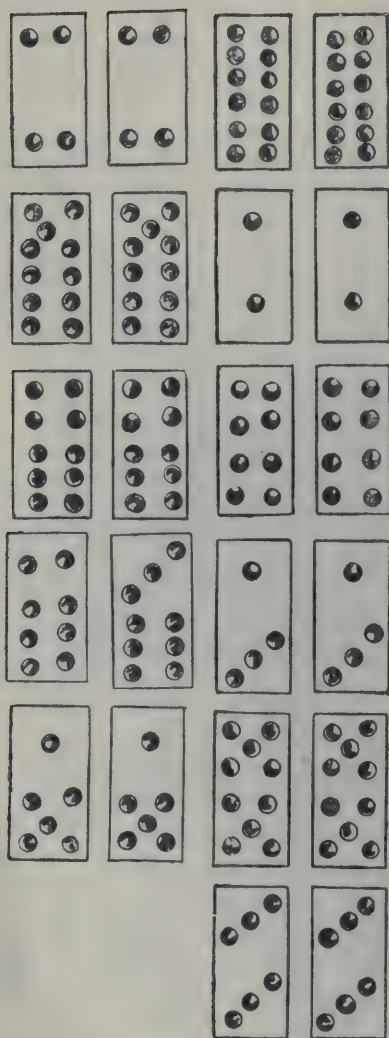


worthy of notice here, an interesting form of solitaire, called "Opening the Pagoda," from the way in which the pieces are arranged on the table. Opening the Pagoda is played as a means of fortune-telling, success or failure to mate the pieces being regarded as presaging a like outcome to the event under consideration.

A much more serious and complicated method of divination with dominoes is

BURMESE DOMINOES.

¹I have extracted the foregoing rather lengthy account from my paper on 'Chinese Games with Dice and Dominoes,' to be published in the "Report of the U. S. National Museum" for 1893, with the belief that some may be tempted to purchase a set of Chinese dominoes, and learn this ancient game.



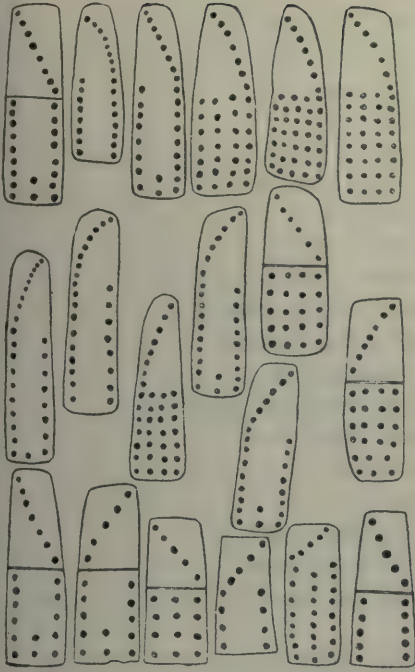
SIAMESE DOMINOES.

occasionally practised by our Chinese. A hand-book giving rules for its correct performance is sold in some of the Chinese shops, and occasionally, a sagacious merchant or physician may be found who will admit some knowledge of the art. A belief in the efficiency of this method of forecasting the future is very general, and it is looked upon as one of the respectable methods of fortune-telling.

The dominoes referred to in the fore-

going have been the long wooden dominoes of Southern China. An examination of the collection made by Mr. W. H. Wilkinson, H. B. M. Consul at Chemulpo, Korea, in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, shows that in addition to the smaller dominoes of wood and bone in sets of thirty-two, there are highly complicated games comprising over one hundred pieces, with emblems consisting not only of dots, but symbols copied from playing cards, the names of the chess pieces, and what appears on first acquaintance, a bewildering variety of signs and characters referring to almost everything under heaven. These complicated games represent only expansions of a fundamental idea. They were originally the emblems of cosmical phenomena and retain many suggestions of their primeval import.

The study of the games of China, like that of its religions and customs, can be prosecuted to the best advantage in connection with that of the neighboring countries that have borrowed of its culture. Scarcely more than a tradition of the Chinese game of dominoes exists in Japan, where the European game has been recently introduced. It is far different in Korea, where Chinese dominoes under the name of *kol-hpai*, or "bone-tablets," or the even more suggestive name of *ho-hpai*, "barbarian," or "Chinese tablets," are more popular than in their native country. Intricate, too, as the Chinese games appear, they are less complicated than the Korean, the most popular of which is nearly akin to the Chinese system of fortune-telling. They are a favorite pastime with the *ki-saing*, or so called singing girls, who occupy the place of the Japanese *gaisha* in Korea, and while not a respectable and classical game like chess, are the solace of all classes, not excepting scholars and officials.



ESKIMO DOMINOES.

It is interesting to trace the Chinese domino game westward among the people of Asia. The Malays have borrowed it, and the Burmese and Shans play it,

while it occurs in Siam with a Chinese name, although the number of pieces varies from that now current in China.

Many years ago the eminent Chinese scholar, Doctor Gustav Schlegel of Leiden, pointed out that the European game was without doubt borrowed from China. I have long endeavored to find some intermediary link between the East and West, or some record of its first appearance in Europe, but without success. It seems to date from a recent period in Europe. German authorities say it was introduced into Germany through France from Italy about the middle of the last century. It was brought into England by French prisoners of war at the close of the last century. Of all its many transformations none are more curious than that found among the Eskimo of Hudson's Straits. Their walrus ivory pieces, copied, it is thought, from the European game played by whalers, are scarcely recognizable, and suggest more than a passing reflection upon the changes that counters in games, no less than much we esteem more highly, though haply of lighter import, pass, in the unsparing hand of the ages.

Stewart Culin.

A BREATH.

OUT of the garden came a little breeze,
 Filled with the odors of Hesperides.
 So sweet the breath, that by me idly went,
 My aching heart was filled with sweet content.

Clarence Hawkes.

MAZATLAN.



DREAM of great rocks, rising rough and sheer
Above the trembling azure of the sea ;—
Of long green lines of waves that listlessly
Break in slow foam, then slip away in fear,
Or hide themselves in rock-pools, crystal-clear.
I dream of long white paths that, from the sea,
Climb the gray Mother Range unwillingly,
Through straggling ranks of palms and pines austere,
To summer lands where the slow days go by,
Each as it must, but most reluctantly ;—
Of black mantillas that but seem to hide
Dark eyes undarkened by the deepest night ;—
All this my dream ;—but ever at my side,
Thou, with the midnight eyes by love made bright.

We stand tonight on an enchanted shore ;
The warm slow pulse of the great summer sea
Rises and falls below us ceaselessly,
Beating its one grand rhythm evermore.
See where before us the stark moonlight falls
On Isla Blanca's bare volcanic walls,
A shapeless monster breaking from the deep,
Lashing the waves in rising from its sleep ;
Yonder in open ocean, hand in hand,
In solemn row, the three Venados stand,
Vast and impossible in the moonbeams white,
As they were "flying islands of the night."
Here Cerro Cruz her iron cross uplifts
Triumphant over her reluctant cliffs ;
Beside her, armed Vixia, dim and dun,
Defends the harbor with her single gun.
Low at her feet half hid in sea mists gray
Shine far the four stars of the Cross of May.
Beyond her headland with the palm-tree lone
Flashes the beacon-light of tall Creston,
The last and haughtiest of the craggy horde
Sierra Madre sends forth oceanward.
Behind us lies the town, in slumber deep,
Still and unrestless,—as to thee and me
Man and his struggles all had ceased to be,
Or by some spell were bound in endless sleep,

Leaving us only—on enchanted ground—
 Us twain together, where there comes no sound
 Save the warm pulse-throb of the tropic sea,
 In the white moonlight beating ceaselessly.

Perchance, dear heart, it may be, you and I,
 In some far azure of Infinity
 Shall find together an enchanted shore
 When Life and Death and Time shall be no more,
 Leaving Love only and Eternity ;
 For Love shall last, though all else pass away,
 Those harsh task-masters that made up Today,
 Till each concession Time from Life has wrung
 Like outworn garment from the Soul be flung,
 And it shall stand erect, no longer bent,
 Slave to the lash of its environment!
 When the vast Earth we know, shall shrink, at last,
 To some bare Isla Blanca of the past,
 A rock unnoted, in the boundless sea,
 Whose solemn pulse-beat marks Eternity.

David Starr Jordan.

Mazatlan, January 19, 1895.



The Horse Show.

THERE is no question in the world but that an institution like the Horse Show, as we saw it at the Mechanics' Pavilion last December, can boast more beneficial results for one great industry in this State than any one thing that ever happened. Its repetition this December goes to establish the fact that horse owners of the State acknowledge what Mr. Henry J.

Crocker's idea did for them, and are anxious to take part in a second exhibition. Of course it goes without saying that had not the horse buyers and owners received benefit from the first display a second would be an impossibility. Even its success as a society event would not make up for a lack of the more permanent and substantial results. Mr. Crocker, almost single-handed, organized and managed the first Horse Show and did what our "Merchants and Pro-

ducers' Association" and "Half Million Club" have with blare of trumpets been striving to do, put at least one California industry squarely before the world. The coming Horse Show promises to outrival its brilliant predecessor.

**Consular
Reform
(?)**

MR. CLEVELAND has made a big bid for a certain class of praise by placing some of the smaller consular offices under the Civil Service regulation. Mr. Cleveland is obtaining his reward for his virtuous deed from a few mugwump papers that know about as much about the Consular Service and its requirements as Horace Greeley did about farming. Putting up a row of school books as a bar to the scheming politician is absurd. Competitive examinations will no more keep bad men out of the service than they will put good men in. What it will do, and what Mr. Cleveland expects it to do, is to take all responsibility from his shoulders for his appointments. There would never be any difficulty in obtaining good men and gentlemen, for the Consular and Diplomatic Service if the President did what he is paid to do—look into the career and qualifications of every applicant before appointment and hold in office a man when he has proven himself a success.

A thorough turning over and out once in ten years would be a benefit to the English or French Consular Service. What our Consular Service needs is men of affairs, not scholars, but it will never get them by any method as long as the pay is so pitiable. Mr. Cleveland's little move may be considered a joke.

**Gold
not
Necessary.**

THE OVERLAND would be glad if every one of its many readers would read carefully and honestly Senator Stewart's masterly paper in this number on Silver. There is a large class in this country of intelligent voters and tax-payers who dismiss the silver question as in the past they dismissed the slavery and the tariff questions the remark,—“It is too deep for me.” Day after day the same tax-payers will wade through column after column of the Durrant Trial stuff and fathom a mystery, to their own satisfaction, that has puzzled our best lawyers for months. It will only take half an hour to go through Senator Stewart's paper, and you won't mind that after you have once started; for it is as interesting as it is convincing. Read it, and the silver question will not remain such an awful mystery, even if you do not agree with all the distinguished writer may say.



Degeneration.¹

THE author of this remarkable book very clearly defines for his readers, in his dedication, the scope and aim of the work. Morel, soon fol-

¹ Degeneration. By Max Nordau. D. Appleton & Company: New York: 1895.

lowed by Lombroso of Turin, sought for light on many obscure points of sociology. They claim to have found it in the notion of the gradual degenerating process of evil parents and loose moral surroundings. Here Nordau, an ardent admirer of these renowned professors, takes up

the line of thought, and in trenchant and relentless style attempts to show that degenerates are not always criminals, prostitutes, anarchists, and pronounced lunatics; but are often authors and artists. These latter manifest the same mental characteristics and for the most part the same somatic features as those who satisfy their unhealthy impulses with the knife of the assassin or the bomb of the dynamiter, instead of with pen and pencil. Into Art and Literature's domain Nordau pushes his inquiry. It is a fierce criticism of some of the best known and admired authors and painters. He acknowledges "that some among these degenerates have in recent years come into extraordinary prominence and are revered by numerous admirers as creators of a new art and heralds of the coming centuries," but dauntlessly he attacks, and throws full light upon the tendencies of the fashions in art and literature, desiring to prove that these same tendencies have their source in the degeneracy of their authors, and to make clear to us poor mortals who have dared to grow enthusiastic over the authors and their works that we have been loudly praising manifestations more or less pronounced of moral insanity, imbecility, and dementia.

Nordau must not be ranked as a pessimist, nor as a dyspeptic. His record seems to show that his mind is of the brightest order, and that whilst he hates sham and sensuality, he looks with a cheerful spirit upon the world in general. His profession is that of a physician, but he finds time in a busy life to follow literature and himself to write books. Two of these, besides *Degeneration*, have been translated ably from the German into English; but it is to the last that he owes his fame among English readers. Evidently as he studied authors and artists he perceived the debasing tendency existent, and a matter which few will venture totally to deny, partly produced by the moral tone of the artists themselves, partly also by the tone of the age they minister to; and bringing his lore as a physician to bear upon the subject, he carried his inquiries out to an end seemingly satisfactory to himself and to many others in all parts of the world. No one can read the book without feeling that his idols have been rudely shaken. Some are broken forever; scarce one but suffers some loss. We up to now have freely praised masters of this age in literature and music and painting, but now we must be careful lest we find ourselves lauding vice and insanity. Many will not disagree with the author when he lays bare the moral degeneracy of

a Zola and a Swinburne,—but Richard Wagner, Tolstoi, Rossetti, and even Ruskin, amid many others, are not spared. Tennyson pleases this arch critic. Walt Whitman was mad, according to Lombroso, and his disciple endorses the statement. The work is divided into five books, the first dealing with the state of mind towards art today, the last as to what will be that state in the coming century if the degenerates have their way. The three other books deal each with one of the three forms of degeneracy in art, which Nordau gives as Mysticism, Ego Mania, and Realism.

The first he describes as "a state of mind in which the subject imagines that he perceives or divines unknown and unexplicable relations amongst phenomena, discerns in things hints at mysteries, and regards them as symbols, by which a dark power seeks to unveil, or at least to indicate all sorts of marvels, which he endeavors to guess, though generally in vain."

Of ego mania he says: "It is not from affection that I use this word instead of egoism and egoist. Egoism is a lack of amiability, a defect in education, but not a disease. The egoist is quite able to look after himself. The ego maniac is an invalid, who does not see things as they are, does not understand the world, and cannot take up a right attitude towards it." And elsewhere of the ego maniac it is said, "He neither knows nor takes interest in anything but himself: he has but one occupation, that of satisfying his appetites."

As to Realism or Naturalism Nordau deals shortly and contemptuously with it. He declares that it plays no part whatsoever in either art or literature. There is never any actual, accurate copy of reality. The only real thing is the personality of the author or the artist.

We are made happy in the conclusion by the assurance that the degenerates and the degeneration of this age cannot last nor survive into the next. "The hysteria of the present day will not last. People will recover from their present fatigue . . . The aberrations of art have no future."

And as to the manner of crushing the degenerates out of our midst, this is what our caustic author has to say, "The police cannot aid us. The public prosecutor and criminal judge are not the proper protectors of society against crime committed with pen and crayon. This is the efficacious treatment: characterization of the leading degenerates as mentally diseased; unmasking and stigmatizing of their imitators as

enemies to society ; cautioning the public against the lies of these parasites."

A useful index brings to a close a book that every one who has the opportunity should read, and for which few who have read have aught but praise.

Books by Doctor Joseph Rodes Buchanan.¹

TWO remarkable books lie on the Reviewer's table, the works of a remarkable man. They are scientific books in that high science that verges into philosophy,—which the present author prefers to call Theosophy, reclaiming the word from the disrepute into which it has fallen by the antics of Madam Blavatsky and her dupes. As science, a literary review may not presume to pass judgment on these books, and must content itself with giving in such space as is allowed, some small idea of their scope and contents.

Doctor Joseph Rodes Buchanan is not a new writer in his chosen field, his discoveries were first announced in 1841 and a list of his writings is quite formidable. His central thesis is that man has a soul, that the brain is the main organ of the soul, and the master organ of the body. Hence there is the most vital reason in an attempt to understand even the body, for studying the brain and the soul. Gall and Spurzheim made an attempt of this kind to localize in the brain some of the special organs of the various passions and abilities, and measurably succeeded, producing the science of phrenology. Doctor Buchanan goes much further, giving the functions of portions of the brain which are still considered unknown. He finds a real connection between the functions of the brain in mental acts and in the control of the whole physical system, and makes it valuable in diagnosing disease and treating both mental and bodily ailments. Fore-shadowings of this system are found in the "mental symptoms" of the homoeopaths. Examples of general recognition are not far to seek. The resolute hopefulness of the consumptive, who imagines he is getting better when it is sadly apparent to his friends that his hours are numbered, indicates an unmistakable connection between the lungs and that region of the brain where hope dwells. The gloom of the bilious man is an equally well known symptom. Continuing in this line, Doctor Buchanan develops a whole science, which he calls *Sarcognomy* and sets forth in his book *Therapeutic Sarcognomy*.

¹*Therapeutic Sarcognomy*. By Doctor Joseph Rodes Buchanan. Boston: J. G. Cupples Company. Third Edition. \$5.00.

Manual of Psychometry. *Ibid.* Boston: Frank H. Hodges: 1893. Fourth Edition. \$1.00.

The copy before us is of the third edition. It would be vain to attempt to give a synopsis of its 680 large pages, or even to indicate the wealth of experiment, of argument, and of example, it contains in support of Doctor Buchanan's new science. Few persons, interested at all in the subject, will fail to read it through ; for the style is good and the subjects are treated with the ease of a man not afraid of knowledge at first hand.

Therapeutic Sarcognomy appeals chiefly to the physician, and deals with its subject matter on the professional side. The other book to be noticed is of vastly more popular concern, and relates experiments which anybody can repeat and verify, and which, so verified, will introduce the reader into a marvelously interesting and important region of thought. *Psychometry*—"Soul measurement,"—opens with a sketch of the discovery made in 1841, and relates how Doctor Buchanan, then Dean of the Eclectic Medical College at Cincinnati, discovered that the virtues of medicines could be experienced by a great majority of his pupils by simply holding the drug (entirely unknown to the student, and wrapped in paper) in the hand. Violent medicines, as cathartics, emetics, and the like, so held for fifteen or twenty minutes, produced unmistakable symptoms on the part of most of the holders. A slight electric current helped the operation much. But something vastly more subtle was to come. Doctor Buchanan discovered, and verified by a multitude of experiments, that a letter, a drawing, or any other object that has had close personal contact with a person under strong mental activity, gives out an influence to a sensitive subject, so that held in the hand or pressed to the forehead, folded or covered so that no hint of the contents is otherwise given, it will reproduce the same mental action in the subject.

This power opens, if verified and established, unlimited fields for the most useful work in history, in the detection of crime, in the study of character, and in a multitude of other ways. At the very least the attempt to verify it affords an exciting and extremely interesting amusement, which may lead to results that are much more than amusing. Of course these experiments must be conducted in a careful way,—for the trifler can do nothing,—and they must be earnest,—for in mental phenomena even more than elsewhere, there are none so blind as those who won't see.

A fine portrait of Doctor Buchanan is given in the September *Arena*, where there is also an interesting article by him, on the subtler medical

ses and new discoveries in electricity, which has excited much interest by its novel and wonderful experiments. Doctor Buchanan has applied psychometry in extensive explorations of physiology and psychology, and also in biography and history. His discoveries in ancient history, which are quite sensational, will probably be given to the public in 1896. Professor Denison, the geologist, a follower of Doctor Buchanan, has published three very interesting volumes giving the applications of psychometry in geology and paleontology. Within the last ten years the subject has been taken up in France, and more recently in England by W. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*. The Boston *Arena* proposes to give further attention to the subject. In fact Psychometry has become a familiar subject to advanced thinkers all around the globe.

Balzac's "Two Brothers."¹

IT IS always a delight to turn to the first page of one of Balzac's stories with the knowledge that you have one, two, or three hours before you to give up entirely and solely to his wonderful imagery and perfect character painting. The author discovers "comedy" in "human life" but in that of *The Two Brothers*, the reader will fail to perceive much save tragedy. The story of the career of Phillipe and Joseph Bridau is told with a faithfulness of detail and adherence to fact, that leaves nothing to be guessed at. Phillipe, the elder brother, is the mother's pet, on whom she lavishes all a mother's love and pins her ambitions. He becomes a soldier under Napoleon, and at Waterloo he is a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Guards. He repays his mother's and younger brother's devotion by abusing their love, squandering their small fortune, and mocking at their distress. Joseph becomes an artist and rises in his profession, in spite of his mother's protest and his brother's jeers. No stronger or more revolting case of ingratitude has ever been depicted in fiction than this of the elder of the two brothers. Even when Phillipe had succeeded by fraud and murder to his uncle's property and become a Count and a personage at Court, he refused to aid or recognize his self-sacrificing mother for fear it would injure his position if his humble parentage were known. The story never flags in interest from beginning to end. It is one of Balzac's best. Miss Katharine Wormeley's translation is as usual, sympathetic and careful.

¹*The Two Brothers*. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1893.

Celia Thaxter's Letters.²

ADMIRERS of Mrs. Thaxter, the circle of the *Atlantic Monthly*, visitors to the Maine coast,—all these will be pleased to have the *Letters of Celia Thaxter* in book form. This number is by no means small, and will, it is to be hoped, exhaust the edition provided by the publishers. For, outside of them, the book will attract no great number of readers, and for Mrs. Thaxter's permanent or even present place in the world of letters, it would have been better had the book not been published.

No man is great to his valet, and when we are admitted to the presence of the lady as she sits in her wrapper and curl-papers, penning hasty notes to her friends at five o'clock in the morning, when we see her lack of "security to please" in her writings, her rather excessive gratitude to people of no great note for criticism on her work, and all the sordid detail of a narrow home life, that Mrs. Thaxter wisely kept out of writings published by herself, we can but think that her two friends have done her no great service.

Under the Red Flag.³

EDWARD KING, the well known correspondent and author, has written a semi-historical tale of three American boys' adventures during the insurrection of the Paris Commune in 1871. The author is not only well acquainted with Paris, which he graphically describes, but he saw the Commune from its beginning in the winter to its terrible ending in the following May. His little heroes are, of course, with Yankee curiosity, always where they should not be, and narrowly escape with their lives. The vein of humor that lightens the pages is of the good hearty sort that will be appreciated by all boy readers.

Father Stafford.⁴

ANTHONY HOPE has never written a brighter little story than *Father Stafford*. It is not one of his Zenda stories but an account of certain doings in the smart set in London. The plot of the story is nothing and the love interest small, but the conversations are clever, bright, and worldly. The reader feels good-natured from beginning to end. It is just the book to read when you are blasé or blue. It is short and always to the point, never drags, and is never dull. It is a book of the hour and for the hour.

²*Letters of Celia Thaxter*. Edited by Her Friends, A. F. and R. L. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

³*Under the Red Flag*. By Edward King. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.: 1895. \$1.25.

⁴*Father Stafford*. By Anthony Hope. F. Tennyson Neely: Chicago and New York: 1895.

Willard's Life of Morelli¹

THE life of Domenico Morelli, as written by Ashton R. Willard, is a shining example of how energy and constant hammering at one object in life will certainly win. Morelli is the master of modern Italian art, and the story of his life, his early struggles, and his later successes, is well told.

The Commendatore Giovanni Vonwiller of Naples, his rich patron, deserves the praise of the world for the unobtrusive way in which he assisted the artist to rise. At every crisis of the artist's life, it is brought to the mind of the reader that a paternal government may be made of material use not to be expected in what we are pleased to term more liberal countries. When Morelli's courage was broken by failures, when he was on the verge of giving up the struggle, he saw before him the possibility of winning the prize at the school of Naples, and this meant to him a living, for the prize was in the nature of a pension. Buoyed up with this hope, he gained new courage, and attained his office. Later, he won the pension offered by the Italian government, and was, through the help thus extended, assisted to Paris, where his mind was widened, his methods softened, and his success upon his return to Italy assured.

The writer of Morelli's life-story was assisted by Pasquale Villari, Morelli's brother-in-law, and by his daughter, Madam Eva Morelli-Englen, as well as by the Commendatore Vonwiller, thus giving it an unusual stamp of verity.

The American Congress.²

IN CLEAR, concise language Mr. Moore has related the history of National legislation in the United States from 1774 to 1895. Not being an actor in any of the events he narrates, he does not try to color or distort facts. *The American Congress* deals with facts and events as they are, without going into motives or reasons. It is popular history, written in a popular style, and as such will find a big following of readers who have not time or inclination to wade through the volumes that have been written on the same subject. Although the work under review contains nearly six hundred pages, it is not wordy or long drawn out. One feels that the author is condensing from beginning to finish. In fact, the book rather suggests subjects for broader

¹The Life of Morelli. By Ashton R. Willard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

²The American Congress. By Joseph West Moore. New York: Harper & Brothers: 1895.

reading than pretends to cover thoroughly so vast a subject. It is a valuable work.

Briefer Notice.

*Grania*³ is a story of an Irish island — one of the Aran group, — Grania is the heroine. The Hon. Emily Lawless grinds through the novel in a dreary, listless manner that is suggestive of the space writer on a San Francisco daily.

The book is dedicated to "M. C." with an apology for its gloominess, as if some reparation was due for the outrage to his or her feelings. The novel is one of Macmillan's series and is from the Norwood press.

JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY have published in their charming "World Classics" series the Abbé Prevost's masterpiece, *Manon Lescaut*.⁴ It is almost a vest-pocket edition in paper, daintily illustrated by Conconi, Marold, and Rossi, with an introduction by M. F. Sweetser. For over a century this famous classic has held the attention of the reading world. Its exciting incident rivals the romance of contemporary England, and in close analysis it ranks even with the finest of modern novels. Mr. Sweetser has truly said that, "In vividness, pathos, naturalness, directness, and enthralling interest, it stands among the foremost triumphs of story-telling in all ages." The edition under review is excellent both in translation and printing, and will commend itself to all lovers of dainty volumes.

*Chiffon's Marriage*⁵ is a vulgar story of a vulgar girl and a vulgar collection of French people. It is not sure that vulgar exactly explains the taste the story leaves in the mouth after reading. The author evidently believed that the tale might be dramatized and has prepared her conversation with that thought in view. Her heroine, Chiffon, is remarkable for the Bowery slang she uses on all occasions, and for her habit of trying always to be "smart" at her family's expense. That she finally at the mature age of sixteen proposes to and is accepted by her uncle is of very little interest to anyone save the author. Neither is there anything so very original in the idea. The story is badly written and poorly illustrated, although neatly printed. It demonstrates, however, how flat French stories, that are not suggestive, can be.

³Grania. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. Macmillan & Company: New York: 1895.

⁴Manon Lescaut. By L' Abbé Prevost. Boston: Joseph Knight Company: 1895. Two Volumes, 50c. each.

⁵Chiffon's Marriage. By Gyp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 50c.

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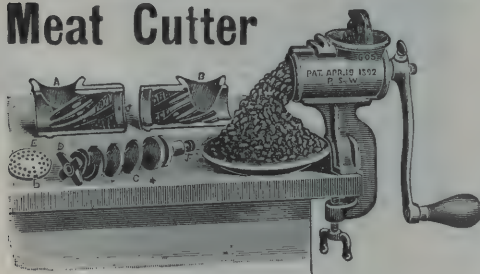
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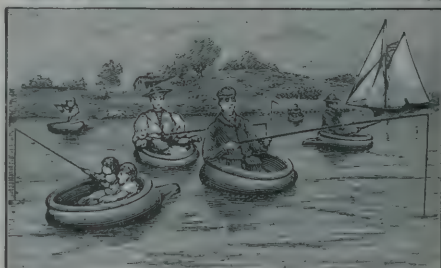
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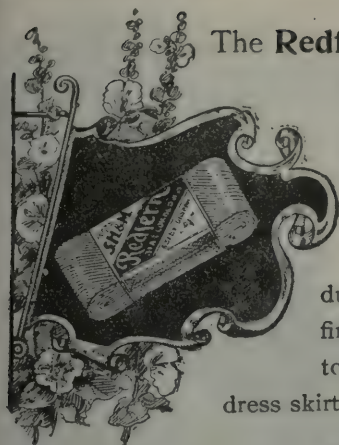
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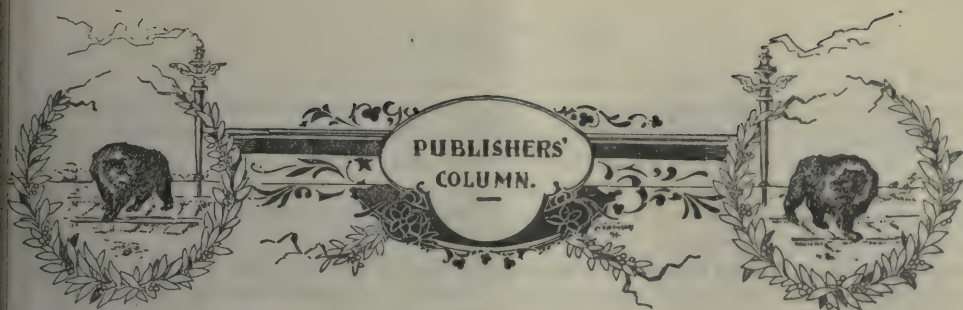
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The experience gained in the Show of last year, now becomes of value to the managers in the preparation for the SECOND EXHIBITION, which will take place in this City during the FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER. Not only breeders, but all those interested in the several classes should contribute by entry as well as by their presence to the success of this Exhibition.

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It is not at all singular: this is the way they do it — first they read the *ad* on page 13 in the OVERLAND — they then write for a catalogue and with the other trustees discuss Ways and Means, — finally the one whom they believe to be the best judge of musical instruments is authorized to visit the agent in San Francisco and select the instrument; and that was the way by which the little Church was furnished with its new SWEET-TONED VOCALION ORGAN.

Mr. Wildman, in "Etc." indulges in some very appropriate criticism of the manufacturers of the State, who just now are on their knees to the press praying for assistance in their efforts to have the people "patronize home industries," and yet not more than two in a hundred of these same manufacturers spend a dollar in a year in educating the people on the merits of their products through the advertising columns of the Pacific Coast publications. In fact they have as a rule received so much gratuitous advertising that they have come to regard it as their due.

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THE OVERLAND MAGAZINE is growing better all the time. It should be read by every person on this Coast who has any literary taste or who desires to keep posted in current Western literature. *Headlight, Tillamook, Ore.*

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News-dealers who study to catch the eye of the passing crowd are centering their affections upon the gaudy colors and callow pictures of the ten-cent magazine. The only news-stand glimpse we catch of the old favorites is perchance an inch of the covers or an edge of uncut leaves, while displayed in double file is an array of catchy ten-cent publications that possesses as little virtue as the majority of the subjects displayed in their pages, around whose shameless faces and uninteresting display of fatty degeneration cheap writers dwell upon the dressing-room of the ballet dancer, chorus girl, and "living picture."

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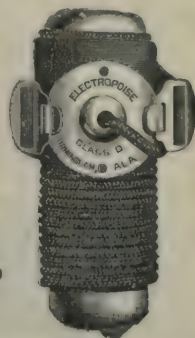
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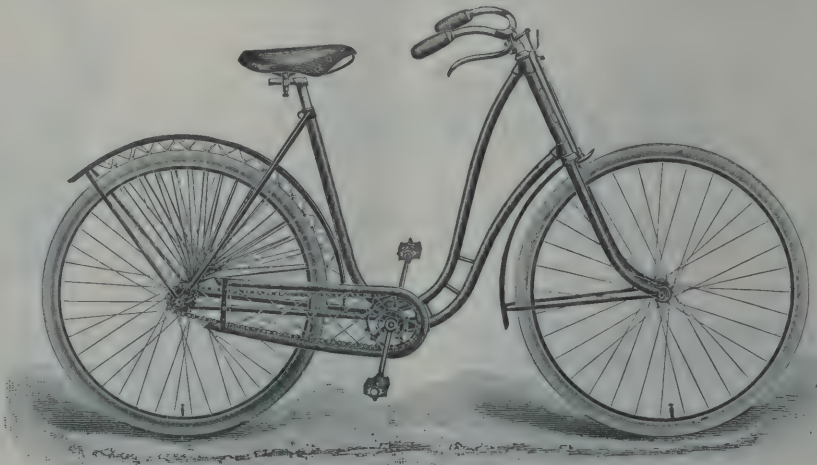
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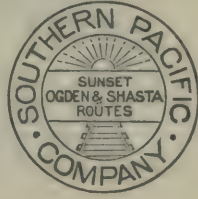
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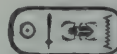
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	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49 353	15 063 367
Alvarado.....	1803	20 324	4 486 572
Watsonville.....	6488	63 291	15 539 040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26 801	4 708 500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11 149	1 835 900
Norfolk, Neb.....	1807	22 625	4 107 300
Staunton, Va.....	50	350	50 027

YIELD OF SUGAR.

	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
Chino.....	3611.4	305.2
Alvarado.....	2488.4	220.7
Watsonville.....	2432.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

Annual consumption of sugar in the United States, 4,162,204,200 pounds.
Annual production of sugar in the United States, 664,863,826 pounds.

The great disproportion in the sugar consumed and the sugar produced in the United States, is convincing evidence that lands producing the HIGHEST GRADE SUGAR BEET EVER GROWN will always be sought for.

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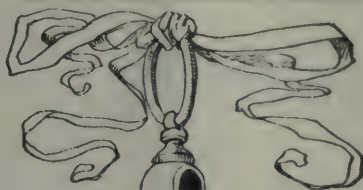
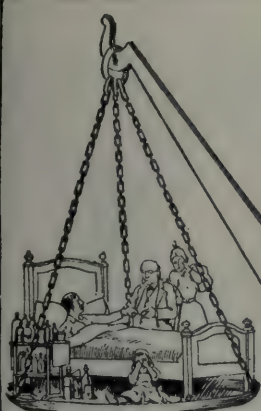
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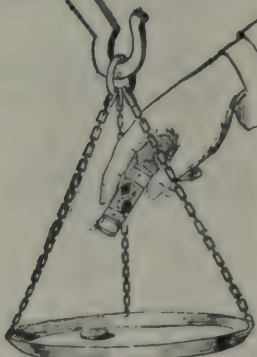


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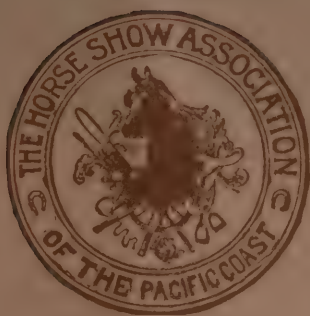
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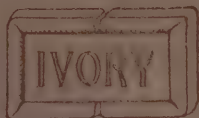
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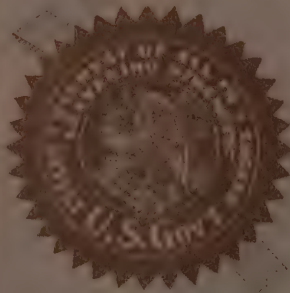
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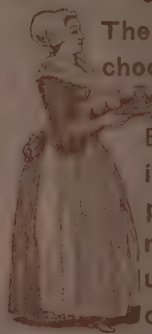
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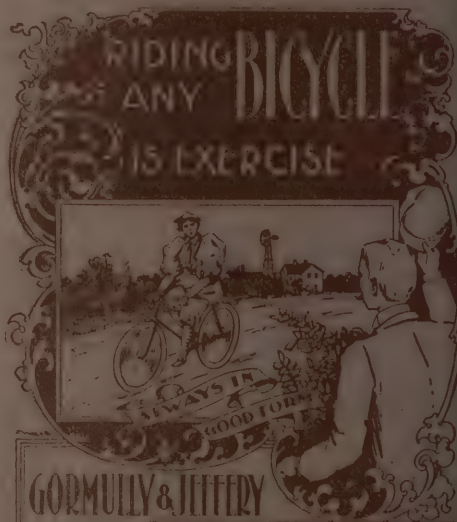
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Twenty-Six

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Overland Monthly

EDITED BY
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DECEMBER, 1895

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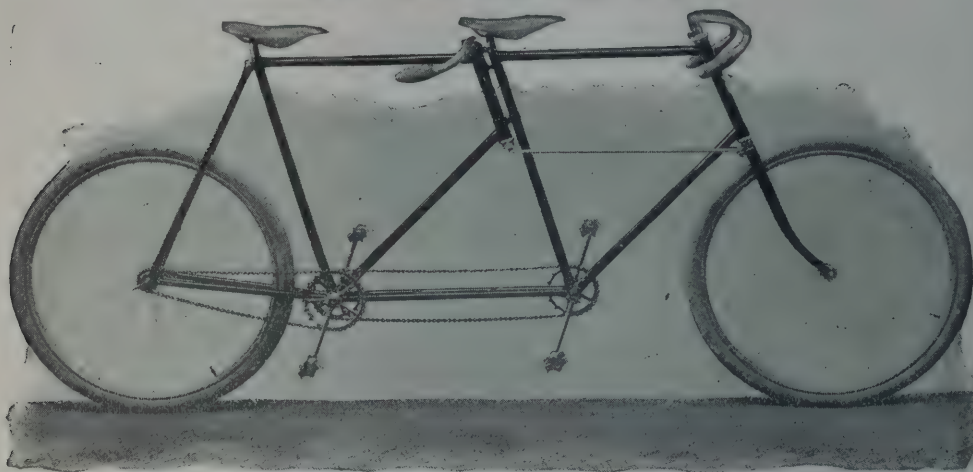
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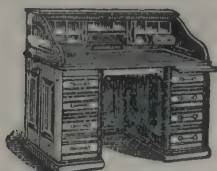
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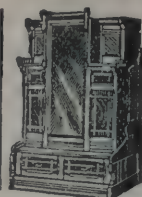
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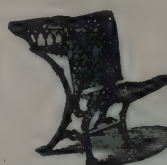


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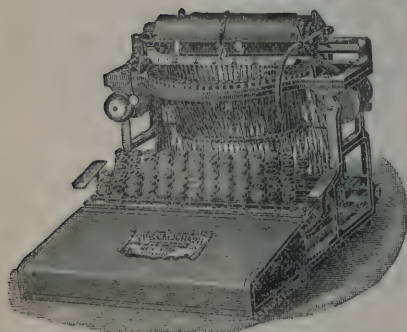
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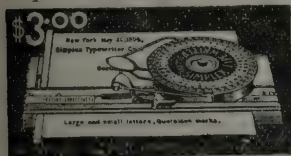
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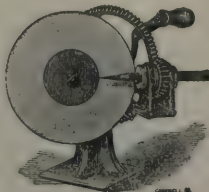
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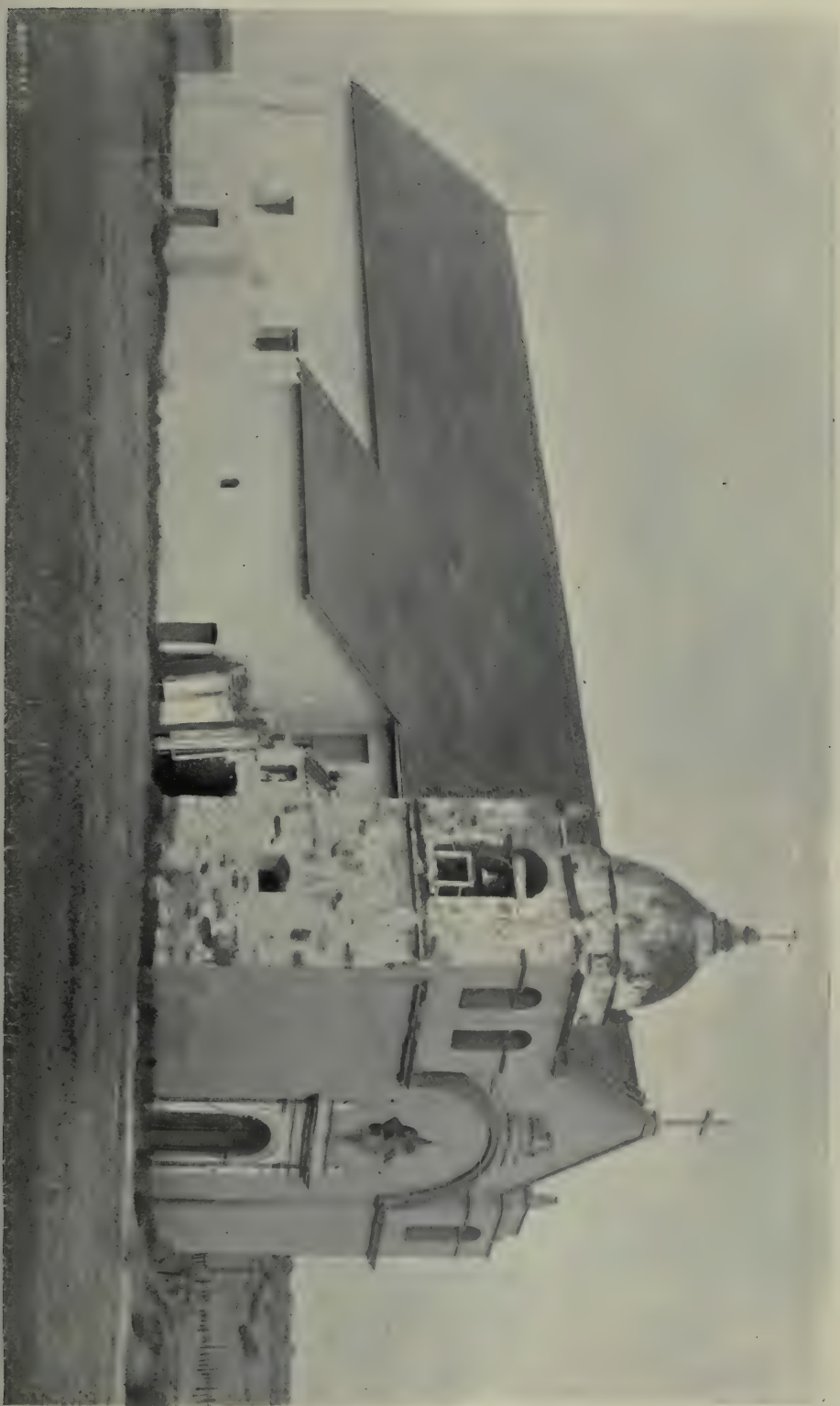
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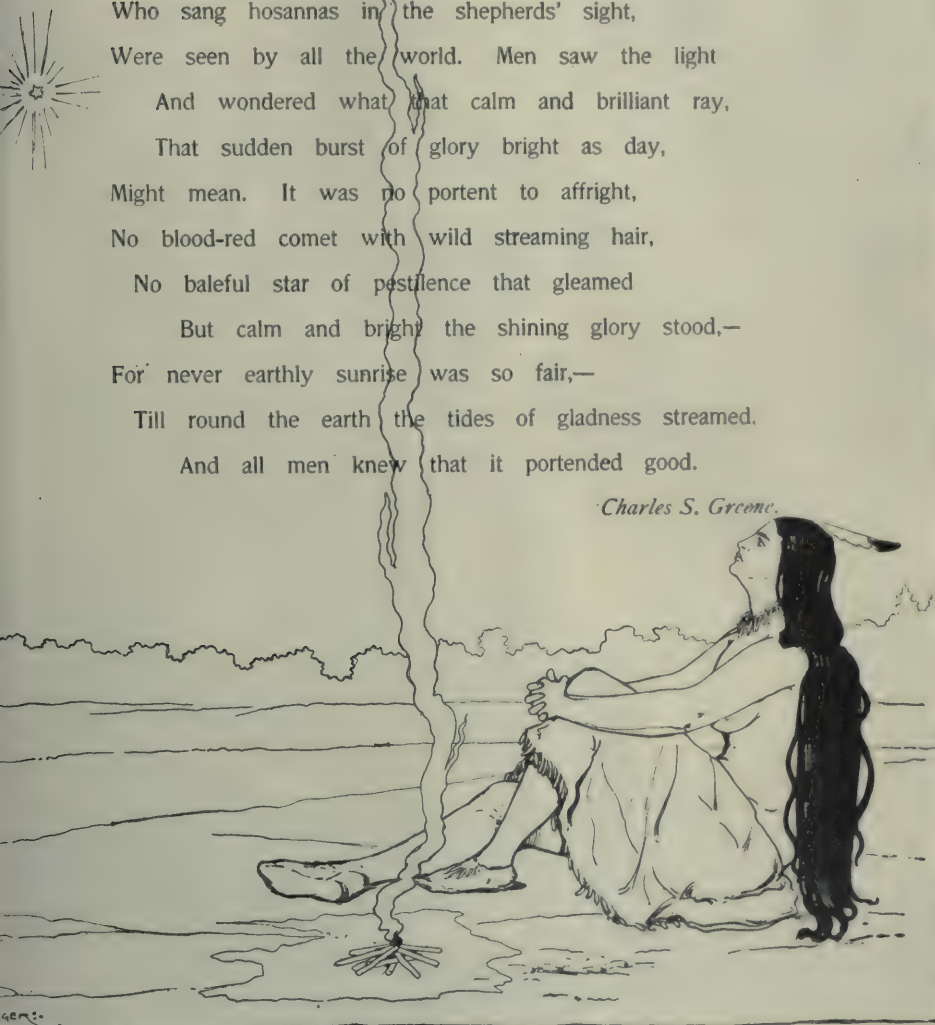


"MANDY."

LUX JUCUNDA.

'T IS said the star that shone on that fair night,
When in the manger Christ, the Saviour, lay,
And all the glory of that great array
Who sang hosannas in the shepherds' sight,
Were seen by all the world. Men saw the light
And wondered what that calm and brilliant ray,
That sudden burst of glory bright as day,
Might mean. It was no portent to affright,
No blood-red comet with wild streaming hair,
No baleful star of pestilence that gleamed
But calm and bright the shining glory stood,—
For never earthly sunrise was so fair,—
Till round the earth the tides of gladness streamed.
And all men knew that it portended good.

Charles S. Greene.





Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVI. (Second Series.)—December, 1895.—No. 156.

AS TALKED IN THE
SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR

THE Occasional Visitor came
to California before
"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49."

Consequently he is an article of virtu of which we are all a little proud. The Californian that dates back of '49 holds himself as a little better than a later comer, even one that wore the tenderness off his feet in the fifties. He may have been

by a supercargo on board a brig that was trading wooden nutmegs for hides,—as an instance, the Occasional Visitor,—but his association with the old Spanish bandees and his intimate life in their wide spreading *casas* transformed him, transubstantiated him, as it were, and he took upon himself some of the airs of his stately hosts. The O. V. was once Alcalde, and his homely Irish-American name of Patrick Stonstall was lost beneath the glorious knighthood of Don Patricio.

Don Patricio was no longer handsome, and the years had stolen his power to respond to the demands of romance, but his old face would glow with an inner light as he talked of the days of *mañana*. His tales gave life and color to our tiresome disquisitions on the tariff and silver, and infused into the atmosphere of making-both-ends-meet an intangible something that seemed filled with the warm, sensuous perfumes of the mission gardens; something suggestive of the lavish recklessness of the times that knew neither miser nor pauper. The young super-cargo had *lived* once, long ago, and knew all the delights of the old Spanish régime. As the Firefly lay at anchor in the port of Yerba Buena or Monterey, he would ride at the head of a band of vaqueros from one charming old adobe to another and spread the great news that there was a Yankee brig in port ready to barter for hides, tallow, and soap. His coming was the signal for a week of merry-making, and the dark-eyed señoritas

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and stately dons vied with each other in their attentions. The golden sunshine, the golden poppies that flaunted near the casa walls, carried with them no warning of the undiscovered gold that would only too soon make mission and casa a picturesque ruin and the fiesta a memory.

THERE was a mischievous smile on the Occasional Visitor's face as he entered the Sanctum door on the morning before Christmas that caused a question to form on everyone's lips. The old man took from his pocket a half dozen eggs, and tossed them into the air directly above our assembled heads. One struck the Reader on his shining pate and a shower of golden flakes and a dash of rose water covered the victim's shoulders and the manuscript he was reading. The others broke here and there on furniture and among the exchanges, and made us believe for the moment that our firmly believed in reward had come at last, for there was gold everywhere.

"We are *compadres* for the year, my dear Reader. On your head the *cascaron* descended. Such is the law of the Dons."

The Reader. "Your object lessons in Spanish folk-lore belong to the kindergarten."

The Occasional Visitor. "The *cascaron* is an empty egg shell filled with spangles and cologne. Its open end is covered with paper and the outside painted in colors. Oft-times gold leaf takes the place of the paper flakes. I saw Don Antonio Coronel one Christmas night break a *cascaron* filled with five ounces of gold dust — one hundred dollars — over the lustrous black locks of Señorita Bandini. If the señorita returns the compliment by breaking a *cascaron* on your willing head, then you become partners for the dance."

The Parson. "I think our Occasional Visitor has gone to enough trouble to entitle him to the honor of telling the Christmas story this year, if it be Spanish."

This was a bit of genuine sacrifice on the part of the good man; for certain mysterious hints, since the year before, when we had listened to the Major's pathetic Christmas story, had warned us that the Parson was to be the present narrator. The O. V. was oblivious, however, to all this, and with a sheepish smile he began

THE OCCASIONAL VISITOR'S STORY.

I REMEMBER it as if it were yesterday — my first winter in California. It was no winter to me, but a glorious spring time with the air laden with the scent of roses, the grass green, and the whole earth quickening in the warm rains. The Firefly lay off the harbor of Monterey, so close in shore that we could hear the angelus morning and evening, at the old Mission San Carlos.

We were resting before beginning the long voyage around the Horn. Day after day, we had lingered in this enchanted region, loath to return to the bustle and struggles that awaited us on the other side of the continent. It is a wonder to me now, as I look back upon it all, that I did not desert my ship. I would have, had I known more of the world and how hollow a thing is ambition. The spell is upon me as I go over it once again. Every day was a *merienda*, or picnic, and the Indians tended the cattle on a thousand hills. I was sitting in the court of Señor Arguello's great hacienda. The waters of a fountain were splashing up among the leaves of a big tree. From the gallery above came the sound of a guitar and in front on the brick-paved floor a graceful señorita was dancing in full skirts and bright-hued reboso, her long dark braids swinging back and forth, and over one ear, a red

half hidden among the curls. The tap, tap of her little slippers kept time to the clack, clack of the castanets, and I found myself dreaming as the music ceased.

The dancer came close up to me and with a challenging gleam in her wonderful eyes said, "Has Don Patricio his *cascarones* ready. This is Christmas Eve. There is to be a *gran baile* at the casa of Don Ignacio Arguello."

Instinctively I glanced up, half expecting to find snow sifting down through the great yellow and green fronds of the palm. In a syringa bush a blue jay was jingling and chattering with wings outstretched in the all pervading sunshine. The castanets clicked and I kissed the tips of the fingers that held them as they swept past my face. A ripple of laughter came from out the darkened patio, and I knew that the young Señora Arguello had been watching our little play.

THE *gran sala* of the Arguello mansion was filled with the beauty of Monterey on Christmas Eve. Three rows of seats on either side held the spectators, and at the farther end, opposite the door, sat the musicians—a *violinista* in jacket, sash, and slashed breeches, with a red silk handkerchief tied smoothly about his head, and two *muchachos* aiding with the concertina or by singing and clapping of the hands as the particular dance might require. The Indian slaves in their picturesque costumes filled the deep doors and windows.

The Señor and Señora entered the *gran sala* as the guests arose. There was the dignity and grace in their bearing of sovereign rulers, and the reception might have been at the Escorial. The Señor was dressed in an old-time Spanish costume—pantaloons of black cloth open on the outer seams below the knees, faced with white silk, and rows of silver bell buttons that gave a faint jingling music as he walked. The sleeves and collar of his silken jacket were embroidered in gold. Around his waist was a red sash, and at his side hung a Toledo blade that had fought the Moors in Spain. The handsome Señora wore a gown of yellow silk, with a red sash extending from the right shoulder to the left side. Her luxuriant black hair was rolled in coils over silver combs and surmounted with a golden crest. Diamonds in old settings shone on her neck and arms. The señoritas were dressed in gowns of green, blue, or yellow, the short sleeves reaching just below the elbows, exposing their beautifully round arms. A silken sash, contrasting with the color of the dress, was worn across the bust or around the waist and tied in a "lover's knot" with many colored ribbons. The skirts were of fine muslin, glittering with gilt pangles, and a short jacket of blue, orange, or crimson, covered a waist that was guiltless of corsets.

As the sweet, sensuous strains of La Paloma echoed from the opposite end of the room the master of ceremonies announced the dance. Then the Indian slaves brought in the *cascarones* and gallant and señorita pelted each other with these fragile emblems of love. In a moment the floor was filled with couples so chosen. It was the first dance of the evening, but the last dance of the *compadres* of the old year. On Christmas Eve the names of all the señoritas were placed in one box and those of the caballeros in another. Children dressed as cupids drew out the names, first a señor and then a señorita, who were made *compadres*, or sweethearts, for one year ending with the first dance of the next year,—unless they became *compadres* for life in the meantime. Thus no señorita need be without cavalier, no matter whether she be rich or poor, beautiful or ugly.

I was not permitted to try my luck with the little blind cupid,—possibly it was

well,—but had I had the fortune to be drawn with the Doña Ynez Arguello then I think I should have blessed my fate and been happy. But Cupid had been unkind to others: Carlota Castro and Juan Martinez had been compadres and sweethearts. Love is blind; happiness a chance; and for an entire year they were to be separated simply because of a game.

The Señora Arguello tapped me on the arm with her fan and whispered, “See, Don Patricio,—it is amusing,—they are rivals, Carlota Castro and Margarita Ainsa, and Margarita has won Juan Martinez.”

It would have been amusing, but ‘or the fierce, half wild look of hatred and passion that came into the great black eyes of Carlota as Juan bowed over the hand of his new compadre. It sent a creepy feeling down my back, and I felt as though I had seen a naked knife gleaming in the darkness. There was something fascinating in the awful strength of the girl’s passion. I moved up close to her, as the Señora rose for the fandango. I heard her whisper to her Indian woman, “Yangua, go to the *arroyo seco* and bring me a bouquet of the flowers that grow there.”

The slave gasped,—“Not *La Flor de Muerte*, Señorita!”

She turned upon the woman so fiercely that for a moment I thought she was going to strike, then the slave slunk out into the deep embrasure of the window.

Had I known that the pale yellowish flowers mottled with reddish spots like drops of blood were the noxious “Flower of Death,” I might have been the hero of a typical Christmas story, but I did not, and what seems stranger still few if any seemed to recognize its baleful presence as the girl pressed them to her lips and bosom.

Pedro Cota, her newly chosen compadre, claimed the dance, but she turned upon him as she had turned upon the Indian, and he shrugged his shoulders and passed out on the veranda. From the sneering expression in his face in the flare of a match as he lit his cigarrito I now believe that he knew the flower.

With a motion of her fan the girl summoned Juan to her side. “Dance with me,” she said as the red blood mounted to her dark cheeks.

He hesitated. Her hand closed on his arm. I did not hear more.

In a moment they were dancing the intricate steps of the beautiful fandango. Gradually the other dancers stopped, as one after another realized that the almost sacred law of the compadres was being thus daringly ignored—on Christmas Eve under the eyes of all Monterey.

The actors seemed oblivious to both the attention they were attracting and the gossip that was becoming louder and louder. Only the musicians played on faster and faster. The dance was concluding with a waltz. Carlota pressed the flowers repeatedly to her lips. Her head almost rested on her companion’s shoulder as they whirled over the floor at a maddening pace. The whispering ceased about the room. The smokers came in from the courts. The gayety had given place to an inexplicable feeling of apprehension. Even the two dancers were beginning to notice it. Juan glanced furtively about the sala, and then down into the flushed face of his companion. Carlota pressed the Flower of Death to her lips. A faint odor of opium came to my nostrils. My ignorance made me powerless. “Quick! fast, faster, my Juan, my compadre. It is the last dance—the—dance of *La Flor de Muerte*!”

A scream echoed from end to end of the great room, and the Indian woman sprang in through the open window. She was too late. The girl fell fainting into her lover’s arms. She died on Christmas Day.



VI. DEL MONTE AND MONTEREY.

For all earth's pretty birds were here;
 And women, fair and very fair:
 Sweet song was in the atmosphere,
 No effort was, nor noise, nor care,
 As cocoons from their silken house
 Wing forth and in the sun carouse.

Joaquin Miller.

ASPAR DE ZUNIGA, Count of Monterey, does not deserve the glorious perpetuation that his name has been given any more than Americus Vesputius. This hemisphere should have been named after its discoverer, as the bay of Monterey and the historic old town on its shore should have been to serve as memorials of the daring and hardihood of Don Sebastian Vizcaino. Even those strange, weird trees, that hug the rocky walls of the sea, like dis-

torted, deformed giants, bear the name of the once Viceroy of Mexico.

Father Junipero Serra's life-work and name are known to the few, while Monterey, the title of this forgotten Spanish nobleman, is honored by the world. Such is the irony of history.

The past and the present touch at Monterey. The palatial hotel and wide-spreading park of Del Monte represent all that art and money of the nineteenth century can accomplish,—the quaint old Missions of San Carlos and Carmel, the



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the naturalist and the student, are all equally provided for. Nature and man have forgotten nothing.

A certain class of newspaper writing and photographic advertising leads one to expect nothing more than a mammoth hotel at Del Monte and a picturesque old ruin at Monterey, but neither adjectives nor pictures can convey to the mind a true conception of either the beauties of the one or the peculiar interest of the other. Possibly this arises from the fact that comparisons are impossible, — there is nothing on the Atlantic Coast or along the Riviera that can be used for such a purpose. To the delights of sea bathing and the fascination of veranda gossiping, which comprise the sum of most summer resorts, Del Monte adds a park of over a hundred acres laid out in drives, walks,



THE OAKS, DEL MONTE.

THE LAGUNA DEL REY, DEL MONTE GROUNDS.





MISSION SAN CARLOS, MONTEREY.

hedges, flowers, and trees, surpassing the gardens at Fontainebleau; a seashore drive of eighteen miles which far outrivals for variety of scenery and picturesqueness the famous drive by the sea at Newport; a Spanish-Mexican American city that is eloquent with the history of four races, and a climate that makes it possible for the rose to live the year around.

If the Californian abroad wished to boast of a typical resort and one which he would be willing to place in competition with the resorts of the old world, he would without doubt choose Del Monte, rather than any one of a half dozen others for which he might personally have a fondness. Del Monte embraces everything that makes life out of town enjoyable, and among other points it is easy of access. The foreigner, who on arriving in San Francisco determines to see for himself whether the Cali-

fornian's boasting be true, traverses a section of the State which will give him an idea of what California really is. The hundred miles ride between San Francisco and Monterey must be a continual surprise, if he be looking for the buffalo and the Digger. Orchards, vineyards, grain fields, forests of oak, stately country mansions, charming little villages, modern cities, form a picture that only needs here and there a red-petticoated woman in wooden shoes tilling the rich earth to make one believe that the "Wild West" is a dream and that the scene from the car window is but a mirage of some one of the fertile vine-clad valleys of Southern France.

Outside of San Francisco are the suburban towns of San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, and Burlingame, set in forests of oak, and famous as being the out-of-town homes of the city's millionaires, whose great

residences and flower-strewn parks are without rival. Beyond San José, among the blue and purple shadows of the Coast Range Mountains, on the denuded top of Mount Hamilton, the dome of the great Lick Observatory is plainly seen.

Until the first glimpse of Monterey Bay is caught between sage-brush covered sand dunes, the country is massed with ranches, vineyards, homes, and cattle. The Pajaro and Salinas valleys contain little to remind one of Bret Harte's stories. It is a land of sunshine and plenty. It has prepared the traveler for what is to come; for the park at Del Monte and its mansion-hotel might be the home of the Prince of this sun-kissed empire. Yet after all there can be no preparation. What the architect and the landscape gardener have done is and must remain a surprise. About this "Hotel of the Forest" and overshadowing its miles of drives, stand great gnarled,

moss-hung oaks, no more resembling the stately oaks of New England than the adobe casa of the Spaniard resembles the turreted castle on the Rhine. Like the Monterey cypress they are broken, distorted, low spreading, twisted, warped, uncouth as though they had defied the earthquake and the thunderbolt; pines, tall, towering, and symmetrical; spruces, sycamores, madroños, and palms. Here roses grow like weeds, and pansies, callas, heliotropes, honeysuckles, nasturtiums, and all the flowers of the tropics, riot, while the strange cactus growths of the deserts and the moisture-loving plants of the equator thrive and blossom in perfect abandon.

Along the shores of the charming little Laguna Del Rey, which is but a step across the emerald green lawns, pond lilies, lotus flowers, and superb Victoria Regias, float. There are "Lovers' Lanes" without number, tennis courts,



A MONTEREY CYPRESS.



ALONG THE PENINSULA DRIVE.

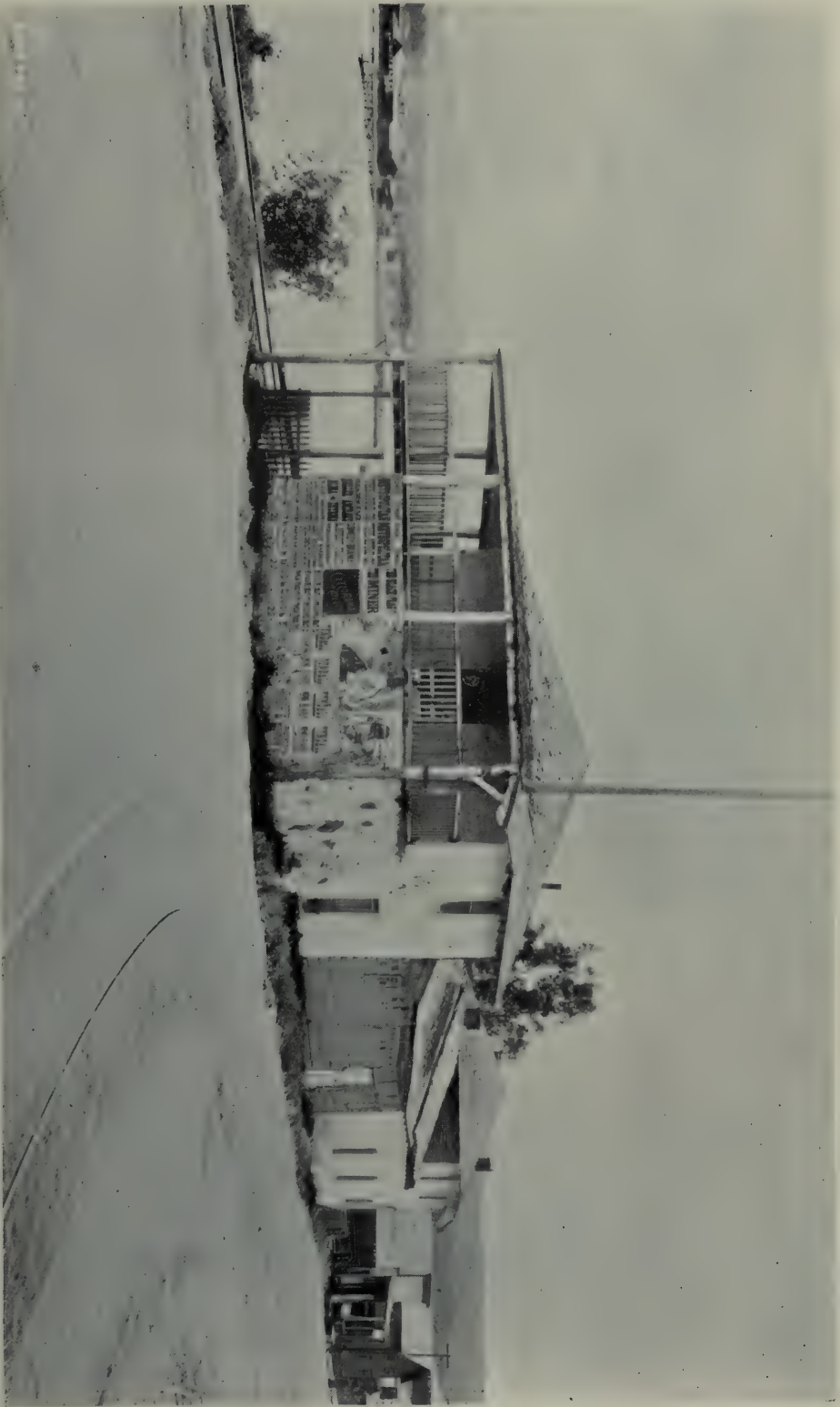
croquet grounds, swings, see-saws, and all the artificial inducements that appeal to those who look upon a tree as a tree and a flower as a flower. Just beyond this "summer girls' " paradise, across a small mountain of sand and a little wilderness of pine, is the wide sweep of the sea,—a warm, sweet beach of sand, upon which each wave casts the beautiful abalone shell and the blood-red star fish.

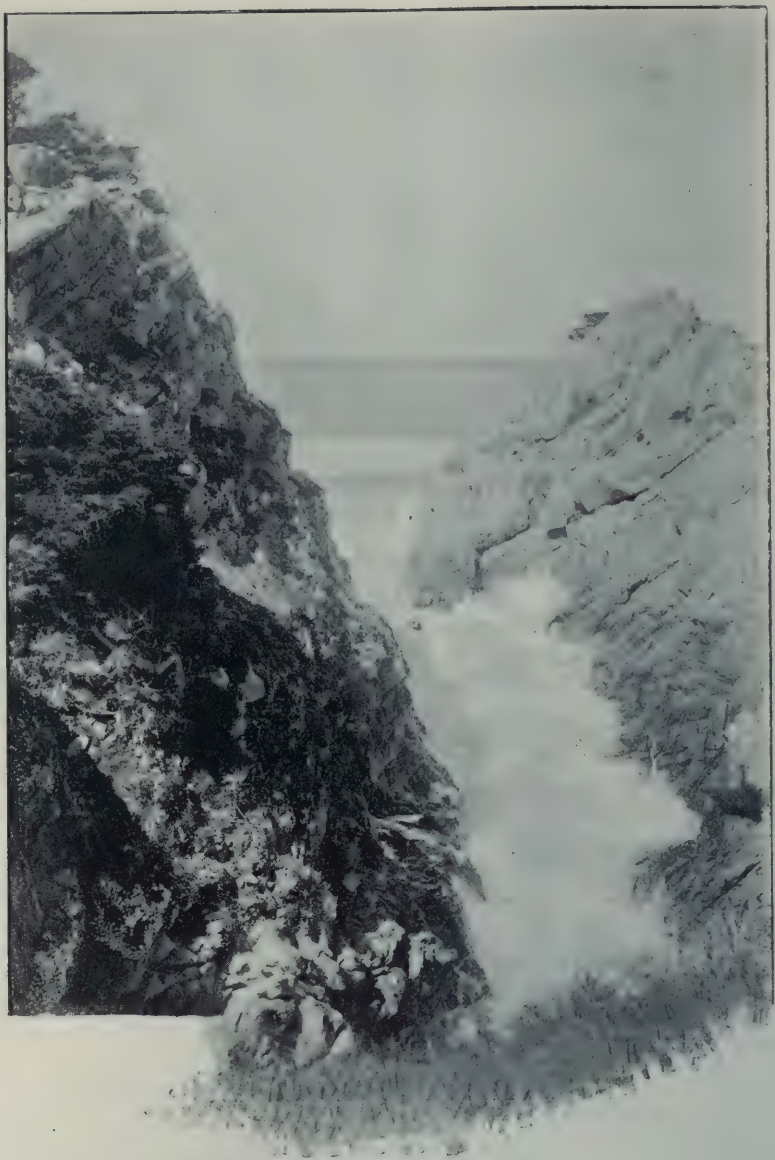
A great bathing house and a long pier is filled with bathers while not half a mile out at sea a whale is spouting.

A little farther along the shore, past the crumbling wharves of Monterey and the quaint Chinese fishing villages, the sand disappears in bold, jutting cliffs, over which the water breaks in masses of foam. We took the Peninsula drive one sunny afternoon,—eighteen miles over a perfect road through scenery that might have been drawn from three continents. One moment we were among

the stunted cypresses, which resemble nothing on earth save the cedars of Lebanon or the artificially dwarfed foliage of a Japanese garden ; the next, among a grove of oaks low hung with silver pendants of Florida moss ; then dashing through a forest of pine, which carried the mind to Maine or among the Adirondacks. The rocky shore in places was a network of coves and inlets that might have harbored the smuggler. At others, it was as wild and tempestuous as the Bay of Fundy. From Cypress Point we could look out on the Seal rocks covered with hundreds of great, barking, fighting seals and thousands of gulls. Big-billed pelicans in quest of their prey skimmed the crests of the waves, while sea ducks darted here and there with eyes alert for the scraps left by the seals. By the side of the road a Chinese boy was selling brightly polished abalone shells and the wonderful harvest of the sea.

THE OLD MEXICAN CUSTODIHOUSE, MONTEREY, AND THE STAFF ON WHICH COMMODORE SLOAT RAISED THE AMERICAN FLAG.





THE DEVIL'S PUMP, MONTEREY.

From Point Lobos we could look across the historic Carmelo Bay to the Mission of San Carmel, where rest the bones of its founder, the sainted Junipero Serra. Back of it, glorious in the tender lights of the evening sun, loom the Santa Lucia Mountains. There are wild flowers under foot and the soft tropical air is heavy with their perfume. The woods are full

of life ; the ever-busy little Douglass squirrel and his big gray brother scamper up and down the boles of the pines ; el carpintero keeps up a clip-clap on the decayed arm of an oak, a flock of quail scatters from between the wheels, a deer bounds across the road, a dove calls in a great shining madroño tree, and a manzanita — all aflame — hides a road-runner.

I may never see the Delectable Mountains, but I know the delectable peninsula.

Yet one may tire of Nature and one may tire in time of art,—if so, here is Monterey—old, sleepy, historic, foreign Monterey—the dream of the first Spanish navigators, the spot where the first mass was celebrated in California. Its old adobe presidio, hotels, casas, and public building, are pathetic reminders of its departed glory. Some of them were standing as they stand today more than a hundred years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. They have been silent witnesses to that grand, tragic battle of the Cross and the downfall of the Franciscan power. They have sheltered Spanish grandees, American generals, and California's legislators. From one of them stands today the shaft on which floated the first American flag in California; in one of them was born the first white child on the Coast; and in another the first Indian baptism took place. They have seen the coming and the going of the whale oil industry, and they are now simply objects of curiosity to the summer tourist at Del Monte. The angelus rings now, as it did then, from the yellow twin towers of the Mission San Carlos, but it calls to worship only a little handful of

Portuguese fishermen and abalone gatherers, instead of the beauty and chivalry of old Spain.

As we rested on the rude board benches in the dim interior of Carmel and gazed up at the faded, time-wasted flowers and stained emblems on its neglected altar, the picture of that other civilization came back. It was a glorious picture, full of color, romance, and religion, but happily its passing did not rob it of its glory. That will live long after the Anglo-Saxon has given place to a more perfect race.

Junipero Serra's monument, cut in stone, stands on the hill overlooking the bay and the city with which his name will forever be linked, and just beyond, rising above the sea of oaks, is this wonderful "Hotel of the Forest" that brings yearly from all parts of the civilized world thousands to do him homage. It is a strange dispensation of Providence that the spot that the old Franciscan chose as the see of his religion on the Pacific should become the Mecca of the fashion and wealth of the West. The little Episcopalian chapel outside the grounds of Del Monte has usurped the place of the great Franciscan Mission at Carmel, but the worshipers in the one revere the name of the old priest as much as did the penitents in the other.

Rounsevelle Wildman.



A VAGABOND'S CHRISTMAS IN TAHITI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BEACH COMBER.



FROM my earliest childhood the "Southsea's many an islet shore" has had a peculiar fascination to me. Tahiti—or Otaheity, as it was generally called in books—was especially the island of my dreams.

It was always described as one of the loveliest islands in the ocean, reposing in a sea blue as the vault above, and peopled with beings, said to be the mildest, bravest, and handsomest on earth,—a mundane paradise, in short. For years, however, it remained but a dream, even after I was grown up and had started to explore the world on my own behalf. I had always to go where fate willed, and somehow it always took me farther and farther away from where I wished to go. I began to think that my dreams would never come true, when fate at last brought me to San Francisco. Vessels were leaving that port every month for Tahiti, and I could without difficulty have secured a berth on one of them, but that was not what I desired. I wanted to go, free as a bird, with money in my pocket, so I could thenceforth rove at pleasure among those enchanted islands. So I went to work at once to make money by manual labor; this is now many years ago and labor was then well paid on the Coast, but it meant something akin to slavery. Toil, toil, night and day, rain or shine. But I had a purpose in view—the purpose of my life—and I never faltered, never lost courage; and by saving almost every cent, at the expiration of a year I had five hundred dollars.

What a glorious day that was when I secured my passage to Papeete, Tahiti, on the brigantine *Timandra*. My outfit for the voyage and my subsequent sojourn on the island was slender, and slenderer still was my purse after the passage money was paid, but what cared I about that?—I was at last bound for the land, which I had in my mind pictured as Eden itself. Our passage to the island was uneventful enough; light winds and a smooth sea, from the moment we left the Golden Gate until the surf-fringed shores of Tahiti hove in sight, made it veritable summer sailing over a summer sea.

It was a moonlight night, I recollect, when I first landed in Tahiti;—they seem to be all moonlight nights that I remember from among those in Tahiti. We had anchored at dark inside the reef, close to the little islet called Motuti, and before many minutes I was on my way ashore. How beautiful it all seemed to me then! the strange overpowering smell,—the gayly dressed, laughing people,—the low houses overshadowed with trees,—and the moon shedding its moist light over all. It was indeed a scene to be remembered, and that night I returned on board enchanted with everything.

Next day I experienced my first shock: I did, without much trouble, secure a small house, containing two rooms, all to myself, and at a reasonable rent, but before I took possession I was told that I had to procure a *permission de residence* from the French authorities. Under the



THE "PERMISSION DE RESIDENCE."

month was up I had ten dollars left, and my rent paid for another month.

I abandoned forthwith all expensive pleasures,—confining myself at first to a bread and fruit diet,—and began to take long walks through the island. The boasted hospitality of the natives was probably a thing of the past, or else my personal appearance was not such as to induce them to kill the fatted pullet for me; I had to pay for almost everything I received. In disgust I returned to Papeete and had a big blow-out for my remaining two dollars. I had a watch and some good clothing, and I had a roof over my head; but before many days I parted company with my watch, and then the clothes went, piece after piece, until finally one fine day I found that I had nothing more to dispose of and was destitute, with the rent due,—a regular collapse.

With the money went my friends,—I had no more hula-hula and no more poi for them. Those days I lived principally on bananas; anyone would give me a dozen, they were so cheap. At last I was turned out of the house, but I had fortunately made friends with an old, decrepit Vahina, who owned a dilapidated hut in the suburbs, where I could have a shake down night time. Her continued coughing and spitting disgusted me so much, however, that I preferred to spend the nights in the market or under the trees.

At this time an American brig, called the Fire-Fly, sailing under the Hawaiian flag, happened to be lying at a wharf. I made friends with the crew and had many a good meal on board of her, until the mate one day asked me if I was a regular boarder. I made out to answer that I missed a meal occasionally, when he suggested, that the more I missed the better. I took the hint and visited her only after dark, when I always was sure

impression that the island was governed by Queen Pomare, I had neglected to invest a dollar in a passport from the French consul in San Francisco, which, I believe, I should have done if I wished to stay on the island, and this remissness of mine nearly frustrated my nicely laid plans. Queen Pomare was a non-entity and the government was in the hands of the French, who exercised a strict supervision over all arrivals. However, after a great deal of parlez-vousing, and by the aid of a goodly number of dollars, which considerably diminished my small hoard, I finally gained permission for one year's residence on any of the islands under French protectorate.

For a month I lived in Elysium. With the usual recklessness of youth I squandered my little capital on all the pleasures the island could give me,—boating and riding excursions, expensive dances (to see the real hula-hula cost money, as it was prohibited), and many other extravagances suggested by the climate; and I always had company, both male and female, and I also invariably footed the bills. When the first

of getting something to eat. Now and then one of my former friends asked me to come in to lunch with him, but those occasions were few and far between; they generally looked another way when they saw me.

I began to be well—too well—known, and the French gendarmes, although polite enough, watched my movements suspiciously. One day, walking on the “broom” road, along the beach, I had the luck to aid a little boy, who had accidentally tumbled into the water. The water was not deep and there was no danger, but the boy was scared and was screaming lustily when I lifted him out. I thought no more of it, but the next day I was unexpectedly accosted by a portly gentleman, who greeted me with great effusion as the preserver of his child. In vain I protested that I had not done anything to merit his thanks; but I had to go with him to his house to be thanked by “mamma.” I suppose I was too disreputable looking to sit with them at the table, but food was brought out to me on the veranda, and I was really too hungry to be anyways particular and refuse it. It was not a luxuriant meal by any means, but as it was I took “the goods the gods provided,” and very little remained when I was through.

After the lunch the fat gentleman brought cigars out to me, and with great condescension engaged me in conversation. He told me that he was the American consul, which I knew already; that he had been a colonel in the late war, and had been wounded, and that his forefathers had been of some consequence—in Germany, I think he said. He had done all the talking with much pomposity so far, and I listened drowsily, which he took for respect. When that subject was evidently exhausted he began to talk about Tahiti and his troubles here, and began to abuse the natives. Just for

deviltry and to take down his pomposity a bit, I retorted in defense of the natives, and before long we were in high dispute. I probably used some disrespectful language towards my noble host, and the consequence was that the choleric gentleman ordered me out of his house in high dudgeon,—called me a “tam’d peachcomper” and other opprobrious names,—his gratitude had evaporated.

By subsisting on cheap fruit, and a meal now and then on board of one of the trading schooners from San Francisco, I managed to get along pretty fairly, and as I had the “permission de residence” in my pocket, I could not be molested by the zealous guardians of the peace. I went out fishing a few times with the natives on the reef, but I somehow came to grief every time and got spilled out, and had a lot of the sharp spikes of the treacherous echinus thrust into my feet, making me dance with agony, so I gave up that amusement. My greatest pleasure was to borrow a canoe and paddle myself out back of Motuti, where I would be unobserved, and then stretch myself out in the bottom of the canoe and look over the side into the water, which was so clear that I could see the bottom at any depth. What a glorious spectacle that was! ever changing, ever new. Mountains and valleys, grottos and forests of corral; white, red, yellow, and green, blended together. Fishes, of all shapes and colors, chased each other in never-ceasing play; naiads pursued by Tritons in endless triumph! For hours I lay like this, watching the vast, gorgeous transformation scene beneath me, until my inside warned me to desist, and paddle ashore to forage for bananas. Many insolent questions were often asked and insulting remarks made by some of the white residents living in Papeete, to which I generally replied with equal insolence, so I did not make any friends

among them. Still I was happy as a lord, and cared not as long as I was left in peace.

I landed in Tahiti, I think, on the 10th of July, and it was now drawing towards Christmas; over five months had I been a wanderer and an outcast on Tahiti's lovely isle; but faies and bananas were beginning to pall on my nowise fastidious appetite, and I began to hanker after the fleshpots of Egypt. I determined to concentrate my energies in procuring a Christmas dinner. But how to do it? The religious people shunned me, because I did not go to church; the rich people detested me, because I would not work,—not one of them ever offered me any; and the saloon keepers hated me, because I would not drink their poison when invited into their houses by friends from the schooners. I was actually in what Mrs. Besant calls *Kâma Loka*,—betwixt and between,—rejected by both the upper and lower strata of Tahitian society.

Still I was resolved to have a Christmas feast, although everything looked so unpromising. If there had been a trading vessel in port I should have fared finely, but unfortunately there was none. Day after day passed until at last Christmas Eve had come, and I was still no nearer to the goal. One of my friends from the first month asked me jeeringly where I was going for Christmas, and I answered him savagely. I was really dangerous at that time and very little would provoke me; I considered the world did not use me well, although it was really my own doings. With what conflicting emotions I watched all the joyous preparations for the morrow; I, only I, among these people was debarred from participating in the festivities. That night I had some roasted faies and fish with my ancient native dame; *poi* was offered, but this I never could relish. Then I put on my cleanest shirt and coat, washed

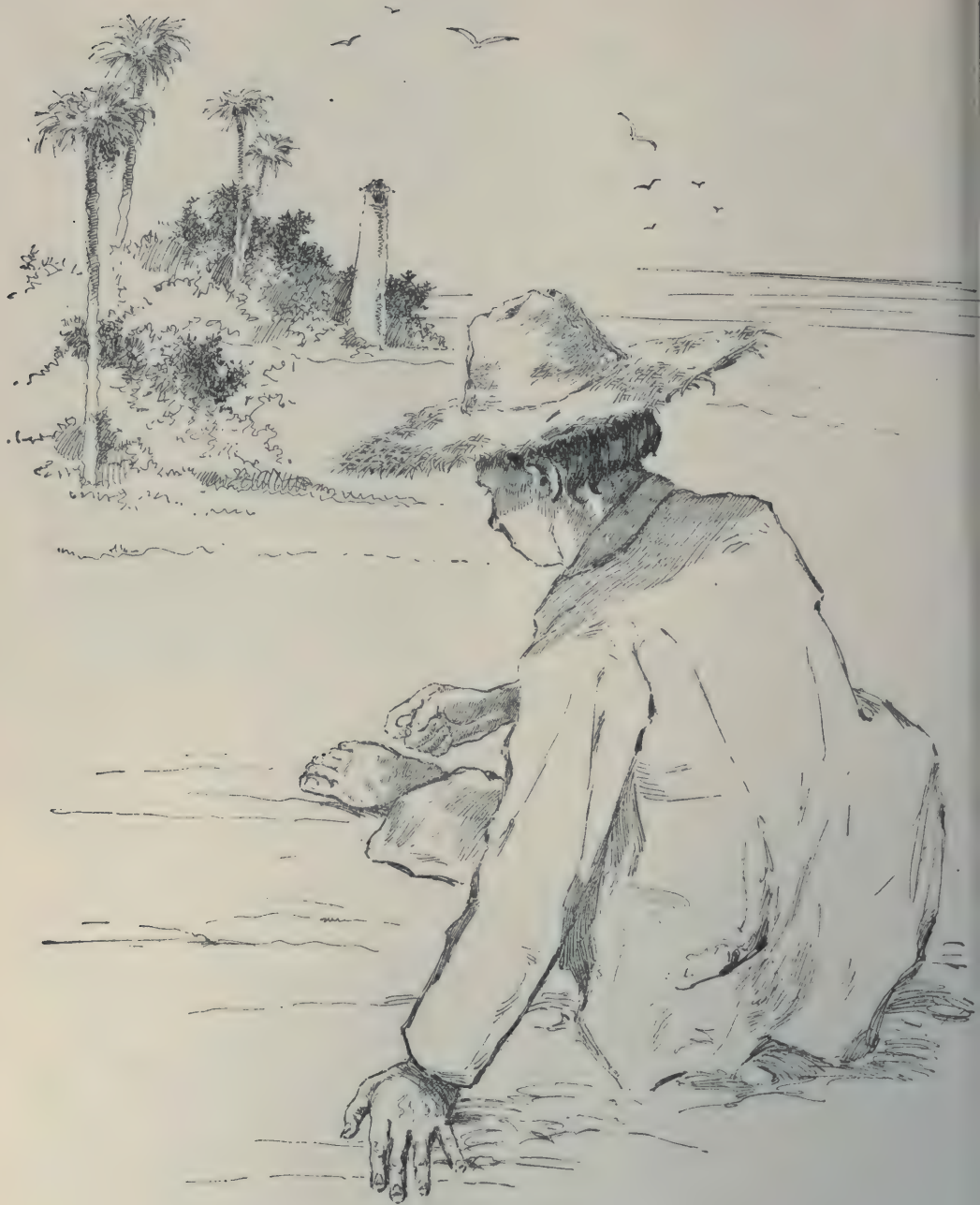
by myself, and left the house with the fixed determination not to return until I had had a good dinner, or else—that I left unsaid or even unthought.

For hours I walked up and down the road beyond the town, arguing with myself the oft debated question, Is life worth living? I had not yet arrived at a satisfactory solution when midnight struck and I hurried to the Catholic Church to listen to the midnight mass.

I was stared at, of course, but nobody accosted me. When it was over I mingled for a few minutes with the throng, thinking that some one would perhaps invite me to accompany him, but seeing that they all avoided me, I quietly took my way to a sequestered nook, which I often frequented. It was where the small stream running past Papeete forms a waterfall at the foot of the mountain. Tonight it looked lovely; the moon was right overhead, and its rays fell perpendicularly on the glistening cascade in prisms of opaline tints. I stood gazing on it awhile, dazed like, over its surpassing simple beauty; never before had I seen it so lovely! Surely, life was worth living!

The dawn was just breaking while I stood there, and before many minutes it was broad day. I was yet undecided. I had a piece of copper money in my pocket,—a Brazilian “dump,”—this I threw into the air: “Head, life; tail, death!” As it dropped on the green sward I hesitated a little before I looked at it. I shut my lips firmly and stooped down to see. It was head! With a deep sigh of relief I threw myself down on the grass, and almost immediately fell asleep.

I must have slept the whole day, because the sun was nearly out of sight when I rose. I washed myself in the water beside me and felt greatly refreshed. My late depression had left me and I felt again in good spirits. With long strides I made for the town. On the



"HEAD, LIFE; TAIL, DEATH."

outskirts I again produced the "dump" and made it spin in the air,—head, to the right; tail, to the left. Head it was again, and to the right led my way. Only one prominent house was on the right of me; that house belonged to Mr.

Brandon, the biggest magnate in Papeete, and thither must I go,—so fate ordained. This building was surrounded by a large garden, enclosed by a railing. Rather reluctantly climbed lover, and approached the house. The rooms were brilliantly

lighted and the windows were wide open, disclosing to my view the great Christmas tree and the joyous groups within. Brandon was married to the Queen's niece and had three children; these with some of their royal relatives were inside.

I stood in front of a large rose bush, intently watching the scene, ignorant that I could be plainly seen from the inside. Suddenly one of the children caught sight of me and pointed me out to the rest, when all set up a great outcry. A crowd of menials rushed out, and I was quickly overpowered as I attempted to escape. But I defended myself bravely at first, and when I was brought in a prisoner I had the left sleeve torn off my coat and my forehead was bleeding, and I suppose I looked rather objectionable.

A stout, middle-aged gentleman, whom I recognized as Brandon, met me on the veranda, with all the children behind him, and accosted me in a severe tone, "Who are you, and what are you doing on my premises?"

"I am doing you no harm, sir," said I respectfully. "Accident led me here, and I could not help looking at the Christmas tree."

One of the children said something to him in Tahitian, and he immediately ordered the natives to release me.

"Can I go, sir?" I asked.

Several of the children had been whispering to him, and nodding, he said to me: "Stay, you had better wash the blood from your face first, and adjust your dress. Come this way."

The house was surrounded with a veranda, and beckoning me to follow, he walked rapidly towards the right and through an open window into a dressing room. Giving one of the servants some instructions, he left me, saying, "I'll see you again directly."

The kanaka produced water and all requisites, and stripped me of my coat.

I washed my hands and face, after which the servant placed a piece of sticking plaster over the wound. Then he brought me an armful of white clothes, and told me to pick out a complete suit from them. I was too bewildered to object to anything and did exactly as I was told, and was presently dressed as well as my worthy host himself. When I had finished Brandon appeared; he looked at me for an instant and his hard features relaxed into a smile as he observed my evident embarrassment. I had been taught to regard Brandon with some dread, as a hard man to encounter, and had always been very careful to avoid him, like a fool that I had been.

"Now," said he, as he took me out on the veranda, "who are you? Let me know all about you."

His kindly smile and words dispelled my diffidence, so I, without reserve, told all that I have related here, not even forgetting the two episodes with the "dump." When I mentioned my fascination for the South Sea he laughed outright, and said that I was not the only young man who had experienced it. While we were talking his son came out and spoke to him; Brandon asked me to sit down for a moment, and then followed his son in. After an absence of about five minutes he returned and courteously invited me in to dinner.

I thought he would send me somewhere by myself, and as I was very hungry, I thanked him, and without further ado went with him inside; but what was my consternation when he, preceding me, brought me into a room, grandly decorated and lit up, where a number of well dressed people were assembled. I attempted to draw back when I saw where we were going, but a stern, "Come in!" from my host told me that there was no backing out now.

My entrance created no sensation,—I

suppose they were advised of my advent, —only two of Brandon's clerks, who knew me, were startled, but they were too wise to say anything. Of course, I was placed below the salt at the table, but otherwise there was no distinction made between me and the most honored guest. The tears came involuntarily in my eyes when I remembered my forlorn condition only a few hours previously and my present happy moment. God had been good to me, and I had accomplished my purpose and was now enjoying a Christmas dinner. I was of too careless disposition to worry myself about the future, but still stray thoughts would enter my head in reflecting that I should probably have to revert to a diet of faies and bananas again tomorrow. I enjoyed myself, though, as well as the happiest of them all, and filled my belly with the good things before me. I drank no wine, which was perhaps observed by my host and influenced his actions afterwards. After dinner everybody adjourned to the Christmas tree, where my pockets were stuffed to overflowing by the kind-hearted children. When the guests had settled down in groups, Mr. Brandon, holding one of his little girls by the hand, took my arm with the other and led me out on the veranda.

"Now for the dismissal," thought I.

"Young man, I have been considering

your position," began he, with some feeling. "I was almost in the same circumstances myself many years ago. I was taken in hand by a good man and I have prospered. I'll tell you what I will do for you. I have an old schooner lying here on the beach; I will repair her and fit her out for a trading voyage among the islands. Are you competent to take charge of her?"

I assured him with a few words that I felt myself competent to do so, which seemed to please him. A room should be furnished for me in one of his houses until the schooner was ready for sea, and my wages would begin the following day. Much more he said, but that was the gist of it.

Now, this yarn ought to end like this: that I sailed that schooner for many years; made a large fortune for myself by lucky ventures, and finally married one of Brandon's daughters, and lived happy ever after; but — *ay de mi!* — it does not end any ways like it. I sailed the old schooner for about a year, roving about the islands, and had my fill of the South Sea; but my pay was small, and there was no money in it, so I resigned my command and worked my passage to San Francisco. I have been hard up a half a dozen times since then, — it comes periodically, — and I am not far off from it at the present day.

John C. Werner.

I MAY NOT.

I MAY not drop a burning brand upon a sunny plain,
 And hope to touch to life and joy the blackened land again.
 I may not trail my smallest sin across my brother's path,
 And hope to wash the stain away in any earthly bath.

Carrie Blake Morgan.

WHY THE CITY OF SAINT FRANCIS?

A STUDY IN SPANISH NOMENCLATURE.

"Some may doubt it," said Father Crespi, "that we have passed the harbor of Monterey, and are in sight of that of San Francisco."—Palou's *Vida*, p. 38. Translation of Father Adam.



Y what chance or law does the *cabeza*, or acknowledged head of the cities of California, today bear the name of the head of the order of Saint Francis and not that of some subordinate luminary? Why was this great name of Saint Francis of Assisi preceded by, say that of San Antonio de Padua? Was it prescience?—was it vagary?—or an example of that nineteenth century acceptance of the miraculous which we know as mental telegraphy and which they knew as something else?

All these questions, carefully studied, will teach us at least this historic fact not often recognized intelligently even in literature. The Spanish nomenclature of the eighteenth century was, in every case, a solemn and recognized invocation, and was followed by an exquisite belief in the real presence of the canonized patron or patroness invoked. In Madrid, today, the last and highest form of this Real Presence is, with a superb dramatic instinct, recognized in the progress of the public procession by the strains of the *Marcha Real*.

When did the first conviction gain ground that Saint Francis had chosen to possess himself of—not an inland city, presidio, or mission, such as were planned as a second cordon protected by the first maritime line of possession, but a harbor or puerto which for excellent reasons he did not purpose

prematurely revealing to either comandante or padre-fundador? Why was maritime as well as civic headship steadily reserved for the head of the order and for association with his name? What traditions of previous discovery were Portolá and Crespi following when they set off from San Diego de Alcalá for the port of Saint Francis without the least suspicion of so doing, and with only the intention of discovering Monterey? They carried with them Venegas and Cabrera Bueno, as we know. What mention of the port of Saint Francis does Cabrera Bueno contain? I am absolutely sure that an entirely intelligible answer to all these questions is contained both in the Spanish of Palou's *Vida* and the English of Mr. Bancroft's *History*, but I know of no brief and authoritative statement condensing and explaining all this for the reader who has not leisure for original authorities and documentary evidence.

A certain misty and drizzling style of writing even has seemed to envelop the records of the earliest San Francisco as they come to us,—the bay and the port, the presidio and Mission. On some fore-ordained morning in literature this mist will suddenly lift and reveal them all in one burst of California sunshine, in which Saint Francis shall come to his own. Meantime, long before the revelation of the port to Portolá and Crespi, he was evidently in as complete possession of it as Arthur yet is of Avalon.

Let us examine some of these records.

Marcos de Niza, sent out from Culiacan in 1539, and walking "as the Holy Ghost did lead him" through Sonora and Arizona, called the country through which he went San Francisco.

A tradition succeeded this, that the great River of Saint Francis was an arm or tributary of the Rio Colorado.

The actual route of Captain Anza from Sonora to San Francisco may have arisen from that of 1539,—within which they found, "A bay almost round, about ten leagues in width, where the great river of our Father Saint Francis empties." Palou in 1774 or 1775.

The creek called even to this day Las Llagas de San Francisco, is the dividing line between the Archdiocese of San Francisco and the Diocese of Monterey.

With a sense of relief we assist, in the year 1776,—a year memorable for other events in the records of the world,—at the formal baptism of the Presidio, Mission, and Puerto,—which enthrones forever the great Padre Serafico, and prevents his assignment to any position destined to comparative obscurity upon the King's Highway. There is still before Saint Francis possible absorption into the Yerba Buena nomenclature; there is the brief suggestion that Saint Francis of Solano may rival or eclipse him of Assisi; but we realize pleasantly that both these dangers are passed forever and that every visitor who looks out from the Presidio upon the Bay, is fairly entitled to the emotions awakened by it in Padre Junipero Serra, Apostle of Upper California, provided he knows what those emotions were.

"And for our Founder, St. Francis, there is no Mission?"—Padre Junipero.

"If St. Francis desires a Mission, let him show us his harbor and he shall have one."—Then Señor Don José de Galvez.

Interview at the Camp of Galvez, San Blas, 1767.

To me, no amount of quoting can ever make this commonplace.

The return of the Franciscans to California, as one of the historic facts of the end of the century, is in a Spanish measure the return of the twenty-one great patrones and patronas to whom the cordon of Missions was once dedicated and whose real presence was ceremonially invoked. Barbara has never left us. Louis, King of France, once more moves among us in cord and cowl. It could do us no possible harm even to go out from our portals, to welcome the whole "goodly companie" of twenty-one. The Gray Friars, from San Diego to San Rafael and San Francisco Solano, knew but one hospitality, accorded alike to citizen and estrangero, North Americans, "a few Moors," or the couriers of the King. More. The Seraphic Order accords a certain friendliness and recognition to visions, distasteful as one imagines them to be to Father Joseph O' Keef,—and I hereby make auricular confession to the following as a favorite one of mine.

In the charming opera libretto of "A King for a Day," there is an aria for the tenor, famous under the French name of "Si j'étais roi." This aria is quite capable of transposition into "Si j'étais reine," and under the privilege of such transposition, improvising for myself a throne, I can evolve the processional order of the Cordon of Saint Francis, and watch it move with incense and banners, costume, music, and cross, from the South steadily upward into the North.

This processional order is the following:—

1. *San Diego de Alcalá*; only a friar, but the *chef de cuisine* of his Order and entitled to representation in a tunic of roses while angels boil for him the Spanish *guisada* or *pot-au-feu*.

2. *San Luis, Rey de Francia*; member

of the Third Order of Penitence, who died, according to tradition, in the cord and cowl of Saint Francis, in which he was brought back to Saint Denis from the Holy Land.

3. *San Juan Capistrano*; the militant priest, who may have inspired Hidalgo and who fought under John Corvinus at Belgrade, holding the Latin cross in the dying eyes of the infidel Turks.

4. *Gabriel, Arcángel*; speaking the eventy languages of Babel and uttering the same truth in every one, dictator of the Koran to Mohammed himself, he who found no condonation for Eve but expulsion at the point of a sword, which only matched his flaming eyes as he disdainfully drew it across the Lost Terrestrial Paradise.

5. *San Fernando, Rey de España*; separated from his royal brother of France by a two days' journey, as the friars walked: each day closing still in such local vespers as may yet be sung in the heart of the dividing Pyrenees.

6. *Buenaventura of Tuscany*; the resplendent Cardinal and historian of the life of Saint Francis himself, his cardinal's hat, as an attribute, hung on a tree.

7. *Barbara of Phrygia*; holding her mission and tower steadily through its inception and foundation, and as steadily through secularization and the American occupation itself.

8. *Ines, Virgen y Mártir*; presenting the traditions of her strange neophyte students of divinity and the ritual of the Apostolic College, which represented the literature of the Propaganda Fide.

9. *La Purísima Concepcion*; defended by Padre Blas Ordaz and Corporal Tiburcio Tapia in a way which Church and State make into a kind of patriotism which only a republican can properly thrill over.

10. *San Luis, Obispo*; His Grace of Toulouse; the boy-bishop, alternately

associated with the youth of Saint Antony, and walking in local contradistinction from San Luis, the King.

11. *Saint Antony of Padua*; young and glorious as Apollo or Antinous, but prizing neither youth nor its attributes except as he could bend them into slavery to his will.

12. *San Miguel, Arcángel*; "who is as God," and with drawn sword flames yet from every window of the Cathedral of Strasburg.

13. *Soledad*; upon whose altar fell dead of starvation that Padre Sarria whose sermon to his last Spanish congregation upon the curse of American gold still ranks among Spanish Californians as an utterance inspired.

14. *San Carlos Borromeo de Monterey*; side by side in the cardinal's red with San Buenaventura, but entitled to the ruff of the Medici, to whom he belonged.

15. *San Juan Bautista*; of the Holy Family grouped near San José, but strangely separated from our Lady of Angels, enthroned forever in the South.

16. *Santa Cruz*; processional cross-bearer, meeting us in the Archdiocese of Saint Francis himself.

17. *San José de Guadalupe*; Patron of the expedition into California by sea and by land, and Patron as well of the Señor Don José de Galvez, whose name will always rank with that of Padre Junipero himself.

18. *Santa Clara*; the "Gray Sister, sedate and sweet," whose first California follower was Concepcion, associated with all the Arguellos buried in the Campo Santo of Dolores.

19. *Saint Francis of Assisi*; Padre Serafico and Founder of one of the three great Mendicant Orders.

20. *San Rafael Arcángel*; the "affable archangel" of John Milton; he who outwitted Asmodeus in the heart of Media.

21. *San Francisco de Solano*; "the

MANDY.¹



HE doors and windows of the ranch-house were thrown open, allowing the soft summer air to riot through the rooms. Ordinarily, the house duties and chores in summer commenced at early sunrise, were finished by noon, and when the dinner was cleared and the men had gone back to their work, the house was quiet until the lengthening shadows proclaimed that supper time had come. But this day a volume of smoke rising from the back chimney long after dinner denoted something unusual. The kitchen porch, generally given up to the cats, dogs, and chickens, had been newly scrubbed and brushed, and its only occupant was a cat, whose curiosity had triumphed over her awe at the extraordinary change in the daily routine, and who stood near the door, purring wistfully to the worker in the kitchen.

From the kitchen could be heard a man's voice, and a minute later its owner appeared in the doorway, where he stood looking down with some amusement at the cat, who in confident recognition of a friend, rubbed her head softly against his coarse leather boots.

No one for a moment could mistake Jim Clifton for an American. A straight, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and bonny-haired Briton, he belonged to a type familiar enough to Californians, who are able to recognize at a glance the Englishman that has come to their country, with great expectation and an overweeing pride and affection for his own land, which makes it impossible for him to be drawn into entanglements, political or domestic,

and which will eventually draw him back, — when he will rehabilitate himself in civilized garb and manners.

Clifton watched the cat for a few minutes and then walked to the edge of the porch, and shading his eyes from the too fierce light, he carefully scanned the neighboring fields. There was no one in sight. He made of his two hands a trumpet and called: "Joe, where are you? Joe!"

"Here!" a voice answered, and Jim Clifton started leisurely towards the barn. Stopping at the door, he leaned against the casement, and taking his pipe from his pocket, filled it with slow care, giving the act the appearance and importance of a solemn ceremony. He smoked in silence a moment, watching critically the half-hearted movements of his brother, who was harnessing a little gray mare into a dilapidated spring wagon.

"Why did n't you make Blake hitch up?" he queried finally. "Where is he?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "At it again," he answered.

"You've got to go for her?"

The man nodded moodily.

"Why do you go? It is none of your business."

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"You're a f-f-fool, Joe," he retorted, betraying, in his haste to eject the words,

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"I don't like it any better than you do," Joe confided to his brother a few minutes later, when his irritation had passed. "Not a bit. Though from a different point of view. Here 's Mrs. Blake who's worked and slaved these last fifteen years simply to give Mandy advantages and accomplishments she never craved for herself. She is in there now, working herself to death — just because 'Mandy's coming home'."

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Joe jumped into the wagon, and drove quickly past his brother, to the porch.

"Not dressed yet?" he spoke in good-natured rebuke to Mrs. Blake, who in answer glanced deprecatingly down at her wet and crumpled calico gown. "Now, Mrs. Blake," he continued authoritatively, "you go in and get dressed.

What would Mandy think if she saw you looking like this? That we worked you to death, perhaps. Have n't you finished cooking yet?"

"I've just got to finish scrubbing the kitchen, and then I'm done." She answered in a voice vibrant with fatigue and anxiety. "But I'm that flustered I can hardly see. Do you be so kind, Mr. Joe, and drive home slowly, and I'll be ready in time."

The man smiled a good-humored assent, and drove down the road, passing in silence his brother, who stood and watched him until he disappeared behind the tall eucalypti.

"It is not such a bad idea as it seemed at first," meditated Jim. "She would probably set her cap for Joe if she knew he owned the ranch." He went back to the barn without vouchsafing a glance at Mrs. Blake, who forgetful of Joe's exhortation had not left the porch.

Mrs. Blake was a spare, angular woman, whose every movement betrayed an immense waste of nervous energy. Against adverse circumstances and an unsmiling Fate her whole life had been spent in a ceaseless struggle, which had lined her face and whitened the frowzly mass of hair she had long since given up any attempt to restrain. She stood at the steps, one hand grasping the slight porch railing, while she gazed with unseeing eyes down the road. How differently she had planned for this day! How many loving dreams been woven around Mandy's final home coming, which now suggested more pain than pleasure. With passive regret she allowed her thoughts to wander amid still vivid memories, and her visions that summer afternoon must have indeed been sad ones, which hardened her mouth in pathetic, downward curves, and lent such deep anxiety to her eyes. Only in one short period had she experienced anything like

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happiness. After a troubled and short girlhood, she had become the wife of Harlow Blake, who was able for a short time to keep her from the sorrows that walk hand-in-hand with poverty, and the first few years of her married life had been singularly free from care and anxiety. The Blakes were then living in Marin County on the San Rafael Ranch, to which they were deeply attached, and where they fondly expected to spend their lives. But this dream was rudely broken by the discovery of a flaw in their title. Discouraged by this loss, they sold what remained, and leaving the ranch, drifted into another county.

Uncertain of their future, Mrs. Blake had placed her little daughter, Mandy, then but a child of five, in the convent of Notre Dame at San José. The child soon became attached to the sisters, so she was allowed to stay, coming home only twice a year to spend vacations; and each change of scene afforded her excitement and childish pleasure, as the Blakes tried their fortunes first in Santa Clara County, then in Monterey, leaving one ranch to experiment with another,—each in turn being named the “San Rafael” in loving memory of the one they had lost.

They finally settled in San Miguel, where for a while, their fortunes seemed to brighten. The crops more than paid expenses, and Mrs. Blake again grew hopeful.

But Blake's success seemed to intoxicate him. He began to speculate, and though the fever lasted but a short time, it burdened the ranch with a mortgage. This discouraged Blake, as to his superstitious mind it led to a series of misfortunes he felt powerless to avert. Relapsing into placid non-resistance to a fate that always “went agin him,” he degenerated into a ranch loafer, finding solace and oblivion in drink. Had it not

been for the indomitable energy of Mrs. Blake they would soon have been paupers, and their child would have been left to the charity of the sisters of Notre Dame.

But with the energy of despair, she undertook to save the ranch. She shouldered her burden bravely, and did the work of two men, that Mandy should not know want. That the young life should not be shadowed by the knowledge of their disasters, Mrs. Blake wrote to the sisters to keep Mandy at the convent during the holidays, giving as her reason that as it would only be three years, she thought it best that Mandy should not come home until it was for good, and this resolution her daughter never dreamed of questioning.

The three years had brought many changes to the occupants of the San Rafael Ranch,—of which Mandy was allowed to rest in ignorance.

But a short while after this last misfortune had overwhelmed the Blakes, two young Englishmen arrived in San Miguel where they had drifted in search of a choice corner of earth out of which to reap their fortunes. Hearing of Mrs. Blake's abilities in a housewifely line, the Cliftons had begged to be allowed to board with her, until they could decide upon the place they wished to buy. She eagerly accepted them, her finances being at the lowest ebb; for it seemed a solution of the problem she had been rather helplessly endeavoring to work out,—how to raise money for Mandy's board and tuition.

The Cliftons had been at the ranch only a few weeks, when the younger brother fell ill with diphtheria. Mrs. Blake nursed him with motherly solicitude. The illness made it impossible for the brothers to carry out their plans as speedily as they had wished; so Jim had made overtures to the Blakes to rent a portion of the ranch for a year. During

that time the knowledge of the mortgage came to them, and discovering it was soon to be foreclosed, they bought it up, and the San Rafael ranch passed into their hands.

Outwardly it made but little difference in the lives of all concerned, for Mr. Blake was retained for a small sum to work on the farm, and his wife received a comfortable salary as housekeeper.

At first her sorrow was overshadowed by gratitude at being allowed to stay on the ranch, and the familiarity of the scene made her oftentimes forget that anything had happened that would materially affect their future. But one thought troubled her, the thought of the return of her daughter, to whom a confession of their changed circumstances seemed as inevitable as the revelation would be cruel. As the day drew near, Mrs. Blake grew more nervous and restless, and her grief more poignant. For the first time she lost confidence in the future she had planned for her daughter, questioning the wisdom of obtaining for Mandy advantages purchased at such a sacrifice, and about which the poor woman's ideas were somewhat misty.

Before Joe started on his ride, his mood as nearly approached anger, as was possible to his usually sunny disposition. The thought of the changes in their free and unconstrained existence, which the return of old man Blake's daughter would entail, he resented with truly British dislike for innovation.

He had not driven far, however, when his troubled thoughts vanished, driven away by the breezes which, sweeping over from the ocean, whispered to the grateful meadows, now dry and parched, of waves and sandy shores and foam-splashed rocks. He bared his head, welcoming the soft familiarity of the wind, and breathed in with delight the air that

even so far inland had not lost its salty savor.

Before his gaze the whole beauty of the country lay revealed. The fields of nodding grain, all burnt to a golden hue, stretched for miles on either side of the road, until they stopped abruptly at the foothills. There darker colors and rugged land announced the near approach of the Santa Lucia Mountains, which stood out in black and bold relief against the azure of the sky. His wandering gaze rested on the old and picturesque Mission of San Miguel, around whose gray adobe walls cluster so many memories, and wherefrom the little town derives its name.

A shrill whistle heralded the approach of the train.

Overtaking a man, who had been walking briskly, keeping some distance ahead of the wagon, Joe called out cheerfully, "Hello, Wilson, want a lift? Going my way?"

"No, I'm going mine."

Joe's face flushed boyishly, and he drew back, clenching the reins in his hand.

The answer was but another slight to add to many since he arrived in California,—and for which he could not justly blame the giver. It was all Jim's fault, as he angrily told himself a dozen times a day. Had he but been allowed to come to America alone as he had wished, Joe felt confident that he could have made these Californians his friends. But Jim had spoilt it all,—Jim, who by his intensely superior manners, would end by making the place intolerable for them both.

For now, more than three years since Jim Clifton had left England, his race prejudices and peculiarities were as strong as when he arrived in California; and the necessity of amalgamating with the interests and institutions of the coun-

try in which he was sojourning he had as yet doggedly refused to recognize. Obviously this did not tend to make him popular. After the first cordial attempts at sociability, their new acquaintances fell away, antagonized by Jim Clifton's supercilious superiority and insolent indifference. And not discriminating between the two brothers, they gave to both the cold shoulder, which was a keen disappointment to the younger man, who would have heartily welcomed advances from these kindly people, to whom he felt strangely drawn by sympathy and admiration.

A girlish figure stood on the station platform looking anxiously around. That it was Mandy, there was no room to doubt, as she was the only passenger that had left the train; but that this girl, who was decidedly sweet and pretty to look at, could be the daughter of old man Blake seemed to Joe one of Nature's most hopeless incongruities,—and he smiled derisively to himself as he contrasted the dainty face, at that instant brightened with relief, with the pictures he had unconsciously drawn of old Blake's daughter. Mandy instantly recognized him as one of the young Englishmen about whom her mother had penned many laborious letters; and as he clambered from the wagon, she scrutinized him curiously, taking in with rapid glances his whole appearance; from his coarse, high boots, into which were tucked dark velveteen trousers, to the huge sombrero he wore with careless grace. Truly he was an improvement on the men her father had been accustomed to employ, and she looked admiringly at his broad chest whose powerful muscles were but poorly hidden by his coarse flannel shirt, which opening carelessly at the throat disclosed a neck as white as any woman's.

"You are Mr. Joe," Mandy said,

holding out her hand with natural simplicity.

Joe smiled an answer as he assisted her into the wagon. But after they had started on their homeward drive, he turned to her curiously. "What made you think I was Joe? Don't you think you may have made a mistake?"

Mandy shook her head, she could not be mistaken,—for her mother had described them perfectly. She would have known Joe anywhere, she declared with perfect sincerity.

"Tell me what she said about us."

Mandy laughed, betraying a demure little dimple tucked in near the corner of her eye. Then telling off her memories on her fingers, she quoted, "Jim was tall, but Joe was taller; Jim was broad, but Joe was broader; Jim was the best-looking, but Joe's looks she liked the best."

"O, I see," said Joe. "Light breaks in upon me. You knew it was Joe because——"

"Because I knew I should like Joe best too," Mandy finished naively. "And you see I was right."

Joe tried not to look pleased, and felt called upon to suggest that as she had but met one of them, her decision might possibly not be final.

She shook her head decisively, a characteristic gesture, which Joe learned to look for; nothing could shake her opinions, which her manner would have led one to believe were immutable when once made; and it suddenly occurred to Joe, that, after all, the little convent-bred girl might prove a welcome addition to their quiet life on the ranch, and he determined that it would not be his fault if she changed her opinion that she "liked Joe best."

Having just emerged from the rigorous restrictions of the convent, Mandy tried with difficulty to conceal the excitement

she felt in this situation so delightfully new and unconventional to her, and the frank attention of the young Englishman, who with real interest followed her quick and eager speech, made her forgetful of the parents she had not seen for over three years.

This excitement seemed natural enough to Joe, who attributed it to the anticipation of the meeting with her mother from whom she had long been separated.

Recalling opportunely Mrs. Blake's injunction that he was not to hurry home, Joe drove with loose rein, allowing the mare to set her own pace, but even so, to Mandy the ride seemed all too short.

The Blakes were on the porch waiting for them when they drove up. To her father's greeting and her mother's caresses, with which she overwhelmed her, the girl yielded unresponsively, her glance roving curiously about the place, as if in search for some one yet to come. In response to his brother's call Jim Clifton strolled out of the house, and with easy indifference welcomed Mandy home. After a moment's cursory scrutiny, her gaze was satisfied, and she felt a curious thrill of gratitude to him for being just what he was, confident that he would not be able to swerve her from her original conviction "that she liked Joe best."

After the first demonstrative greetings, Mrs. Blake, morbidly self-conscious of the secret she dreaded to divulge, became suddenly shy and reticent with her daughter, who felt the change keenly, though she was not acute enough to realize the cause. Eager to establish their relations on the old familiar basis, Mandy tried to share with her mother her hopes and confidences, and her reminiscences of the life she had left behind. But her enthusiasms and ambitions opened up to

Mrs. Blake a new and unfamiliar world, which but served to exaggerate to her sensitive consciousness her own shortcoming and ignorance.

Innocent of the pain she caused, Mandy interpreted her mother's manner as expressing a total lack of sympathy, and proudly withheld further confidences, while she generously strove to adapt herself to the homely interests of the ranch where her mother's life was so deeply centered. But even this last attempt was sadly futile; for the only common ground where they could meet, was rendered difficult by Mrs. Blake, who discouraged Mandy's efforts to become interested in the ranch, fearful of the possible disclosure of the change in their circumstances.

Despairing, Mandy abandoned all hope of her friendly overtures being accepted by her mother, who though unhappily cognizant of the breach that was widening between them, felt powerless to avert it.

Jim Clifton was not slow to perceive their strained relations, and his magnanimity did not prevent him from quoting the case to his brother as but another confirmation of the truth of his belief that education only increases the suffering of the masses by widening their circle of vision. This time Joe had no argument ready in refutation, his faith in his own beliefs not being as implicit as it had been. The sacrifice of which he had glibly prated as necessary for the race, seemed less easy when it entered into his own personal experience, and his sympathy was quickened by the loneliness of the girl, whose disappointment she lacked the skill to conceal. Acknowledging his helplessness to soften the one, he at least could try to assuage the other; which he did with such success and so much satisfaction to both, that he soon settled into the habit of devoting to

Mandy's pleasure all of his leisure hours, which now threatened to encroach upon his busy ones.

Jim watched their growing intimacy with apprehension, but did not try to prevent their frequent walks and rides, which soon became a daily occurrence; and hesitated to offer any opposition that might fan into a more vigorous existence a latent flame. But while Joe and Mandy were becoming more engrossed in the discovery of mutual tastes and prejudices, Jim sent off to England a few letters containing vigorous warnings that gave great satisfaction to their author, whereas his brother would have been greatly incensed had he but been aware of their contents.

Fortunately for Mandy's peace of mind, she was spared the necessity of an intimate acquaintance with her father, who left the ranch a few days after she arrived. After a great deal of persuasion, the owners of some of the neighboring ranches had consented, not without misgivings, to give Blake a trial by allowing him the commission of selling their cattle for them. And so he had started on his business trip, as he proudly called this the first job he had had in years,—intending to be away a few weeks; and though the weeks slipped into months, and the end of September was drawing near, and he had not returned, yet his absence caused no anxiety to most of the occupants of the San Rafael ranch, absorbed as they were in their own thoughts and occupations.

To Joe, however, who had good reasons to be doubtful of Blake's business abilities, this long absence boded no good, and his heart was big with pity and indignation, at the thought of possible sorrow in store for the two women in whose lives his sympathy had become entangled,—and each passing day that brought no news of the wanderer, strengthened his apprehensions.

It was Jim Clifton's custom twice a year, in June and October, to make a trip through the neighboring towns on business for the ranch, and from these journeys he usually managed to extract a mild sort of diversion. But this year the change did not seem to possess its ordinary attractions for him, and he prevailed upon his brother to undertake the trip, demonstrating the impracticability of his leaving the ranch at that time. To this request Joe unwillingly acceded, having no tangible excuse.

The day before he was to start, Joe went out to the barn when he had finished supper, to repair a part of the harness. Mrs. Blake followed him there a few minutes later, watching him in silence as he wrestled clumsily with the bit of broken leather. Several times she essayed to speak, but stopped abruptly as if uncertain how to begin.

At last, with a desperate effort she plunged into the subject. "Mr. Joe," she said, rather helplessly trying to restrain a mutinous lock of hair, "I'm so afraid you think I'm doing wrong by not telling Mandy about the—that we don't own the ranch, I mean. Your brother thinks it wrong,—I can tell. Goodness knows I have tried to often enough,"—the quiver in her voice was infinitely pathetic to Joe, burdened as he was with an immense capacity for sympathy,—“but somehow I can't begin. The right words don't come.” Then with sudden courage, “You and she are good friends, Mr. Joe. You know how to talk to her. Could n't you tell her?”

“That 's out of the question, Mrs. Blake. How could I? She would consider it an unpardonable interference, a piece of impertinence on my part. I feel enough like an interloper already. I'd like to do anything you ask me; but not that.” And then, pitying the distress she did not attempt to hide, he suggested kindly. “Don't tell her now, anyway.

There's really no necessity. May be better days will come, and then you won't have to. Who knows but the ranch will be yours some day. You may buy it back yet, Mrs. Blake. Less improbable things have happened!"

Mrs. Blake's face brightened, cheered by the voicing of a hope she had not allowed herself to acknowledge. If that were possible! And might it not be so? She had been able to put by already over one hundred dollars, and she would save,—she would keep on saving,—and this work of her husband would bring in something.

Mandy might have a home again, after all. But there she paused and her eyes grew troubled. Would it make Mandy any happier? Bring her a little nearer to the mother who felt so keenly the alienation? Had it all been a mistake,—the long years of loneliness and sacrifices,—the ambitions and separations,—all a mistake?—the hopes of happiness, that too a mistake? If that were true, then of what use the pain and solitude?—what use the toil?

What use?—the two words voice the question of the trouble of the ages. Cui bono? And to the tortured cry wrung from suffering humanity there has come yet no answer.

Though Joe had started on his journey unwillingly, confident that the complications which had so occupied his thoughts at the ranch would continue to bother and harass him, his business immediately absorbed all of his time and attention,—and it was not until he was well on his way home, his business affairs satisfactorily arranged, that they recurred to him with renewed vigor.

The day was hot and sultry, the ride long and tedious, and the afternoon was drawing to a close, when the San Rafael ranch at last came in sight. Joe spurred his horse, impatient for the cool shade

of the gloomy eucalyptus trees of the long avenue. Once in the coveted shade, he walked his tired horse, picturing idly the surprised welcome that awaited him,—for he had completed his work a day or so sooner than he had anticipated.

That he was not expected was evident, as no one appeared when he drew up by the kitchen porch, and the whole house lay quiet as if long deserted. He waited for a few moments, his glance roving around the yard and over the fields. Then in answer to his loud halloo Mrs. Blake came out to meet him. Her eyes were drawn and swollen as if from violent weeping, and to Joe's anxious inquiries, she poured forth a broken and incoherent account of the last and greatest misfortune that had come to her.

There was not a trace of resentment in her tone as she told her story. Her husband had returned, the same day that Joe had left. Suspiciously quiet and subservient, he did not account for his long absence. But when asked for the money he should have received for his work, he declared he had not been able to collect it. The next day the storm had broken. The farmers, coming to collect the money due them, were angered by his assertion that he had not received any. This led to inquiries, and the story leaked out. Blake had collected a large sum of money, more than he had had in his hands for years, and it had slipped through his fingers, thus accounting for his long absence.

Enraged by his cool audacity, the ranchers had demanded satisfaction of Mrs. Blake, which to the best of her ability she had given. All her savings had gone, and she had even that same morning raised a pitifully small sum on their scanty furniture.

"But that is not the worst, Mr. Joe," she added. "It's Mandy. Of course she had to be told everything. It came

out this morning when those men came for the money I had promised them. It just went to my heart to do it. And she listened, not saying a word, and when I had done talking, she said so quiet-like, 'Is that all, mother?' and then went away. I'd rather she had taken on than acted like that. It was awful."

"Do you know where she went?" Joe asked eagerly, forgetting in his anxiety for the daughter to offer sympathy to the mother.

Mrs. Blake did not know. She would have gone to look for her, but dared not leave the house. "He's in there,"—pointing vaguely to the house. "Sleeping, he's done nothing but sleep since he came home."

Still no resentment, not a hint of anger against him who had wrecked her best hopes and dearest aspirations. And after he had left her to go in search of Mandy, Joe realized with a thrill of sudden pity, that whereas other troubles had bent and bruised her elastic spirit, this one had broken her irrevocably.

With swift intuition he knew where he should find Mandy, and directed his horse's step towards a group of live oak trees that marked the southeastern corner of the ranch,—the Forest, as Mandy had merrily christened the four great trees, under whose generous shade she spent most of her days, and where in the evening she and Joe would go to enjoy the long twilight, until the stars piercing the dense leafage would warn them of the encroaching night.

Joe dismounted, tying his horse to one of the low-sweeping branches, and gave a rapid glance around the place. His surmise was the true one. Close by the huge trunk of one of the great trees, Mandy lay prostrate, her head resting on the leaves which thickly carpeted the ground. Going swiftly up to her, his spurs loudly heralding his approach, he knelt beside her.

"Mandy, why did you frighten me so? And your mother is so worried."

Mandy's sobs stopped, but she did not answer. He felt powerless to help her; the words he had intended to say seemed crude and meaningless, and he knelt by her in silence for a few minutes. Then laying his rough hand clumsily on the girl's soft hair, he pleaded with her, "Come home, Mandy."

But Mandy shook her head bitterly, — she had no home. No home on the great wide earth.

And Joe, feeling guiltily like an interloper, said what he had not come there to say, what a minute before he had not dreamed of asking, and said it honestly, passionately, believing he meant it with all his heart. "Then, come home with me, Mandy, and I swear to you while I have a home, it shall be yours,—if you will share it with me. For I love you," he added simply, "and if you could learn to love me, Mandy!"

But here Mandy interrupted him.

"Learn to love you!" she repeated with repressed earnestness. "Can't you see it was because I loved you, and feared I would have to leave you, that I was so wretched?"

And as Joe was endeavoring to get a glimpse of the little tear-stained face she suddenly lifted it to him. "I knew from the first that I should like Joe best," she said.

And Joe was satisfied.

The shadows had fallen before they started for home. Joe placed Mandy on his horse with a tender proprietary manner, and walked slowly beside her, not letting her hand escape for a minute his imprisoning clasp. With a new enthusiasm he shared with her his ambitious hopes, how in time he would be able to buy Jim's share of the San Rafael, and then they—the two together—would build up a model farm such as the county did not possess.

Mandy listened with responsive eagerness,—and in fancy the ranch was already bought,—their new house built; and so rapt in their new happiness were they, that no thought of the sad and lonely woman waiting anxiously for them, no pang of regret or sympathy for the sad life that had been made of disappointed hopes and wrecked illusions, occurred to trouble their new content, and they had nearly reached the house when Joe remembered with a queer feeling of remorse that they had been selfishly planning a future in which Mrs. Blake was allotted no share.

Jim met them in the yard. "I have been looking for you everywhere," he informed his brother, entirely ignoring Mandy's presence. "Mrs. Blake said you came home two hours ago. I thought you should be told at once. A cable came for you yesterday from home. I am afraid mother must be ill,—for she has sent for you."

Mandy started violently, but Joe gave her fingers a reassuring pressure. "I can't go," he said succinctly. "You must go in my place, Jim."

"I shall d-do nothing of the kind," retorted his brother. "And why c-can't you g-go, might one ask?"

"O yes,—you may ask," Joe suggested politely. "If that will enlighten you."

"I suppose this young l-l-lady has something to do with it?"

"Precisely," Joe assented with irritating indifference. Then changing his tone,— "Look here, Jim, we may as well understand each other. I am not going to England. I am not certain whether I shall ever go back. California and California people are good enough for me. And here I am going to stay and make my home, and Mandy is going to help me."

"Joe, you're a f-f-fool!" his brother

snarled at him in exasperation. "You're a f-f-fool! To throw yourself away b-b-because of a heroic notion that s-some woman n-needs your help. I have no ob-j-jection t-to your helping all the women you know,—but you d-don't have t-to m-marry them. No, I'll not st-stop. G-give her the ranch, and she'll l-let you g-go. I s-suppose s-she made you feel as if you s-stole the ranch?"

"Look here, Jim!" Joe said angrily, dropping Mandy's hand and walking close up to his brother. "I've had enough of your eternal interference. I'm not going to England. That ends it."

Mandy interposed, frightened by the angry voices of the two men whose faces she could not discern in the dim light. But they did not even hear her.

"Joe," she said softly. "Your brother is right. You had better go. If you really care for me, you care enough to prove it by coming back to me,—be it ever so long a journey." And slipping off the horse, she went up to Joe, and taking his hand in hers, laid her cheek against it with a caressing little gesture. "Go," she said, and then glided past the two men, and went into the house.

After that Joe did not argue further, sullenly refusing to continue the conversation with his brother, who nevertheless was satisfied with the result,—understanding by Joe's manner that he had given in, and confident that if he once was in England, his mother would prevent him from returning.

Joe hung around the kitchen all the evening, hoping to see Mandy again. But she did not appear, and he finally trudged disappointedly to his room to pack his grip for the morrow's journey, resolved that if the journey had to be taken, he would lose no time in idle regrets or anticipations.

The next morning he rose later than

usual, and breakfasted alone, waited on by Mrs. Blake, who, bewildered by the crowding of startling events, had subsided into a nerveless apathy. In answer to his inquiries, she told him that his horse was waiting, and that one of the ranch hands had already taken his valise in the cart to the station, and would wait to lead the horse home. But would he not change his mind, and let some one drive him down? It would take just a moment to hitch up the wagon.

But Joe would not have it otherwise than he had planned,—and he intended to go alone. “But don’t look so mournful, Mrs. Blake, I am not going to that bourne whence no traveler returns. In six months you ’ll see me again. Am I not to see Mandy before I go?” he asked in an injured voice as he turned to leave the kitchen. And Mrs. Blake who dared not try to speak, pointed vaguely to the porch beyond, and after he had gone, wiped away a furtive tear with the corner of her work-worn apron.

Mandy stood waiting in one corner of the porch. She turned to meet him, as he came towards her, and held out both hands. He grasped them eagerly, and tried to draw her closer, but she held him rigidly away, earnestly scanning his face as if to measure the strength of the purpose written there. “Joe,” she said, and there was no break in the clear young tones, “you will come back?”

And when he assured her of his return before six months had passed, of his unrest until he should be with her once again, she yielded her lips to him for one short moment, and then pushed him away, begging him to go before her strength should fail.

He rode slowly down the road, not daring to look back at the sad little figure on the porch. If he could but resist the dumb apathy into which he was sinking, shake off the ominous presentiment that

was taking firm root in his mind that he was now taking his farewell of the dear old San Rafael ranch, to which events would somehow prevent his return,—if he could but know that he and Mandy should meet again.

A sharp cry startled him, and turning, there was Mandy in the road beside him, her cheeks flushed and glowing from the quick run through the sharp morning air, — her hair falling in disregarded confusion around her shoulders.

“Joe, come back! you will come back?”

Leaning from his saddle, he gathered her in his strong young arms, and kissed her eyes, her mouth, with sudden deep regret, promising her his quick return, with an assurance that failed to be self-convincing.

Then with quick resolution he put her down tenderly, and left her, her sad little cry echoing in his ears as he turned away. “Joe, come back! you will come back?” It haunted him on his ride to the station and rang in his brain the whole long day, for the train seemed to be moving to its said refrain, “Come back, you will come back?”

Clifton went immediately to the Palace Hotel, the only place with which he was familiar in San Francisco. After he had brushed away some of the dust of travel, he went in search of the dining room, where, after giving a long order to one of the soft-footed waiters, he settled himself back comfortably in his chair and prepared to give himself up to the full enjoyment of the scene. The room was ablaze with incandescent lights, and the bright colors of the women’s gowns, the fragrance of the flowers, all conspired to give it a most festive appearance.

Out of the subdued murmur which reached him as he sat at the farther end of the room, he could distinguish the clear high tones of the women, mingling

with the deeper voices of the men, who were enjoying with due appreciation those few short hours of relaxation and freedom from the cares and anxiety of business. And now and then above the murmur rose the cadence of a woman's laugh.

At the table where he was sitting, three or four daintily dressed women were engaged in bright, quick, superficial conversation. Passing gracefully from one topic to another, they skimmed the surface of the subject with rapid ease. Joe felt out of sympathy with the gay surroundings, and suddenly realized with somewhat of a shock how utterly his experiences of the past three or four years had drawn him out of touch with his life in England. He felt awkward and constrained. Yet these were the associations to which he had been accustomed at home. This, the life to which he was returning. These, the kind of people for whom he was leaving Mandy. Mandy!—with whom—had it not been for Jim's unwarranted interference—he might be at that moment. Together they might be sitting under the old oak tree, watching the stars as they ventured out slowly one by one.

And all at once, the lights became garish to him, the light-hearted women around him seemed artificial, the life to which he was returning, hollow and forced. Pushing his chair from the table, he rose abruptly,—his meal but half finished and the waiter left aghast in polite but subdued astonishment. And as he passed his fair neighbors, Clifton smiled

to himself as he caught the audible whisper, "Those queer Englishmen!"

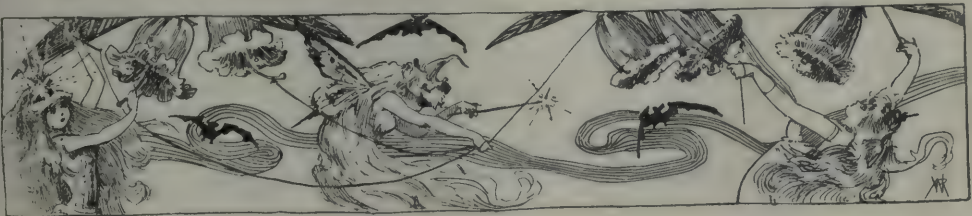
Going directly to his own room, he walked deliberately over to the mirror above the mantel, and gazed long and earnestly at the reflection he saw there.

What a foolish thing he had been about to do! To take a long and wearisome journey, simply to prove he knew his own mind and inclinations. He knew them already. Life was such an uncertain thing after all, and pleasures so evanescent,—how short-sighted to give up those he craved and already had grasped! And to give to old associations and friends, whose claims he would not have courage or strength to ignore, the opportunity to swerve him from his best intentions!

His life on the ranch had been so free and unconstrained, such a contrast to his old, formal existence at home. He knew what he wanted,—it was Mandy, Mandy! And at the thought of her his eyes softened.

A brave action truly, for a man to leave the girl who loved him to wrestle with poverty and sadness alone. What did he care for Jim's wrath or disappointment, if Mandy were but happy? And leaning over towards the glass Joe quoted softly,—“J-J-Joe, you're a f-f-fool,”—which seemed to give him infinite satisfaction. And the next morning Clifton rose early, and after taking a hurried breakfast, went down to the depot where he bought a ticket for San Miguel, and then settled himself comfortably in the train that was to take him back to Mandy.

Ednah Robinson.



MOTION AND EMOTION IN FICTION.

THE REAL VERSUS THE REALIST.



FOR the past quarter of a century a sentiment of pedantry on both sides of the Atlantic has been steadily urging the acceptance of the self-styled "realistic" novel as the only scholarly and imperishable form of fiction. A well-written paper on this line of advance in a late number of an Eastern periodical of standing warrants a glance at the general character of the realistic novel and the validity of its claim to immortality. In the interest of reasonable brevity this class of fiction will be referred to as a whole, with the preliminary admission that it is susceptible to gradation between lines of unquestioned merit and the longer reaches of undoubted froth.

Its fundamental characteristic is style, which in this relation may be defined as a redundancy of borrowed aphorisms, large facility in the use of adjectives and other qualifying terms, and deftness in adjusting them to the movements of a fluent sentence. Another distinguishing feature is its aim to record the thoughts rather than the actions of humanity; the motives that inspire a purpose rather than the means through which it is accomplished; and in the minuteness of the record abides its claim to realism.

This claim is wholly and clearly fallacious. In depicting in extravagant colors the harrowing heart-histories of the inert automatons of this class of fiction, the writer is more apt to reflect his own mental and moral individuality than that

of the matter-of-fact world around him, and the psychic gymnastics of his characters are quite as great a tax upon the credulity of the average reader as the romantic adventures of Sindbad or the Count of Monte Cristo. One is a romance of feeling, the others of action. One writer from uncongenial conditions portrays possible, but not very probable, mental struggles, intensified and colored by his own exceptional personality, and another describes—omitting the expressly fabulous and supernatural—possible, but not very probable, physical happenings melted from the ore of his imagination. Both approach the verge of unreason, one governed by what he might have felt, the other by what he might have seen.

The realism of the realists usually begins and ends with environment and inconsequential action, and is promptly displaced by exaggeration whenever the "heart history" features of the school are given a hearing; whenever the attempt is made to put the stamp of reality on years of domestic bickerings resulting solely from a disputed interpretation of a Scriptural verse; whenever broad-chested men are made to pass harrowing days and sleepless nights over occurrences to be sensibly whistled to the winds, and robust women are tortured into premature graves by a knowledge that their husbands have read Voltaire or laid a wager on a horse race; whenever, in short, men and women in the ordinary walks of life are deprived of common sense, and made to think and feel with a saintly or

savage fervor unknown to the bustling bread-winners of the nineteenth century, —then is fiction of the worst description being served to the public in the guise of realism.

Another distinguishing mark of the realists is that they rigidly avoid plots in the construction of their tales of mental conflict, and complacently but firmly relegate to back seats all of the less skilful who have been prompted to employ them through lust for ephemeral renown, or the more prosaic demands of the stomach. This abruptly disposes of a formidable array of fiction writers, past and present, whose brains have felt the bay.

We are asked to believe that the emotional history of almost every human life furnishes ample groundwork for an instructive story. The assumption is absurd,—sufficiently absurd to warrant the opinion that a belief in it must necessarily be supplemented by the more important conviction that such thin literary gruel, if consumed with a relish, must be the handiwork of one of the masters of the class of realistic fiction here in view, —say Howells, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Tolstoi, or Zola, in one of his rarely decent moods.

There is in reality little or no fascination in the minute emotional records of unimportant and uneventful lives, however affluent they may be in the blasted hopes and elusive joys common to humanity, and the word-painting of the historian is usually all that is in them to arouse in the general reader a feeble interest not found in the perusal of a table of logarithms.

The meager plots of these realists, or rather fragile frameworks around which they weave their charming rhetoric, are studiously impoverished, until frequently but a single thread is left to bear the burden of their carefully pruned and in-

geniously entwined sentences; and then, as an additional exhibition of their disregard of dramatic effect, or perhaps with the view of imparting an epic flavor to their stilted offerings, they incline to the habit of leaving their stories unfinished. In such instances the final paragraph conveys an impression of a severe mental strain suddenly ending in nervous prostration or possibly death, and sympathy for the author contributes another thread to the fabric of his fame. A suggestion by *The Arizona Kicker* that a piece had been sawed off and lost would scarcely be received as a satisfactory explanation of the presumed abridgment beyond the purlieu of Tombstone.

Through the medium of felicitous phrase and scholarly treatment in dealing with supersensitive ideals, it might be possible in time for an organized international coterie of literary conspirators so far to subvert the peaceful tendencies of Christian civilization as to inspire, if not a positive taste for family discord in respectable circles, an impression, at least, that household wrangling over conflicting metaphysical or religious opinions is in the line of advanced thought, and may properly be indulged in as an evidence of superior culture; but until the inauguration of that era of domestic distraction the humane of every community will continue to stop their ears to the bitter and blighting controversies here and again shutting the sunshine from the homes of their neighbors; and it may be reasonably concluded that people who abhor such scenes in real life can find but little entertainment in fictitious descriptions of them. Yet they constitute the dominant features of a dull and unfruitful literature which, we are asked to believe, can never perish.

Although Demosthenes could stir the soul with his rhetoric even when his logic was faulty, it does not follow that

mellifluous and engaging diction is the only factor of consequence in successful modern book-making ; and difference of opinion is not expected in assuming that no style, however vigorous and inviting, is capable of preserving its dignity or charm in association with mawkish sentimentalism and puerile views of the natural tendencies and responsibilities of civilized life.

Story telling is, always has been, and always will be, the most fascinating and instructive feature of human communion. It is the foundation of the history of all nations. It inspired the invention of letters. It taught the virtues of patriotism before national symbols were created, and lessons of humanity before laws were made. In it music and poetry had their beginning, and through it Homer sent down to us his immortal numbers. At the foot of the glacier it molded into form the sturdy religious system of the Northman, and in the land of the vine and olive wove into a magnificent whole its scattered fragments of the mythology of the Greek. It gives to ancient literature its most captivating element, and to the treatment of modern thought that much-prized classic color familiar to the reader, and especially affected by writers who woo the public in the carefully-tailored and irreproachable habiliments of style.

The passion for stories is as intense today as it was in the barbarous ages, when the rude and unlettered tribes of every latitude, from the frozen seas to ceaseless summer, gathered under the stars and listened far into the night to the wild tales of their poets. In the nurseries of the world, in the lobbies of parliaments, in the mansions of the rich and the hovels of the poor, in forest and fore-castle, everywhere is story telling the absorbing attraction of social intercourse. It is also one of the most humanizing and

beneficent of enjoyments. It silences acrimonious and fruitless discussion. It stimulates the imagination and lightens the burdens of care. Sentiments of pity, of humor, of horror, are in turn appealed to, and through the equalizing force of sympathy is engendered a spirit of harmony among the listeners which is never wholly lost. Stories are simply scenes from the great drama of human life, and to be worth the telling, must be either grotesque or dramatic in action, novel in construction or situation, or quaint in phraseology. The latter is the weakest of these elements, although it possesses all the force, function, and carrying capacity—to use a well-understood commercial expression—of finished style.

As with books, so with the drama. The demand is for action on the stage ; for something to feed the eye as well as the brain ; something to startle as well as to instruct ; and sonorous soliloquy or sentimental dialogue, or both combined, have never yet been able to prop into popularity a stage play with a tame and undramatic argument. Nor is the assertion contravened by the historic and mythological dramas of Shakspeare and the early Greek poets. The central figures of the Greeks were gods, whose limbs knew no fatigue and whose foot-falls shook the earth ; the heroes of Shakspeare were kings and princes of the proudest realms in Christendom. Characters so exalted in fable, so conspicuous in history, are in themselves dramatic ; and if they were not deemed to be above the license of imaginary plots and counter-plots, it is reasonably certain that the immortal dramatists who made them stage subjects did not believe such accessories necessary, or even consistent, in the representation of connected and vital events in which mankind will never cease to feel an interest.

Doctor Holmes somewhere says, in

substance, that scholarly style and literary finish are not always in fellowship with good judgment, or even plain common sense. An impartial view of our lettered acquaintances will tend to confirm the truth of this observation. Orators whose eloquence enchants, and poets whose numbers flood the soul with melody, are notoriously unsafe advisers in the creation of laws and the construction of saw-mills. They reach to the stars for sustenance for the soul, but know and care but little for the craft through which food for the body is provided. Hence, styles modeled from the lofty periods of the one or the music of the other are in nowise indicative of worldly wisdom in the imitators, but rather the reverse.

Literary style is like veneering put on coarse grained woods, it affords the literary artisan the choice of covering the basswood of his subject with a film either of Baconian oak, Shakspearean mahogany, Addisonian rosewood, or a carefully blended mosaic of them all. Yet all writers should aim to acquire a correct, clear, and virile style,—a distinguishing style, if possible,—not for the purpose of giving gloss and color to barren subjects, or dazzling the reader with gaudy displays of rhetorical pyrotechnics, but because of the ability it confers to clothe in luxurious and befitting garments bracing thoughts and logical conclusions.

Subject is nothing; treatment everything. This, perhaps a little too broadly expressed, seems to be the attitude of the realistic novelist of today. The reading public is confronted with the question of the relative attractions of matter and manner in fiction. Readers are challenged to a choice between charm of style and exhilaration of action. Both are factors to be considered—or if it be the aim of the writer to achieve at once the commendations of the learned which establish his status, and the plaudits of the multitude which fill his purse, then must these essential elements be combined. The mistake is in endeavoring to separate them; in the disposition in quarters supposed to be influential to regard style as an accomplishment too refined, too elevated, too exceptional, to be brought into familiar contact with the earthy activities of dramatic story.

Despite all this, the world will continue to invent and listen to stories; not uneventful stories of unquiet consciences and strained domestic relations, whose market is in the telling, but stories of men and women as they are, not as they should be; stories of the struggling and combative millions of today; stories, strong in design, instructive in purpose, energetic in action, and representing muscular as well as moral strain; finally and briefly, stories of motion as well as emotion.

R. M. Daggett.





A MALAYAN CHRISTMAS.¹



“MELLY Klissmas!” It was a modest little voice with a fascinatingly bad pronunciation that awoke me with a reminder that there could be such a thing as a “Melly Klissmas” amid the spiced breezes and under the burnished dome of the equatorial sky.

I rubbed my eyes: “Merry Christmas, Ah Minga! Bring tea and fruit.”

Then I opened the net door of my mosquito-house and went to the window. My thermometer registered eighty degrees in the shade. A great, wide-spreading, flamboyant tree just outside the window dazzled my eyes with its gor-

geous, flame-colored burden of flowers, and effectually brought me back to a sense that I was to spend a Christmas amid fruits and flowers, green grass and lotus-covered streams.

All the strangeness and newness of the Asiatic scenes about me, which had somewhat lost their edge during the last year, came back to me as I reflected on the far different scenes of my former Christmas days. I experienced a renewal of the mingled bewilderment and delight that I felt when I gazed for the first time from the deck of the great Peninsula and Oriental steamship on the long, stone-bound Bund, that enclosed a harbor crowded with the strange shipping of China and India. It had a background of massed tropical foliage that but half-hid the towering mina-

¹ Reprinted in part from the *Youth's Companion*.

rets of a Mohammedan mosque, the slender spire of an English cathedral, the gilded dome of a Brahmin temple. These rose from the wilderness of buildings and streets thronged with 'rickshas and bullock-carts, Chinese coolies and Hindoo merchants that constitute the great mart of Singapore, once the home of the fierce Malayan pirate.

Another timid knock at the door. I responded crossly in the *lingua Franca* of the East, "*Apa lu mau?*" (What do you want?)

Ah Minga, who despised Malay, and would only speak it to the servants, answered, "Kling man bottomside hase got many Klissmas."

I knew this curious pigeon-English phrase meant that there was a Hindoo down-stairs who had brought me many Christmas presents.

I pulled on a suit of white linen and descended to find Mohammed Sinupula standing in front of an array of baskets containing a strange mélange of offerings. One held a leg of Shanghai mutton; another, a peck of mangoes fresh from Bangkok; another, *pisangs*, or bananas, and pomeloes; another, a box of Manilla cigars; and another, mandarin oranges.

The mistress had not been forgotten, for Mohammed had brought her two bottles of Florida water from our own country, a big English almond cake, and a tin box of sweets. He bowed to the earth and prayed that "the heaven-born will accept these little gifts from his most humble servant Sinupula, son of Mohammed, as a Christmas greeting." Then he prayed that "the fare of the great American *sabib* may be as odorous as sandalwood." He salaamed again and walked with a stately tread off the veranda.

His tall, graceful form, his kindly, bronzed face, his mild black eyes, his strange, flowing garments, his plaited,

conical grass hat and red sandals, imprinted a picture on my memory that will stand unique among other Christmas scenes that are treasured there.

Closely following Sinupula, came others to whom I had been kind, or who were in my employ. They bore fruits, home-made candies, and cakes. They were all dressed in their own peculiar Oriental costume; the Malay with his sarong tied loosely about his waist and falling like a skirt about his legs; the Tamil wrapped in a half-dozen yards of pure white gauze, with his nose and ears filled with brass studs; the Chinaman looking cool and clean in his voluminous white pantalettes and stiffly-starched jacket; the Ceylon lace merchant with his long, jet-black hair held primly back in place by a circular tortoise-shell comb.

They one and all accepted the fact, without murmur or questioning, that December the twenty-fifth of each year is a time of giving presents to their masters. To them it is probably a heathen custom; but they bow gracefully to it, and put their masters to shame by the punctiliousness with which they observe it.

We went to church at half-past ten. The weather was intensely hot, and yet we drove to the great English cathedral on the Esplanade, and braved the blinding glare of the Malayan sun, just to try and keep up a simulation of the Christmas we observe in distant homes. The usual hours for worship are half-past six in the morning and half-past five in the evening.

Our ordinary garb of pure white linen and cool cork helmets we had discarded for suits of woolen and black derbys,—so hard did we try to delude ourselves into familiar Christmas feeling. The night before, on Christmas Eve, I saw a hundred or more men—rich ship-owners, high officials—try to do the same thing.

Their wives were at home in England

or Germany, recuperating after a long term in the Orient, or perchance some had gone home to die. Those that had not wives were younger sons and brothers. All had met at the club to spend Christmas Eve.

In the center of the room was a tree, a casuarina, decorated with candles, toys, candies, and penny balloons; just such a tree as they would have gone into raptures over in their childhood. At its foot were the presents.

An orchestra played outside under the wide-spreading arms of a great banyan-tree, and spotlessly-dressed Chinese "boys" circled about with refreshments. Songs were sung; every one laughed and cheered and slapped each other on the shoulder, and yet every one knew that it was a pitiful failure.

Between laughs faces grew grave, and far-away looks filled tired eyes. They were wondering what wives, mothers, and friends, were doing on that night in the blessed land of the snows.

The great English cathedral is but a copy of its sisters in London and New York; as unsuitable in its Gothic grandeur for the hot winds of the Torrid Zone as for the cold winds of the Arctic. Its great vaulted roof, ponderous pillars, and long, narrow chancel, protect you from nothing save a sight of the face of the kind old bishop of Singapore and Sarawak, or the sound of his pleasant voice.

The one innovation that has broken the cast-iron sameness of the Episcopalian temple is the great white punkahs which swished back and forth through the hot air above our heads. The punkah is the sign of the East, from Port Said to Yokohama.

The church was decorated with maiden-hair ferns in abundance, great, pure eucharist lilies, and delicate dove orchids.

A brilliant green lizard with a long,

curving, pointed tail glided silently down the aisle and peered into and then crawled into the soft felt hat of his honor the chief justice. His honor only smiled. It paused but a moment and then departed on its journey among the worshipers.

No one felt any alarm. It stopped in front of a little English miss with golden hair and a great blue sash, and gazed at her from head to foot with its jeweled eyes. The little miss took no more notice of it than an American girl would of a fly. Then it wandered back and found a resting-place on the venerable archdeacon's prayer-book. Another lizard, with red and yellow stripes, came out and chased the green lizard into the organ-loft.

When we returned to our bungalow, we found many Christmas greetings awaiting us. They were covered with pictures of snow-angels and the aurora borealis. Outside a great ripe papaya dropped to the ground, and the luscious odor of its pink meat was wafted up amid our contemplation of the frigid cards.

A heavy rain came down without a moment's warning and lasted but for a few moments, for we were in the rainy season. The temperature was reduced a few degrees. I took up the *Christmas Century* and beguiled the hours until tiffin, reading, dreaming, and sleepily watching a pair of little jungle monkeys struggle with the over-ripe papaya.

That night thirty of us met to eat a Christmas dinner. There were no great arch fires or blazing Yule logs; no mistletoe, no snow beating against window panes, no passing sleigh-bells; none of the vigorous and bracing winter sounds with which we of the Northern Zone were familiar.

But there was an ethereally beautiful sky, studded with innumerable stars and jeweled with the Southern Cross. There were mild breezes, heavily laden with the intoxicating perfumes of the profuse



CHRISTMAS DAY IN SINGAPORE.

tropical life outside, and the soft cooing of the ring-dove in a hibiscus-bush near by. There was the realization that on such a brilliant night, amid such a tropical scene, the *first* Christmas was celebrated on this same continent, and not amid the longed-for snows and ice of our native land.

There were toasts to the "absent

ones" and to the "Queen" and to the "hostess;" there were bonbons and snappers, and songs and happy faces and good cheer; but after all we left for our homes with a half-expressed thought that, in the face of a charming day and of historical facts, Christmas is not Christmas when the thermometer stands above one hundred degrees in the sun.

Rounsevelle Wildman.





Photo by Tyler & Co.

MR. GEORGE ALMER NEWHALL'S COACH DOING THE SAUSALITO ROAD FROM SAN RAFAEL.

HORSE PROGRESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR.



OR some time it has been dinned into our ears that we are rapidly approaching the horseless age, when our four-legged friend is to be superseded by electric and cycling machines. It cannot be gainsaid that for many services in the way of transportation mechanical power has the advantage of horse power, but it is safe to say, on the other hand, that the man on horseback will for all time be able to go where no other combination, mechanical or otherwise, can follow. Mountain passes, rivers, and lesser natural obstacles, are not negoti-

able by any other means at present available or likely to be devised, except in certain particular positions, where railroads and bridges may happen to have been constructed. Once we have to deviate from main routes, the saddle horse and carriage horse become indispensable for purposes of locomotion, while even for getting around the towns with comfort and expedition we shall still have to rely upon the horse. The steam organ and the music box have not superseded the harp, the violin, the piano, or the cornet, and so long as human skill and genius are important factors in contributing to perfection in musical performances they are never



MR. JOHN PARROTT.

likely to do so. It is the same with means of locomotion for pleasure and comfort. The horse cannot be surpassed as the prime factor in the case.

It was but a few weeks ago that Doctor Talmage, the eminent preacher, was reported in Eastern journals to have delivered a forcible and interesting discourse, extolling the virtues of the horse and setting forth the claims of the noble animal to be styled "The King of Beasts." The recording scribe expressed no suspicion that the worthy divine had been put up to "boom" the then approaching New York horse show, but whatever may have been the predisposing cause for his thus sermonizing, the subject was at all events seasonably chosen. Possibly the preacher had become infected with the contagion which attacks all Gothamites at this period of the year and prom-



W. S. HOBART ON HIS POLO PONY CHEROKEE.

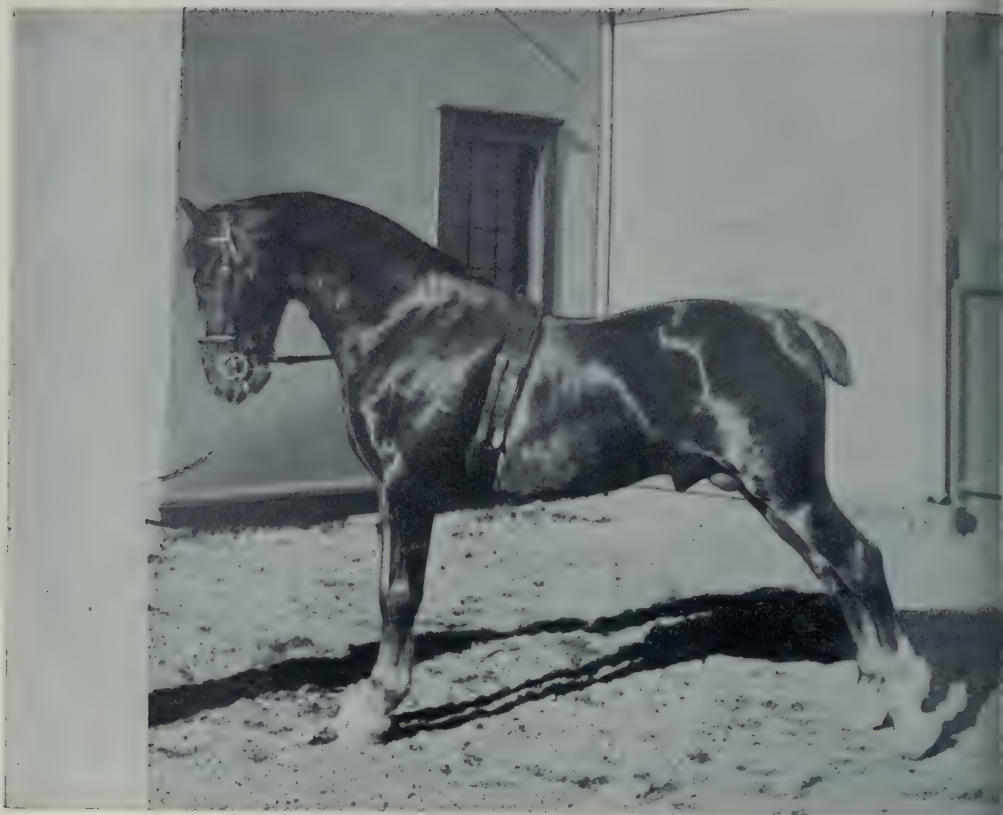


Photo by Tyler & Co.

HACKNEY STALLION, INP: GREEN'S RUFUS, FOUR YEARS OLD.

ises to become reflected annually in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

The remarkably successful exhibition held at the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco last fall gave ample proof that in California there is not only the material, but also the will and resources, to support a yearly show of horseflesh that will take high place amongst such events. The initial venture, in every way a success, led to the incorporation of the Horse Show Association of the Pacific Coast, with a capital of \$100,000. The personnel of the new association remains to a large extent the same as in the case of the original society, the governing body being constituted as follows: Henry J. Crocker, President; John Parrott, Vice-President; J. L. Rathbone, Vice-President; Geo. A. Newhall, Secretary; Obed Horr, Assistant Secretary;



MR. GEORGE ALMER NEWHALL, SECRETARY.



Photo by Tyler & Co.

YORKSHIRE COACH STALLION, IMP: INGMANTHORPE GAMESTER. OWNED BY W. F. DRAKE.

Directors, Henry J. Crocker, John Par-
 ott, J. L. Rathbone, Geo. A. Newhall,
 os. D. Grant, J. B. Crockett, Frank
 icks, Maurice Casey, M. Theo. Kear-
 ey, Geo. A. Pope, J. A. Donohoe;
 onorary Vice-Presidents, W. Mayo
 ewhall, W. S. Hobart, A. B. Spreckels,
 C. De Guigne, Wm. S. Tevis, C. E.

Worden, W. F. Banning, Peter J. Dona-
 hue, J. M. Cunningham, C. A. Spreckels,
 P. E. Bowles, Fred. R. Webster, C. P.
 Huntington, John F. Boyd, C. H. Hast-
 ings.

Under the auspices of the Association
 the second annual show will be held from
 the 3d to the 7th of December, both days
 inclusive, at the Mechanics' Pavilion as
 previously, the list of prizes, ordinary and
 special, aggregating some \$20,000, or
 nearly three times the amount awarded
 altogether in 1894. Strong encourage-
 ment has been given for horse owners to
 enter liberally in the 120 classes into
 which the exhibition is divided. A year
 ago such a thing as a horse show on an
 extensive scale, in accordance with the
 modern practise which obtains in older
 communities, was admittedly an experi-
 ment, and one that many people were
 disposed to consider almost foolhardy,
 but we have now at least got beyond the
 stage of doubt and have a foundation of



A UNIVERSAL PET.

experience on which to base an estimate of the position and progress in matters horsey at the end of another twelve-months. In common with other parts of the country, breeding, importation of fresh blood, and trading generally, have been on an exceedingly limited scale, but on the other hand there have appeared signs on the horizon that lead men to hope for a future productive of fair profits for those who will stay with the game.

As regards racing, the newly organized Pacific Coast Jockey Club, which will operate the track at Ingleside, five miles to the southwest of San Francisco, now completed for the fall, winter, and spring meetings, promises to be a valuable addition to the turf undertakings of the country, while the rehabilitation of the Oakland track, under the auspices of the California Jockey Club, further ex-

tends the scope of racing opportunities within reach of owners of thoroughbreds and trotters, and helps to offset the probable closing down of the time-honored Bay District Track in the early spring of 1896. The steady development of running races on the State Agricultural Society's track at Sacramento, is a further feature of strength in the California racing situation, and it is interesting to note that the Directors of the State Fair have recently issued a circular to breeders of thoroughbreds, inviting them to subscribe to a stake to be called the California Futurity, open to two-year-olds of 1896 and estimated to be of the value of from \$3,000 to \$5,000 to the winner.

At Los Angeles the sporting instinct seems to keep on spreading its roots while, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the State appropriation from the dis-



Photo by Tyler & Co.

MR. HENRY J. CROCKER'S PAIR AND FOUR-WHEELED DOG-CART.



Photo by Tibbitts.

WALTER S. HOBART'S SIX-IN-HAND TEAM AT DEL MONTE.

trict fairs, the past season's meetings have on the whole, so far as racing was concerned, maintained their position. In the trotting branch of sport there has perhaps been some want of life, as the more valuable prizes to be picked up on Eastern courses necessarily continue to attract Western champions across the Rockies, and the public cannot be expected to display the enthusiasm in witnessing moderate performers that they would show if horses of the first flight were brought out for their edification.

As for breeding, the falling off in every direction, save in thoroughbreds, has been serious, owing to the want of proper remuneration for the cost, trouble, and risk, of raising stock, and beyond the importation of a few thoroughbred stallions and mares from England and Australia little or no new blood has come into the State. The check, however,

will prove but temporary, and in the end doubtless beneficial, for the indiscriminate production of immense numbers





Photo by Hill.

SALVATOR.



Photo by Tyler & Co.

MR. HENRY J. CROCKER'S PONY AND CART.



MR. HENRY J. CROCKER.

of unserviceable animals, which resulted from the craze for speedy light-harness horses, needed to be stopped. Breeders who have been looking for steady profits to be derived from raising such animals have now pretty generally reached the conclusion that there is too much of a lottery in that branch of horse breeding, and are either abandoning the practise altogether or turning their attention to producing a good average animal, calculated to meet the requirements of business and family life. Of this class of horse, especially of the better types that used to exist on this Coast, there is nowadays a great dearth, and in the light of the present day no other descrip-

tion of horse, save perhaps really good thoroughbred stock, is likely to leave a profit on raising.

For some time to come breeders in California will be called upon to exercise the utmost possible care and judgment in the conduct of their business; for unless they succeed in raising animals of real merit, they will not be able to market them at all. The capabilities of the State as a horse-breeding country are practically without limit, but owing to its distance from the large markets, profitable shipments can only be made where the goods are certain to command high prices, for otherwise the cost of transportation would absorb too large a proportion of the re-



AN EVENING DISPLAY.



AN INTERESTED GROUP.

turns. It has been amply demonstrated in most parts of the country of late that the common scrub horse is worth something less than nothing, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the lesson has now been learnt so thoroughly that it will not need to be repeated. In the meantime, the country is being purged of much useless rubbish, and men who had no right to be in the breeding business are rapidly getting out of it.

The present year has not proved as auspicious as the one preceding it for California horses in the East, whether in running or trotting events. On the running turf the only horses that have held high place amongst the younger cham-

pions of the year have been Mr. E. J. Baldwin's three-year-old Rey del Careres, by Emperor of Norfolk out of Clara D., and Mr. Naglee Burk's two-year-old Crescendo, by Flambeau out of imported Janet N., by Macgregor. On the trotting track Mr. Monroe Salisbury's big gelding, Azote, by Whips-Josie, by Whipple's Hambletonian, has upheld the honor of the State. With these exceptions California-bred horses have not greatly distinguished themselves in 1895.

The sales of thoroughbred yearlings in this city are steadily growing in magnitude and importance, and it has been definitely announced that several breeders of reputation in Kentucky and elsewhere

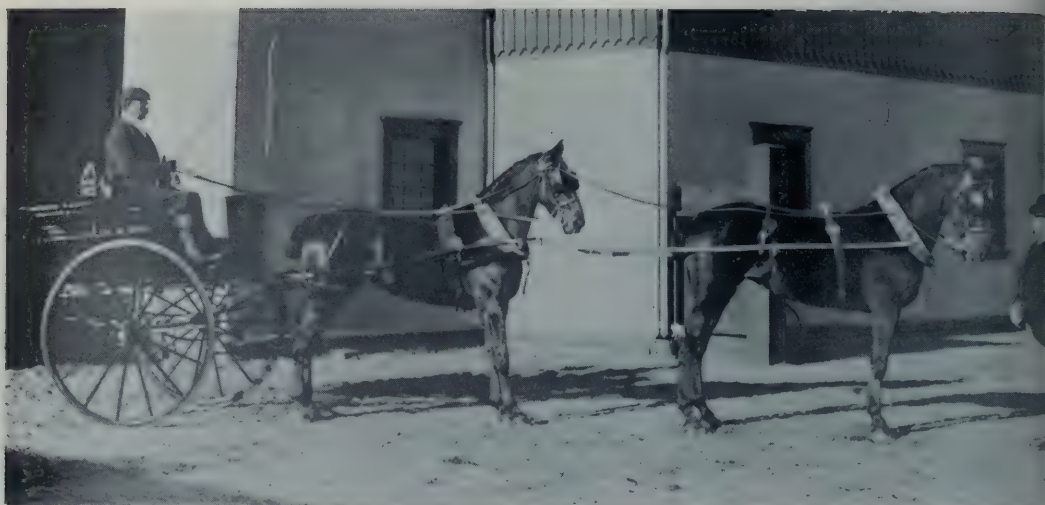


Photo by Tyler & Co.

MR. JOHN PARROTT'S TANDEM.

have decided to ship their produce to this market for sale next spring. In the meantime, nothing will have been lost by the recent shipment by Mr. Richard Croker, who has leased the animals, of Mr. E. J. Baldwin's renowned California-bred horses, Rey El Santa Anita, four years, and Rey del Carre- res, three years, to England, where they are to be matched against the horses of that coun- try, subsequently re- turning to this State, it is said, to do service at Mr. Baldwin's famous breeding stud, where they first saw the light of day. Both animals have shown themselves capable of good per- formances in their na- tive land, and it is to be hoped they will be able to attract favorable



J. N. [unclear] Drawn -

AT THE SHOW.



From the London Daily Graphic.

THE HURDLES.

notice in their new sphere and so reflect credit upon California. These are the first thoroughbreds to go to England

from this State, and their progress is sure to be watched with much interest.

It will probably be some little time before the best stamp of horse for park and pleasure driving, namely, the hackney, is bred in California to any extent; for breeders are backward in following the good example set by Mr. John Parrott, who owns the imported four-year-old stallion, Green's Rufus. There seems every prospect of this horse doing well and thereby attracting attention to the breed, and if California does follow the fashion, it will be easier in a few years' time to get a desirable harness horse than it is at present, for it is only what might be called the chance shots among the trotting-bred horses that answer the requirements of carriage people, namely, stylish form and action, with substance

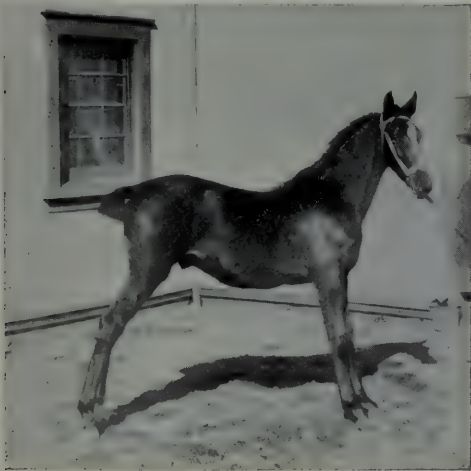


Photo by Tyler & Co.

▲ HALF-BRED HACKNEY COLT BY IMP: GREEN'S RUFUS.



opening
of the *George HOW* Night
San Francisco Cal.



Tebbs.

HEAD OF IMP. ORMONDE.

breeding for true perfection, as far as that is attainable in an imperfect world, has been carried to the highest pitch possible for an immense length of time. Again, in horse-breeding, as in most other things, it is not wise to neglect the imperative demands of fashion. This hard mistress has pronounced in favor of the hackney, and that fact, coupled with his own individual merits, makes him of importance. When the time comes for hackneys to be seen in quantity in the show ring here, then the lovers of a good horse with style and action will have real enjoyment.

The breeding of trotters has dwindled considerably, and the dispersion of the Palo Alto stock,—which is still going on—has a very depressing effect on the market. Most of the large breeders have been limiting their operations; new men rarely come into that branch of the business, and those who are in it generally

to a proper extent. A success here and there in the prize ring with trotting-bred horses, where conformation and fine action, added to quality, have been the tests, has caused a good deal of discussion of late in the horse papers in the East, and an unreasonable degree of jealousy has been evidenced in the minds of those who have written as advocates of the trotting horse on every count. Few experienced horsemen are not admirers of the American trotting horse in his best form, but where his kind can take a prize for those attributes which count in the show ring once, the hackney will land the ribbon fifty times. And yet all hackneys are not good,—there are good and bad in that breed, just as there are in every other. We have to contend with a majority of bad ones, even amongst thoroughbreds, where



MAJOR J. L. RATHBONE.

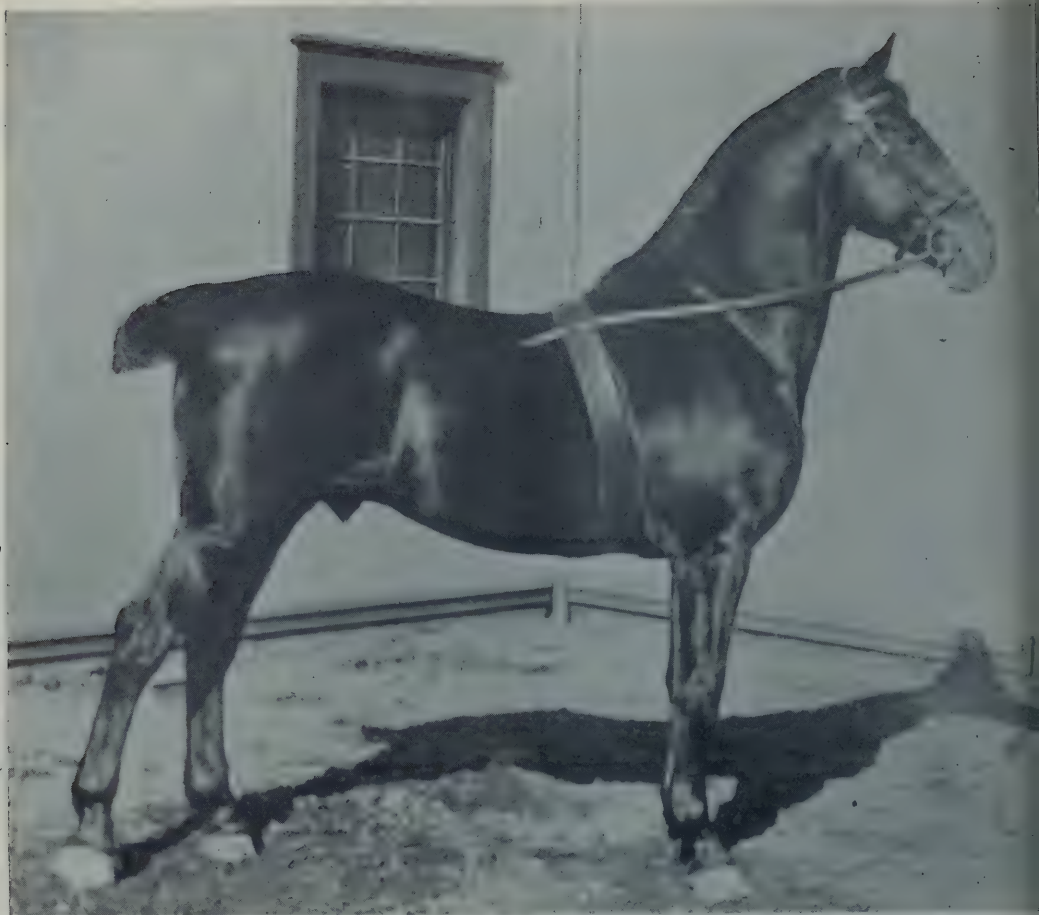


Photo by Tyler & Co.

GERMAN COACH STALLION IMP: SOCRATES. FIRST PRIZE WINNER LAST YEAR IN COACHING STALLION CLASS.

express themselves as anxious to see their way out. There are too many blanks in proportion to prizes, and a restricted and declining market has made it next to impossible to work off those animals which fail to show speed when tried.

In the draft horse branch of breeding work there is less going on than has been the case for many years by all accounts. In fact, many men who are able to gauge the position accurately state that in a very few years from now the farmers themselves, who have hitherto been raising horses to provide for their agricultural requirements, will be forced into the market as purchasers of animals to replace their worn-out wagon and plow

horses. City teamsters complain that they cannot get big enough horses for their loads, and while there is no doubt they are paying less for ordinary horses than they were a few years ago, they will pay full value for really good heavy horses that suit their work. The position seems to be much the same in other parts of the country, so that those breeders who have good stallions and mares and have had the good judgment not to let their stock of youngsters run down, may expect better things in the future. The Horse Show Association has so far done its best to encourage exhibits of heavy stock, but unless breeders generally patronize the undertaking better than they did at the



Homer Davenport.

HORSE HEAD STUDIES.

first show, they cannot expect the Association to consider them with the same favor as if the draft horse classes were well filled. The show should be an excellent opportunity for selling, if things were properly worked by the breeders themselves with that view.

VOL. xxvi.—50.

A noticeable feature of the horse question in America at the present time is the increasing export trade to Europe in all descriptions of useful animals. Buyers from England, France, Germany, and Austria, are constantly in the market, their chief point of rendezvous being

Chicago. It has been stated on good authority that where there were formerly five such men on hand, at the sales this summer there were fifty, and they readily picked up all the fair-looking, sturdy, short-legged, short-backed, square-gaited animals that could be found. For anything exceptional they have on occasion been found to pay long prices, and at some of the summer shows in the neighborhood of New York they have secured prize winners for export, one pair of such horses being recently sold for shipment to Scotland at \$2250. There is also a private trade of this character going on all the time, showing that men who take the trouble to select and make horses with due care and judgment can always secure advantageous bargains from foreign customers. At the New York show this year every encouragement is being held out to foreign dealers, the catalogues and connected advertising matter being freely distributed on the other side. It is a far cry from here to Europe, but may it not yet be that such benefits will ultimately accrue from properly conducted and well-supported shows in San Francisco?

As a striking illustration of the possibilities and advantages of horse shows, perhaps the annual fixture in Dublin is the most conspicuous. The exhibition consists of light horses entirely, hunters, and ordinary saddle and harness horses, and this year aggregated thirteen hundred head. The exhibitors numbered about 600, the show having been held annually for a period of twenty-eight years. In the hunter classes the five-year-olds and upwards alone, comprising four classes, numbered six hundred and thirty-six head, all of which were entered in classes where the first prize is limited to one hundred dollars. It will readily be understood that the value of the prize has no weight with the exhibitors, their main object being to attract public notice to their animals,

which in most instances are on sale. The show, therefore, is their market *par excellence*, and the stronger the support it receives, the greater the inducement for the buying public to be present. This is the lesson the Californian horse breeder has to learn, and each and all should strive to make the San Francisco show a world-renowned institution. After ten years' experience the New York men have caught on and now they are striving hard to reap the results of their good work. It need not take California a decade to become educated in this respect; let her go-ahead people imbibe the notion at the start and secure the full commercial benefit which such an undertaking provides for them, when rightly organized and manipulated.

If the spirit in which the first show was entered upon and carried through by the management and exhibitors alike be maintained, the course of things in the future must of necessity tend in the direction indicated. No more striking instance of such spirit can be mentioned than that displayed by Mr. J. B. Haggin, who in the most generous manner possible supported last year's show by exhibiting his famous and priceless stallions and broodmares from Rancho del Paso, not for competition, but as his personal recognition and approval of the objects of the undertaking. This step he will magnanimously repeat at the coming exhibition, varying his string in all probability by introducing fresh celebrities in the world of horse. Since November last he has, amongst others, imported the following stallions, some of which are pretty certain to come to San Francisco for the show:

Watercress, by Springfield; Wharfdale, by Hermit; Goldfinch, by Ormonde; Thistle, by Scottish Chief; Golden Garter, by Bend Or; Sanda, by Wenlock; Star Ruby, by Hampton; Ormee, by Bend Or;

and the Australian horse July, by Traducer-Idalia, a full brother to Sir Modred, the Australian sire that has done such wonders for Mr. Haggin during the last few years. The student of contemporary turf history and breeding will see that in the foregoing list of importations, a wealth of fashionable and well-performing blood has been secured for Rancho del Paso.

The liberality of the prizes at the forthcoming show cannot but command attention, and the valuable rewards in cash, silver cups, and trophies, donated by well-known citizens as special prizes, surpass anything attempted elsewhere in the same line and have the genuine California ring about them. The arrangements contemplated by the Association provide for improved accommodation both for exhibits and the visiting public, while the plan of securing thoroughly qualified and expert judges from the East for some of the classes proved so successful last year that the same policy will be still further extended. Not only is this system of immediate benefit in the administration of the judging process, but it serves to guide and inform exhibitors, breeders, and others, on many points of vital importance, which in a young and to a great extent unsettled community, are apt to be ignored and overlooked. Take, for instance, the question of saddle horses. So confused is the public mind here upon what constitutes a good saddle horse that it is really almost impossible to procure an animal which a man or woman, whose tastes have been cultivated in the right direction, would care to ride. The horse that is broken for the purpose of carrying a vaquero on a rounding-up job is not the *beau ideal* for the park, nor indeed for useful and comfortable saddle work of any other kind. It is in this view that the rules of the New York show prescribe that the "paces" required to be shown

shall be the walk, trot, and canter, although in one class a concession is made to the National Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, so far as to recognize the "gaits" prescribed by their rules. Speaking generally, "paces" are the natural modes of progression of the horse, while "gaits" are more or less artificial or enforced methods, and there cannot be a doubt that adherence to what is natural, improved by development, will prove the right course to follow. It is to be hoped that the judges here will insist firmly on the New York rule. It took a few years to reach this stage in the East, though well educated horsemen knew that it must come to that eventually. Matters were not benefited probably in any way by the delay, rather the contrary, and therefore the local show authorities may just as well stand firm at the beginning and settle the matter without further loss of time.

The hunter is an unknown quantity in the California horse world unfortunately, as riding to hounds is not practised in this State as it is in Europe and the East, so that local shows must needs go short in that department, which is an especially interesting one in countries where hunting is a regular and fashionable pursuit. The game of polo, however, has made some progress here during the last three or four years, and in consequence, the attractive little animal needed as a mount in that exciting sport commands increasing attention. So far the ponies in use for the purpose here lack as a rule that quality and finish which would be required where the game has been longer in vogue, but after a time no doubt this will be otherwise, and in the meantime, the show offers encouragement decidedly liberal to exhibitors of this class of animal.

Following the Eastern example, separate classes are provided for high-steppers

in harness, but this is a feature that might well be eliminated. High-stepping is an incidental merit in action, or in other words, a component part of the forward movement which, when properly balanced by other desirable qualities, hock action in particular, entitles to distinction. A good judge of action will look for the horse that can "shut his hocks," as well as "pull up his knees." By itself alone high-stepping partakes of the form of wasteful extravagance, and therefore to elevate that one feature to the dignity of special classification is misleading and to some extent harmful. The local practise might therefore well be to discard these classes in future programs.

The interests of draft-horse breeders are liberally considered by the Association, which wisely recognizes that, in order to extend the benefits of shows to so important a branch of the horse-owning community as the farmers in this great agricultural State, its exhibitions must embrace animals devoted to work as well as pleasure. In this view there is much wisdom shown, for in every way it is desirable that the public should appreciate the utility of horse shows and be relieved of the impression that they are promoted merely as an opportunity for ostentation on the part of the wealthy, who can afford to indulge in all that goes to constitute handsome and expensive equipages. At the present time San Francisco itself is not distinguished for its attractions as a driving or riding locality, and an annual horse show mainly dependent upon its resources alone in the way of turn-outs would soon cease to be worthy of the serious notice of the horse-lover. The draft-horse section last year was inadequately represented, as has already been remarked, but if it shows improvement as time goes on, it will be certain to secure increased benefits. Not

the least of these would be a better understanding of the respective merits of the different breeds, and the employment of expert judges, selected from outside the State, to determine points apt to be overlooked by men not thoroughly educated in and acquainted with animals of the draft type. Such men are not frequently met with in California.

The lessons derived from last year's show were so patent to every one the least interested in the venture and have since been so generally recognized that it seems hardly worth while on the eve of the succeeding exhibition to refer to them in any way. At the same time lest any reader should be led to ask, *Cui bono?* a few words thereanent may not be out of place. It will readily be conceded that the breeding, raising, and handling of horses is one of the principal industries of the State, and the establishment of any institution calculated to foster and develop such an industry, is clearly a benefit both to those immediately associated with its welfare and the public generally, whose sympathies and intelligent interest largely contribute to its well-being. So far the general proposition,—as to particular effects, we have an increasing desire on the part of the well-to-do classes to possess themselves of good horses, elegant vehicles, and good harness, all tending to benefit those engaged in the supplying of these requirements. The cultivation of the taste for such things tends to encourage the true love for the horse and everything legitimately belonging to him, as opposed to the spurious affection for the noble quadruped professed by the man who seeks to profit by his speed and courage on the race track and can see no other compensation in concerning himself about such creatures. The rivalry amongst exhibitors has a wholesome effect, savors of manly sport, and promotes pleasant

ocial feelings amongst various classes of the people, and that proper pride in their animals which redounds to the comfort and careful treatment of the best of God's dumb creation. Such influences are of necessity civilizing in their nature, and help to brighten life in many different ways. Education in an important branch of business is provided in a form highly attractive and palatable, while the results attained by comparing the various exhibits, noting their points, and observing the judgments of the experts, who are called upon to determine their respective merits, are of the highest value to breed-

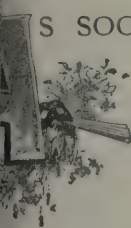
ers, owners, and every intelligent visitor to the exhibition. Even in the face of much financial stringency and trade depression a distinct improvement in the best class of horse business has been noticeable since the last show, and there is room for little doubt that the coming event will emphasize this tendency and demonstrate the sagacity and good judgment of those citizens who have so earnestly devoted themselves to the good cause of making the San Francisco Horse Show an annual undertaking in every way worthy of their favored State.

Benedict.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

XIII.

 S SOON as Phyllis Murray had crossed the threshold of Rufus Barrington's house she told herself that she was heartily glad she had come. She encountered the warmest greetings. Helen, indeed, had met her at the station with the brougham, and she had thoroughly enjoyed the novel sensation of being whisked along behind a pair of high-stepping, dock-tailed bay horses, with all the pomp and circumstance which attend a perfectly appointed equipage. Mrs. Barrington kissed her tenderly and led her to her room, where, laid out upon the bed were a scarlet costume, a seal-skin jacket, and a dainty hat, with Virot's name inside.

¹ Begun in August Number.

"The costume and the jacket, my dear, are my New Year's gifts to you."

"And the hat," cried Helen, "is from me. It's a love of a hat, and I'm simply dying to see you put it on."

The girl's pride was completely disarmed. Who could resist such kind smiles, such pleasant words? Mr. Barrington, in a moment of expansion, had shaken her warmly by the hand as he bade her welcome to his house. Later on he confessed to his wife that the grace and beauty of Phyllis had taken him by storm. He had seen her last at an awkward age, and had carried in his memory a somewhat blurred picture of a "scrawny schoolgirl, all arms and legs," as he expressed it.

Despite her son's wishes, Mrs. Barrington had insisted upon paying for the jacket herself. Since her husband's speech she had felt more easy in her

mind about using his money. An Englishwoman to the core, ultra sensitive, and possibly, absurdly scrupulous, she had always remembered, with a certain sense of shame, that she had come to her husband empty-handed. The rights of a wife to community property she had never sought. Her husband had been so generous to her; so careful to anticipate every wish; had taken such genuine pleasure in making her the most magnificent presents; that she had naturally shrunk from the odious task of asking him for money to spend upon a sister whom he cordially detested, and who, for her part, returned his dislike with usurious interest. Perhaps Rufus Barrington appreciated the delicacy of his wife's scruples. Perhaps, in his masculine breadth of view, he overlooked their existence. At any rate he had never — till the other night — expressly authorized her to do something, as the phrase runs, for Mrs. Murray and her niece.

"So this is the costume," said Phyllis presently.

Those readers who have been fortunate enough to see Miss Ellen Terry in the rôle of Portia will recall the scarlet doctor's gown that the great actress wears in the judgment scene. It is very becoming (to tall women, *bien entendu*), and lends itself admirably, as a disguise, to masquerading purposes. A similar gown Phyllis held aloft and examined with keenest interest.

"Mine is just like that," said Helen. "With wigs and masks on, there is not a man, or woman either, in San Francisco who will tell us apart. Several persons know already that I've chosen the character of Portia, but my double will confound them. We're just the same height, Phyllis, and our voices are not dissimilar."

"Your laugh will betray you, Helen."

"O no. I'm looking forward to some fun, but it will be of the silent sort. My laugh is under good control I can assure you. I shall not discredit my part; a doctor, learned in the law, may smile, but not laugh."

She rattled on, long after Mrs. Barrington had withdrawn to her own room, and Phyllis noted with some surprise that she seemed unreasonably excited. An almost hectic bloom fired her cheeks, and the pupils of her lovely eyes were dilated. But the reason of this feverish disturbance was not — as Phyllis supposed — prospective, but retrospective. Chetwynd, since the night of the dinner, had not been seen in the neighborhood of Nob Hill. According to the *Enquirer* he had developed a passion for bowls at Del Monte. Why — Helen asked herself — had he suddenly left San Francisco? To this pertinent question she could find no satisfactory reply. It had been definitely arranged that Chetwynd should don his harness in Dick's room. The armor had been exquisitely polished, and Helen had attached to the casque a couple of fresh ostrich feathers. Lord Marmion would keep his tryst; that much she knew for certain, but this visit to Del Monte was both inexplicable and exasperating.

"How many people are you expecting?" asked Phyllis. She was sitting in a low chair by the window which overlooked the bay. The sea fog was rolling in from the ocean, but above it Mount Tamalpais reared its crest, and the outline of the Marin County hills stood out boldly against the evening sky. The masses of cloud threw purple shadows upon the water, but wherever the sun penetrated were lines of dazzling yellow light, flecked with crimson and translucent greens.

"About two hundred and fifty. We've had some amusing experiences. The



"WHY IS IT THAT GOOD WOMEN ARE SO HARD AND INTOLERANT?"

Kearneys (please pronounce Carney, they claim relationship with General Phil, you know, but really old Kearney was a policeman in Dublin) moved heaven and earth for a card. Mr. Kearney is a manipulator of voters and a power in his way. He brought his political influence to bear upon papa, and papa wilted, but mamma put her foot down. She does n't approve of Mrs. Kearney at all. They say all sorts of horrid things about her, but I like her. She is so bright, and has actually pushed herself into all but half a dozen of the best houses. She is enormously charitable, and has the best cook in San Francisco. I must say mamma is rather too starched. What does it matter if Mrs. Kearney had a '*jeunesse orangeuse*?' She has repented in the prettiest gowns you ever saw. Henry was furious at her being left out. He goes a good deal to her house, and once—for mercy's sake don't tell mamma—I went too. We had a lively time, I can assure you. Mrs. Kearney showed us a queer dance she saw in Paris. She had a trunk full of Eastern costumes; and some of the women dressed up as odalisques, and we sat in her Oriental boudoir and smoked Egyptian cigarettes, and played poker."

Phyllis received this confession in rather chilling silence. She had too much tact to comment upon what offended her own fastidious taste. If these were city manners, she reflected, she was honestly glad that her lines had fallen in provincial places.

"I can see that you don't approve," said Helen, with her charming laugh, that in itself was sufficient to disarm criticism. "You would throw the stone, Phyllis. Why is it that good women are so hard and intolerant? Aunt Mary would go up in colored sparks at the idea of my smoking a cigarette, but I see no harm in having a little fun. Girls' lives are stupid enough, Heaven knows."

"You talk about good women, Helen. Don't you call yourself a good woman?"

She spoke gravely, and Helen, dropping her light tone, answered seriously.

"I don't quite understand what you mean by goodness, Phyllis. You must define the word."

"I'm stupid at definitions. I don't mean goody-goodness. But it seems to me, Helen, from what I see and from what I read that you society girls care for nothing but pleasure, having a good time, as you call it."

"And why should n't we have a good time. You look at life, Phyllis, through a Claude Lorraine glass. Don't deny it now. There are no high lights in the picture. Duty, duty, duty, is the burden of your song. I know there is a seamy side, but individually I cannot alter that. I wish I could. I saw a poor woman the other day with a baby at her breast. Both were starving, and she told me her husband was dying of consumption. I gave her all the money I had in my purse and went to see her. I could not go twice. The misery and horror of that visit have stamped themselves on my memory forever."

"I'm glad you went," murmured Phyllis.

"The woman told me that she had known better days. She used very fair English, and once she might have been pretty. Her hair was a lovely color, and her teeth as white and as even as yours. When I left her I made a vow."

"What was it?"

"I shall shock you, no doubt. You'll think me horribly selfish; and really, I value your good opinion. But, Phyllis, I swore after that experience that I would get what I could out of life. The future may hold dark days for me, but the present is my own. I'm young and healthy. I have an immense capacity for enjoyment. I propose to exercise that faculty

to the utmost. We 've only this life, as papa says, let 's make the most of it."

"I cannot argue with you, Helen. Dick would call you an Epicurean. It 's a comfortable philosophy enough as far as it goes, but it does n't wear well. It does n't improve with age, and that is the test."

Helen yawned. The conversation was becoming didactic.

"Let 's change the subject, Phyllis. We 'll agree to disagree, eh? "

"Certainly. I don't practise what I preach, Nellie. I fear that my heart is set almost altogether on worldly things. Let me see what were we talking about? O yes, the ball. And your experiences."

"The ball is creating quite an excitement. There has not been a fancy-dress masquerade for years, and papa has barred out the reporters. He says a man must draw the line between his public and private life. You know how good-natured he is about being interviewed, but he won't have them here tonight. Lots of women pay them to come. Why at Mrs. Scipio Klatt's theatricals I saw half a dozen behind a screen, and they were allowed to eat with the musicians. Was n't that humiliating for the poor things. They gave Mrs. Klatt—her father used to peddle milk in Virginia City—a tremendous send-off, but Henry says it was all paid for, so much a line."

"Cassius Quirk was there," said Phyllis.

"He was? What, behind the screen? "

"Yes. He gave me a graphic description. He uses queer expressions. I wish I could remember what he said; it would amuse you. Of course I did n't know the people personally, but he made me laugh."

"What did he say about Mrs. Klatt? "

"He said she was 'pulpy.' "

"Pulpy! So she is,—in mind and person. What else? "

"And acorn fed! What did he mean by that? And he called Mr. Klatt 'a tough old tusker.' "

Helen laughed.

"Why of course everyone knows that Mr. Klatt made his first start with hogs. Fed them on acorns, down somewhere in San Luis Obispo County, wherever that is. Your Cassius uses local color in his conversation. I should like to meet him."

"I will tell you the name of the man I want to meet, Nellie. John Chetwynd. I am reading his last book. He 's coming tonight is n't he? "

"Yes, he is coming tonight."

"His is an interesting personality."

"Very interesting."

"A proud man; and an honorable man. I like that story about the Sultan of Zanzibar."

"What story was that? "

"Why the Sultan offered him an immense bribe if he would suppress certain facts about the slave trade. He had only to hold his tongue, but he scornfully refused. I hear he is poor, although he must have had endless opportunities of this very kind."

"Poor? " said Helen interrogatively. "Is he very poor? "

A thought had struck her. Perhaps *this* was the key to the riddle. Of course it was. His pride kept him aloof. A poor gentleman with a nice sense of honor. How stupid she had been not to think of this before. Well, perhaps she could find away to humble this pride, and bring its master, or rather slave, to his knees."

"Do you like Mr. Chetwynd, Nellie? "

Phyllis put the question carelessly. To her extreme surprise it called forth a burning blush. Helen Barrington tried to stammer an explanation, broke down,

blushed again more furiously than before, and finally blurted out the truth. Phyllis, she reflected, was discreet. She neither gabbled nor gossiped. To talk Chetwynd over with her would be a relief.

"I've given myself away," she cried, covering her face with her hands, but peeping through her fingers to watch the effect of her words. Phyllis got up from her chair and kissed her. Perhaps, under the circumstances, this was the only thing to do.

"Yes, I like him. Too well for my peace of mind. If he is poor in lands he is 'lord of himself.' One can read in his face his patent of nobility. You will like him too, Phyllis. There is nothing flabby about him, — don't you hate flabby men? — nothing pulpy, to borrow the word. He has stamina, vitality, virility, all the qualities that I admire."

"And he, Nellie? Of course he is at your feet."

"My dear, I don't know. It's a humiliating confession to make, after — well, after that absurd blush, but I don't know. He is a bit of a bear; rather rough in his manner; not rude, but bluffly blunt. He has said nothing which I could construe into an avowal, but a woman generally knows, and I think — only a few days ago I was quite sure — that he is not indifferent to me. He's passionately fond of music, and my playing pleased him."

"I see," quoted Phyllis, "with him 'music was the food of love.'"

The conversation, or rather monologue, for Helen sustained the burden of talk, now became absorbing. Phyllis was intensely interested, and displayed her sympathy and affection in a thousand delicate ways as they sat side by side with arms interlaced until the gong summoned them to the prosaic duty of dressing for dinner.

XIV.

MR. CHRISTOPHER CANDY opened the ball with Helen Barrington. He was a man of about forty; short, stout and vigorous, with a pale, puffy face, redeemed from ugliness by a pair of sparkling eyes and a pleasant smile. This gentleman was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of San Francisco. The Petronius who with a phrase could make or mar the budding reputation of a beauty. To display effectively the costumes of the motley crowd, he had chosen a simple cotillon figure that was familiar to almost every person present. With consummate address, born of years of practise, he marshaled his forces and marched and countermarched the glittering battalion through half a dozen graceful evolutions. Having covered himself with glory, he announced that the german would be continued after supper.

Dick had claimed Phyllis for the opening exercises. He had found no difficulty in discriminating between the two doctors of Rome.

"Is n't Chetwynd superb?" he said, as they paced side by side down the stately length of the ballroom.

"Yes. But you, Dick, are the most picturesque figure in the room. I must congratulate you. Where did you find your costume?"

"It is my own design. I'm glad you like it. My mother's maid put it together."

Dick was certainly gorgeous as the Man in the Moon. He had arrayed himself in shimmering, pearl-gray silken doublet and hose, with gray *peau-de-Suède* shoes coming to a sharp point. His trunks were slashed with purple velvet, and his mantle, (as long as the train of a court beauty,) which hung from his shoulders, was also of purple velvet, lined with the palest lilac silk. His head

was enclosed in a silver crescent, out of which peered his smooth-shaven shrewd features; and across his broad chest was cunningly embroidered a full moon rising majestically from banks of purple clouds.

"Tell me the names of some of the people. Of course I know nobody. Who is Harlequin?"

"That is Desmond. Those gold-spangled tights show off his figure, don't they? What a symmetrical form he has. He is in love with Helen,—head over heels. She snubs him unmercifully. His underpinning is better than his understanding. I don't like him, although he's made himself pleasant to me personally. He's very rich, owns an immense island near Santa Barbara."

"If Helen does not care for him," murmured Phyllis, thinking of the love-light in Miss Barrington's eyes when she spoke of John Chetwynd, "it does not matter much whether he is your sort or not."

"Perhaps she does like him," said Dick. "No one can compute the orbit of a woman's likes. Helen is flighty. She says herself that she's the slave of impulse. I hope she will marry somebody who will keep her in order."

"Who is her partner? He seems a very funny man."

"That is the celebrated Chris Candy. Our Ward McAllister. But you will see him in all his glory after supper when the german begins. He has invented—for this occasion—a new figure, Quail on Toast, which, they say, surpasses every previous effort."

"Has he other claims to distinction?"

"Most decidedly. He is the author of a certain soft-shell crab salad, and introduced Martigny cocktails. It seems curious that a man should devote his life to trifles, but Chris is really an excellent fellow; kindly, full of tact, bursting with capital stories, and—joking aside—a man

of considerable parts. He has a sense of humor too. You will observe that he has taken the character of a licensed fool. He wears tonight the cap and bells of his profession."

"Who is that talking to your father?"

The march had come to an end, and Dick had led his partner to a palm-shadowed alcove, a coign of vantage from which one could see perfectly and not be seen.

"What, that man in a plain domino? He is Brown Mavis, the land baron, who owns half the land in California. He claims to be the smartest business man in San Francisco. He can think thirty times quicker than any one else, and always to his own advantage. He has the silkiest smile in Christendom; a clever wife, who humors him; a thousand paid slaves to do his bidding, and is vainer than Narcissus."

"The papers are always singing his praises."

"They are well paid for it. Look at that man." He pointed out a cadaverous individual effectively costumed as Don Quixote. "He—let me whisper in your ear—ought to be in *San Quentin*. He is gutter-bred, illiterate and uncouth."

"Why is he here, then?"

"Because, my innocent maid, he is a United States Senator. I had the pleasure, and honor, of being presented to him yesterday. I asked him what he thought of Count Van der Bock. 'Mister Van der Bock,' he replied with his queer drawl, 'why, young man, he ain't got no culture!'"

"You are severe, Dick. You lay on the rod with right good will. How, when, and where, did you learn these things?"

"I've learned them to my sorrow in the last month. My eyes have been rudely skinned, and my own people, Henry and my father, removed the cat-

aract. I don't hunt out these stories, but they are drummed into my ears. It makes me feel hot all over to think that such detestable beasts should be asked to this house, but my father silenced my objections with that odious word—policy. My God, how I hate that word already! Policy, policy, policy! Chris Candy would n't allow Senator Blair to black his boots, but people here sneer at Chris, and fall prostrate before the other. Of course I'm bitter. And Phyllis, the worst of it is I have to bend the knee too. The golden yoke is on my neck. My father expects me to look at life with his eyes; and for his sake, and my mother's sake, I've consented to try and do so."

"But Helen was telling me how particular your mother was. She would n't invite the Kearneys."

"I should think not. You must draw the line somewhere. The mater does her best. She and Mrs. Paul Travers and half a dozen others, of the older generation, have closed their doors against the mob, but they are in a minority. As for Kearney I could n't tell you the stories about him. They are all old chestnuts, to begin with, but I suppose some of them are true. He is a black-mailer, one of the most unscrupulous in the State! Of course he has push and executive ability, and as likely as not, will land in the Senate. Henry is very intimate with him."

"How well Henry looks tonight. He is as handsome as——"

"As I am plain," said Bud, finishing the sentence. "Yes, Henry, as Mephistopheles, is a success. The mater objected to his assuming that character, but really, it suits him down to the ground."

"He was very kind to me at dinner," said Phyllis.

"Kind! Why should n't he be kind?"

To speak plainly Henry Barrington's

attentions during dinner to Phyllis had provoked Dick. His brother, when he chose, could make himself very agreeable. He had expressive eyes and a mellow voice. Upon topics of current interest he could discourse fluently, and he had the knack of telling a story well. His talk was crisp and sparkling, never tedious, and thoroughly up to date. Dick's conversation, on the other hand, was slightly archaic. He had lost touch, during his four year's absence, and was at a manifest disadvantage. Henry, to his disgust, had monopolized Phyllis for nearly an hour, and while paying homage to her beauty, which was greater than he had supposed, flattered her dexterously.

"He has avoided me, Dick; and perhaps Aunt Mary prejudiced me against him. I don't think I ever liked him till tonight. Somehow I thought he was heartless, wrapped up in himself and his own schemes, but I did him an injustice."

"There goes Van der Bock, as Herne the Hunter," said Dick, adroitly changing the subject, "I must introduce him to you. He is amusing, and bursting with high spirits."

"He is making a great deal of noise."

Van der Bock, indeed, was enjoying himself as only a foreigner can. The Latin race loves a masquerade. The Count's mother was a Frenchwoman, and Van der Bock had been educated in Paris. He knew what to say and how to say it. His *aplomb* was irresistible, and his intimate acquaintance with San Francisco gossip was turned to good account. He flitted from group to group, dropping verbal bombs as he went, which exploded in bursts of merriment. Suddenly the band struck up a favorite waltz and everybody hastened to the ball-room.

"Come along," cried Dick, "we must n't lose a bar of this."

They floated off so smoothly, so gracefully, that many eyes followed their gyrations, and amongst these, the pair that belonged to John Chetwynd. He had removed his casque, and wore a small velvet mask. Already he had found the armor uncomfortably hot and heavy, and was wondering whether he could slip quietly away and change into his light evening clothes. He was intensely irritable, and the lines of his mouth, visible below the mask, were set and hard. Very grim indeed he looked as he leaned wearily against one of the columns which supported the musicians' gallery, and thought of his self-appointed task. He had promised his host to disillusion Helen. For that purpose he was here. The sooner the farce was played out and the curtain rung down upon his hopes, the better. In the center of this glittering throng he felt intolerably lonely, out of place, isolated. For the first time in his life he realized that he was no longer young, and numbered himself with the fogies.

"There are two Balthazars," he muttered. "Which is which? Not the one dancing with young Barrington. No, it is the other. Now they are standing together. 'Pon my soul. I can't tell them apart."

Dick had stopped again. This time near the door leading into the saloon. Helen and Christopher Candy were standing a few feet away.

"I wish to speak to you a moment, Phyllis," said Helen in her clear, distinct tones. "Wait here, Mr. Candy, and you too, Dick."

The girls strolled into the saloon and Helen explained.

"Phyllis, I want you to finish this dance with Mr. Candy."

"But I don't know him."

"What does that matter? He won't know the difference if you will do as I

say. Let him talk. He likes to talk, and if you will only listen patiently, your reputation is made. He will tell all his friends that you're the most agreeable girl of his acquaintance. Now, then, we must change walks as well as partners. Your languid Southern steps betray you. Be brisk, hold your tongue, and leave the rest to me."

Phyllis, entering into the spirit of the prank, laughingly agreed to do what was required. Helen imitated her walk to perfection, but Phyllis had not expected to hear her own tones, phonographically reproduced, and the mimicry of her peculiar drawl positively startled her.

"I'm ready, Dick, if you are."

The young man, having no suspicion of this metamorphosis, put his arm round her waist and whirled her away. As they neared Chetwynd, Helen whispered to him to stop. It was her intention to leave her brother and speak to Chetwynd.

"Phyllis," he murmured, in a voice so different from his usual sharp, incisive tones that Helen's attention was aroused.

"Yes," she answered, in the soft accents he liked so well.

"How many dances will you give me, besides the german after supper?"

"One more," said Helen.

"O, Phyllis! Only one? And I don't care to dance with any girl but you."

Helen immediately reflected that there must be something more between her brother and Phyllis Murray than met the eye. She had never suspected a love affair. Perhaps—she thought—those tender declarations were mere chaff. Dick was not a man to be taken seriously. He always enjoyed his joke. She must still dissemble.

"You are talking nonsense," she whispered coquettishly. As the words left her lips she leaned slightly towards him, and her soft breath fanned his face.



"I swear I'm not," he replied eagerly.

His voice was vibrant with passion. The music, the sensuous beauty of the scene, the odor of flowers, the close contact with the woman he loved, all these were stirring his pulses. For the moment he forgot his mother's counsels; forgot that Phyllis was totally unprepared for the shock of any premature avowal; forgot — in a word — all that he had promised himself to remember.

"You are the only woman here to-night — for me."

"You wretched spooney," said Helen in her trenchant tones.

Dick started, bit his lip, blushed and laughed.

"I thought," he said coolly, "that I could take you in. Bless your innocent soul, I knew you at once."

"Not you! However, Ananias, I shall be merciful and keep your secret. You can leave me here. I am going to speak to Mr. Chetwynd. He looks magnificent, but very cross. And Dick, please run into the dining room and see how they are getting on. Mosher is so slow, and if supper is not ready on the stroke of twelve Papa will be angry with me."

He found the dining room, and the billiard room next to it, filled with small tables. Mosher was shouting directions to the army of waiters, and chaos reigned supreme. Dick removed his mask, and reassured by Mosher in regard to the punctuality of supper, was sipping gratefully some well-iced Roederer. The waiters, hired for the occasion by the down-town caterer, passed to and fro, glancing curiously at Dick's resplendent figure. One of them, taller than the rest, deliberately stared at the young man, as if making a mental inventory of his garments. He caught the fellow's eye. It was Cassius Smith.

"How do you do?" he said imperturbably. "How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

Cassius, thunderstruck at this unlooked for recognition, glanced at the quizzical features, peering out of the spangled crescent, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Why, it's the Britisher," he said cheerily. "Don't give me away, Mr. Chester. I'm here on business. The *Enquirer* had to have an account of this ball, so here I am, but if any of the family caught on I'd be fired too quick. See?"

"Yes, I see. You are making history."

"That's right. I suppose, Mr. Chester, you're a guest of the old man's. He's making the fur fly tonight, ain't he? Rufus has his faults, but he spends his gold like a caliph. This suggests the Arabian nights, don't it? It's gorgeous. Yes, sir. This entertainment is a stem winder. The American eagle is screaming tonight and no mistake. You're a Britisher, and I'd like to know how this strikes you. You're not a lord traveling incog, are you?"

"I am not."

"Maybe you're a son of a lord. You look too slick to be a scrub. Well, sir, how does this compare with Mayfair? Can Wales do better than this? I think not. And what a scoop for me! I'm the only reporter here. I heard that old donkey there," he pointed an ink-stained finger at Mosher, "telling one of the men how he fired two of the boys who had gall enough to try and push through in dominoes. I knew that would n't work. This means dollars and cents to me. My boss told me — he's a daisy, he is — that if I could make the raffle he'd have a stack of chips for me. The *Enquirer* pays for its whistle."

"Speaking of whistles," said Dick carelessly, "would you like to wet yours?" He pushed the bottle across the table, and pointed to a glass. Cassius, who seldom tasted champagne, and boasted among the boys that he preferred steam beer, gratefully availed himself

of this invitation. Dick watched him silently. He rather admired the fellow's snap, and remembered that he had a mother to support.

"I don't know, Mr. Smith, that it is not my duty to tell Mr. Barrington that you are here."

Cassius nearly choked himself at these ominous words.

"You would n't surely do that," he said humbly.

"I'll hold my tongue, Mr. Smith, on one condition. You can stay and write your *history*, if you will give me your word of honor to indulge in no personalities. Describe the dresses, the dishes, the dances, as much as you please, but no painful allusions! You understand?"

"May n't I have a whack at Senator Blair?" urged Cassius. "He has never been invited here before. It's really history, Mr. Chester, if you look at it in the proper light, it's history, I say, the fact that old Blair is here. I'd like to stir him up,—one little dig."

"Not even one," said Dick severely. "Goodby."

He tucked his train under his left arm and strolled from the room. Cassius watched his stately progress with admiring, not envious, eyes.

"The Britisher," he soliloquized, "ain't as stuck up as he might be. I'd like to do him a good turn some day. There's lots of dudes here tonight who would have thought it right to their hand to fire a newspaper man. But the Britisher ain't built that way. He's a thoroughbred, he is, and some of these Californian broncos ain't in his class at all. Well, I can't do much to show my appreciation, but I'll give his costume (Cassius pronounced the word '*costoom*') half a dozen lines. That, I guess, will tickle him to death."

"Get a move on there!" said one of the footmen.

"Say," said Cassius, "that Britisher, the Man in the Moon, is a nice young fellow."

"Britisher," cried the flunky in a tone of contempt. "Why, what d'ye mean? That's Mr. Chester Barrington."

"Jee-whillikins! Not a son of Uncle Rufus?"

"Yes."

Cassius seized a pile of plates and began to bestir himself. But he smiled very pleasantly and murmured to himself, "Chester Barrington, a fine name. Chester Barrington, a reg'lar trump!"

XV.

HELEN BARRINGTON, who plumed herself upon the possession of certain esoteric powers of intuition, and who was convinced (with that amazing confidence which inspires the young and inexperienced) that she had solved the riddle of Chetwynd's perplexing conduct, approached him silently from behind and tapped him smartly on the shoulder.

"*Mouton — qui rêve,*" she cried gayly.

He turned immediately and bowed.

"May I take you to a seat?" he asked, offering her his arm.

"You may. Shall we sit in the conservatory?"

They strolled out of the side doors, through a short passage, and seated themselves at the end of the winter garden. The place was artificially warmed, but the temperature several degrees lower than that of the ball room. In the center a fountain splashed melodiously into a marble basin; the odor of exotics was faintly oppressive; and the hum of voices and the strains of the waltz, a delightful accompaniment to the tinkle of the dropping water, were barely audible in the distance. The lights were cunningly disposed behind masses of palms and ferns, and after the blare of two hundred

easelessly wagging tongues and the glare of twice as many wax candles the stillness and semi-obscurity proved an enchanting contrast. Chetwynd noticed that the other seats were unoccupied. They had the place entirely to themselves.

"I must confess," he said, "that I am not so strong as I had fancied. I find the weight of this armor almost insupportable. As you came up I was seriously meditating a retreat."

"You're a recreant knight. Retreat indeed! You're too fond of retreats. Will your lordship permit me a woman's privilege? My curiosity is provoked. I wish to ask you an honest question and receive an honest answer. What have you found at Del Monte during the past week? What attraction? I mean."

They had removed their masks.

"I found what I sought, solitude."

He answered moodily, glancing at Helen out of the corners of his eyes.

"Solitude! Had n't you enough solitude in Burmah? Do you know that I've been practising a sonata of Schubert for your especial benefit?"

"I'm so sorry that I shall not hear it. I leave town tomorrow morning."

"Oh!" cried Helen, putting her hand unconsciously to her heart. "You are going to leave San Francisco!"

She was sensible that the blood had ebbed from her cheeks, from her hands,—from her feet even, but it seemed to be gathering tumultuously about her heart.

"Why do you go?" she murmured after a pause. "A few short days since you told me that you liked California so well that you had almost determined to settle down here for good."

"That was a day dream," he muttered, "a day dream."

"Dreams sometimes come to pass, Mr. Chetwynd."

"I'm a practical man, Miss Barrington.

I have work to do yet. The Geographical Society is urging me to visit Siberia. I think I told you that I had the tramp fever in my veins. Already I'm weary of civilization."

Helen twisted her fingers nervously. The time, she knew, had come to strangle hypothesis. She must take immediate action.

"Is that your true reason," she faltered, "or—er—or only an excuse?"

She met his glance bravely. And in her eyes Chetwynd read the secret of her love. He was sorely tempted to break his promise to Rufus Barrington and clasp this sweet woman to his heart, but his word, once passed, was irrevocable. Behind this, moreover, was another sentiment, a sentiment that hitherto had formed no factor in his calculations. The man realized, for the first time in his life, his moral imperfections. Looking at himself in the crystal mirror of a pure soul, he was horrified at his own reflection. Comparing himself, as a candid man must at such a time, with the girl who was willing to commit her future to his keeping, he dwindled—Hyde-like—to small and mean proportions. Her standard of him dwarfed his own. She had appreciated in him certain qualities, to wit: patience, stability, and truth. Of other and darker attributes of his nature she was happily ignorant. To take advantage of this ignorance, to foist himself upon her under false pretenses seemed dishonest, infamous, and treacherous. No, a union between them was impossible. Her father *had* the right to veto such a marriage, and the inexorable moral law, which underlies all conduct, sustained his decision. Nothing remained now but honorably to fulfil his obligations. He was aware that he had taken infinite pains to please and impress her. Her mind was peculiarly plastic. Her capacity for cordial appreciation argued an

equal capacity for detestation, and it was always easier to pull down than to build up. His eyes dropped before hers as he applied himself doggedly to the former task.

"A week ago," he began, "I had a vision; a mirage suddenly illuminated the horizon of my future. I've had a tough time of it, Miss Barrington, as you know, and it seemed to me that after knocking about the world for more than a quarter of a century a little rest and peace would be a desirable thing."

"Yes," murmured Helen. She was lying back in her chair with eyes half closed, drinking in his words.

"I think I conveyed to you the impression that in order to secure this rest and peace it would be necessary to find a home, to submit quietly to the conventionalities, to marry, for instance."

He paused and gripped the hilt of the Toledo blade which he carried in his hand.

"But," he continued harshly, "I reckoned without my host. I counted myself a civilized man, whereas I am a savage. I am going to speak to you plainly, Miss Barrington. I feel that I owe this to you. You are no foolish bread and butter school miss. If I've read your character aright you prefer truth to humbug, and whatever I may be I'm no pretender. I sail under my own flag, even if it be a black one."

These harsh words prepared Helen for what was coming. The iron had begun to enter her soul, but she made no sign.

"I therefore tell you that I've changed my mind. Or rather I'm awake and not asleep. The leopard cannot change his spots, and I cannot throw off the habits of years. Domesticity is not for me. A wife would bore me to death within a month. I might tolerate a dozen, but one, the same everlasting face morning, noon, and night, would drive me mad. I

told you that my experience with women had not been fortunate. I was once upon the eve of marriage with one of the prettiest women in India."

"And she threw you over?" interrupted Helen breathlessly.

"No," he answered brutally. "Quite the contrary. I refused at the last moment to encumber myself. Your friend Mrs. Travers will take pleasure in giving you full particulars. Perhaps she has done so already."

"No," said Helen. Her voice was trembling with suppressed indignation. The tide of revulsion was setting in, gathering force and volume with every word that dropped from Chetwynd's lips.

"It is not a story for me to repeat to you. I behaved badly, so badly that my best friend, an honorable man, has cut me dead ever since. I swore then to leave women alone."

"I commend the resolution," cried Helen. "But it is strange that you should boast of this to me."

She was furiously angry, but she remembered, in her rage, that she had been spared the crowning mortification of betraying her love to a man who valued it less than the ring upon his finger. She had decided to break down with her own hands the barrier which Mammon, as she supposed, had reared between them. Merciful Heaven! What an escape she had had! The thought of this tempered the shock to her self respect, but added fuel to the flames of her wrath.

"Not at all," he answered coldly. "I imagined, rightly or wrongly, that you had made the mistake of mounting me on a pedestal."

"Thank you," she cried fiercely, "for showing me so considerately my folly. As it seems to amuse you, perhaps you will gratify me by rolling once more in the mire of your reminiscences."

"I think you are too severe," he re-

plied, without wincing. "The Japanese have a proverb to the effect that a woman's tongue is only three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high. Besides, according to my lights I am acting honorably. I have been tempted," he had kept this barbed shaft to the last, "to marry for money." He laid emphasis upon the word, but kept his eyes averted from Helen's face. Her cheeks were no longer pale. A crimson flush had discolored even her neck and forehead. With trembling fingers she fastened the clasp of her mask, stirring uneasily in her chair. What horrifying words were these? What devil incarnate had possessed this man?

"For money," he repeated slowly. "I'm a poor man, and know the value of money. I've been tempted, I say, to sell my freedom and myself at the highest market price. It's done every day."

Helen rose to her feet, and confronted him. They were no longer alone. The first waltz was over and several dancers had seated themselves in the conservatory. Chetwynd had resumed his mask.

"Spare me this," she said icily. "For some inexplicable reason, Mr. Chetwynd, you have honored me with your confidence. If your object, as you say, was to disabuse my mind of certain illusions, you have thoroughly succeeded. Will you offer me your arm as far as the staircase? We shall probably not meet again, but you have taught me a valuable lesson."

He bowed silently. There was nothing more to be said on either side. He had done his work, as was his wont, completely and systematically. At the foot of the staircase they parted. Chetwynd extended his hand, but she ignored it.

"You will not bid me goodbye?" he muttered.

"Your best friend," she answered

steadily, "has cut your acquaintance. For the future I shall follow his example."

Chetwynd watched her ascend the broad, shallow stairs. But curiously enough, his thoughts were thousands of miles away. He was reflecting that a little fighting would be an agreeable and effective antidote to the poisonous exhalations of this his last experience. Not six months ago he and his party had been surrounded by Dakoits. One big fellow, presumably the chief, had singled him out, but he had easily disarmed him. Then the man, instead of running away, had unexpectedly closed and well-nigh strangled him. The memory of that wrestling bout was green tonight. He had overcome the Dakoit by strength and science combined. Neither would have availed him singly. Together they proved, in the end, irresistible. The savage had paid the penalty of defeat with his life.

The Homeric laughter of his host recalled him from the past to the present.

"You cannot disguise yourself, Mr. Chetwynd," said Rufus Barrington cordially. He remembered perfectly the serious character of their last conversation, but affected, in the presence of others, an hilarity he was far from feeling. Mrs. Barrington, in ignorance of the truth, added her gentle meed of congratulation. Count Van der Bock swelled the chorus.

"*C'est magnifique, mon cher,*" he cried, tapping the fluted breastplate, "*mais, parbleu,* I should be sorry to stand in your tin boots, tonight."

"You are a man of sense, Monsieur; I am not to be envied."

"I trust you are enjoying yourself," said Mrs. Barrington. The light from the great chandelier fell upon his face, and she noticed through the slits in the mask, his gleaming eyes. Something in his fixed gaze chilled and frightened her.

His tremendous personality became suddenly oppressive.

"Thank you," he replied politely. "I'm enjoying myself immensely, immensely. I must express my gratitude to you and Mr. Barrington for affording me a novel and most interesting experience."

He bowed and mingled with the passing crowds.

"*Homme de fer*," said the Count shrugging his shoulders.

"I like him," said Rufus Barrington, with an accent of regret. "I'm sorry he is leaving San Francisco, but considering his own interests, I could not urge him to stay."

Chetwynd, meantime, with heavy heart tried to do his *devoir* as a carpet knight, but he cursed bitterly the unwritten laws which constrained him to remain, an unwilling guest, beneath the roof of the millionaire, and as soon as supper was over and the german begun, took his leave. With a sigh of physical relief he laid aside the cumbrous armor, reflecting with a grim sense of the irony of fate, that the burden which sin had imposed upon him was not so easily disposed of. He had never, till now, considered the ultimate consequence of his elopment with Edith Darcy. The years had passed; the scandal had died down; he had almost forgotten whether the woman had blue eyes or brown. In his masterful way he had banished from his thoughts (which had been set upon other matters) every detail connected with that unfortunate — as he phrased it — Bengal episode. But he realized now that Nemesis, *pède claudo*, had overtaken him. Nature is a lenient creditor; she often renews the note, but she recognizes no statute of limitations, and in the end, demands payment in full. Chetwynd was a just man; he repudiated no debts; he liked to say that he paid ready money

for everything. Indeed, some of his friends asserted that he was over-hasty to cancel an obligation; that he had a cut and dried habit of independence; that he was more willing to give than to take that he conferred favors and seldom claimed them. These traits — they argued — showed an ungracious and unamiable disposition. Now, therefore, that he was confronted with an old bill, a bill he had ignored and overlooked, he determined instantly that it must be settled to the last farthing. To dishonor the draft never entered his head. It must be admitted that his egotism had received a fearful shock. He had not expected opposition to his suit at the hands of the father, but when that opposition was forthcoming, backed, moreover, by reasons which he admitted to be valid, he silently acknowledged its cogency, swallowed his chagrin, and took his punishment like a man. It is pertinent to mention the fact here that after the death of Mrs. Darcy he had learned, from a mutual friend, that Tom Darcy was financially embarrassed (rumor whispered the ugly word "defaulter"), and standing upon the ragged edge of ruin, if not disgrace. The fellow was quite worthless, a gambler and a drunkard, but popular with the set which permits deviation in the field of morals, provided, of course, that the culprit rides straight to hounds. To this man, after mature consideration, John Chetwynd wrote a letter enclosing a check for an amount he could ill spare. In doing this he was perfectly well aware — as he pointed out to Captain Darcy — that a wrong construction might be placed upon his motives; that, in the opinion of some, it might be held that he was adding insult to injury, but, so the letter ran, "he trusted that Captain Darcy would acquit him of so odious a charge. He tendered the money, knowing that it might prove of service." Darcy cashed the check and paid his bets, but

he never acknowledged the receipt of Chetwynd's letter.

The famous explorer returned to his hotel, completed his simple preparations for departure on the morrow, undressed, lay down upon his bed and closed his eyes. He had the faculty of summoning sleep at will, but tonight he called in vain. Conscience, revitalized, was in no humor to spare her victim. She reminded him that the innocent must suffer together with the guilty; that he had involved not only himself but the woman he loved in the mesh of his ill deeds. This thought confounded and tormented him.

"My God," he muttered as he tossed to and fro, a prey to the bitterest intro-

spection, "my sin is indeed a scourge, but why should it lash her tender back?"

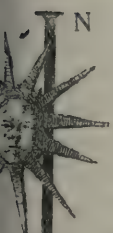
In all the ages this terrible question has ascended hourly to the throne of the Eternal; it is the keynote of the great Greek tragedies; the mystery of mysteries! Chetwynd knew this, but rebelled. For many hours he wrestled vainly with the enigma which no mortal Œdipus may expound. Finally he fell asleep about the time that dew-spangled Dawn, heralded by twitterings of birds and softly sighing winds, stole silently across the waters of the bay and proclaimed in San Francisco, with fresh, young voice, the first morning of the glad New Year.

Horace Annesley Vachell.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

BANKS AND BANKING OF CALIFORNIA.

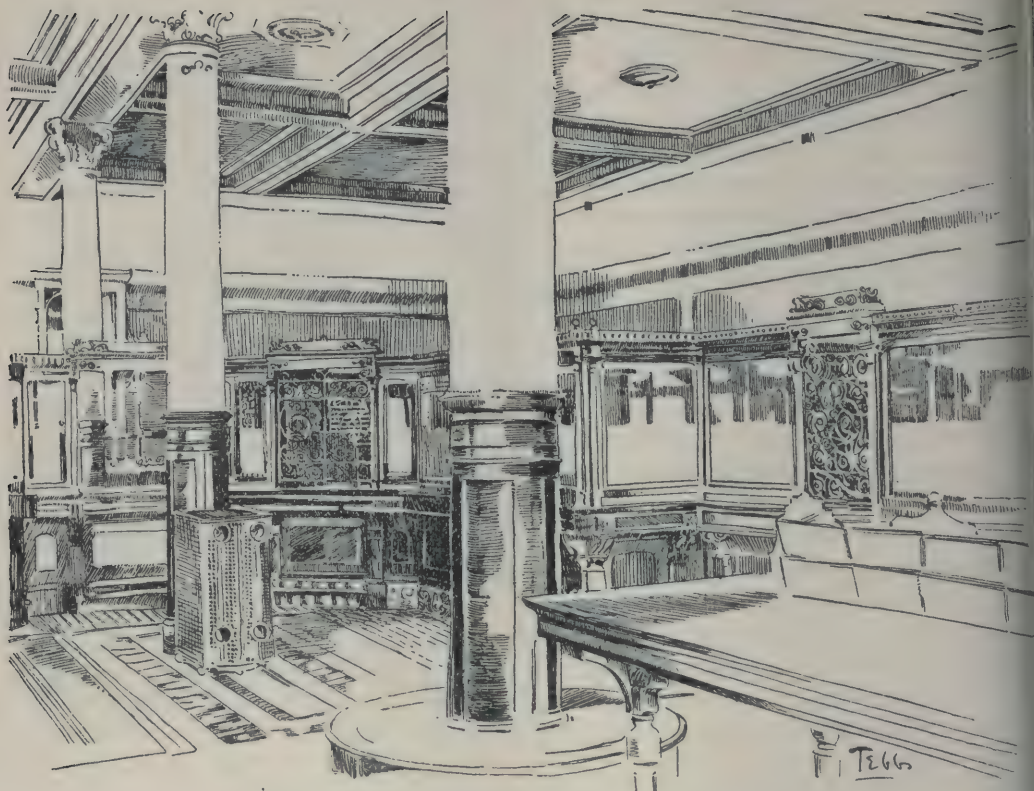
I. HISTORICAL.



IN TREATING of the romantic period of the Argonauts, writers have touched but lightly upon pioneer banking, a subject which would have furnished many an interesting chapter. This is to be doubly regretted, because the business was of a magnitude hardly equaled in any other new country, and because the records are today mainly derived from personal reminiscences, blotted and dimmed by the passage of time. The old banks of San Francisco were undoubtedly marvels of the age. While lacking the showy exteriors and handsome furnishing of their modern successors, they proved fully equal to the requirements of a day when gold was more of a commodity than it has ever since been.

Statements of immense deposits of gold in the ramshackle buildings and the pot metal safes peculiar to the times might seem exaggerated were they not amply proved by reliable statistics.

In a new land, where gold is king, banking naturally flourishes. With the accumulation of metallic wealth, a depository must be provided for storage and security. The miner following some prolific lead in quartz or gravel cannot continually cache his pile under the sole guardianship of Nature. When opportunity offers, his treasure is transported to some safer place, leaving its owner to pursue his labor free from any further care. As all roads then lead to the city by the Bay, San Francisco became the great banking center of all mining districts.



INTERIOR VIEW WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY'S BANK.

Storekeepers and merchants were the first persons in San Francisco to whom the miner turned in search of some one he could trust. While not assuming the name or style of bankers, these traders acted as such in all respects. Gold dust was weighed on its receipt, and credited at the current value per ounce, against which the depositor drew in merchandise, the balance at all times being available on call. In no instance was a trust of this kind violated, and the most implicit confidence was imposed in these old time firms by men who were perfect strangers, and who in some cases only knew by reputation those to whom they were entrusting their hard earned gold. The most important of the mercantile firms early engaged in this business were Mellus, Howard & Co., DeWitt & Harrison, W. H. Davis, Ward & Co., Cross &

Co., and Macondray & Co.,—names still familiar in the local commercial community. Many are the stories told of these worthy pioneer merchants and their transactions with the odd characters encountered among the mining camps in those good old days. The men themselves have long since passed over to the vast silent majority, but there are still some of their patrons left, aged, but rugged as the mountains among which they toiled, to whom the mere mention of these well-known names serves to revive memories shadowed by vain regrets for the stirring but happy times gone by.

The first establishment dignified by the name of a bank was started in the latter part of 1848 on a corner of the Plaza, in front of the lot on which, until lately, stood the Old City Hall. Some

by the building was partially occupied as a stable, but at any rate, the annual rental is mentioned by one chronicler of the time as \$75,000 in gold. Wright & Company were proprietors of this highly priced if unpretentious establishment, which was commonly known as the Miners' Bank. Here gold from the mines was deposited, and loans made to borrowers, who were charged interest ranging from eight to fifteen per cent per month, according to their financial standing. The city was at this time described as looking like a "vast army encampment," with gold dust only worth about \$10.50 per ounce, and flour selling—when it could be procured—at from twelve to fifteen dollars for a barrel. Brandy was comparatively cheap, a gallon of it being purchasable for a little less than an ounce of gold. This, too, with a rather light yield from the mines, in comparison with after years, the exports for the last half of the year being estimated at only \$2,000,000.

Whatever right the Miners' Bank might have had to originality of enterprise, it certainly is not generally accorded to it. The distinction of being first in the field as regular bankers in San Francisco is conferred by universal consent on the firm of H. M. Naglee & Co., which opened its doors to depositors on January 9th, 1849. Henry M. Naglee had been a captain in Stevenson's regiment, and his partner was Richard H. Sinton, a merchant. This year was in reality the one from which the banking business dates, the Naglee bank being followed by others in rapid succession. On June 5th, Burgoyne & Co. opened; B. Davidson, in September; Wells & Co., in October, and James King of William on December 5th. At this date, the population of the city was estimated at twenty thousand, the number of residents being rapidly swelled by arrivals

on each incoming steamer. Receipts of gold were also increasing, and the price had advanced considerably, dust being quoted at from \$15.50 to \$15.75, and amalgam at from \$14.50 to \$14.75 per ounce.

The following year of 1850 was memorable. It opened brightly enough, with business of all kinds active to an extraordinary degree and real estate enhancing rapidly in value. Three new concerns were launched in competition with the banks already in operation, amid a most exciting and feverish condition of affairs. The first was the firm of Tallant & Wilde in February. Page, Bacon & Co. and J. Argenti opened later, in June. In the city, the situation was becoming critical. Property values of all kinds were increased to the point of inflation, and the more conservative residents dreaded the consequences. The young banks were about to be put to a crucial test, which meant much in a new and comparatively unsettled community. Would they be equal to the emergency which threatened universal ruin? But little time was left for preparation. In September, the firm of Naglee & Co. closed its doors, never to resume. Burgoyne & Co., James King of William, and Wells & Co. were at once besieged by anxious depositors, clamoring for their money, but they met all demands, and the doors of the banks were kept open as usual. A period of general bankruptcy and financial embarrassment followed, and real estate prices fell more quickly than they had ever advanced. No one seemed to have any desire to invest in city property even at forced sale. On October 3d, Wells & Co., which was, in reality, a branch of Willis & Co., a wealthy banking firm of Boston, was at last forced to the wall. These were the only two failures in banking in this, the first financial panic of San Francisco. All the other firms—to their

credit be it said—met every demand, creating a feeling of confidence, which soon served to revive business on a safer and more prosperous basis than ever.

The coin in circulation in 1850 and 1851 was as varied as the complexion of the people. Everything in the form of metallic money, except copper, passed current, from the English sixpenny piece to the East Indian rupee. Writers of the period dwell strongly upon the prevailing repugnance to the use of coppers or paper money of any kind, even a liberal discount being allowed on all foreign silver coinage. Gold was the basis of all transactions, and silver in its fractional denominations was tolerated about as it is by the monometallist of today.

The need for gold coin was finally relieved by the establishment of a United States Assay Office in San Francisco, which issued a handsome money, termed slugs, which passed current for fifty dollars. In addition, twenty and ten dollar pieces were put in circulation by the same institution, while private firms tried the experiment of minting five dollar pieces, the majority of which were not regarded with much satisfaction, being short in weight. Moffat & Co., private bankers, are accredited as the last coiners of these quarter eagles, some of their money being still in existence and valuable as specimens. Gold dust as a medium of exchange in commercial transactions was no longer useful when coin became plentiful, and before the close of 1851 was almost out of use.

The phenomenal growth of San Francisco after the panic of 1850, and the development of its financial resources can best be judged from the fact that in 1852, no less than twenty firms had branched out in the banking business. The population at this date had increased to over thirty-six thousand, and the annual gold shipments to close upon fifty millions of

dollars. Real estate, while in active demand still suffered from the heavy blow to speculation; its assessed value for 1852 being only \$14,916,903, a marked reduction from the preceding year, when the assessment for taxation purposes exceeded \$21,000,000.

Most of these firms, like their predecessors in the business were more or less interested in merchandise and commercial trading in the first place, drifting gradually into banking more from necessity than choice. All nationalities were well represented, so that the foreign miner had the privilege if he chose, of selecting one of his own countrymen to act as his fiduciary agent. Not a few of the larger establishments, however, were backed by prominent banking firms in the Eastern States, and even at this early date, the Rothschilds and other wealthy European houses, had entered the financial field, just opening up with unusually bright prospects.

It has generally been the case in newly founded communities, that the different dealers in staples, mercantile and financial guilds, recognizing that in union there is strength, and that competition fosters trade, have frequented some particular locality, which has become known and individualized by its special commercial lines. Nor was the infant Western city an exception in this respect. Certain sections of the business portion of the town were given up to dealers, in the same class of trade who struggled side by side for supremacy. In this way the shipping industry and importers flourished in the vicinity of the wharves and along the water front, the dry goods men and retail dealers congregating further up town. Montgomery Street, the main thoroughfare of the city in 1852, was the financial center, and along its line from California, to its northern extremity at Pacific, the pioneer banker

held forth in all his glory. Every block was occupied by firms in the business, and on each corner some of the bigger concerns sported a shingle. The lack of sufficient accommodation drove a number of ambitious houses into the side and adjoining streets, and many of the old buildings that still stand on Merchant, Commercial, and Clay streets, contain, in the form of antiquated safes and strong rooms, together with the massive system of construction, abundant evidences of the more aristocratic usages for which they were originally designated.

It was in this quarter then that we find such firms established in 1852 as Adams & Co., F. Argenti & Co., Burgoyne & Co., McNulty & Co., B. Davidson, Delessert, Cordier & Co., Drexel, Sather & Church, Goddefroy, Sillen & Co., James King of William, Palmer Cook & Co., Page, Bacon & Co., Sanders & Brenham, Tallant & Wilde, and Wells, Fargo & Co., which in addition to its branch express agency, established in San Francisco on July 13th of this year, transacted a general banking business in connection with the head offices in New York. Following closely on the advance guard, already mentioned, which formed the nucleus of the business as far back as 1849, there were a number of others who were engaged not quite so exclusively in the business. Joseph W. Gregory, who had a forwarding agency at 155 Montgomery Street, received deposits from his customers. Robinson & Co. survived for a short time on the corner of Clay. Frank G. Smith had a small concern on the corner of Sansome and Commercial streets, and Todd's Express, in the same building as Gregory on the corner of Montgomery and Merchant, combined banking with the forwarding business.

If the profits were large in those days,

many and varied were the vicissitudes of the business. While as a rule the banker of the period is generally supposed to have rolled in luxury, his pathway was liberally strewn with thorns. It could hardly be said that capital was cautious then, but it certainly was timid to a degree which frequently precipitated a crisis, short-lived as a rule, but sufficiently threatening in its aspect to cause general uneasiness. The depositors among the mining community, were inclined to be as fickle as the fortune which attended their search for gold, and when not engaged in delving among the gulches and ravines of the higher Sierra, or along the banks and beds of the Sacramento and its tributaries they seem to have kept a watchful eye over the movements of the banker. An apparently trivial event would suffice to create suspicion, and that meant an immediate demand for whatever money was on deposit, which had to be forthcoming on short notice. There was no law then to protect the banker by requiring formal application for the withdrawal of deposits under special classification. The drafts presented had to be paid or the doors must be closed. In the beginning of 1854, Adams & Co. were subjected to a most trying experience from the most trivial cause. Usually large shippers of coin, the January steamer had departed without their name appearing on the manifest for some reason. A run immediately was commenced on the bank, and before the first day had closed, nearly half a million in gold had been paid over the counter to an excited crowd of depositors. As usual in such cases, the apparent ease with which the sudden demand was met, and the well stocked trays of gold behind the counters confronting customers, soon turned the tide, and a few hours later the deposits were pouring back again more rapidly even than they

were withdrawn. This is only one instance of the kind, quoted to show the nervous disposition of a community largely made up of men who had followed the exciting and precarious career of miners in a comparatively wild and unexplored region, a life in itself calculated to inspire and foster a natural feeling of distrust in their surroundings.

It is little wonder that banking flourished in this golden era. Had the flow of this glittering stream been checked at the Bay in those halcyon days, what a story might have remained to be told of a city, mistress of the waters, greater even in wealth and grandeur than Carthage of old. With no reliable figures at command, for none exist, it is impossible to form any definite or correct calculation of the total yield of the mines at this early period. How many millions remained at home after the shipment of this \$500,000,000 to meet the ever increasing requirements of a rapid development of the city's commercial interests? It is certain that remunerative employment was found for at least twenty banking houses, not to speak of many smaller concerns engaged in financial operations of one kind or another. Transactions were planned and carried out on a grand scale, involving large sums of money, and withal the instances of financial disaster were few and far between. It is noteworthy, too, that any which did occur, of more than ordinary importance, were invariably precipitated by complications of a character which could not be termed distinctly local. Occasionally a concern of mushroom growth would disappear almost as quickly as it arose, affording the busy crowd a chance for a laugh at some amusing incident in its short-lived career. One institution of the kind, for example, opened up with great pretensions on Clay Street in the early fifties and lasted about long enough

to give the expectant public an opportunity to inspect a fine substantial-looking safe from the outside of a counter and office fixings a little ahead of the times in general make up. When this safe was subsequently investigated, after the proprietor had traveled for parts unknown, the only thing found inside was a brass collar-button, securely tied up in an empty match box. They were apt to call a bluff in those days on short notice, and the pioneer of a more modern system of banking realized the serious consequences of his rather premature enterprise by the time he had raked in enough deposits to pay for rapid transit to a healthier climate.

It is impossible to arrive at any correct estimate of the amount of money coined by the private firms engaged in the minting business from 1849 to the opening of the branch Mint in San Francisco. The records of Treasury Department show that at least fifteen different firms issued gold coin in five and ten-dollar pieces before the handsome fifty-dollar slug bearing the official stamp of August Humbert, the United States Assayer. There were coins of these denominations stamped J. S. O. and N. G. N., besides those issued by the following firms, officially reported as engaged in the minting business: Massachusetts and California Company, Cincinnati Mining & Trading Company, Templeton Reed, Oregon Exchange Co., Miners' Bank, Pacific Co., Dubesque & Co., Shultz & Co., Dunbar & Co., Bawran & Co., and Moffatt & Co. In Sacramento, J. S. Ormsby & Co. had a private mint in operation, and Mormon bankers also helped to swell the circulating medium by a coinage of their own. When it is remembered that gold dust brought seldom more than ten dollars, and sometimes as low as five dollars an ounce before it was advanced to a fraction over seventeen

dollars in the latter part of 1850, besides being often much adulterated, one can readily understand why the private coinage of the period was frequently held at quite a heavy discount.

Any ill news received from the East by semi-monthly mail steamers, invariably had the effect of creating trouble for any of the weaker banking institutions in San Francisco. Sometimes a concern was only crippled temporarily, but not infrequently the suspension resulted in absolute failure. The rapid development of business in the city and State necessitated an increased working capital, and the banks which could not keep pace

with the financial requirements of the times, were compelled in self-protection to retire from the field. This accounts for the marked decrease in the number of older banks during 1854, and the advent of new and wealthier firms in the business. The succeeding year of 1855 was the beginning of a series of financial disturbances which covered a period much longer than many anticipated. The trouble began with the suspension of Page, Bacon & Co., owing to the failure of the St. Louis Bank, of which it was a branch. The firm, which consisted of Daniel D. Page, his son, H. D. Bacon, and Henry Haight, closed its



INTERIOR VIEW OF CROCKER WOOLWORTH BANK.

doors on February 17th, and a few days later, on the 22d, Adams & Co. failed. The firm had previously absorbed the business of James King of William, who had been rather short of capital through heavy advances made to General Frémont for the purchase of the vast Mariposa estate from B. L. Alvarado, the original grantee under the deed from the United States. Adams & Co. never resumed business, but Page, Bacon & Co. did, under an arrangement with their creditors, by which they agreed to pay up the outstanding indebtedness, in two, four, and six months. This, however, they failed to do, and very shortly afterwards another suspension resulted, which proved final.

The panicky feeling developed at intervals throughout this year, and many commercial firms suffered severely. Bravely the larger banks held out during the crisis, and run after run on them was met in a manner which proved the immense coin reserves at command. The late General Sherman at this time controlled the destiny of Lucas, Turner & Co., one of the heaviest firms in the local banking business. One of the most important banks of this time was Palmer, Cook & Co. It handled nearly all the State funds, and controlled to some extent, all of the earlier bond issues. The most of the old Spanish families trusted this bank implicitly, and deposited their surplus funds in its vaults. After being assisted time and again by bankers with money sufficient to meet the demands for dividends upon securities held in trust, the firm suspended early in 1856, with an outstanding indebtedness of three and a half millions of dollars. Another attempt was then made to tide the bank over its difficulties but without success, and in the following June the final collapse took place, upon a second failure to meet the interest due upon

State bonds. The ruin of this bank wrought a very serious injury to the business interests of the city and State, and the reputation of a number of prominent people, some of them connected with government departments suffered severely.

The failure of the Ohio Life Insurance Company of New York, and the loss of the steamship Central American with \$1,800,000 in gold on board, caused the suspension of Drexel, Sather & Church for a short time. The liabilities of the firm aggregated \$464,000, the assets exceeding this sum by \$222,000. During this panic, Wells, Fargo & Co. suspended for three days, through the unnecessary alarm of Colonel Pardee, the Manager. This was about the last of the bank troubles of the first decade of banking in San Francisco.

The Fraser River excitement in 1858 helped to unsettle business considerably and to retard a revival in trade of all kinds, which continued very dull until 1860. At this date many of the smaller commercial banks in good standing had retired. Those that remained formed the nucleus of the banking system of today. The banks in many cases are still controlled by the descendants of their original founders, and in others the only change has been in the matter of incorporation and modernized methods of operation.

B. Davidson, who acted as local agent for the Rothschilds from 1851, carried on the business at the same place, on the corner of Commercial and Montgomery streets, until a very few years ago. His partner Berry fled the town after the earthquake in 1865, going direct to Europe, from whence he never returned. Drexel, Sather & Church, the pioneer founders of the present Sather Banking Company, were first engaged in business in Nassau Street, New York. The finan-

cial backer of the firm was Francis Drexel of Philadelphia. Charles J. Brenham, the first Mayor of San Francisco, and Beverly C. Sanders, afterwards Collector of the Port, composed the firm of Sanders & Brenham. Frank G. Smith retired from banking to practise law. Tallant & Wilde was merged into the firm of Tallant & Co. upon the death of Judge Wilde. J. B. Cavalier, one of the founders and first president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, was cashier for F. Argente & Co., the pioneer French bankers. J. V. Plume was the active man of the solid and responsible old firm of Burgoyne & Co., long since retired. Wells, Fargo & Co. were established in New York for some years before they opened in San Francisco on July 13, 1852. Banks & Ball, who ran a small bank for years before it went into liquidation, on the corner of California and Montgomery streets, were formerly clerks in Wells, Fargo & Co. Abel Gay was a French banker of good repute. Fretz & Ralston were originally managers of the Independent Steamship line, of which Commodore Garrison was managing owner. The firm as bankers was the predecessor of banks which will receive a more extended notice hereafter.

With the passage of the first decade of banking in San Francisco, the primitive methods of the banker began to give way before the gradual process of development going on all over the State. The demand for capital was increasing in all directions for commercial and other enterprises. Agriculture began to vie with mining in importance, and while the one industry continued to build up the financial resources of the community, the other commenced to make heavy drafts upon the reserves of coin. Rates of interest declined with the expansion of the field for the profitable employment of capital, although as late as the sixties,

from two to two and a half per cent per month was not uncommonly obtained on well secured loans. Even this was quite a concession from the rates paid in previous years, when ten per cent per month was not considered exorbitant. The enforced retirement of the smaller concerns, where the capital at command was not equal to the increased requirements, limited to some extent, the number of the old banking houses at the opening of 1860. Some new and wealthier firms, however, soon filled their place, backed in many instances by Eastern or foreign capital. In this year among the new names are those of Belloc Frères, a branch of a Parisian firm of capitalists, M. Brumagin, Pioche & Bayerque, and John Sime & Co. George P. Baker carried on a private banking business at 87 Front Street; L. E. Ritter opened an office on California Street, and Nicholas Luning on the corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff. The latter, although included in published list of bankers at this time, was not one in the strict sense of the term, as he simply loaned his own capital, and accepted no deposits. Bolton, Barron & Co., who as merchants in 1850 had acted as private bankers, were still engaged in the business, and Parrott & Co. had for two years at least been rated in the same capacity.

John Parrott, the founder of this firm, was one of the most substantial merchants of San Francisco. Possessed of vast wealth when he arrived in the city in 1856 from Mexico, he at once took a position of marked prominence in the business circles. He never had a partner, and his immense trade was backed entirely by his private capital. This house had dealings in all parts of the world, but more especially with China, India, and South America. At his death which took place many years after he had attained a ripe old age, this worthy

representative of the old-time merchant and banker, left a fortune estimated at many millions, and a name which still lives, honored and respected among the great local financial institutions of today. There are a few other firms founded at the same time as Parrott & Co. which have survived the vicissitudes of an epoch in the history of San Francisco which was marked by many a fierce struggle for self preservation upon the part of even the most conservative firms engaged in the banking business. The less fortunate succumbed to the pressure. Speculation was rife, political dissensions were active, a civil war had racked the nation and disorganized business in all its branches. Whatever bore heavily on the more settled commercial centers of the far East was intensified in less favorably situated localities. The little commonwealth on the Pacific Coast, felt the full force of the almost overwhelming waves of financial depression which repeatedly swept over them. At home and abroad trouble stared business men in the face, and one difficulty was no sooner surmounted, than another arose to shatter confidence and drive the bravest almost to despair. It was a question of the survival of the fittest. Business failures during the period from 1860 down to 1870, were frequent and the losses heavy.

With the exception of a run on the Savings & Loan Society on December 23, 1861, which did not amount to much, no disaster overtook any of the local banks. The weeding out process was continued, nevertheless, and the banker who found himself pinched was prompt in retiring. This sensible determination, served to keep the business singularly clear from scandal, and in comparison with the failures in other quarters, the results are highly creditable. In this manner the names of Alsop & Co., Banks & Davis,

M. Brumagin, Abel Gay, H. Heutsh, John Sime & Co., Baker, Ritter, Christian Reis, of Reynolds, Reis & Co., were dropped from the roll. By changes during the same time, Fretz & Ralston had been merged in the firm of Donohoe, Ralston & Co. Tallant & Wilde had become Tallant & Co. on the death of Judge Wilde, with James Robb as special partner. Pioche had monopolized the business of Pioche & Bayerque, and Sather & Church became the firm of Sather & Co. In 1862 the firm of Hickox & Spear embarked in the business, and continued prominent until a late date. The head of this substantial and popular concern was George C. Hickox, for many years previous connected with the banking business, and now hale and hearty as ever, the cashier of the North Pacific Coast Railroad. His associate in the bank was John T. Spear, a well-known and prominent merchant of pioneer fame.

The opening of the United States Mint in 1854, caused quite a disturbance in the money market, owing to the fact that the coin in circulation was at once repudiated for the new gold pieces of the Government. The coins hitherto issued by private parties gave but poor satisfaction, and in the end were subject to a heavy discount. Paper money was not acceptable to any one, although a vigorous effort was made to work it into circulation. Frederick Marriott, who did a banking and exchange business on Merchant Street, near Montgomery, was one of the first to introduce a paper currency. Eventually Samuel Brannan, one of the wealthiest and most enterprising citizens of the early time, formed a trust company to issue the paper money, secured by a deed of valuable real estate. The people were opposed to the scheme however, and it fell through. In the meantime the Mint officials had not been idle, and gold coin in the larger denominations



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEVADA BANK.

was quite plentiful within a few months after the Mint started up in April, 1854. The records show that there was a United States assay office establishment in the city, as far back as 1850, which did some service in keeping up the standard of gold dust.

There was a plethora of money at the same time. The yield of the mines was a continual source of astonishment to even those who had arrived on the Coast full of the stories which had found their way into the outer world, of the golden wonders of the new country in the Far West. The estimated value of the gold receipts in San Francisco up to the end of 1853, was in the neighborhood of \$256,000,000, with the monthly arrivals from the interior continually increasing.

But gold dust was not money, and the lack of coinage was a serious drawback to trade. As far back as 1852 an attempt had been made to have the United States establish a branch Mint in San Francisco, but the proposition fell through at that time. The Government did however, authorize the firm of Moffatt & Co. to act as United States assayers and coiners, pending the disposition of the Mint business, and appointed a resident agent to affix the United States stamp on the gold. This was not satisfactory, however, as the California coin had always to be discounted on settlements, a ten-dollar piece of the new money being worth twenty-five cents less than the United States coin.

Finally private minting was abolished



THE CROCKER WOOLWORTH BANK ENTRANCE.

by the establishment of a branch Mint, an appropriation for the purpose having been made by Congress. In April 1854, the doors of the new building, erected for the purpose on the site of the present United States Sub-Treasury on the north side of Commercial, west of Montgomery Street, opened for business, and the residents, who were rigid adherents to the doctrine of hard money, were enabled to meet their outside creditors on an even basis of coinage values. The working capacity of the new Mint was thirty millions in coin of large and small denominations, annually.

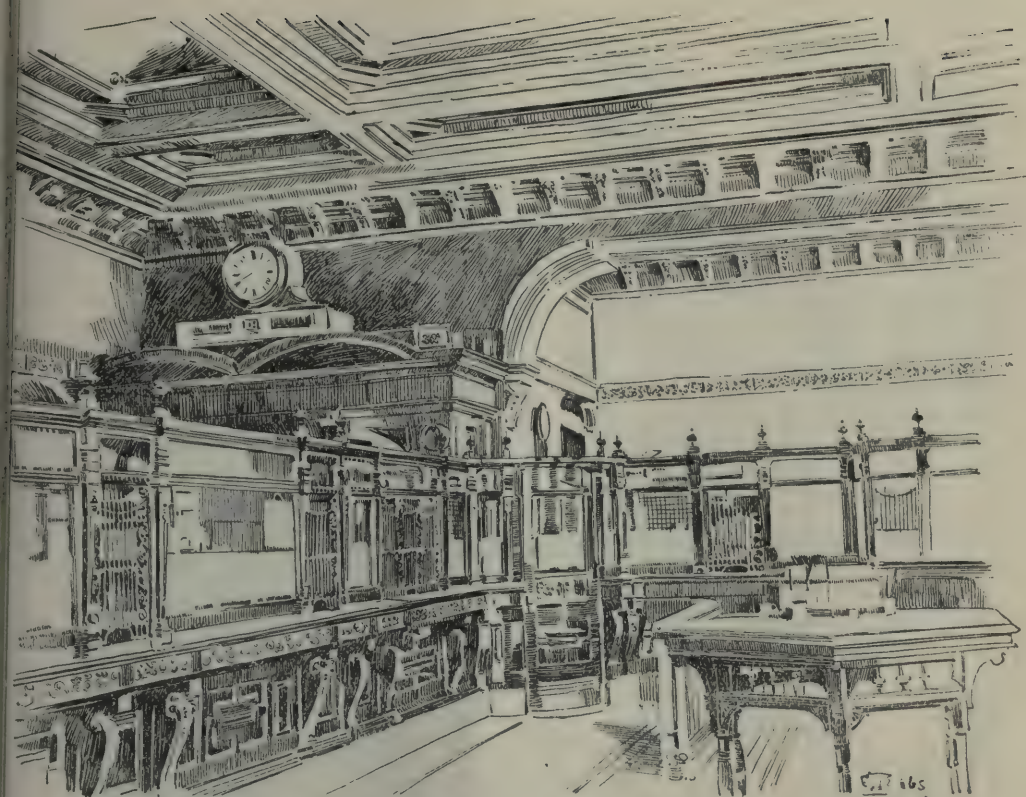
Just about this time the successful miners began to leave on their return

trip to the East in large numbers. The acquisition of wealth inspired the desire to see the old home once more, many departing satisfied with their experience to remain there for good, and others with the avowed intention of bringing out their families to take up a permanent residence in the land, where fortune had already treated them so kindly. Every outward-bound steamer carried a crowd of bronzed and bearded men, clad for the most part in store clothes of the ruling fashion. The picturesque attire of the gold digger, consisting of red shirt, top-boots and big sombrero, had been dropped upon the eve of a re-entry into the world of civilization.

The opening of the Mint proved a real boon for these travelers, as it put them in a position to pack up and leave at a moment's notice, without having to run the chance of missing a steamer through the delay occasioned by any difficulty in disposing of their gold. It was not far from the office of the Pacific Mail Company, situated then in the old building on the corner of Leidesdorff and Sacramento streets, now occupied by the well known



WRIGHT & COMPANY'S BANK, CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS, ONE OF THE FIRST BUILT IN SAN FRANCISCO.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

assayers and chemists, Thomas Price & Son. All they had to do then was to pack their pile of gold, big or little, as it might be, up to the Mint, close by, and there obtain a certificate of its assay value, which in turn could be readily changed into coin at a moderate charge in any of the local banks or money brokers' offices. Previous to this an assayer named T. C. Banks issued the same class of certificates upon a small scale, by which he accommodated quite a number of people anxious to set off at once for home, and he made money rapidly in the business, until the issuance of Mint certificates, which naturally took the precedence at once. By taking advantage of the facilities afforded them in this way, miners often saved a delay of from three to four weeks, which were formerly consumed in many cases in making the

necessary financial arrangements before sailing.

The first superintendent of the Mint was Doctor L. A. Birdsall, who was appointed in 1854, and served also in 1858. Before that, however, Mr. Eckfeldt was appointed coiner, and served from 1853 to 1855. He arrived in the city early enough to have the coining machinery ready for use when the Mint opened. The records show that the first bullion was secured on April 14th, 1854, amounting to 1,040³⁵/₁₀₀ ounces of gold. The first coinage delivered was on April 17th, 1854, amounting to \$3,560 in double eagles.

In 1864 Congress appropriated money for a new Mint, and on May 25th, 1870, the corner stone was laid on Fifth Street between Mission and Market streets. Four years were consumed in construction



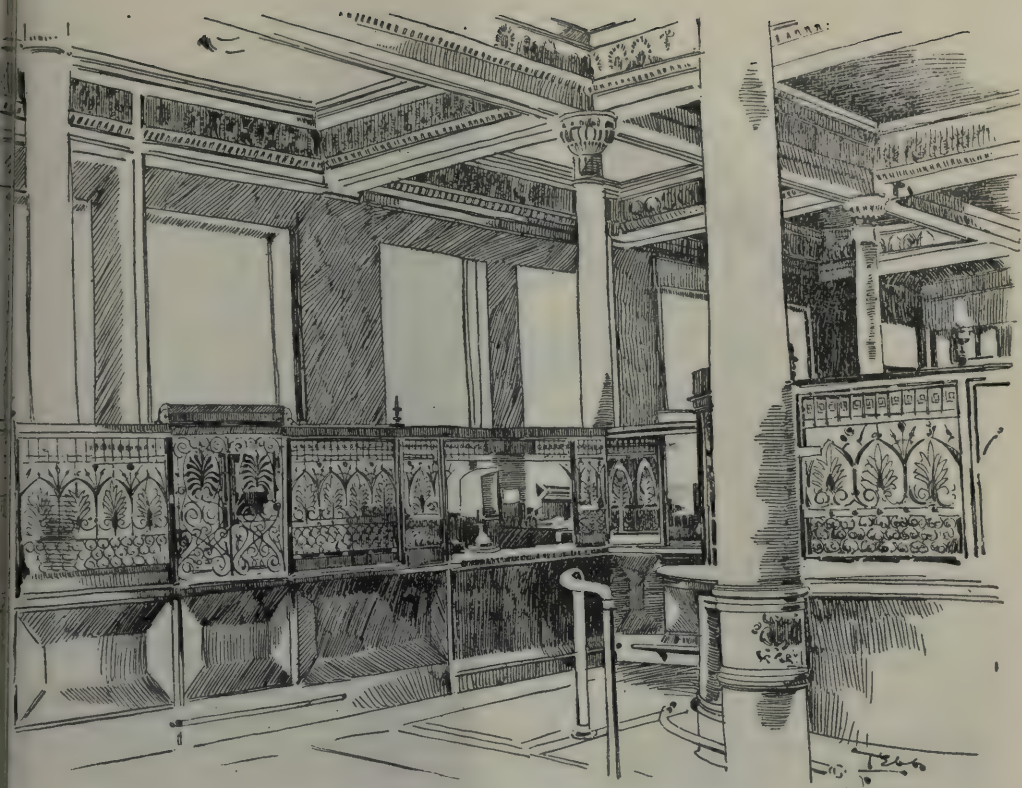
SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION BUILDING.

of the new edifice, which has all the latest improvements in the methods of handling and working bullion, and a capacity equal to almost any demand which could be made upon it. The building was completed on November 7, 1874, and on the same date the Mint on Commercial Street was closed. The first deposit at the new Mint was made on November 12, 1874. Since then coinage has been continuous. The total coinage of the Mint from the date of its organization in 1854, to June 30, 1895, in all denominations, amounts to \$1,104,986,499.80, of which \$887,996,407 was in gold, and \$137,490,092.80 in silver. The heaviest amount of gold coined in any single year was in 1878, the coin value of all denominations, then aggregating

the sum of \$36,209,509. In the same year the silver coinage amounted to \$50,186,500, the heaviest on record. At the old Mint, on September 24th, 1895, a gold bar was lost, weighing 2,251¹²⁵/₁₀₀ ounces, 915 fine, and valued at \$42,581.71.

Since the organization of the branch Mint in San Francisco, the following Superintendents have held office, under different political administrations. L. A. Birdsall, 1854-1855; Peter Loit, 1855-1857; Charles H. Hempstead, 1857-1861; Robert J. Stevens, 1861-1864; R. B. Swain, 1864-1869; O. H. La Grange, 1869-1879; Henry L. Dodge, 1879-1882; E. F. Burton, 1885-1889; W. H. Dimond, 1889-1893; John Daggett, 1893—.

The immense gold receipts kept the



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

Mint running to nearly its full capacity, the annual output in gold coin exceeding for years the sum of \$25,000,000. Official estimates of the total annual exports of gold, show that from December, 1848, down to January, 1856, the outward movement aggregated \$330,000,000. In addition to this it is calculated that not less than \$180,000,000 was carried or sent away by passengers, bringing the total exodus of gold for the period mentioned up to \$510,000,000, an average of over \$100,000,000 per annum.

Samuel Brannan was certainly one of the most remarkable men of his time. A pioneer of the State, and possessed of abundant means on his arrival, everything he touched in the early part of his career seemed to turn into gold. Public-spirited to a high degree, his large investments show how firm was his belief in

the new American colony. The buildings which he erected were substantial enough to last for ages. In the pursuance of a policy which was a little ahead of the times, he founded the Pacific Accumulative Loan Company. It was incorporated in February, 1863, with a capital of five million dollars, in fifty thousand shares. The scheme proved a failure at the start, and Brannan finally retired from the management. The company was subsequently taken up by ex-Governor Peter H. Burnett, and finally incorporated under the name of the Pacific Bank. This is claimed to be the first commercial banking incorporation in San Francisco. Samuel Brannan finally got completely swamped financially, and died poor and in comparative obscurity in Mexico on the eve of establishing there a new colonization scheme.

John Finlay.



Eugene Field's Death.

WE ALL expected so much of Eugene Field, and he himself said that he believed that he was just entering upon the most fruitful ten years of his life, that the news of his death comes not only as a personal but as a national loss. We of the West looked up to him as one to whom we could point to as what the West could do in the higher walks of literature. He was the only really great Western writer that has refused the blandishments of New York and London. And he was great, great as Hans Christian Andersen was great and Charles Dickens. His work both in verse and prose will live even after Robert Louis Stevenson's, the Scotchman whom the American press has been canonizing of late, is forgotten. It requires some time for the writer of verse and stories that children can understand to be taken seriously by men and women, but when they once take hold they never let go. Eugene Field's fame will grow as each succeeding generation grows up. No sweeter bits of verse, I say verse instead of poems, as Field corrected me one day when I spoke of his poetry, has ever been penned than "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" and "Little Boy Blue." No tenderer, sweeter, purer, or more charming short stories have ever delighted old and young than those found in his "A Little Book of Profitable Tales." Eight of these twenty-one little tales are Christmas stories, written for children in that tender, simple vein that Hans Christian Andersen and Louisa M. Alcott have made so dear to the children of two continents. Their author's death and this Holiday time of the year makes a short review of the book apropos; for if mothers would place a

copy above the stockings of their little ones on Christmas Eve they would be doubly repaid,—there would be the pleasure to themselves and the knowledge that the little listeners are gentler and more loving for the reading.

While the child revels in the bewitching quaintness of "A Mouse and the Moonbeam," and listens with wide open eyes to first the little Mauve Mouse's funny story, and then to the sadder story of what the Moonbeam saw in far away Judea, it is the elder reader that understands the sweet, sad story of the thief on the cross and how in infinite compassion the Master forgave him:

"Why you silly little Mouse," said the Old Clock, "you don't believe in Santa Claus, do you?"

"Of course I do," answered the little Mauve Mouse. "Believe in Santa Claus? Why should n't I? Did not Santa Claus bring me a beautiful butter-cracker last Christmas, and a lovely gingersnap, and a delicious rind of cheese, and—and—lots of things?"

"Fido's Little Friend" is a children's story, pure and simple, told in such a quaint and serious way that one half believes that the little boy "across the street" knew exactly what Fido said and what the gray old woodchuck said and what the violet and the yellow-hammer said. "The Hampshire Hills" and "Ezra's Thanksgiving out West," are written for grown up boys and girls, and if a tear gathers in the eye as you read, forget for a moment that you are grown and don't brush it away.

"The Old Man," "The Little Yaller Baby," "The Cyclopeedy," and "Bill, the Lokil Editor,"—how the author made each character stand out before the eyes in a single sentence! Can you not see, big-hearted, tender, drunken

Bill, the Lokil Editor." "Bill wuz alluz fond of children an' birds an' flowers. Ain't it kind o' curious how sometimes we find a great big, awkward man who loves such things? Bill had the biggest feet in the township, but I'll bet my gallet that he never trod on a violet in all his life." Could anything express tenderness more tender, "he never trod on a violet in all his life!" the author's own sweetness and tenderness lives in his work. He wrote me one day about his little book, I have his letter before me:

The good things you say may not be wholly deserved, but I am particularly attached to that book of little stories: my verse has had more than its share of praise—I had always felt that the tales were more deserving; they represent many hours of thought and toil, for I rewrote every one of them many times. On the other hand my verse has always been done so quickly as to be almost impromptu. So you see I feel under special obligations to you. You have deeply gratified me and I thank you most cordially for it.

Eugene Field died at Chicago on November 14th at the age of forty-five, loved by his friends and mourned by thousands who only knew him through his works.

**Literature
in the
Daily Press.**

THE OVERLAND has often girded at the daily papers for giving up pages to the Durrant Trial, and for issuing extras to publish the winning numbers in the lottery, and yet it must in candor be admitted that the leading papers of this city are doing a vast deal of high grade literary work. Not only do the Sunday and other editions print syndicate stories by the best writers, but the new custom of running signed literary essays and reviews has called out much good writing.

Mr. Frank Bailey Millard of the *Examiner* and Mr. George Hamlin Fitch of the *Chronicle* have done much of this work that really counts as scholarly criticism. In the *Chronicle*, too, Mr. John Bonner has been printing a series of historical articles of interest and value. More than this,—in certain special issues the *Chronicle* has given able treatment to a whole great subject, treatment well worthy of publication in book form. Of these, the School Edition, wherein the public school system of the entire State, from primary grades to the State University, was fully described, and the Silver Edition, in which a most able and careful discussion of the silver question was given by Mr. John P. Young, are the best examples. We had intended to give that treatise a review in connection with a glance at a lot of silver books and pamphlets that have

come in of late, but the number of them and the flimsy character of most have made it seem a hopeless task to characterize them all, and we are unwilling to let Mr. Young's work go without at least this mention of its clearness, comprehensiveness, and force.

Nor have we yet finished enumerating the good literary work that the San Francisco dailies are doing; for that enumeration would be quite inadequate if it did not mention the series of semi-historical articles that Mr. Joaquin Miller is running in the *Call*, and the studies in economic and social questions by Mr. Arthur McEwen in the *Bulletin*. All of the work here spoken of is worthy of publication in any magazine or review, and its volume, taken together, is very considerable.

It may be suggested that it is unwise for a literary magazine thus frankly to admit the equality in its own field of the dailies. It may not be wise,—and yet we hold that a taste for good literature, however gained, will result in good to the magazine.

A Song from the Southland.

GWAN ter git er day off

By en by,

Says-a oh Miss Susie gal!

Gwanter go co'tin'

On de sly,

Says-a Lawdy, Susie gal.

Ole man er breakin' up de grubby
patch,

B' am hy, Susie gal.

Ole 'oman thinks de speckle hen ain't
er gwan ter hatch,—

Swing-a Miss Susie gal.

Ise er cuttin' up taters in back yawd
shaid,

Thinkin' o' Susie gal,

Ole man whop me acrost de haid,

Holler, "Oh, Susie gal!"

Got no money, no chile no,

Says-a tu'n Miss Susie gal,

*Says-a will have some when de tatas
grow,*

B' am hy, Susie gal.

Gwan ter git er day off

By en by,—

Says-a O my Susie gal,—

Gwan ter be er weddin'

On de sly,

Says-a me en Susie gal.

G. W. Ogden.



An Errant Wooing.¹

MRS. BURTON HARRISON has given to lovers of a love story an exquisite little idyl and to lovers of description and travel a charming little bundle of sketches, for her *An Errant Wooing* is both in one. She herself no doubt intended the love interest simply as a peg on which to hang some delicate descriptions, and she has succeeded, but the reader hardly knows whether to admire most the peg or the charming something hung upon it.

All the characters—American and English—are typical of the best in either country. The American reader is proud of the Woodburys and Paulina Standish, and cannot but admire Sir Piers and Lord Edmund. Neither smart fun is indulged nor sarcastic envy. All are equally ladies and gentlemen and are treated as such. Of course from their first meeting at the quaint old English country house every one suspects that Paulina and Sir Piers will become parties in another international match, but like the lovers, the readers are in no hurry; for there are so many charming scenes and countries to view. The errant wooing carries them through England, Tangier, Gibraltar, Seville, and Granada. One sees these romantic old countries through the eyes of the lovers—their roses and sunshine, their bull-fights and ruins. Even the beggars and the squalor disappear. It is a glorious picture and a sweet wooing, and it comes out all right on the last page.

Mrs. Harrison has succeeded where many another has failed, and her little story-sketch will win for her new admirers. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated.

¹An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Co.: 1895.

Handbook of Cone-Bearers.²

J. G. LEMMON has given to the West Coast a valuable and handy little volume, a manual of our sixty species of cone-bearing trees. While the author does not go into detail regarding each tree, its life and uses, as does Professor Muir in his "Mountains of California," enough of detail is given to bring out the characters so that the city-bred man or the school child will be sure to recognize them. As an example to show the style and method of classification, we quote that of the Monterey cypress, which Mr. Wildman briefly describes in the present number of his "Well Worn Trails":

MONTEREY CYPRESS (*C. Macrocarpa*.) Familiar hedge-making trees, indigenous upon Point Pinos, near Monterey, where the cutting winds from the ocean have fashioned the old slow-growing trees into fantastic shapes. Cones the largest of the genus, about an inch thick. Seeds black."

While one cannot agree with the writer that the winds are responsible for the "fantastic shapes" of the trees, his reason is as good as another's. The Monterey cypress is a mystery that remains to be solved by cultivation and experimenting.

The book is illustrated with seventeen full page half tone plates of the principal and better known cones and trees. Mr. Lemmon has without doubt rendered a valuable service to botanists and tree lovers. It is a book that all should take with them on a camping or hunting trip. It is an introduction to the trees under which you sleep and tramp. It should be used in our schools.

²Handbook of West-American Cone-Bearers. By J. G. Lemmon. Oakland, Cal.: 1895. Third Edition. \$1.00. For sale by the author, Telegraph Ave. and Thorne St., North Temescal, near Oakland, Cal.

Bret Harte's New Novel.¹

THOSE who have read "A Waif of the Plains" and "Susy" will find much more of interest in *Clarence* than the ordinary reader. *Clarence* takes up the further career of characters with whom we have become familiar. It is the life of young Brant and the quondam Widow Peyton. It is something of a disappointment to find that the marriage which promised so much turns out a wretched mistake, and all on account of race feelings brought out by the civil war. The story opens in California, where Mrs. Brant is plotting with Southern sympathizers to deliver the State to the South. We catch a glimpse of the redoubtable old Colonel Culpepper Starbottle among the conspirators. The husband and wife separate and Clarence joins the Northern army. The great part of the story is at the front and in Washington during the war. President Lincoln comes on the scene and plays the part of a good fairy in the lives of two of the characters. The story is charmingly told and always exciting, but we miss much of what we love best in the old editor of the *OVERLAND* when he looks for a scene outside of our State.

Literary Shrines.²

Literary Shrines is a gossip little book of the haunts, homes, and last resting places, of some ninety-five authors who have made American literature famous. Doctor Wolfe has conferred a real favor on hundreds of readers and hero-worshippers. He has made Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, Thoreau, the Alcotts, and Channing, human to those who only knew them through their books. He has retailed a lot of incidents and facts about their home life that are trivial in themselves, but intensely interesting when studied by the light of their achievements. The shrines which are visited in his company are Concord, Boston, Belmont, Salem, Brook Farm, the Berkshire Hills of Hawthorne, and the Camden of Walt Whitman. In spite of the great extent of the literary field covered and the number of authors discussed, the book is small and can be read in two hours. It is illustrated with photogravures of *The Wayside*, Concord, the Thoreau-Alcott House, the Grove of Emerson, and "Where Longfellow Lived." A charming little work, readable and valuable.

¹*Clarence*. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company: 1895. \$1.25.

²*Literary Shrines*. By Theodore F. Wolfe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.: 1895. \$1.25.

The Page of the Duke of Savoy.³

PROBABLY none of Dumas's brilliant novels of French history and story follows so closely the facts as *The Page of the Duke of Savoy*. The few characters of his imagination that he has introduced to give the romantic history of the era a novelistic flavor play parts that are vastly subordinate. The little band of adventurers, headed by Malemort and Yvonnet, with whom the reader became acquainted at the taking of Calais in the "Two Dianas," might be left out of the novel, interesting and amusing as they are, with no great loss to the story. Even Leone the page, after whom the work is named, is lost amid the tragic story of the siege of Saint Quentin and the narrative of the superb jousting in the lists at the Tournelles, where Henri II. meets his death. In following the stirring career of Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, we have a record of a period of the world, beginning with the abdication of Charles V. and ending with the death of Henri II., that is without parallel even in the romantic history of France. And of all the great figures that grace that age—the Guises, Montmorencys, Catherine de Medici, Phillip II. of Spain, Diane de Poitiers, Coligny—the Duke of Savoy was perhaps the very noblest,—a fearless soldier and a just ruler. One character whom the reader has learned to admire in the "Two Dianas" is almost lost sight of, Gabriel de Montgomery. Worse than that, Dumas does not even suggest that there is any historical basis for the romantic picture he painted of him in the former novel. Diane de Castro, too, suffers at the hands of the writer. One is left in doubt as to whether she even knew de Montgomery. However, these slips, if they may be called such, do not detract from the absorbing interest of the story. The books are uniformly bound with the other volumes of the same edition, handsomely printed, and illustrated with frontispiece. The translation from the French is admirably done, and is all in all one of the best editions of Dumas ever brought out in this country.

Uncle Remus.⁴

FOR fifteen years Joel Chandler Harris's quaint, delightful, dear old *Uncle Remus* has never failed to interest young and old. Brer Rabbit, the Tar Baby, and Brer Fox, have be-

³*The Page of the Duke of Savoy*. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1894. Two vols.

⁴*Uncle Remus*. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1895. \$2.00.

come as actual and living as Red Riding Hood and Jack the Giant Killer, or if the comparison is odious, to any other household character in fiction. D. Appleton & Co., realizing the ever increasing demand and steadily growing appreciation of *Uncle Remus*, have brought out a new edition containing one hundred and twelve illustrations by A. B. Frost, whose work with the pencil is as original, bright, and humorous, as it is sympathetic. In his preface to this new edition, the author says to his illustrator, "I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and fresh, and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And out of the confusion, and while I am trying to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest saying, 'You have made some of us happy.'" The present reader is one of them.

Wayne and His Friends.¹

JUST in time for the season when all the big folk are looking for something to give to the little folk comes J. Selwyn Tait's delightful stories for young people, bound together under the title of *Wayne and His Friends*. There is a brightness, lightness, cleanness, and dash, about every one of the nine tales that will win the hearts of thousands and bring to its author a bushel of letters that will be worth more to him than all the dollars his publishing house will place to his credit. The stories invade that dreamland of childish imagination that no one can look back upon without a quickened beating of the heart. They are just such stories as every healthy boy will revel in. The book is well illustrated with wash drawings.

In the Saddle.²

In the Saddle is the second volume of "The Blue and the Gray" series, of which "Brother Against Brother" was the first. It narrates the adventures of a half dozen young Northern boys during the great war of the Rebellion. It conveys to the young readers a realistic picture of the tremendous struggle that nearly rent the country.

Mr. Adams, or Oliver Optic, as we all love to style him, has kept the main incidents historically correct and so teaches no partisan account. It brings out the great lessons of honor, duty, and love of country. It is just the class of story that every bright boy will appreciate.

¹Wayne and His Friends. By J. Selwyn Tait. New York: J. Selwyn Tait & Sons: 1895.

²In the Saddle. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1895. \$1.50. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

The Coming of Theodora.³

MISS WHITE has written a very entertaining and instructive study of the new woman, in the better sense of that much abused phrase. Theodora comes from her college and educational work to live with her artist brother and his artist wife. Both of them are inclined to like her, as the reader is, and she is soon the ruling power in the household by virtue of her practical sense and executive ability; for Theodora is not one of those college women who despise household affairs. But here the danger lurks, as it always does, for her evident superiority becomes a thorn in the flesh to the sister-in-law and soon to the brother too. A Unitarian clergyman, a widower, is a friend of the family, and soon falls in love with Theodora, who, however, has ideals that his rather unassuming personality fails to meet. The growing discomfort of her position in her brother's house, and the knowledge of their feeling toward her (brought out by a bit of frankness on the wife's part during the delirium of fever) make her for an instant incline to accept the release from the situation offered by his proposal. She is stiffened in her rejection of him by the appeal of his small daughter by his first marriage, who is violently opposed to the idea of a step-mother, and departs to her own place,—which is of course the college settlement in a great city.

The Channing Society Calendar.⁴

THE Channing Auxiliary Society of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco has for several years issued beautiful calendars. The one for 1896, just published, is in the constant line of advance in artistic merit. The subject this year is bells, as we have had dials and taverns before, and the twelve cards contain each one of the famous bell-towers or bells of the world, and appropriate quotations selected from the poets and others. Notre Dame, with words from Hugo and Father Prout, is the January design, St. Peters and Bow Bell, the Kremlin, the old North Church of Paul Revere's Boston, Magdalen Tower at Oxford, and Mission Carmel, are some of the others. The cards are heavy parchment, tied with a thong of leather. The designs are by Mrs. Nellie Stearns Goodloe, and will serve to increase her already good reputation as an artist. Her work grows in delicacy, sureness of touch, and the admirable preservation of values.

³The Coming of Theodora. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895: Boston.

⁴Rhymes and Chimes Calendar for 1896. Designs by Nellie Stearns Goodloe. The Channing Auxiliary Society, San Francisco: Press of H. S. Crocker & Co.

Stockton's Captain Horn.¹

FRANK R. STOCKTON has gone treasure hunting. *The Adventures of Captain Horn* contains the author's try at a field that has been done over and over by writers since the days of the freebooters of the Spanish Main. Pirates, Aztecs, and Incas, usually hid the treasure and some wide-awake sea captain finds it. In the case of Captain Horn, the treasure of two millions is located on the shores of Peru, and the discoverers are the aforesaid Horn, two women, a boy, and a negro. There is nothing remarkably startling in the narrative, neither is there anything in it to give the book a front place, either among treasure stories or among the author's former works. It is a little dull to grown-up readers, a little too drawn out, and everything comes out a little too well to satisfy the lovers of adventure.

Townsend Harris.²

TO MEN like Townsend Harris, our first Envoy to Japan, the United States owes its hold on the good will of the Japanese Empire. The present reviewer remembers a native New Year's celebration in the English city of Singapore, Malay Peninsula. A Japanese was sending up at regular intervals paper balloons out of which dropped a line of flags. The order of the flags was always the same,—first, the Japanese, then the American, then the English, and so on. The incident, trivial as it was, showed the feeling of the country and was commented on by the English press.

Mr. Harris, Commodore Perry, and a few of their American associates, inspired this respect for things American, and had their broad-minded policy continued, Japan today would have looked to the United States for her war-vessels and imports, instead of to the markets of Europe. The record of Mr. Harris's life and work in Japan reads like a romance. Doctor W. E. Griffis, the well known writer on Japanese subjects, fully appreciates the vast good Mr. Harris did for civilization, and brings the reader into sympathy with his subject's aims and ambitions. Two years after Perry opened Japan to the world, President Pierce appointed Townsend Harris Consul-General to Japan with powers to make a commercial treaty with that country and Siam. For three years, until 1858, Mr. Harris struggled with and against the duplicity and cunning of

this hermit nation. At last, when he had broken through the web of strange etiquette and the intricacies and mazes of the language, and brought forth a treaty with the Tycoon's signature, he was broken in health and sick in mind. He had won the respect of the Japanese officials, but he was in hourly danger of assassination from the common people. In 1861 he asked of President Lincoln his recall. His work was done, and seven years later he saw the overthrow of the old Shogun system and the restoration of the true Emperor, a vast step toward the reforms of today. From that time on, the civilization on Western standards has been rapid. The seeds that were sown by our first envoy have ripened. Universities, railroads, telegraphs, have sprung up—a monument to this man's vast work and glory. Doctor Griffis has done his work well, and has preserved to the world a most important historical career.

Jacob Faithful.³

MACMILLAN & CO. have brought out a hand some new edition of Captain Marryat's favorite novel, *Jacob Faithful*. The story is too well known by readers of the present generation to need extended review. Those who have not enjoyed a tale which Thackeray affirmed "gave me amusement from morning till sunset," will thank the publishers for this charmingly illustrated edition. There is a well written and sympathetic introduction by David Hannay, and the book is profusely illustrated with clever pen sketches by Henry M. Brock. The plates are new, the paper good, and the binding handsome. In fact the new dress fits the old favorite like a new glove and will be the means of attracting thousands of new readers.

Little Daughter.⁴

IN *Little Daughter*, Miss Grace Le Baron has added another to the children's bright stories, "The Hazelwood Series," that may be placed in the hands of children with the feeling that it will be of benefit to mind and body. *Little Daughter* shows that little people have not only a place, but an influence in the world. This story is so interwoven with incidents as to be of interest to older readers as well as children. It is very cleverly written and a fit follower of the first of "The Hazlewood Stories."

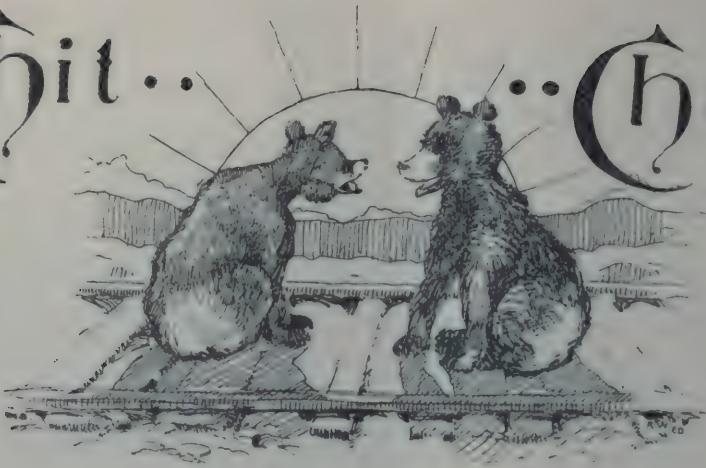
¹*The Adventures of Captain Horn*. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons: 1895.

²Townsend Harris. By W. E. Griffis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895. \$2.00.

³*Jacob Faithful*. By Captain Marryat. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. \$1.25. For sale in San Francisco by Wm. Doxey.

⁴*Little Daughter*. By Grace Le Baron. Boston: Lee & Shephard: 1895.

Hit... Chat



THE *Youth's Companion* makes a brave showing in its prospectus for 1896. The list of contributors includes statesmen, like Lord Russell and Thomas B. Reed; scientists, like Flammarion, and our own Holden and Barnard; war correspondents, like Forbes and Villiers; and a multitude of people known all over the world, like Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Burnett, The Princess Louise, Max O'Rell, Carnegie, Sir Edwin Arnold, Frank R. Stockton, and Hamlin Garland. Among the special articles announced, with an effective illustration, is Baboo's Good Tiger, by Rounsevelle Wildman.

* * *

Mariposilla, a novel by Mrs. Charles Stewart Daggert, is to be issued shortly by Rand, McNally & Co.

Mrs. Daggert is a resident of California, and uses this State as a back-ground for her New York and California people. The local coloring of the tale is reported to be excellent and the dramatic force intense. The publishers prophesy that *Mariposilla* will at once place Mrs. Daggert in the first rank of American authors, and look upon her, as one of those rare discoveries, that once in a while rejoice the heart of a publisher.

* * *

Footlights, "a clean paper for theater goers" is just what its name implies. The Paris, Rome, and New York correspondence is written in a superior style and the entire make-up of the paper is clean and pure. Its illustrations and illuminated covers are good.

THE editors of *McClure's Magazine* call attention to the unaccountable neglect of Lincoln as a subject for a magazine serial. Books about Lincoln have necessarily—like all books of biography—a limited circulation, and only once before has a magazine published a life of Lincoln. People at large know little of the first forty years of Lincoln's life. Few know that he was a man grown before he left Indiana for Illinois. He spent fourteen years in southern Indiana, and left there in his twenty-second year.

There is a remarkable resemblance between the early portrait of Lincoln in *McClure's* for November and the portraits of Emerson.

* * *

DR. MAX NORDAU is a philosopher, and German philosophy is apt to be heavy. The author of *Degeneration*, however, has shown in *The Comedy of Sentiment*, just published by F. T. Neely, that even German philosophy yields to the power of dramatic situations. *The Comedy of Sentiment* might be more literally translated "The Farce of Feeling," treating as it does of serious results achieved by artificially excited emotions.

* * *

The new story by Dr. Ottolengui announced some months back under the title of "The Crime of the Century," Messrs. Putnam expect to publish early in the autumn season. The title has, it appears, also been utilized by the writer of a play to which reference has been made in the San Francisco papers.

Dr. Ottolengui is naturally desirous of making clear the priority of his own announcement.

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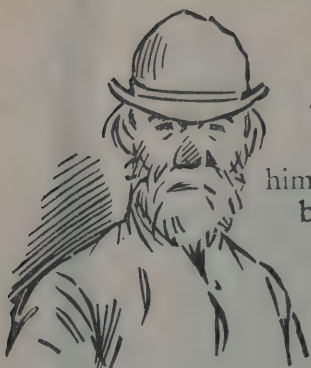


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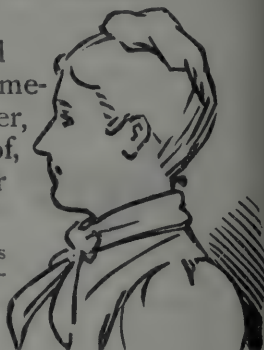
These stopped using soap, long ago.

This one stopped because—well, we'll have to guess why. Perhaps, because it gave him too much work to do. That's what **every-**body thinks, for that matter, when there's nothing but soap at hand, and there's a good deal of dirt to be removed from anything.

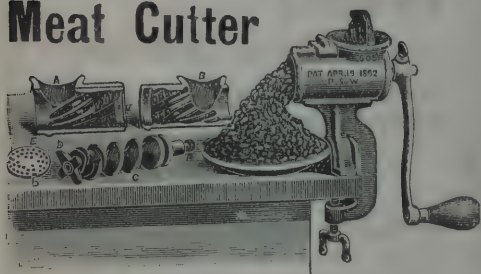
But this one stopped because she had found something better than soap—**Pearline** (^{use}_{no soap}). It's easier, quicker, more economical. No rubbing to speak of, no wear—easy work and money saved, whether it's washing clothes or cleaning house.

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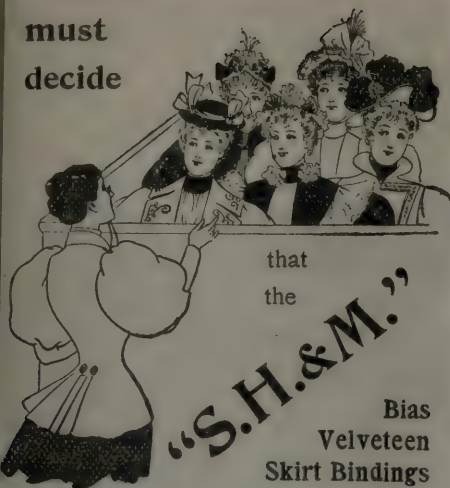
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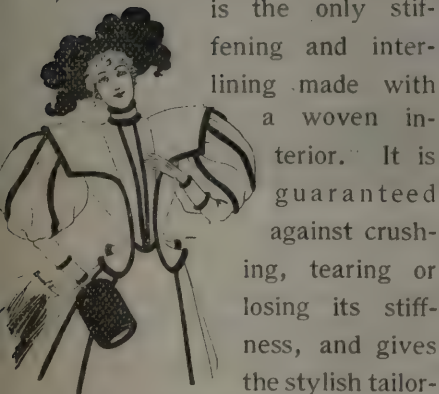
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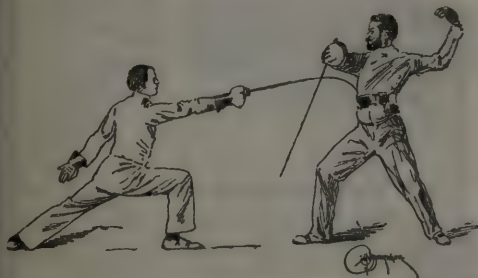


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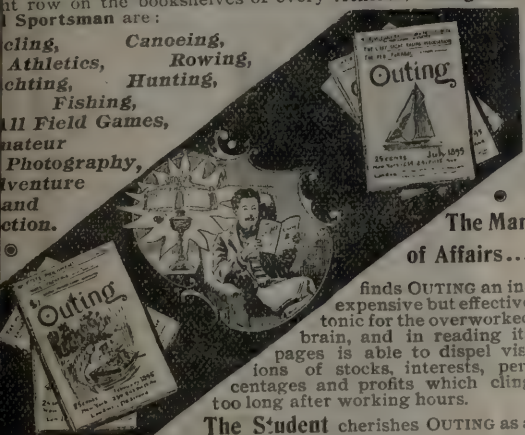
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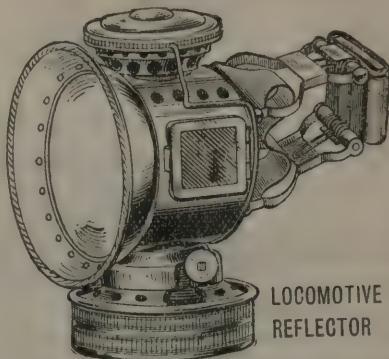
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Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the coast so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising sugar-cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaiia Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just above, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

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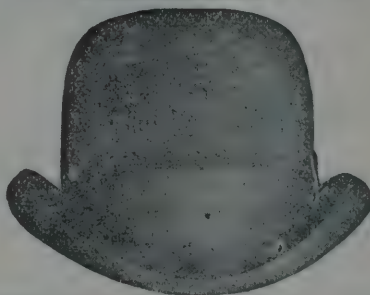
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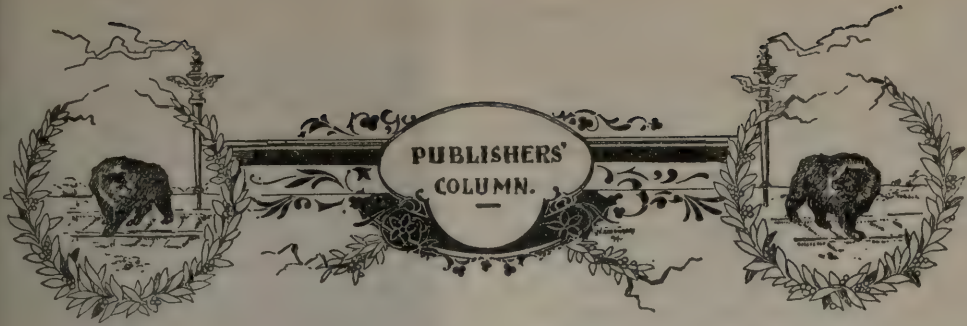
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Deacon Johnson: "Only some presarved snakes, parson."

Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.

In ordering your wines for the Holidays remember that the HARASZTHY CHAMPAGNES have an *established reputation for purity and excellence*;—they have stood the highest tests and are pronounced equal, and in most cases *superior*, to any other wines in the market. Send to A. Haraszthy, San Francisco, for circular containing information and prices.

The office of the UNION IRON WORKS has been removed to 222 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

The educated physician who makes a study of the nature and cause of a particular disease, with a view of finding a remedy and perfect cure for it, is fairly entitled to credit by those afflicted. DR. PLOUF has made RHEUMATISM the study of his life, and the REMEDY prepared and sold by him has been pronounced by press and public to be the most important medical discovery of the age. If it cannot be obtained from your druggist, send direct to the agent, 24 and 38 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

THE ROPP STRAIGHT-LINE FURNACE is a great improvement on all existing mechanical furnaces for the roasting or chloridizing of base or sulphuretted ores or the roasting of mattes, is the invention of Mr. Alfred Ropp, Superintendent of the Selby Smelting and Lead Works, and was patented in the United States on January 1st, 1895.

It is the latest, simplest, cheapest and best furnace of its type, and is the result of Mr. Ropp's experience and his familiarity with all other forms of mechanical roasting furnaces in Europe, Colorado, Montana, and in California, where the furnace was designed and perfected by him.

The exclusive rights to the manufacture and sale of the Ropp Furnace, under the United States patent, has been granted by the inventor to PARKE & LACY COMPANY, 21 and 23 Fremont Street, S. F.

There is no limit to the number of small useful articles in STERLING SILVER which may be bought at small cost of VANDERSLICE & Co, 136 SUTTER ST., S. F. They carry the largest stock of silverware on the Coast and, being manufacturers, can fill any order in that line they may be favored with.

A few dollars will supply you with reading matter for the entire winter—provided you make your selection at the OLD BOOK STORE, 206 Powell Street, S. F.

As the holiday season approaches, that always attractive show window on Market street between Third and Fourth streets, presents every week a new picture to the music loving public.

We refer to the ZENO MAUVAIS MUSIC COMPANY, 769 Market street. At one time this window is embellished with one of those elegant Decker & Son pianos, of which they are sole agents. Again it will be gorgeous with the latest sheet music at half price. And still again it will be filled with the "Ideal" stringed instruments, guitars, mandolins, and banjos, which are guaranteed first class in every respect. Ask them for a catalogue of five cent sheet music.

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounsevelle Wildman, \$3.00.

From *Standard Union*, Brooklyn, September 14th, 1895:

A bicycle accessory that is very hard to obtain is a decent headlight. There is hardly a bicycle lamp on the market that isn't either too large or too heavy, or has a poor reflector, or too small a burner, or an oil well that drips, or a draught for the flame that isn't faulty. Lately there has appeared in numbers on the bicycle pathway a light that attracts much attention because of its brilliancy it appearing more like a locomotive headlight than anything else at a distance. On closer inspection one finds that the flood of light is thrown by a little lamp that does n't weigh more than half-a-dozen ounces. It was invented by a man who has spent a lifetime in the construction of headlights for locomotives, vessels, and carriages, and in this his latest invention he has produced a little wonder that has none of the faults so commonly found in bicycle lamps. It is called the "20TH CENTURY BICYCLE HEADLIGHT."

For fall and winter novelties in MILLINERY GOODS call at the WONDER STORE—New Building 1026 Market Street, S. F.

Drop in at Golchers, 625 Market St., and see LAYMAN'S PNEUMATIC SPORTING BOAT.

"As Talked in the Sanctum" of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, always bright and wise and taking, is particularly so in the October number, because it reveals the secret of how to make a magazine pay. "Just know what the people want to read, and give it to them." Then the publisher of the OVERLAND illustrates what is meant, by giving his pupils the object lesson of the October number of the OVERLAND. Its first article—No. 4 of the series of "Well Worn Trails"—will make a magazine sell if anything will. It is a perfectly charming description and illustration of Mount Lowe and Santa Monica. Then follows a perfect wealth of literary matter and illustrations, not even the titles of which have we space to note. If it was designed particularly to make this number correspond with the sanctum talk, the effort has been successful.

The Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

The miner laying in his stock of grub for the long winter in the mountains, makes sure to get a good supply of ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Experience has taught him to get the BEST.

Bound copies of the 26th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

When one offers wine to his guest it is a satisfaction to feel he is giving the best the market affords.

The LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNES have the reputation of being the highest grade of imported wines known. In order to suit different tastes, three kinds are made:—BRUT, GRAND VIN SEC and CARTE BLANCHE, all being of equal excellence. It is better to order direct from the Agents,—MACONDRAY BROS. & LOCKARD, thus making sure of getting the genuine article of the latest importation.

Secure an agency for the New "Lindsay" Bicycle—from F. J. Arnold, Flood Building, S. F.

In photography,—Taber secures the novelties. The last and best is the raised, or EMBOSSED PHOTOGRAPH. Its value consists in making the picture stand out, to represent the living person.

The most approved style of Organ for Small Church, Schoolroom or Lodge is the Sweet-toned MASON & RISCH VOCALION CHURCH ORGAN. It combines all the rich and grand effects of the Pipe Organ—is constructed of the best material, in the most thorough manner by skilled mechanics and is as perfect in all its parts as science and skill can construct. The aim of the manufacturers has been to produce an instrument which should combine all that is most desirable in effect at a low price. Procure an illustrated Catalogue—or better—examine the organ on exhibition at any of their agencies. See advertisement.

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Yellow fever was fatal in only three cases out of ninety-one, that were treated in 1888, with the Electropoise.

Since that time the treatment of Electrolibration has spread marvelously, demonstrating, beyond a doubt that Oxygen is a cure-all. WATSON & Co. are the Pacific Coast Agents

There was a time when the subject of life insurance was not accorded the kindly consideration merited by its advantages as a protective and economical measure for the benefit of the American people. Fortunately that time is past. Enlightenment has proven its adaptability to the wants of all, and it is now deemed a necessity. The only question is, Where shall I insure my life? and that is readily answered: THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, organized in 1868, offers you policies unexcelled for liberality of terms and all else conducive to economy and security.

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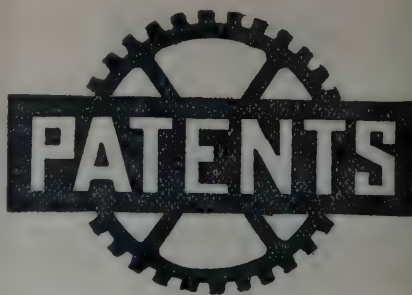
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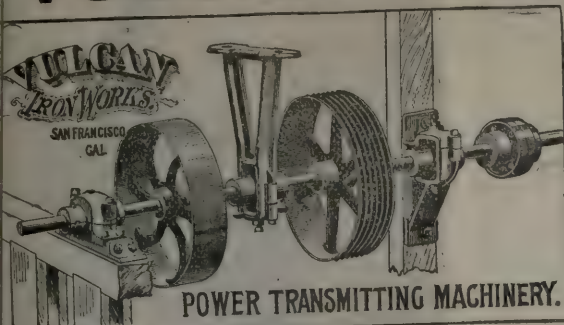
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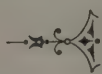
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1ST SEMI-ANNUAL
STATEMENT OF

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK

OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1894.

Capital Fully Paid	-	\$300,000	Surplus	-	-	\$75,000
Deposits to December 31, 1894	-	-	-	-	-	\$3,011,355.84

J. WEST MARTIN, President

WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President

A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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532 CALIFORNIA STREET

DEPOSITS, December 31st, 1894	-	-	-	-	-	\$23,713,941.00
PAID UP CAPITAL AND SURPLUS	-	-	-	-	-	1,625,670.00

ALBERT MILLER, President

E. B. POND, Vice-President

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

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GEO. W. BEAVER	JOSEPH G. EASTLAND	THOMAS MAGEE	GEORGE C. BOARDMAN
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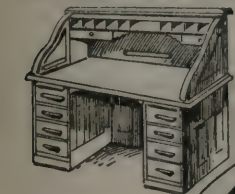
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CHINO RANCH, NEAR LOS ANGELES, 41,073 ACRES.

The Ranch consists of 20,000 acres of moist alluvium for Beet Culture; 10,000 acres of loam land for Citrus Culture; and 11,000 acres of delightfully located Dairy Land, well watered.

As showing the relative position of Chino to all the other beet sugar factories in the United States as to value of the lands that produce the beets, the following table is published as taken from the Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year 1893:

	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49 353	15 063 367
Alvarado.....	1803	20 324	4 486 572
Watsonville.....	6388	65 291	15 539 040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26 801	4 708 500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11 149	1 835 900
Norfolk, Neb.....	2807	22 625	4 107 300
Staunton, Va.....	50	350	50 027

YIELD OF SUGAR.

	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
Chino.....	3611.4	305.2
Alvarado.....	2483.4	220.7
Watsonville.....	2482.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

Annual consumption of sugar in the United States, 4,162,204,200 pounds.
Annual production of sugar in the United States, 664,863,826 pounds.

The great disproportion in the sugar consumed and the sugar produced in the United States, is convincing evidence that lands producing the HIGHEST GRADE SUGAR BEET EVER GROWN will always be sought for.

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Out of the 19,000 acres in these two ranches, we now offer 8,000 unsold on easy terms and at low rates of interest. These lands lie on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, between the cities of San Jose and Gilroy, in one of the most favored spots in Santa Clara Valley. The coast line now in course of construction will place these lands on the main through overland route to the east, the completion of which road will insure a great influx of additional settlers on these ranches. The rapidly growing towns of Morgan Hill and San Martin, situated on the ranches bearing their respective names, already enjoy the fastest train service on the Pacific Coast.

One can paint an ideal picture of a ten or twenty acre tract, and we can fit the picture, for the reason that we have every variety of soil that can be found in Santa Clara Valley. We have sandy sediment soil; black loamy soil; adobe soil; gravelly soil; land heavily timbered with live oak, white oak, sycamore, laurel and buckeye trees; hill land cleared or timbered; hill and valley land, combined or separate, land near town or remote; land on either of three creeks; land with ever-living springs thereon. As a matter of fact, there is not a body of land of its size in California that has such a variety of soil so well located. Churches and good schools are already established, and the hundreds of purchasers, now resident, who have planted thousands of acres of orchards, can testify to the excellent climate and favorable location.  APPLY TO

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Gray Bros., 316 Montgomery.
George Goodman, 307 Montgomery.

Bell Foundries.

W. T. Garratt & Co., 138-142 Fremont.

Blue Print Manufacturers.

California Blue Print Co., 120 Sutter.

Book Binders.

J. Schmitt, 622 Geary.
Phillips Bros., 505 Clay.

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Pacific Coast Borax Co., Office 101 Sansome ; Factory, Alameda.

Brass Goods.

W. T. Garratt & Co., 138-142 Fremont.

Brick and Stone Works.

Rae Bnilding and Contracting Co., 40 New Montgomery.

Buckskin Glove Manufacturers.

Fred H. Busby, 412 Market.

Business Colleges.

Heald's Business College 24 Post.

California Codfish Dealers.

Union Fish Co., 116 California.

Canners' Supplies.

F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Card and Invitation Engravers.

S. E. Fischer & Co., 402 Montgomery.

Cigar Manufacturers.

Max Ordenstein, "Alma Mia" Cigar Factory,
608-614 Front.

Cigar and Tobacco Dealers.

M. A. Gunst & Co., 201-203 Kearny.

Civil Engineer and Mineral Surveyor.

J. R. Mauran, 330 Pine.

Cloak Manufacturers.

Chas. Mayer, Jr., & Co., 105 Post.

Coal Producers.

Central Coal Co., 104 Market.
San Francisco & San Joaquin Coal Co., 230 Montgomery.

Commercial Photographers.

R. J. Waters, 110 Sutter.

Concentrator Belt Manufacturers.

Blasdel Concentrator Belt Co., 419 California.

Condensed Milk Manufacturers.

American Condensed Milk Co., 330 Pine.

Contractors.

T. B. Bassett & Bros., 40 New Montgomery.
T. M. McLachlan, 40 New Montgomery.

Contractors and Builders.

D. and C. S. Harney, 916 Market.

Dairy Products.

Dodge, Sweeney & Co., 114-116 Market.

Electrical Manufacturers.

Frank F. Eggers, 134 Sutter

Fig Syrup Manufacturers.

California Fig Syrup Co., 322-324 Hayes street ;
San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

Flour Mills.

C. S. Laumeister, 205 Mission.

Foundries.

Morton & Hedley (Western Foundry), 234 Fremont

Fruit and Produce Dealers.

ake G. Sresovich, 601-605 Sansome.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

W. Martin & Co., 118 Geary.

Galvanized Iron Works.

m. Cronan, 1213-1215 Market.

Gas and Electric Fixtures.

nos. Day & Co., Frank J. Symmes, Manager, 222 Sutter.

Glove Manufacturers.

arson Glove Co., 318 Market.
xcelsior Glove Co., 413-414 Market.

Glue Manufacturers.

alifornia Glue Works, M. Holje, Propr., 106 Pine.

Gold and Silversmiths.

V. K. Vanderslice & Co., 136 Sutter.

Grocers.

oldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum, 215-217 Sutter,
426-432 Pine, N.W. cor. California and Devisa-
dero.

Hat and Cap Manufacturers.

K. A. Lundstrom, 605 Kearny & 144 Geary.
Walters & Schrein, 385 Bush.

Harness Makers.

. Davis & Co., 510 Market.

Insurance Companies.

California Title Insurance and Trust Co., Mills'
Building.

Iron Pipe and Fittings.

W. T. Garratt & Co., 138-142 Fremont.

Iron Works.

Golden State and Miners' Iron Works, Viking
Cicycles, Centaur Bicycles, 231-251 First.

Jewelry Manufacturers and Silversmiths.

California Jewelry Co., 134 Sutter.
Mathieu & Maison, 328 Bush.
Rothschild & Hadenfeldt, 207 Sutter.
Shreve & Co., Crocker Building.

Jewelry Case Manufacturer.

A. Muhs, 207 Sutter.

Lock Manufacturers.

Harris, Oswald & Noble, 208 Liedesdorff.

Maccaroni and Vermicelli.

C. R. Splivalo & Co., 307 Battery.

Marble Works.

A. Paltenghi & Co., Metropolitan Marble Works,
1219 Market.

Meat and Provision Dealers.

E. Di Vecchio & Co., 85 Ninth.
Hammond & Brod, 34-35 Fourth.

Men's Furnishing Goods Manufacturers.

Greenebaum, Weil & Michels, 17-19 Sansome.

Merchant Tailors.

Charles Bliss, 115 Sutter.
J. H. Hawes, Mez. B., Crocker Building.
Henry Mayer, Manager, 109 Sutter.
Joe Poheim, 201-203 Montgomery.
N. Williard, 335 Bush.
L. Zier, 120 Sutter.

Military and Merchant Taylors.

California Uniform Co., 523 Market.

Optical Goods Manufacturers.

California Optical Co., 317 Kearny.
J. H. Keefe, 317 Sutter.

Oil Manufacturers.

Arctic Oil Works, 30 California.

Onyx Works.

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Square.

Paints and Oils.

W. P. Fuller & Co., 19 Front.
Yates & Co., 709-711 Front.

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Hopps & Sons, 429 Pine.
Quane the Painter, 415 Market.
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Blake, Moffitt and Towne, 516 Sacramento.
Willamette Pulp and Paper Co., 722 Montgomery.
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Photo Apparatus Manufacturers.

S. Slayton, 124 Geary.

Photo Engravers.

Bolton & Strong, 510 Montgomery.
Union Photo Engraving Co., 523 Market.

Pork Packers and Sausage Manufacturers.

J. Buttgenbach, 498 4th.

Press Clippings.

Press Clipping Bureau, 510 Montgomery.

Press Works.

F. A. Robbins, 321 Fremont.

Printers and Publishers.

Bacon Printing Co., 508 Clay
Commercial Publishing Co., 34 California.
Horwinski Brothers, 424 Sansome.
E. C. Hughes, 511 Sansome.
George Spaulding Co., 414 Clay
D. S. Stanley & Co., 424 Sansome.
Upton Brothers, 417 Montgomery.
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Sheet Metal Specialties, Presses and Dies.

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Shirt Manufacturers.

L. Lautermilch, 328 Bush.

Shirts, Underwear, Etc.

Eagleson & Co., 748-750 Market.

Shoe Manufacturers.

G. W. Pringle, 1101 Market.

I. M. Wentworth & Co., 411 Market.

Silk Manufacturers.

Carlson-Currier Co., 6-8 Sutter.

Stationers.

Payot, Upham & Co., 101 Battery.

Tanks.

Pacific Tank Co., 33 Beale

Tanners.

S. Straus, 53 Clay.

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Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, 223-235 Market.

W. W. Montague & Co., 315 Market.

Vinegar and Pickle Manufacturers.

John Loeffler, 422-428 Fifth.

Wholesale Druggists and Mfg. Pharmacists.

The F. A. Weck Co., 52 Stevenson.

Wholesale Grocers.

F. Daneri & Co., 412 Battery.

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B. Salles & Co., 610 Montgomery.

Wine Producers.

Chauché & Son, 695 Front.

P. Klein, 604½ Geary.

Wine and Liquor Dealers.

Siebe Bros. & Plagemann, 322-332 Sansome

Wire Works.

Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Co., Frank L. Brown, Agent, 8-10 Pine.

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Golden Gate Woolen Manufacturing Co., 535 Market.

Wreckers.

Henry J. Rogers, 640 Second

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Capital actually paid up in Cash.....\$1,000,000 00
 Deposits June 29, 1895.....30,472,837 66
 Reserve Fund.....685,000 00
 Guaranteed Capital.....1,200,000 00



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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1894

INCOME

Received for Premiums	\$36,123,163 82
From all other sources	11,897,706 12
	<u>\$48,020,869 94</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy Holders:

For Claims by Deaths	\$11,929,794 94
For Endowments, Dividends, Etc.	9,159,462 14
For all other accounts	9,789,634 18
	<u>\$30,878,891 26</u>

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	\$83,970,690 67
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	71,339,415 92
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	11,366,100 00
Real Estate	21,691,733 39
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	9,655,198 91
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,615,645 07
	<u>\$204,638,783 96</u>

Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities, Companies Standard,	
American 4 per cent	182,109,456 14
Surplus	<u>\$22,529,327 82</u>

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	\$750,290,677 97
Insurance and Annuities in force December 31, 1894	855,207,778 42

Increase in Total Income	\$6,067,724 26
Increase in Premium Income	2,528,825 84
Increase in Assets	17,931,103 82
Increase in Surplus	4,576 718 91
Increase of Insurance and Annuities in Force	51,923,039 96

THE LARGEST, OLDEST AND BEST COMPANY

Payments to Policy Holders Exceed \$400,000,000

NO OTHER COMPANY CAN SHOW SUCH A RECORD

ISSUES EVERY DESIRABLE AND APPROVED FORM OF POLICY

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 pleases the senses and is also costly
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Ivory Soap pleases the senses,
 but it is neither costly nor difficult
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Your Grocer keeps it.

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